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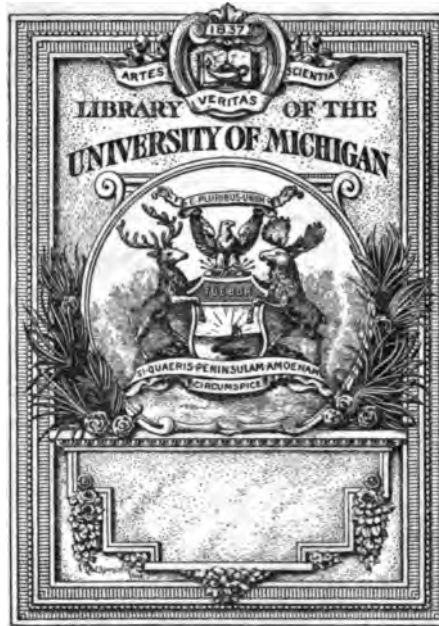
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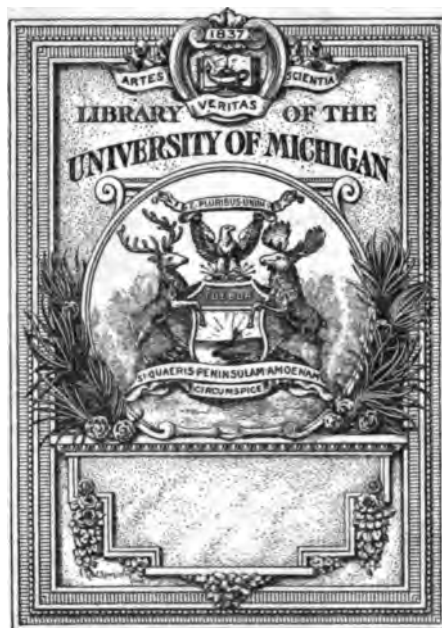


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VOL. CVIII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1870.



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ARMY ENLISTMENT ACT.

THERE are now lying before us the copies of two Acts of Parliament which Mr. Cardwell has persuaded the Lords and Commons to pass in the course of the current session. They are both intended to give to the country an improved system of military administration. One, called the War Office Act, aims at establishing an effective scheme of control and finance at headquarters. The other, the Army Enlistment Act, deals, as its title implies, with the enrolment of the troops themselves. We do not propose on the present occasion to take any special notice of the former of these Acts, for several reasons. In the first place, it really settles nothing. All that it does is formally to empower the Secretary of State for War to do that which he had a perfect right to do without the authorisation of the Legislature—that which, in point of fact, he had done before he took counsel with the Legislature at all. He had already established—or rather accepted as established, for he took it over from his predecessor, as he had done from General Peel—a department of control in the War

Office, having at its head an officer of acknowledged ability, whom he proposed to call the Clerk of the Ordnance. He had further invited to assist him, and placed in a room in Pall Mall, a junior Lord of the Treasury, whose duties appear to be as yet very imperfectly defined, but whom he called his Financial Secretary. All that Parliament did was to say that “it shall be lawful for the Secretary of State” to perform these operations, and to change the title of the chief of the control department from Clerk of the Ordnance to Surveyor-General. To go into the merits of a piece of legislation so entirely superfluous as this would be, as it seems to us, a grievous waste of time. Again, the machinery which the War Office Act is supposed to create is a great deal too complicated, a great deal too full of defects, and too obviously capable of improvement, to warrant any attempt to analyse or dissect it, except at length. Now we cannot, on the present occasion, find room so to treat it, keeping in view the proper object which we have set to ourselves to attain. Obviously, before you invent or perfect.

your mode of administering its affairs, it is necessary to have an army to minister to, and this the Army Enlistment Act undertakes to give us. Postponing, therefore, to some future opportunity the task of criticising a device which we must confess seems to us to be little better than a makeshift, we proceed at once to ask the questions, Is the Army Enlistment Act a measure sound in principle? is it wise in execution? is it consonant with the usages of the British army? and if, in any of these respects, it be defective, how best may the deficiencies be made good? Our readers will, of course, take for what they are worth the answers which we give to these questions; and if here and there what we put on record now seems to be at variance with certain opinions that were expressed in these pages by another writer not very long ago, they will farther bear in mind that the subject is a large one, and that only the individual who undertakes to discuss it can be held responsible for the soundness or unsoundness of his views.

Reversing the order in which our questions are put, we shall begin by trying to determine whether enlistment for short service, which is the keystone of the arch in our present policy, be at variance or in unison with the usages of the British army. And as that point can be settled only after ascertaining what the practice has heretofore been, the best mode of clearing the way to a solution of the problem seems to be to sketch rapidly, but as lucidly as we can, the customs which have from time to time prevailed in raising soldiers for the service of the Crown, and in dealing with them after they were raised, in this country.

And here, *in limine*, we may observe that there is probably no point connected with our national history and customs on which popular opinion goes so far wide of the truth as this. Ask nine out of any ten men

whom you meet in the street what their view of the subject is, and they will tell you that the regular army of England is and always has been an army of volunteers. They are quite aware that, not very many years ago, Englishmen were liable, in case of war, to compulsory service in the militia. Even that restraint on personal liberty has, however, been removed, for the ballot has gone out of date. But as to the regular soldier, he never embraced his profession, since England had a standing army, except with his own free-will; and having embraced it, he became, till three-and-twenty years ago, a soldier for life. Unless, therefore, we confine our retrospect within the present date and the year 1847, two facts may be predicated of the enlisted man—that he always came to his colours of his own accord, and that he never afterwards went from them till age or broken health or wounds compelled the Government to discharge him.

There never were two greater mistakes than are involved in these assumptions. It is not the fact that the regular army of England has always been composed of volunteers. It is not the fact, that up to 1847 the enlisted man became a soldier for life. No doubt after the Revolution of 1688, from which period the standing army may be said to date its existence, an Act of Parliament was passed for the purpose of rendering illegal the power which the Crown had previously exercised of impressing men as it needed them into the service. But Acts of Parliament are liable both to be repealed and evaded, and this, when the pressure came, fell into disuse. The Irish rebellion, and the French war that followed on the Revolution of 1688, made enormous demands upon the resources of the country. It was necessary to raise regiments in haste, and in haste they were raised. The process was this—and it continued in force, as often as the occasion arose, down to the wars

of the great French Revolution; Beating Orders, as they were called, went forth bearing the sign-manual, and countersigned, in order to legalise them, by the Secretary-at-War, which authorised certain noblemen and gentlemen therein named to raise men for the service of the Crown, and gave to them respectively the command of the regiments which they should severally embody. These regiments were not raised at the exclusive cost of the colonels, though it might happen that on them a considerable expense might fall. On the contrary, the Paymaster-General lodged in the hands of the colonels' agents a sum of money adequate, as was assumed, to the occasion. This sum the colonels made use of as far as it would go. If it fell short of the wants of the occasion, then the colonel made good what was lacking out of his own resources. If, as not unfrequently came to pass, it went beyond these needs, the colonel applied the overplus to his own uses. But the persons thus employed to raise regiments were in most instances men of large estates and influence in their counties. The latter they exercised, through justices of the peace and parish constables, in sweeping into the ranks, with or without their consent, as many men as they required. All thus brought to them were indeed treated as volunteers, and received their bounty; but they were, in nine cases out of ten, volunteers only in the sense which attached to seamen carried sixty years ago by the pressgang on board a king's ship. Sometimes the noblemen or gentlemen to whom Beating Orders were issued, went abroad for recruits, if the source of supply failed them at home. These they literally purchased from the feudal lords of continental Europe; and getting them, for the most part, at an average per head considerably under the allowance made to themselves by Government, they profited by their bargains.

Such an open evasion of the law

could not fail, when carried beyond certain limits, to provoke opposition even two centuries ago. It was found necessary, in consequence, to legalise partially what had too generally been done contrary to law. Hence, in 1695, an Act was passed offering freedom from arrest to all persons imprisoned for debt on condition that they would enlist and serve in the army or the navy till the return of peace. This Act was followed in 1702 by another, giving the queen's pardon to criminals under sentence—some of them under sentence of death—on a like condition. By-and-by, and in 1708, a more decisive step was taken. Justices of the peace were authorised "to raise and levy such able-bodied men as had not any lawful calling or employment, or visible means for their maintenance, and to hand them over to the officers of her Majesty's forces, who were to pay to each recruit twenty shillings, and to the constable for bringing, ten shillings." On this occasion the Legislature went so far as to offer forty shillings to any recruit who would enlist of his own accord. The sum was a considerable one in the reign of Queen Anne; yet it appears not to have induced any large number of persons to volunteer for her Majesty's land service. Regiments were still raised by a connivance at a course which, to say the least, was irregular,—by impressment.

All this while the monetary affairs of the soldier were managed exactly as the fund had been managed which the country provided for raising its recruits. Whatever came to the enlisted man, whether in money, food, or clothing, came to him from the colonel through the captain of his company. His nominal pay, up to 1798, never exceeded sixpence per diem. But from that sum deductions were made for such necessaries as a soldier was then supposed to require, and for one meal daily, which was all that was supplied to him. It is

painful to add, but truth constrains us to make the statement, that in providing this food and these necessities, gross injustice was done, in too many instances, to the soldier. The interests of the colonel and of the captain were advanced by keeping him constantly in their debt. It was their interest also, and they never lost sight of it, to represent their regiments and companies as numerically stronger than they were. False musters were things of daily occurrence. At certain stated seasons the commissary of musters came round, who, for a consideration, was content to take the colonel's word as to the state of his regiment; or servants, or tapsters, or men hired for the occasion, were made to represent soldiers who had in reality no existence. We are speaking now of times antecedent to 1783, when "the stock purse," as it was called, provided for everything; in other words, when the Crown, holding the colonel responsible for the finance as well as for the discipline of his regiment, granted to him allowances which were more than enough to cover the ordinary charges of recruiting, clothing, and subsisting the corps in time of peace. The stock purse, with all the abuses rising out of it, has long ceased to be heard of in the line. It still, we believe, lingers in the Guards, though without its abuses.

When a man was enlisted in time of peace, no bargain seems to have been made with him in regard to the length of his service. He took the bounty, voluntarily or by compulsion, and became a soldier for a period as protracted or as brief as it might suit the convenience of his commanding officer to determine. This might be called virtually unlimited service, or service for life. If, however, for reasons of his own, the commanding officer chose to give the soldier his discharge, he became free at any moment. It was by purchase that, for the most part, the soldier thus obtained the

power of returning into civil life, the purchase-money going into the colonel's pocket. But in this case the colonel, if an honest man, immediately provided a substitute; if not over-particular in his dealings with the Government, he might suffer that matter to pass by. Whether kept in the ranks, however, till quite worn out, or allowed to go home after a term of years, there was no provision made for the discharged soldier out of the revenues of the State. One resource, other than private bounty or the workhouse, and only one, he had in Chelsea Hospital: yet even for that he owed no debt of gratitude to the country, because Chelsea Hospital, in spite of all the legends that are abroad concerning it, is neither a royal foundation nor a national institution. It was built upon lands granted indeed by the Crown, but the funds out of which the expenses of the building were originally defrayed the army itself supplied, every officer and man being put under stoppages for that purpose, and in after-years the charges of maintaining the establishment were all covered by the same means. It was not, therefore, a grateful country which provided for the broken-down soldier a retreat in his declining years. He had himself contributed, when in active service, to set up that place of rest, just as his comrades continued to keep it effective from generation to generation. If, therefore, in their zeal for economy, the Government propose at any moment to abolish the place, let them remember that to do so would be to commit a great wrong. Chelsea Hospital belongs to the army by a right of property as stringent as secures to any corporate body in London or elsewhere the estates which have come down to it from remote ages.

The custom of raising, recruiting, paying, and subsisting regiments exclusively through their colonels was put an end to in 1783 by the

passing of what was called Mr. Burke's Act. The Act in question threw these obligations upon the Government, and made the Secretary-at-War the direct, as he had heretofore been the indirect, instrument for discharging them. Henceforth the temptation to sell discharges, to hold false musters, and to draw pay for dummies, ceased to be a stumbling-block in the way of officers. The appointment, also, by-and-by, of paymasters to regiments, in a position of semi-independence on the colonels, operated strongly in favour of the private soldier. His single meal and scanty necessities being provided, he was able to draw, when pay-day came round, whatever balance might be due to him, which he seldom failed to spend in drink, the canteen or public-house being the one recreation-room with which he had any acquaintance. For, in truth, all this while, and till a period within the recollection of men not past middle life, the existence of an English soldier, whether at home or abroad, was a wretched one. Mr. Clode, whose work on the 'Military Forces of the Crown' we commend to the careful study of our readers, refers to this circumstance, and in part accounts for it: "Prior to the present century," he says, "the policy of this country was to fill the ranks of the army with the cheapest labour, and at the lowest cost to the State. For many years there was little or no inducement for men to enter the infantry—the principal arm of the service. The pay was small; the barracks, when they existed, were execrable; the discipline, or rather the punishments, severe; and the service abroad was equal to the late punishment of transportation. In addition to these evils, the national feeling ran as strongly against the regular army as it did in favour of the navy and the militia."

If it were worth while, which it is not, to rake up old and, let us hope, forgotten grievances, the ser-

mon to be preached upon this text would be a long and melancholy one. No wonder that the honest villager, when he heard that his son had "gone for a soldier," looked upon the boy as ruined in body and soul. No wonder that the lad himself, however well-disposed, soon became as bad as his father believed him to be. Entrapped into taking the shilling while in a half-drunken state, and kept in that condition till he reached headquarters, the recruit recovered his senses only to learn that he had thrown in his lot with the very scum of the earth. All his superiors, and especially the non-commissioned officers, tyrannized over him; all his equals bullied and preyed upon him. His long days were spent in alternate drill and cleaning arms and accoutrements; his nights, if in barracks, among vermin and ruffians—if in a billet, with vagrants, rogues, and thieves as his companions. Soldiering was bad enough at home; in the colonies, and especially in the East and West Indies, it was a hell upon earth. Once landed in Jamaica or Barbadoes, or shipped off to the farther East, and the sole escape for him from suffering was the grave, for relief never came in the lifetime of the men originally sent out. But let all that pass. It is gone; it can never return; there is nothing to be gained by recalling it to the outraged memory.

Mr. Burke's Act operated beneficially for the individual soldier. It considerably increased to the country the expenses of a standing army. Large recruiting establishments became necessary for conducting the business, and volunteers and pressed men equally received the full measure of their bounty-money. But that which operated more than anything else to make the army a heavy burden on the State was the outbreak of the war of the French Revolution. Indeed it has always been with us—though neither before nor since on a scale so gigantic—that war, finding us unprepared,

has imposed upon us the necessity of arming in a hurry, and therefore at a ruinous outlay. Men must be got, let the expense of providing them be what it may, and arms fabricated or purchased, and stores procured. At first, in 1793, the Government tried its ancient plan of bounties. These rose from forty shillings to ten pounds, yet they failed to bring recruits enough to the ranks. The militia also was embodied at no trifling expense, and still we lacked military strength. By-and-by, a third expedient was had recourse to, before describing which it will be necessary to look back again for a single moment on the practices of earlier times.

Hitherto we have spoken of the enlistment of recruits as if all such enlistment had occurred in times of peace. It is necessary to bear in mind that the peace army of England, between 1688 and 1794, scarcely deserved the name. The nation abhorred a standing army. It was proud of its navy, and looked to its militia for purposes of defence. It could not tolerate the presence of a regular force, which was associated in the public mind both with the military tyranny under Cromwell and with the attempt of James II. to govern by the sword. Hence barracks, which had sprung up for the accommodation of their troops among the nations of the Continent, were unknown here. We could lodge in our fortresses about 8000 men; all beyond that amount were billeted upon the people, very much to their disgust and annoyance. The consequence was, that at the recurrence of every war it was found necessary to expand the army in a hurry, and that, as soon as hostilities came to an end, the army was again reduced to its peace establishment, varying from 17,000 to 19,000 men.

The war of the French Revolution found us in this state, with 17,000 available troops wherewith to meet it. Mr. Pitt raised this force at once to 150,000 men, by

beating orders, such as we have elsewhere described, or by offering enormous bounties to volunteers. Even this force, however, was held to be inadequate to the strain that was put upon the country, and an Act of Parliament was procured authorizing the enrolment of an army of reserve. It was a force distinct both from the militia and the line. The militias of the three kingdoms were not in those days bound to serve beyond the limits of their respective countries. The army of reserve was available for duty in all parts of the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands. As with the militia, the men for this force were to be provided by parishes, each according to a scale laid down. The total amount was to be 50,000 men, of whom London city provided 800.

The army of reserve was so far a compulsory army that every parish failing to provide its contingent suffered a fine of £20 for each absent man. The Government, on the other hand, paid to the recruit handed in, whether he came voluntarily or through pressure from the parochial authorities, £14. It thus became the interest of the parish to bribe the young men of the place to take service by offering an additional bounty, for if none would go the rates suffered by £20; if ten, or twelve, or even nineteen pounds were paid out of the rates, the parish saved the difference between that sum and £20. Thus it appears that, however plausible the theory may be that the regular army of England has always been made up of volunteers, there has never occurred a war, till very recently, in which England has not in some shape or another impressed men to serve in the army as well as in the navy. For the army of reserve was to all intents and purposes part of the regular army, though not liable against the will of the officers and men belonging to it to serve beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. It was sub-

ject to the same code of military laws with the rest of the army; its officers could exchange with men of their own rank into the numbered regiments, both of infantry and cavalry. Its regiments, if they volunteered, could be sent abroad *en masse*, and its men were largely bribed so to volunteer, individually.

Again, it is a great mistake to suppose that the rule in our army has always been to enlist men only for unlimited service. As we have elsewhere shown, the colonel, when on him the obligations of recruiting devolved, enlisted recruits, if there was no war, without any bargain as to time. The moment war broke out, and it became necessary to extend the army, both prior to 1783, and subsequently to the passing of Mr. Burke's Act, men were enlisted for a term of years. There was, indeed, a proviso inserted, that, unless disabled, the man should not claim his discharge till the war came to an end. But, this condition observed, the recruit knew to a day when his engagement would cease. Thus all the men who entered as volunteers under the recruiting Acts of Queen Anne's reign were entitled to their discharge in three years from their enlistment. No such limits were granted to impressed men. But after the peace of Utrecht every person who had served for three years, without distinction as to volunteering or impressment, was allowed to demand his discharge, and every recruit coming in subsequently was enlisted for three years only.

Again, under the two recruiting Acts of George II., impressed men were entitled to their discharge after five years' service, or at the conclusion of the war; volunteers at the conclusion of the war, or after three years' service. But more than this, men who voluntarily enlisted between the 14th of September 1744 and the 1st of January 1745, were entitled to their discharge at

the end of two years; and others taken on before the 25th of December 1745 were to be set free in six months, or at the end of the rebellion.

The same rule held good in 1759, and again in 1775. At each of these periods volunteers were taken for five years, or during the continuance of hostilities. Finally, Mr. Pitt, in 1796, enlisted men for five years, or to the end of the war; while Mr. Addington went still further, by enlisting into the active army, for service in Europe alone. But the climax of all was Mr. Wyndham's Enlistment Act. That divided the soldier's service into three terms—seven years, fourteen years, and twenty-one years; enticing him, at the same time, to pass from the shorter to the longer term of service by a fresh bounty on each re-engagement, and the legal right to a pension whenever his twenty-one years should be completed.

Mr. Pitt's Army of Reserve, and Mr. Wyndham's Enlistment Act, imposed a very heavy burden upon the country. The former failed also as an instrument of strength, and gradually disappeared, taking the shape of garrison battalions. The latter stirred up much opposition at the time, and not without reason. In the first place, the limited-service men were not enrolled, as on previous occasions, for a given number of years, or till the return of peace. Their right, on the contrary, to claim their discharge at the end of seven or fourteen years, was made absolute, whether there was peace or war. In the next place the country was subjected to the expense of three separate bounties; for as it had been on first enlistment, so it was to be on re-engagement, first after seven, and then after fourteen years' service. So objectionable, indeed, in every point of view, was the measure considered to be, that in 1808—that is to say, within two years of its passing—an important modification was intro-

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The same rule held good in 1759, and again in 1775. At each of these periods volunteers were taken for five years, or during the continuance of hostilities. Finally, Mr. Pitt, in 1796, enlisted men for five years, or to the end of the war; while Mr. Addington went still further, by enlisting into the active army, for service in Europe alone. But the climax of all was Mr. Wyndham's Enlistment Act. That divided the soldier's service into three terms—seven years, fourteen years, and twenty-one years; enticing him, at the same time, to pass from the shorter to the longer term of service by a fresh bounty on each re-engagement, and the legal right to a pension whenever his twenty-one years should be completed.

Mr. Pitt's Army of Reserve, and Mr. Wyndham's Enlistment Act, imposed a very heavy burden upon the country. The former failed also as an instrument of strength, and gradually disappeared, taking the shape of garrison battalions. The latter stirred up much opposition at the time, and not without reason. In the first place, the limited-service men were not enrolled, as on previous occasions, for a given number of years, or till the return of peace. Their right, on the contrary, to claim their discharge at the end of seven or fourteen years, was made absolute, whether there was peace or war. In the next place the country was subjected to the expense of three separate bounties; for as it had been on first enlistment, so it was to be on re-engagement, first after seven, and then after fourteen years' service. So objectionable, indeed, in every point of view, was the measure considered to be, that in 1808—that is to say, within two years of its passing—an important modification was intro-

duced into it. Mr. Wyndham's Act had prohibited recruits from engaging for any term longer than seven years at a time. Lord Castle-reagh, who was the Duke of Portland's War Minister, so far altered the plan, that he inserted in the Mutiny Act a clause which permitted men to engage either for life or for seven years, at their own pleasure. The man who took on for 'life received a bounty rather higher than was given to the seven years' man. In other respects recruits were left free to choose; so that the army continued to be recruited on a two-fold principle up to the year 1829, when, for the first time, any other engagement than an engagement for life was prohibited.

It appears, then, that the Enlistment Act which Mr. Cardwell has carried is not contrary to the usages of the British army. Short service, on the contrary, seems to have been the rule with us, unlimited service the exception, up to the year 1829; and unlimited service the rule for eighteen years only, because in 1847 it ceased to operate. We proceed now to consider the two remaining questions: Is the principle of the new Act a sound one? Is the mode on which the principle is carried into effect a wise mode?

We do not hesitate to answer the former of these questions peremptorily, and at once, in the affirmative. Remember that the old constitutional law of England renders every man capable of bearing arms liable to bear them, whether he be willing or not, if the commonwealth be in danger. But to insist that men once impressed into the army shall continue to be soldiers all their days, would be to reduce the great mass of the population to slavery. Again, it is contrary to the principles of right that a bargain should be struck between two parties a rigid adherence to the terms of which shall be binding only on one of them. Such, however, is the sort of agreement into which the State, enlisting men for life, inveigles the

unthinking to enter. The State is not bound to keep its army in peace and in war on a war establishment. It claims and exercises the right to reduce whole regiments, or to diminish the numbers in each as often as a fit of economy shall take it. Hence the youth who, in 1863, took the shilling, determined to make the army his profession, and if possible to rise in it, is liable in 1870 to be sent about his business; though a proposal on his part to retire would be treated with scorn, and his absence without leave for four-and-twenty hours from barracks might subject him to punishment as a deserter. Clearly then, upon the face of it, it is becoming that the engagement to serve as a soldier should have limits in regard to time, with the proviso always added, that war bars the outlet to discharge against everybody. The principle, therefore, of Mr. Cardwell's Act is unobjectionable. But this is not all. If Mr. Cardwell's bill, subject to the changes in working it which we shall 'take the liberty by-and-by to propose, be honestly acted upon, the country will not for the future be open to the charge of dealing unfairly with its soldiers, as it has been in times past. Consider for a moment what we have been doing during the last three-and-twenty years.

The objects of Mr. Fox Maule's Act of 1847 were twofold. It aimed at facilitating recruitment, which the obligation to serve for life was understood to have damaged; and it was meant to supersede all the shabby means by which, from time to time, when a cry for reduction arose, enlisted men had heretofore been got rid of. Henceforth recruits were to be received into the infantry for ten years, into the cavalry and artillery for twelve, and no more—leave, however, being given to the man to re-engage, provided his commanding officer were desirous of keeping him. And this was absolute; for though provision was made for keeping the ten or twelve years'

man two years beyond his term "if serving on a foreign station," not one word is to be found in the Act as to his retention with his colours in the event of war. A curious omission this, for which we are at a loss how to account, except on the supposition that in 1847 the era of European wars was believed to be at an end.

This delusion, if it really existed, was rudely dispelled by the Crimean difficulty. As usual, the outbreak of war found us unprepared; and to the rapid expansion of the army all considerations of consistency, economy, and even of good faith, were made to give way. Again short terms of enlistment were resorted to; and again, when the real push came, not the United Kingdom only, but the whole continent of Europe, and even of America, was swept for recruits. German legions, Italian legions, made up of outcasts from all lands, were seen by thousands arrayed in British uniforms and occupying camps and barracks on British soil. It was a spectacle neither flattering to our pride nor satisfactory to us as tax-payers. It seemed to convict us of the two-fold vice attributed of old to the Carthaginians, that though quarrelsome, we had little stomach for fighting, and therefore hired others to do for us what we did not care to do for ourselves. The consequence was that, the war ended, a sense of shame drove the more reflecting among us to consider whether means might not be devised of lifting England above the necessity of resorting on any future occasion to such miserable shifts. And the thought proved not to be barren.

In this country it rarely happens that either the Government or Parliament originates any important change either in our institutions or in our manner of working them, till the necessity of doing so has been made plain to them from without. The French war in Italy stirred the nation, and gave rise, in

connection with the bluster which succeeded, to the volunteer movement. The seven days' war, as it has been called, in Germany, taught us that not even with our volunteers and our resuscitated militia were we in our proper place among the Powers of Europe. Essays were written to show—our own pages were tolerably rich in that species of literature—how ill adapted for the requirements of modern times are usages built up upon the experiences of the past. We all admit—none more fully than ourselves—that the principles of the art of war are the same that they ever were. The nation which can bring into the field a numerous and well-appointed army is pretty sure, unless her officers be wanting in skill and her people in pluck, to come victorious out of a struggle with another nation her inferior in these respects; just as the general who succeeds in bringing his strength to bear upon the weakness of the enemy, will come victorious out of the campaign and its crowning operation—a general action. But the real problem to be solved is, how are nations to get together most surely and most opportunely those numerous and well-appointed armies of which we are speaking? Among other peoples that question is answered by reference to the conscription. France, North Germany, Austria, Italy, render all their sons, not physically incapacitated, or by the nature of their calling prevented, from bearing arms, liable to military service. And in order that they may be ready in the hour of need, they farther cause the youth to pass in rotation through the ranks, to which, subject to certain recognised conditions, they may at any moment be recalled. We cannot act thus, and it may be doubted whether we would if we could. Even our militia have ceased to be other than a force of volunteers—the ballot having fallen into desuetude, whether wisely or the reverse may

admit of a question. What, then, are we to do if we desire to keep even partially abreast of our neighbours? What have we done—what are we preparing to do again?

We have done some things that were wise, some that were foolish—some that are at all events questionable—since 1847. We raised the pay of our soldiers a year or two ago, very much enhancing thereby the expense of its standing army to the country. Honestly, and to speak the truth, we doubt the wisdom of that proceeding. It has not made the iota of a change in the class of men who seek a provision in the ranks. We do not understand that it has facilitated recruitment. But even if it were wise in itself, and necessary, we managed to counteract, in a great degree, the good effects which might have arisen out of it by constantly breaking faith with our men, or, to call it by a milder term, by changing the conditions of the bargain into which we had entered with them. Look back to the period of Lord Panmure's enlistment bill, and see how often its conditions have been tampered with and modified. At first the soldier desirous of re-engaging could do so at any time. The very week before he attained the right to claim his discharge, he might go to the colonel and say, I want to serve on; and the colonel, if he were a desirable man, always closed with the offer. At that time, however, if he went away, he went away for good. He might re-enlist, if he chose, six months afterwards; but the absence of six weeks from his colours obliterated all his past service; he began life as a soldier anew.

In process of time it was discovered that the men took their discharges too fast. Upon this a new regulation came into force, which enabled them, within certain limits, to return to their colours, and, in spite of half a year's absence, to renew, counting all their past service. But by-and-by the

scale which used to go up too fast began to decline in the opposite direction, and the remedy applied was as little judicious as can well be imagined. Instead of giving the man time to think of the course he would follow up to the latest moment, an order went forth which required each twelve years' man (for the first term of service was changed by this time from ten to twelve years all through the army) to make up his mind whether he should go or stay as soon as he had completed two-thirds of his first period. What were men to think of all this? First they felt themselves engaged for ten years. By-and-by the same men had twelve years of service imposed on them. Now they might decide at noon on the day before the first period of service expired. Then they were required to make their election while yet three years or more of service lay before them. No wonder if very many when pressed at that unseasonable time to decide answered in a pet, "Well, sir, I mean to go." But that is not all. We have been reducing our army of late, hand over hand, and, it appears to us, not always in a right spirit. Many men who had re-engaged for the purpose of earning their pensions have been told, after completing perhaps eighteen years, that they are no longer wanted. And they go away on a commuted pension. All this is bad—all this is unwise. It unsettles the minds of those already in the ranks; it deters very many when they hear of it from enlisting.

Meanwhile nothing whatever was done to provide that ready means of expanding the regular army, of the need of which the experience of recent wars made all thoughtful men day by day more convinced. We had our army scattered through India and the colonies, with less than half its strength available at home. It was incapable of any serious action, as the results of the Crimean expedition had shown;

and the militia and volunteers, however formidable on paper, and competent, if well handled, to repel invasion, gave us no power of offensive war. The necessity indeed was so urgent that General Peel at last took the matter in hand, and gave us what he called an Army of Reserve Bill. But its provisions were wholly inadequate to the occasion. They offered no facilities for shortening the period of men's service with their colours, on condition that they should enrol themselves in what may be called "a dormant army." They proposed no retaining fee even to such men as, having served out their twelve years, might be willing to hold themselves bound to return to the ranks if wanted. All that the bill did was to accept from men retiring at the first break a protracted service—if service it may be called—in the reserve, and to settle on them at its completion a pension, not quite equal to what they would have earned by twenty-one years' continuous active service. Such was its effect upon the line. But it dealt also with the militia, inviting twenty thousand of that force to engage for service in the regular army, if at any period within their five years' enrolment war should occur. And what was the inducement offered for such possible service to the State? An increased bounty,—to be spread, pound by pound, over the whole term of the militiaman's engagement. As might have been expected, the results of this legislation were nil. Less than two thousand out of all the men retiring from the army at the first break gave in their names as willing to be recalled, and out of the whole militia force something like seven or eight thousand only paid heed to the voice of the charmer. Nor, in our opinion, is it at all to be regretted that the measure took so ill with the militia. A pound a-year per man seems to be a small expenditure, if it can secure in the hour of need twenty-thousand additional soldiers to the regular

army.. But twenty thousand a-year paid, not for services rendered, but for services contingent and uncertain, look very like twenty thousand pounds thrown away—a waste which is the more to be deprecated, that if ever, to our sorrow, the occasion of working the machinery be presented, its operation is just as likely as not to create discontent. Just consider how the arrangement operates. A militiaman is enlisted for five years. Tom, who took the shilling, and became an army-of-reserve man in 1867, has already reaped his harvest of three pounds, without having been called upon to do more than ordinary militiaman's duty. Dick, enlisting in 1868, has enjoyed the same advantage for two years; and both of them, let us hope, will continue to draw their pounds and go away at the end of the five years still militiamen and nothing more. But in 1874 war breaks out. Jem, who enlisted in 1873, and gave in his name for reserve service, is swept by it into the ranks of the regular army. So is Charles who joined the militia reserve in 1870. Is not this hard upon both? Poor Tom, who had only one more year to serve, must take the field and his chance of being shot, for which his reward amounts to four pounds sterling; while Jem, who has received only one pound, must face the same dangers, murmuring that his bounty is so far below that of his comrade, who again murmurs because he is caught within, it may be, only six months of his entire exemption from military service. And what is the effect upon the militia itself? Very much the same as is produced by the process of volunteering. Men tolerably well drilled are removed from its ranks, and it becomes inefficient even for defensive warfare, because it is composed entirely of recruits.

So much for our answer to another of the questions with which we have undertaken to deal. Mr. Cardwell's Army Enlistment Act

is sound in principle. It establishes between the Government and the recruit equitable terms of agreement. It has a view also to the providing an army of reserve—a desideratum of gigantic importance to this country. Are its conditions in all respects such as would justify us in saying that it promises to be effective in the execution? Hardly so. A vast improvement on General Peel's Act we admit it to be, but it is not perfect.

The provisions of the Bill, as it stands, may be thus summarily stated:—

1. It forbids a recruit to enlist hereafter for more than twelve years; in other words, it puts an end to "unlimited service."

2. It gives power to the Secretary of State to sanction, if he see fit, the transfer of a soldier, who may have served not less than three years, to the reserve force established under the provisions of the Reserve Force Act of 1867.

3. It authorises the calling in again, for active service, of the men so transferred, "in case of imminent national danger or of great emergency."

4. It puts a stop to regimental recruiting, by making enlistments for the future general.

5. It gives the Secretary of State the power of transferring a soldier from one regiment to another, if he consider the step to be called for.

6. It allows of re-engagement, after the twelve years are out, on certain specified conditions; and assures to the man so re-engaging his pension after twenty-one years' service.

7. It permits, under certain conditions, the man's services to be extended beyond twenty-one years.

8. It guards all these conditions of service against abuse, by deducting time spent in prison, in desertion, and so forth.

9. It facilitates discharges in the colonies and at foreign stations, al-

lowing the man either to become a settler or to return to England at the public expense.

10. It provides for the periodical training of the men of the first-class reserve.

11. It retains the militia clause, and limits the amount of the reserve force gathered in from both sources to sixty thousand men.

There are other provisions, rather explanatory than operative, which it is not worth while on the present occasion to analyse. But the real substance of the measure our readers have here before them; and both its excellences and its defects seem to us to be stamped upon its surface.

It is well that we should see, at last, the wisdom of trying to enlist men, partly for active service, partly for service in a reserve force. It is still better that the power of doing so should be even partially within our reach. We say partially, because, as long as we continue to hold India with a moiety, or nearly so, of the Queen's regular army, we may pass such measures as we please; but the useful shortening of the soldier's term of active service is impossible. Consider this point for a moment. The expense of relieving regiments in India is enormous. The expense of feeding them while there with drafts is, under existing circumstances, even more enormous still. How can you attempt to carry on your reliefs or adequately to feed your regiments in India with men who may claim to be transferred to the reserve in three years? Nor will it do to say, in reply, that the transfer of the soldier to the reserve force depends upon the pleasure of the Secretary of State. Be it so: and the Secretary of State, if he think fit, may give notice, before issuing an order for a relief in India, that no man belonging to the regiments about to be sent to that dependency shall on any account be allowed to leave his colours till he shall have served out

recruit's life. In Prussia, the example of which we profess by our present legislation to follow, no recruit is taken under twenty years, and the utmost care is exercised to ascertain that he has attained to that time of life fully. We, on the contrary, allow service to count from the eighteenth year of a lad's age; and it is notorious that, seeking for nothing more than his own assertion, we enlist every day, as eighteen years old, boys who have not reached seventeen, and are often as young as sixteen. Now, of what use in the field would a private soldier be whose age ranged from seventeen to twenty, or even from eighteen to twenty-one? The Prussian comes to his colours with the vigour of twenty. He may take the field at twenty-one, twenty-two, or twenty-three. He will never be a better man than he is at twenty-three. But the English youth who begins a campaign at seventeen, or eighteen, or nineteen, knocks up, in nine cases out of ten, after a few severe marches; and then helps, with others of his own standing, to fill first the hospital, and by-and-by the grave. If we are to act upon this Bill, let an additional clause be added which shall fix the age of enlistment at twenty, and require proof that the legal age has been attained.

But, thirdly, our great objection to this measure is, that it makes no provision whatever for giving to the army that which is indispensable to its efficiency, a good corps of non-commissioned officers. Already we all feel that our non-commissioned officers are not what they once were. They are too young. They have neither the experience of the service that is necessary to carry them well through the very difficult and delicate parts which are assigned them in the military hierarchy, nor have they years enough to command for them the respect which they ought to command among the men. Even

twelve years with his colours may not always suffice to make a good soldier what a non-commissioned officer ought to be. If you are to allure your people out of the ranks by offering them half-pay to serve most of their time in the reserve force, you will run some risk, unless provision be made to the contrary, of getting only three and four years' men to accept the responsibilities of non-commissioned rank.

Here, then, is a grave omission, and if the army is to be kept effective, we must supply it at once. For you are mistaken if you suppose that the Secretary of State has, by the discretion which is given him in regard to transfers, the game in his own hands. No Secretary of State can compel a man to become a non-commissioned officer against his will. No man who has applied to be put into the reserve force, and met with a refusal, on the ground that he is about to be made a non-commissioned officer, will consider that a favour has been done him. On the contrary, he will either sulk and refuse the chevron when it is offered, or he will take it, discharge his new duties carelessly, and soon be reduced. We must find a better remedy for the evil than this.

In Prussia there are schools in which men are regularly educated to become non-commissioned officers of the army. Some of the pupils in these seminaries may have been brought into them from the ranks, but the majority are the sons of meritorious soldiers and non-commissioned officers, who, receiving their early training in military orphanages, are, on account of their intelligence and good conduct, drafted off into the non-commissioned officers' schools, and from them posted to regiments. These good soldiers are not bound by the common rules of the service; they embrace the army as a profession, and continue in it till age or cir-

sand men from the youth of England will be found ere long, we venture to foretell, intolerable. The English people will begin to doubt whether India is worth keeping if they are to pay for it in the blood of so many of their sons; for the average mortality in India even during peace is, we believe, full six per cent., and six thousand deaths per annum are more than we can contemplate with indifference. But is it necessary to keep sixty thousand Englishmen always in India? We think not. Formerly, when you could trust the natives, somewhere about thirty thousand were held to be sufficient. Now that you have ceased to put confidence in the natives, why not look elsewhere than to England for your European recruits? We had German legions to help us in our war with France. We had both Germans and Italians enrolled to aid us against Russia. What is there to prevent the enlistment of thirty or forty thousand Germans for special service in India? You could not depend upon them. Why not? You depended upon them in the presence of the French sixty years ago. Are they more likely to turn against you now when doing duty among peoples whose languages they cannot speak, and to whom they know that they are personally obnoxious? Besides, you may have some twenty or thirty thousand English soldiers serving beside them. Is it at all probable that in their presence, and surrounded by natives, differing from them in all their habits, our foreign legion will ever think of being other than loyal to the Government which pays them?

It appears then, to us, that before attempting to act upon the Army Enlistment Bill at all, the Government should seriously consider whether means cannot be devised for rendering Indian service less harassing to British troops than it is. For the clause in the Bill which authorises the Secretary of

State to dislocate corps at his pleasure, must, if it work well, lead to a change in our military system which cannot be contemplated without dismay. If it work ill, as it is perhaps more likely than otherwise to do, it may throw the whole military machine into irretrievable confusion.

Again, the Act is open to grave objection on the ground that it has fixed a term of service to the soldier without taking any account of the arm which he has undertaken to wield. Now every tyro in military study knows that though three years' training, if the youth be taken at a proper age, may give you a tolerably well drilled infantry soldier, it will by no means suffice to turn out a perfect cavalier; and if applied to an artilleryman, it will give you a very indifferent gunner indeed. Nor is our objection met by pointing out that three years are taken in the Bill as the minimum of service which shall justify the Secretary of State in handing over a soldier to the reserve force. Legislation which is not direct and explicit never ought to be brought to bear upon an armed force. Not less than three years' service, as set forth in the Bill, will be read by every soldier in the army as three years' service exact; and every three years' man who applies for his transfer, and is refused, will become a discontented man, and therefore an unsafe soldier. We revert, therefore, to our objection, that it is unwise to put the three arms of the service into the same category; and strongly advise that this, which is, after all, little more than a clerical error, may be remedied at once. Keep, if you will, to three years for the infantry, though five would be infinitely better, but give us five at least for the cavalry, and six or even more for the artillery.

Again, we object to taking our start, as is done in the English service, from the eighteenth year of the

recruit's life. In Prussia, the example of which we profess by our present legislation to follow, no recruit is taken under twenty years, and the utmost care is exercised to ascertain that he has attained to that time of life fully. We, on the contrary, allow service to count from the eighteenth year of a lad's age; and it is notorious that, seeking for nothing more than his own assertion, we enlist every day, as eighteen years old, boys who have not reached seventeen, and are often as young as sixteen. Now, of what use in the field would a private soldier be whose age ranged from seventeen to twenty, or even from eighteen to twenty-one? The Prussian comes to his colours with the vigour of twenty. He may take the field at twenty-one, twenty-two, or twenty-three. He will never be a better man than he is at twenty-three. But the English youth who begins a campaign at seventeen, or eighteen, or nineteen, knocks up, in nine cases out of ten, after a few severe marches; and then helps, with others of his own standing, to fill first the hospital, and by-and-by the grave. If we are to act upon this Bill, let an additional clause be added which shall fix the age of enlistment at twenty, and require proof that the legal age has been attained.

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Here, then, is a grave omission, and if the army is to be kept effective, we must supply it at once. For you are mistaken if you suppose that the Secretary of State has, by the discretion which is given him in regard to transfers, the game in his own hands. No Secretary of State can compel a man to become a non-commissioned officer against his will. No man who has applied to be put into the reserve force, and met with a refusal, on the ground that he is about to be made a non-commissioned officer, will consider that a favour has been done him. On the contrary, he will either sulk and refuse the chevron when it is offered, or he will take it, discharge his new duties carelessly, and soon be reduced. We must find a better remedy for the evil than this.

In Prussia there are schools in which men are regularly educated to become non-commissioned officers of the army. Some of the pupils in these seminaries may have been brought into them from the ranks, but the majority are the sons of meritorious soldiers and non-commissioned officers, who, receiving their early training in military orphanages, are, on account of their intelligence and good conduct, drafted off into the non-commissioned officers' schools, and from them posted to regiments. These good soldiers are not bound by the common rules of the service; they embrace the army as a profession, and continue in it till age or cir-

cumstances induce them to seek a retirement. And having done good service they are liberally provided for; not as we provide for non-commissioned officers and privates alike, with pensions, but by being employed under the Government during the rest of their lives on competent salaries. The officers of customs and excise, the keepers of post-offices, clerks in the War and other public offices, superintendents of roads, have all served as non-commissioned officers in the army; and all, when incapable of discharging their civil functions, will be pensioned, but not till then. Why may not we follow the example which Prussia, in this respect, sets us? How, indeed, shall we be able to get on at all if we do not follow her example? Argue as you will, object as much as you may, short service—be it three, or four, or five years—will henceforth become in peace the only service recognised in our army; and if you do not supply these short-service men with well-trained non-commissioned officers, who make the army their profession and find it an honourable and remunerative one, you will soon discover that you have spoiled an old machine, not bad as it was, by trying to make it look like what it is not, and never can be. Nor need there be the smallest difficulty in bringing about this great desideratum. We have two very good military orphanages—one in Chelsea, the other at Kilmainham. There is no reason in the world why they should not, by degrees, be converted into training-schools for non-commissioned officers. A few years hence, if the short-service system strike root, there will scarcely be a married man in the whole army; for marriage must be positively prohibited among youths ranging from twenty to twenty-three or twenty-five years of age. This will leave the two schools just referred to available for the educa-

tion of the sons of non-commissioned officers, against the marriage of whom, as well as their reputable accommodation in barracks, no objection should be raised. Observe, now, the inducements which will thus be held out, not alone to good conduct in the ranks, whence, for a while, our non-commissioned officers must mainly be taken, but to young men of respectable families to seek service for the express purpose of rising to non-commissioned rank. In the first place, the sons of every non-commissioned officer, or as many of them as desire to do as their fathers did, will be provided, free of expense, with a first-class education. Next, these youths will join their regiments when they attain a proper age, not as privates, but as non-commissioned officers themselves. Lastly, intelligent men, already in the ranks, may be allowed to serve on, and to qualify for promotion at the school for non-commissioned officers, side by side with those whom we may describe as cadets. All these, when their term of military service ends, whether it comprise twenty-one or twenty-four years, will find berths provided for them in civil employ under the Government. And thus, while the self-respect of the individual is guarded, the State saves the 2s. 6d. a-day, or whatever it may be, which the discharged sergeant now receives, while he, holding an office and doing good work till his strength fails, accepts at last—what public servants in a higher rank claim and receive—a competency in the decline of life which he has fairly earned.

Again, we find nothing in the Army Establishment Act to indicate either the conditions on which the reserve men are to be kept to their bargain, or the sort of control to which, during their term of dormant service, they are to be subjected. Mr. Cardwell, in one of his speeches in the House of Commons, hinted that it was proposed to give to each

man entering the reserve a retaining fee of fourpence a-day; but he spoke of no restrictions to be imposed upon the man himself in regard to his place of residence, nor gave any clue as to what was to be done with him with a view to keep him from forgetting the very rudiments of his drill. Now both of these points must be carefully arranged, otherwise your legislation will prove a dead letter; and we doubt whether it will be possible to arrange them satisfactorily at so low a figure. Fourpence a-day is quite inadequate as a retaining fee. Be wise, and offer sixpence. To the agricultural labourer, by which class the ranks of the army are mainly filled, sixpence a-day will offer, with his own earnings, a fair competency. It will enable him to tide over in comparative comfort the winter months while work is slack, and make him a rich man in summer and harvest time. Neither sixpence nor fourpence will go far to insure the good faith of the discharged artisan, who never would have entered the service at all had he not been an idler or a drunkard or both. Of these last you may make up your mind that you will hear no more after they quit the colours. But if you make sure of your discharged country lads—which you will certainly not do on the terms about to be proposed—the disappearance of the artisan class will be no detriment: it may prove indeed to be a gain.

The clause which adopts General Peel's inroad upon the militia is a mistake. If we are to retain a militia force at all let us try to make it as effective as possible. A question may hereafter arise whether, in the new condition of society, it be either necessary or desirable to keep on foot an army which must always in peace be but half disciplined, and which we have no power of employing in war, except for defensive purposes. But so long as we have a militia let us take care that

it is capable of the service which we expect from it; and this will certainly not be if we entice from it into the regular army all its best men. We would advise the omission of that clause from the Act.

It will be seen, then, that while accepting the principle of the measure as sound, and freely admitting that short service is not antagonistic to the customs of the British army, we cannot look upon Mr. Cardwell's Army Enlistment Act to be other than a very imperfect piece of legislation. We object entirely to the abolition of regimental enlistment. Enlistment for general service has been tried before, but it never succeeded. Be the causes what they may, young Englishmen have almost always a predilection in favour of particular regiments, and are far more likely to go with them than to put themselves unconditionally at the disposal of the Secretary of State for War. We object, also, to the power claimed by the Secretary of State of transferring men from regiment to regiment at his own discretion. The ultimate object of this enactment is to render easy a systems of reliefs for service in India. Its inevitable result will be the destruction of all *esprit de corps* among us. Rather than do that, if we are determined not to go back to arrangements which were too hastily abandoned, it were better to adopt one or other of two expedients, both of them open to objection. Either change the period of service with the colours from three years to six—which will enable you to keep regiments in India during four years, and then to relieve them—or contract the number of your regiments, giving to each two battalions, in one of which men shall be engaged to serve for twelve years, certainly, while in the other they come under the terms of the new law; or, finally, if you cannot make up your mind to either course, draw a line

in the army list itself, which shall have on one side of it certain regiments and brigades from which the ordinary Indian reliefs are to be taken, and on the other, regiments and brigades which shall not be liable, except in the event of war, to serve east of the line. These are, we freely admit, mere make-shifts, one and all; yet, poor as they are, they are infinitely to be preferred to the policy which the Army Enlistment Act appears to sanction. We had enough, and too much, of that miserable work, volunteering from one regiment to another, during the Crimean War. It was pitiable to see regiments which, but yesterday, could vie with any in the world, reduced to-day to skeletons, and filling up their ranks again as fast as they could with boys and old men. Our regimental system is, in truth, the one point on which we have reason to pride ourselves over all the armies in the world. Destroy that, as the volunteering practice will surely do, and the oldest man among us may live long enough to rue the day that so grievous a blunder was committed.

What then, in fine, is the judgment which we are disposed to pass upon the Army Enlistment Act which Mr. Cardwell has given us? It is this: The intentions of the measure are excellent, the arrangements proposed for carrying them into effect are very imperfect. Let it not be forgotten that, so long as we depend for our army—not for the regular army alone, but for the militia also—on voluntary enlistment, it is exceedingly doubtful whether, do what we may, and offer what we will, we shall ever succeed in creating a really effective army of reserve in this country. There are those among us who profess to believe—a few enthusiasts perhaps really do believe—that, with short terms of enlistment, you may make the service attractive to young men of good

condition in life. We look upon the idea as a delusion. The ranks in this country will always be filled, as they were filled in times past, with the dissolute, the idle, and the unfortunate from among the humbler classes. These will come to you because they cannot do better elsewhere, whether your term of service be for three years or for twelve. But whether it be for the one or the other, let the recruit, when he offers to enlist, understand clearly what he is doing. Don't tell him that he is a soldier for twelve years, entitled all the while he serves to one-and-three-pence a-day, and by-and-by, at the end of three years, bid him go home, there to receive through you fourpence till he shall be further needed. Don't make a one-sided bargain such as this, which binds him, but does not bind the Secretary of State;—but so manipulate your army at large as, while the foreign service required of it is duly provided for, every man in the ranks shall know exactly what the country requires of him, and how it is to treat him if he fulfil the engagement into which he enters. Even when this is done, the task which you have set to yourself will prove a hard one. The ordinary excuse of men who, under General Peel's Act, declined to give in their names as willing to be enrolled in the reserve was this, that persons in civil life were unwilling to employ them, especially in places of trust, because of the risk that, just when their services were of most value to their employers, they might be called on to rejoin the army. And if the reason was valid when no man was allowed to join the army of reserve till after twelve years' service under the colours, it is not likely to be less valid when only three years' service is required to qualify for that *quasi*-retirement. Observe that we ourselves doubt the validity of the reason under any circumstances. When work is plenty, and labourers few,

employers are not likely to refuse the assistance of any who are willing to work for them, for no other reason than that in the event of war their servants may be taken from them. But then it is firmly received, both at the Horse Guards and in the War Office, and we all know what the actual operation of General Peel's measure was. The army of reserve must be raised, any way, by persuasion, so long as the active army consists of volunteers; and a retaining fee of fourpence a-day will hardly, as it seems to us, be adequate to keep a young man true to his secondary engagement, if, when the call comes, he finds himself able to live without it. The first thing to be done, then, is to increase the value of the retaining fee. But you must not rest there. The reserve men must be mustered in their parishes at least once a-quarter, and the retaining fee paid only to such as answer to their names; and once a-year they must meet in array to be trained with the militia of their counties, or separately, as the case may be. And you must

provide officers to muster and command them. Where are they under the Act?

The conclusion, then, at which we arrive, may be shortly stated thus: Mr. Cardwell's Act is not at variance with the usages of the service. Its principle is a sound principle, aiming, as it does, at keeping the ranks of the active army filled with young men, to whose support, when the emergency arises, sixty thousand men, conversant with their drill, and in the full vigour of their days, may be immediately called up. But it will not succeed,—because the active service is too short,—because the empire is too much extended for short service,—because the inducements to serve in the army of reserve are not adequate,—because the organization of the reserve force is very incomplete, and may cause discontent in the army itself,—because the means proposed for working it involve a constant breach of faith, in appearance, with individuals, and the breaking up of that regimental system which is the backbone of our military strength.

EARL'S DENE.—PART IX.

CHAPTER XVI.

It very soon appeared that the agony of nervousness to which Marie had been a victim in the presence of Monsieur Prosper, had been the consequence, not of weakness, but of strength. There is no need to give any detailed account of the concert at which she had had to make her *début*, or of the many days preceding it which she spent in a constant succession of cold fits of fear. It is sufficient that the house at which her performance took place was one which in those days gave and withheld musical fame; and that her nervousness was blown into a red-and-white glow of power as soon as she began to feel that strange and subtle sympathy between artist and audience which is at once both the cause and consequence of a true triumph, and to recognise in the perfect silence which is its outward sign the sure herald of a coming burst of applause. In a word, she was accepted at once as few *débütantes* are ever accepted; and the next day had almost become so famous as to have made enemies as well as friends. Nor were the former by any means without just ground for their depreciatory criticisms. It is true that she had taken everybody by storm, but it was to a great extent in the teeth of orthodox tradition. "*C'était magnifique, mais ce n'était pas la guerre.*" But the most competent judges resemble the most ignorant in this, that they are only too glad to pardon a great many artistic faults for the sake of strength and enthusiasm, seeing that where there are the latter, the former are safe to come in good time; but that where there are not, they can never either be given or acquired. In short, when least expecting it, Monsieur Prosper had become the

discoverer of a new star, and he was certainly not the man to hide his light, whether it was original or reflected, under a bushel.

Marie herself, according to her nature, at first objected strongly to adopting at once the semi-public life that her patron urged upon her. She put it that she could not thus expect to support herself for some time; that meanwhile it was absolutely necessary for her to begin at once to earn her own bread and that of her little household; and that she could do this most effectually and safely by pursuing the more humble path of daily teaching that she had marked out for herself. But, explain her circumstances as she would, Monsieur Prosper would only say,—

"The only road to the skies, Mademoiselle, is up the garret-stairs. Mozart climbed them, Moretti climbed them, I climbed them, everybody who has ever done anything has had to climb them; and you, Mademoiselle, are one whose duty for the present is to starve."

But though this was his theory, he obtained a few pupils for her in spite of it—just enough to keep the wolf actually from the door—and, for the rest, kept her upon an artistic treadmill. Her external history, therefore, as well after the concert as before it, was far from being eventful.

Not eventful, indeed, but something very much more, in more ways than one. For with whatever justice Mark Warden might repeat to himself, over and over again, "If it were not for Marie," Marie had at least an equal reason for saying—had it ever occurred to her to say it—"If it were not for Mark!"

The greatest event of all had happened to her, in which all smaller

events were merged. In a word, she had done what it is not given to one in ten thousand to do—she had found out her own true line in life; and it was, unfortunately, not only essentially different from, but antipathetic to, that which should have been hers as the wife of Mark Warden, or, indeed, as the wife of almost any man. To her own intense astonishment it was she, and not her divine cousin, who had turned out to be the swan of the family, and to be confessed as such by other swans. It was not long—thanks partly, no doubt, to the exertions of her patron and tyrant, which went far to counteract the effects of her own modesty and want of self-confidence, but assuredly also in great measure to her own natural genius, which in all lines of art, but most especially in hers, so often and so wonderfully outdoes the effects of the most complete training—before her name was familiar to almost every one in London except her own husband, who was one of those to whom the very highest artistic reputation is meaningless and incomprehensible. He was one of that immense body of often really sensible people who can never be made to regard art as a serious pursuit—on a level in point of seriousness, to say the least of it, with law and trade; who think of it as a means of mere amusement both to the artist and to his audience, and to whom the difference between a Bach and a grinder of barrel-organs is not so much even as a difference of degree. Under almost any other circumstances his wife, in her ignorance of her own nature, would have been quite content practically to have acted upon this view. Hitherto she had looked upon human sympathy as not only the chief but the only need of her soul; but now she had learned, without having followed the process, that her soul had need of a higher sympathy than one that was merely human and personal, and nothing more. Far different in this respect

was she from Félix. He, as it were, had started as an enthusiast and full-blown genius; and all that he had seen and learned had, as has been seen, tended to disgust him. He had expected to find the lives of those who had devoted themselves to art as fair and as beautiful as art itself; and he felt, in consequence, something like the novice in Gustave Doré's picture when he finds himself for the first time surrounded by the gross incarnate torpor in the midst of which he must henceforth waste his enthusiasm and devotion, and to which he must conform unless he chose to seek refuge in the madness of vain revolt. But she, to whom the artist-life was an altogether unknown garden, assimilated, like the bee in the fable, all that was pure and good in it, and left all its poison unnoticed and unknown. When she found herself treated unjustly—and she had far too much merit not to meet with frequent injustice—she set the cause down to her own shortcomings, and exerted herself all the more to remove the cause. When she was overpraised—and she had far too many faults to deserve all the praises bestowed upon her—she set it down to the kindness of her friends and the generosity of the world, and exerted herself all the more in order that her friends and the world might not bestow their kindness and generosity where either was undeserved. Indeed the critics, whether they blamed or whether they praised, disturbed her mind very little indeed. She was following her art neither for fame nor for wealth, but simply for itself; and indeed she would, in her own way, have continued to follow it, as she had always done, without saying a word about it to anybody, even had chance never thrown her in the way of Monsieur Prosper or any one else. But in that case she certainly would never have followed it in public; and almost the only reason for which she did so now was, that

she thereby might, so far as she could, relieve her husband from the burdensome duty of helping her to live.

Genius is by no means invariably united with a thirst for fame. Indeed it is by no means certain that such is the case even usually. Fame is always welcome when it comes, of course; but the true spur and aim of genius, in any sense of the word, is its own self-sufficing energy.

Thus it happened that, while Marie knew nothing of her husband's life, he understood less than nothing of hers. He did not even attempt to hide from himself that he regretted the error of his boyhood most bitterly; nor was he deep-sighted enough to see what a prize he had drawn in the great marriage-lottery, as considered even from a paying and practical point of view. As for her, she was still looking forward to doing her duty as a good wife, and was eager to find herself in a position to do it. But even in her case it must be allowed that the bud of her romance had withered without ever having developed into its natural blossom.

She was indeed in a false position altogether. Honest as the day, she was living a lie; and not only so, but acquiescing in it, as though her conduct were the most right in the world. She was a wife, and yet holding a relation to her husband that was less than that of a mistress; less than if she were separated in fact, or divorced in law. They had not even a thought, not even a wish in common; and what she had become was brought about by far other hands than those of her husband. He was the same Mark Warden still, in all essential matters; but, even in essential matters, she was no longer the same Marie.

And yet, though essentially different, she was still the same—if such a self-contradictory expression is intelligible. In ways, and thoughts, and feelings, and views of life, the

celebrated artist must needs differ widely from the obscure country girl; but in other things, happily—in the goodness that is the gift of nature and not of experience—no mental development need work a change. By knowledge, the best sort of purity is only made purer still; and of this best sort was hers.

Of course, among numerous other acquaintances of her own profession, she came to see a good deal of Félix; with whom, to tell the truth, she was considerably disappointed when she saw him for the first time. In her fancy she had always pictured him as being in style and in appearance a kind of romance hero; and her idea of a romance hero had by no means been the same as that of her cousin. But it is due to Félix to say that her disappointment was soon over. With many weaknesses on both sides, each had strength of nature enough, and more than enough points of sympathy, to make real friendship between them possible; and those aspects of character which were weak in the one, were precisely those which were strong in the other. Accordingly this friendship of theirs was of incalculable benefit to both.

Now, to allude to a rather delicate and much-disputed topic, it may be very true that friendship, in the true sense of a word which expresses the highest of all human relations, does not often come to exist between a man and a woman unless the age of one or both is such as to render the intrusion of passion unlikely; and not very often then. But such age is not necessarily old age. The youth that belongs to the artist nature and not to fewness of years has this privilege, at least, that it is capable of experiencing and comprehending the effect of sentiment which not only is not born of passion, but does not even necessarily result in it—of that order of sentiment which is mere foolishness and a stumbling-block to men who pique

themselves upon knowing the world, and upon calling things by their right names. The truth is, that the artist nature is always rather sentimental than passionate. He whose nature leads him to make a conscious or unconscious study of emotion for purposes of reproduction, cannot be so completely under the influence of the passions and sentiments that he himself undergoes, as the man who simply feels and suffers, and never attempts to analyse. The great high-priest of Art, never forgetting the beat of the measure of his hexameters even in the very embrace of his mistress, is only a type of illustrations that might be multiplied by thousands. It is certainly not that the lives of artists are more pure than those of other men and women; but it is that their souls have lived in the expression and imagination of passion rather than in passion itself. With the ordinary man, passion is its own aim; with the artist, it is but a means to produce sentiment; and if sentiment can be produced without the aid of passion, there is no reason why passion need have anything to do with the matter.

In other words, the swine will revel in the mud for the mud's sake, without reference to the pearls that may have been cast therein; the higher nature will cast itself into the mud also, but it will be in order to rout out the pearls; and if the pearls are thrown upon a clean place, will not care for the mud at all.

This may seem to be rather a transcendental way of regarding a fiddler and a music-mistress who came to know each other intimately, and did not happen to fall in love. Nevertheless it is not to be taken in the light of a digression.

Marie had until now lived a life as hidden from herself as it had been from others. It was as though she had been asleep in the enchanted forest. Her soul had indeed been none the less that of the artist, but it had not as yet eaten

of the tree of knowledge. To speak more prosaically, she had not the least idea that she differed in any way from other girls of her own age, except that she was rather more stupid and very much more shy; though, in reality, she could not have proved that she possessed something of the higher nature more than by being content to be what she was, and by doing what she could to develop what she had. But now that she had found admittance into a region the inhabitants of which were openly and consciously interested in all that had always unconsciously interested her, and who accepted her thoughts and ways as if they placed her above instead of below the crowd, she felt, if not like the sleeping princess when the prince arrived at the end of the hundred years of slumber, yet at all events like the supposed duckling when it first found itself with its own kind. Here it was that the sympathy of Félix made itself useful, by teaching her the spirit of the language of her new world, and by making her feel her own strength, which was now developing itself rapidly and surely.

But if he gave much, he received very much more than he gave; not that his was by any means the lower nature in all respects, but it certainly was in some. Friendship cannot exist where the superiority is all on one side; and that, certain women-scorers may be tempted to say, may be the reason why friendship between men and women is, to say the least of it, so rare: while, on the other hand, there are others who might account for the same fact on a similar but opposite ground. Thus, like many young artists—and like some old ones too, for that matter—he was too much inclined to the charlatanism of playing the genius, of railing at social rules, and of glorifying the land of Bohemia, not as a region where it is right that the apprentice of art should pass some of his

Wander-Jahre, his years of travel, but as a home to be lived in and loved for its own sake. But, after the manner of his kind, he was intensely capable of taking the impress of others' natures without in the least degree losing the original mould of his own; and however much sympathy Marie came to have with the man himself, she had no sympathy with vanity, or with any of its external symptoms. Charlatanism of every kind was bound to feel itself ridiculous before her harmonious directness of thought and speech; and she could not see that it is better in itself to be poor than to be rich, better to be at war than to be at peace, better to make the worst than the best of things. Her own road might have to lie through Bohemia; but she had her own Stratford, her own Daylesford, beyond its borders.

Nor was it only by her directness of nature and by her good sense that she did him good. He was alone in the world, and had always been so; and though he had often found kindness and good comradeship, this kind of sympathy was something altogether new to him. Every one needs sometimes to talk freely and sincerely about himself to somebody; every one needs sometimes to make confession, and no one is fit to be his own confessor. Félix was no exception to the rule. On the contrary, free speech was indeed to him the mind's morning, that

"Spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the
soul."

He was filled with dreams and fancies to overflowing, which, had he not met with her, would have been in a fair way to become corrupt and morbid.

But it must not for a moment be supposed that he in the least degree thus escaped from the tyranny of his *grande passion*. Temperaments like his are invariably far more in-

fluenced by the cruelty than by the kindness of a mistress; nor, ridiculous as such a disposition may appear to modern notions, is it by any means a sign of weakness, except so far as one may apply the word weakness to generosity, unselfishness, faith, loyalty, and other kindred qualities. Accordingly, in this matter there was some reticence between them. But still they did speak of it, and of her who had been and was still the heroine of the life-story of which Marie now became the first and only confidante.

Nor must it be supposed either that Félix took the, to him, inexplicable breach between himself and Angélique by any means calmly. Friendship is no substitute for passion. Nor could Marie help seeing how things were going; and though it was impossible for her to accept the fact that Angélique could by any possibility do wrong, the state of things made her very unhappy indeed. At last the day came when all was over; when her cousin threw herself into her arms, and told her that she was now Mrs. Lester. What Marie answered was inaudible through tears, partly of sympathy, partly of sorrow. But she did insist upon one thing—that Félix should be told at once how matters stood; and she was brave enough to undertake herself to be his informant.

So one day she sent for him suddenly, and as gently and kindly as she could—that is to say with all possible gentleness and kindness—told him the news. The pill that he had to swallow was bitter, but he could not complain of any want of tenderness on the part of his physician.

Then she went on to make excuses for Angélique.

"Yes," she said, "it would have been best if she could have told you at once that she had mistaken her heart. But then, you must remember how young she was—what a girl she is still. If you only knew how difficult it often

is for any girl to know her own heart——”

“Oh, you need not be afraid,” he answered, with false composure; “I am not going to complain of her. What you say is doubtless all most true.”

But his false composure did not deceive her.

“If you only knew how distressed she herself is; how anxious she is that you should not think harshly of her; how she hopes for your happiness——”

“Marie,” he said, in a firm voice, “if she is happy, that ought to be enough for me, and shall be. Tell her—no, you need tell her nothing; what is there to tell?”

“I wish she could have loved you,” said Marie at last, after a long pause.

“Well—now I suppose I am married to Art in earnest,” he answered, with a shade of bitterness.

“We are all of us young yet,” she replied, with the air of earnest gravity which sometimes gave her face such an almost ludicrous sort of piquancy. “And you have all the world before you. After all, there is no woman—no, none—who is worth a man’s career.”

It was curious that Marie should have used almost the very words of a man like Monsieur Prosper. But then her meaning was not quite the same.

Certainly the words that had been spoken between them had been cold enough. When two persons are very strongly moved, their words are always cold; and very often their manner also. But the words and manner of Félix did not deceive Marie in the least degree. She knew only too well what their coldness meant—how the reaction would come when her presence no longer acted as a restraint upon him. Far from being afraid of a scene, she would have been only too glad if he had set his whole heart free before her.

But he took her hand and thanked

her instinctively with his eyes; for what, he knew not.

It is all very well, however, to enjoy the sympathy of an amiable woman from whom one is only too well disposed to receive it; but to receive the commiseration of a man, however kindly meant, is in such cases by no means so pleasant. As he was leaving the house of Marie he was caught hold of in the street by Monsieur Prosper, among whose virtues delicacy was certainly not included.

There can be nothing more miserable than, with a heart swollen almost to bursting, with an aching breast, throbbing brain, and sightless eyes, suddenly to meet in the public streets one with whom we are bound to speak as though nothing had happened of more consequence than a change in the weather. But it is still worse than this when our acquaintance happens to be one who, out of a sort of half-perverse, half-kindly instinct, insists, as a matter of course, upon plunging at once into the very subject which better tact would have taught him to avoid. We then have to smile ten times as much as there is any need; to talk ten times as lightly; to let him say what he will, even though at every word he tramples upon a thousand corns. And the worst of it is, that when under such circumstances as those of Félix we are striving to bury our heads in the sand, we are certain to be caught hold of by our own particular Monsieur Prosper.

“So it seems that my fair pupil has run away with a duke, or a marquess,—which is it? Well, so much the better for you. I know something of the women, *ma foi!* and congratulate you from my soul. If you had married that girl, you would have been frittered away in no time. Bah! my dear fellow, I am only speaking the truth. I grant you she is charming—unmarried. Now her cousin—there would be an artist’s companion for you,

if she were not an artist herself. She would work by a man's side, even if she didn't lead the way; and an attic or a palace—all would be the same to her. I only hope to heaven she will never marry, though! A wife may be a good artist, but as soon as she becomes a mother it is all over with her. Bah! it's lucky for this Angélique of yours that her duke or marquis, or whoever he is, is a rich man, or I shouldn't envy him his bargain."

If Félix had not broken down before Marie, it was not likely that he would do so before Monsieur Prosper.

"He is neither duke nor marquis," he said; "and I hear that he has given up everything for her sake."

"Don't you believe such nonsense. No, my boy—a man will give up much for a woman, but not everything. I daresay, if the truth were known, Antony found it quite worth his while to lose the world just for the sake, not of keeping Cleopatra, but of getting rid of Octavia. What are you going to do now? Will you come and dine?" A dinner seemed to be his panacea for all the ills of the world.

"I am engaged."

"Engaged? that's just what I thought you were no longer! Oh, here's Barton—why, everybody seems about to-day."

So indeed it seemed to Félix, at all events.

"Ah, Créville," said Barton, "we haven't met for an age. Why, what's up? You look as if your liquor hadn't agreed with you last night. Is it true, Prosper, that that Miss Marchmont that came out in your 'Faith's Reward,' you know, is married to ten thousand a-year? I shouldn't think it was on the strength of my notice of her in the 'Trumpet.' She was a pretty girl, though. By the way, what's her real name?"

"She was a Miss Lefort."

"By Jove! and her Christian name?"

"Angélique."

Barton burst into one of his explosions of laughter, which made Prosper stare curiously and Félix angrily.

"I half guessed as much," he went on, between his bursts of laughter.

"Pray, may I ask why?" asked Félix, rather sternly.

Barton, struck by something in his tone, glanced at him, and then whistled.

"Oh, never mind," he said. "I say, Prosper, what are you going to do? And you too, Créville?"

"I must go home now," said Félix, turning to Prosper; and he walked off without farther ceremony.

"A rival?" asked Barton.

Prosper shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor boy!" he said to himself.

"By the way, is there any other Miss Lefort?"

"*Nom!* I should think so!"

"And is her name Marie?"

"What—do you know her?"

"Not in the least. But we have a mutual friend, I fancy. By Jove! it would be a good joke. Tell me about her."

"Willingly; and as Félix won't dine with me, perhaps you will?"

"More than willingly, if I have not forgotten by this time how to dine at all."

As to Félix, he had long had a presentiment that his *grande passion* must eventually come to this; but the fulfilment of a presentiment is never the more easy to bear because it has been foreseen. And now that he reached home and could indulge in the luxury of solitude, the reaction feared by Marie fairly came; and before long he had reached one of those moods in which men of his impulsive and excitable temperament are as likely as not to do something desperate.

CHAPTER XVII.

And so it came about that Hugh Lester found himself all of a sudden no longer a rich man and his own master, but a poor man, burdened with a wife and with the necessity of earning his own bread; and that Angélique, instead of having become the heiress of Earl's Dene, found herself the wife of one who, as far as appearances went, was much more likely to sink in the scale of society than to rise in it. She had better by far have thrown in her lot with Félix after all, even as a matter of prudence. He, at all events, could not well sink lower than where he was, and was in a position to earn a crust, if nothing more.

To repeat her dramatic experiment was quite out of the question. Her *fiasco* had quite put her out of court; nor did Monsieur Prosper or any other dealer in talent think sufficiently well of her merit to care to exert himself to recover her position for her. Besides, Hugh, with his social theories, would have starved, and would almost have let her starve, rather than have permitted her, now that she was his wife, to remain on or to return to the stage; and this even though she had been possessed of the power of a Siddons or a Pasta. The duty of supporting her was now, he considered, his entirely; and not only must he support her, but in a way that should be entirely free from doubt or suspicion. No man can change his caste at will; and though in the eyes of the world he was no longer Mr. Lester of Earl's Dene, still he was by no means one to think that he had, with the advantages of his old position, given up its duties also. And then he was no doubt influenced by an unwillingness, that would be common to most men under similar circumstances, to leave a young and beautiful bride among the associations of the green-room.

Perhaps, however, he would not have felt quite so scrupulous upon this point had he been less filled with hope and courage than he was. He was not conscious, in his altered circumstances, of any diminution of strength, or, as yet—though the consciousness of this would have to come very speedily—of any want of ready money; and though bitterly grieved that his aunt had thrown him over so utterly, so suddenly, and above all apparently so unkindly—thanks to Angélique's cleverness in confiscating his letter—he was proud of having been able to prove this love by engaging in that war with the world which to lookers-on appears so romantic and heroic, but which to those who are actually engaged in it is so inexpressibly prosaic and sordid and mean. He had done what lovers are for the most part contented with expressing their willingness to do: he had renounced all for the sake of her whom he loved.

It is easy and pleasant enough to imagine one's self, continually inspired by some lofty aim or motive, with a front always kept straight to the foe, and a heart always firm and serene and of good cheer, fighting one's way bravely through the world, drawing true friends to one's side, and before long prevailing by dint of sheer strength and honour. Just so may a boy whose imagination is fascinated by the idea of the career of arms, picture war to himself as a glorious succession of forlorn-hopes and desperate charges. But let the modern Don Quixote, putting his theory into practice, actually give up his peace and comfort and plunge into the grotesque medley of hopeless and heart-sickening delays, of lingering wounds, of blundering, of treachery, and of cowardice, that make up the greater portion of the world's war, and he will be more than fortunate if in a very short time his high aim does

not become directed to getting the upper hand in a bargain, if experience does not teach him that to keep his front to the foe is to court death and not victory, and if he does not learn that the crowding of friends to his side is the consequence of success, and never its cause.

But all this Hugh had yet to learn. He was really strong enough to do with ease many things from which brave men shrink. To proclaim his altered fortunes, and to give up his former society before his former society gave up him, was as easy and almost as inspiring as a flourish of trumpets accompanying a declaration of war; and it was with a positive eagerness that he hastened to throw over all his engagements, to mortify his tailor by paying him, and to astonish the most exclusive club in London by removing his name from the list of its members. So far it was upon Angélique, who had brought about the situation, that it bore most heavily.

At first her anger and disappointment were extreme. She had done worse than lose the trick—she had been cheated; nor did it occur to her that she had been cheated just because her own game had not been open and straightforward. Fortunate was it for Hugh that the marriage was not of long standing, or doubtless the storm would have fallen upon his own head; and as things were, it was not that she was too much in love with him to make him her scapegoat, but that she could not help feeling some gratitude to him for his sacrifice of the world for her sake, and for his vain attempt to save her from sacrificing herself for his; and the circumstance was too recent to have fallen even from so short a memory as hers. And so it was for Warden alone that she kept the storm that was brewing within her. After all, when she came to consider the matter, the game was not wholly lost. Miss Clare

might yet be reconciled, or might die without a will—in fact the chapter of accidents contained a hundred chances in her favour, though those against her might be a thousand. Soon she found herself saying, instead of "Suppose I were Mrs. Lester of Earl's Dene," "I *will* be Mrs. Lester of Earl's Dene—and let Mark Warden look well to his cards!"

In short, it was to be a duel *à la mort* between them for the prize of Earl's Dene, and both parties had their advantages. Mark Warden was so far the victor; but then he had no fear of his opponent, and was likely to play blind.

This determination of hers made her also resolve to remain good friends with her husband. If he was no longer to be her highroad to fortune, it was still he who must provide the material and the instruments for making it; and meanwhile she must manage to play the part of a good wife as best she might. That he was as happy with her as he tried to persuade himself he was, can scarcely be said with truth after the flight of the first few weeks of triumph; but he found no tangible reason to complain. Indeed it is the way of such as he not only to make the best of a bad bargain, but to persuade themselves into the belief that it is a good one.

Nevertheless, symptoms of its having turned out not the best of all possible bargains began very soon to show themselves. With the best will in the world to appear good-tempered, she could not altogether, with perfect success, contrive to seem what she was not; and she was too genuinely disappointed not sometimes, out of the fulness of her heart, to give expression to her disappointment. It was inconceivably bitter to her to have to bear small troubles and annoyances, such as having to economise in clothes, to haggle with small tradesmen about ounces and halfpence—a matter, by the way,

in which her disgust did not prevent her proving herself a most admirable woman of business—and to find no admiration save on the part of her husband and from the chance passengers of the streets. Hugh, too, often bored her terribly, and she could not help sometimes showing that he bored her by yawning in his face both literally and metaphorically. He, in his good-nature, used to set down her little crop of shortcomings to the account of his own selfishness. He tried to make up to her in every possible way for what he had made her lose, and never dreamed of laying his failure at her door.

As for a reconciliation with his aunt, he had given up all idea of that as entirely out of the question; and, too wise to cry over spilled milk, made up his mind not to dream of the impossible, but to turn himself to whatever work might lie next his hands.

This again was all very well; but it was by no means so well when he came to ask himself for what he was fit, and what he could do. The question was infinitely more easy than the answer. He had no profession, and had been brought up to none: he knew nothing but the "*As in presenti*," and the "*Propria qae maribus*," which it had taken him some fifteen years to learn; he could do nothing but hunt and shoot and fish, and in general follow all such pursuits as cost a great deal of money, but bring in none—unless, indeed, he turned gamekeeper or huntsman; and even then he would lack the professional apprenticeship that in every pursuit distinguishes the artist from the amateur.

Nor were such influential persons as he had in his prosperous days numbered among his acquaintance particularly willing to help him now. In the book of the world of patronage he had written himself down far too great an ass to be within the pale of legitimate help. His vote and influence wer

lost to his party for ever; and lost, moreover, through his own fault. Besides, he was as yet too proud to be a beggar, as, indeed, every gentleman ought to be until necessity, as necessity usually ends in doing, has thickened his skin very considerably.

But though, to reverse the condition of the unjust steward, he could not beg, to dig he was not ashamed; and he would have dug with pleasure had there been any room in England for an unpractised spade. And so it was before long borne in upon him that he had better wash his hands of the soil of England altogether, and go somewhere, where digging may be had for the asking.

This caused the first open dispute—it did not amount to a quarrel—between himself and his bride. What! should she, a lady and the wife of a gentleman, give up the battle at once before it was lost, and go and bury herself alive in the backwoods among bears both quadruped and biped? should she spend her hours and days and years in cooking and scrubbing, and washing and mending, and bringing up a rough race of colonial farmers and their wives? No; it was certainly not for that that she had become the wife of Hugh Lester. If she also had made a bad bargain, she too would try to make the best of it—but by improving it, and by expending upon it time and trouble; not by sitting down and putting up with it. She was not made beautiful to blush unseen, nor clever and endowed with aristocratic tastes to waste her tastes and talents in a wigwam. The life of an "extra lady"—in the theatrical sense—would be better than that. And so she managed to make herself so infinitely disagreeable whenever Hugh even alluded to the subject of emigrating, that he very soon had to allude to it no more. She said but little indeed, and what she did say was always strictly and becomingly submissive; but she submitted

like a martyr; and such submission on the part of a woman to the man who is in love with her is simply irresistible, as most women well know. Griseldas will always win in the long run; and, generally speaking, in the short run also.

There is no need here to tell in all its details the whole story of Hugh Lester's troubles: how he spent his days in wandering about the streets, and his evenings in discussing with his wife plans with which she had no sympathy, and in which she consequently took no interest. Could he in the course of his wanderings have hit upon a plan for getting unmarried, well and good: but, as things were, she was much too occupied with her own more important schemes to care much about his. She was by no means so proud in her difficulties as he. Unknown to him, she wrote to Alice Raymond, describing the position of herself and her husband; and with such good effect that the young lady made a resolute attempt to act the part of peacemaker between Miss Clare and Hugh. It need not be said that her well-meant attempt met with no success whatever; that, indeed, it made matters rather worse than before. Then Angélique tried to persuade Hugh himself to go down upon his knees to his aunt; but great as her influence over him was, especially when she chose to exert it actively, in this he was firm. All that he had to say he had already said in that letter whose fate was known to Angélique alone. And then, at last, in spite of her courage and confidence in her own skill, she could not but own that the battle seemed going against her.

But she did not know how heavily her enemy was weighted. Member of Parliament, indeed, he had a fair prospect of becoming, and a prospect of becoming in due course of time eminent at the bar that was scarcely less fair. But to become master of Earl's Dene, of

the real prize of the war, it was necessary for him first to become the master of Alice Raymond.

Of course that was quite out of the question. But still it must be confessed that he used to see a great deal more of her than was at all necessary, unless he really meant work. He was, in fact, so much in love with Earl's Dene, not to speak of New Court, that he was every day more and more in love with the lady in whom their charms were incarnate; or at least fancied himself so, which, in such matters, means much the same thing. He used to hang about her, to feel jealous of her other he-acquaintance, and to let her see plainly that he cared more about her than about all the rest of the world put together. To what end, it may well be asked, when it could not by any possibility lead to anything? Well, men are in such cases—that is to say, where gold and women are concerned—guided mainly by impulse; and practical wisdom, such as Warden's, is apt to think mainly of the means, knowing well how often they bring about their own end.

And what did Alice Raymond think? She was not a girl to fall easily over head and ears in love with anybody, and certainly not until she was asked to do so; and yet she did not act as though she were altogether unwilling that the question should come. She had, for a woman, most marvellously little pride of family or of station, in this resembling her mother, whom she bade fair to resemble in many other things. She had no need to marry for wealth, and if she chose to marry the son of a country surgeon, she had no one but herself to please. She believed in brains, and this surgeon's son seemed to her to have more brains than all the rest of her acquaintance put together—as indeed very likely he had. Still she had not thought about the matter to any very alarming degree. She would

not be surprised at his having the presumption to ask her to marry him, nor would she consider it a presumption; but she had not by any means taken the precaution beforehand of making up her mind whether she should say yes or no. This is as much as to say that she had given him a good deal of hope—more, perhaps, than she consciously intended, but not more than she was willing that he should have, for he stood more than high enough in her good graces to make her feel flattered by his attention to her.

It could not but result from this that the idea of becoming great and rich at one *coup* came to exercise greater and greater fascination over the mind of Warden day by day and almost hour by hour; and none the less because the idea was apparently so eminently unpractical. When a practical man like himself does manage to get an unpractical notion into his head, and when he believes himself to be incapable of entertaining any but practical notions, he is fortunate if it does not run away with him into the region of monomania. Certainly the legitimate road to fortune seemed in his eyes to be desperately slow, now that he had obtained a vision of what is contained in those words of despair, "Might have been." He, like Angélique, was not content to sit down quietly and make the best of what he chose to consider his bad bargain. He had by this time fairly got past the stage of "If it were not for Marie;" from which to "How can I possibly get rid of Marie?" is only a single step, and scarcely so much as that. How he cursed the law that had made him thus suffer for his boyish impulse! But easy as it had hitherto been to conceal it, it was impossible for him to deny his marriage, which he had taken care should be only too valid. It had been nothing more than a ceremony, it is true; and, in reality, he and Marie were no more hus-

band and wife than they were in the eyes of the world. There were no children to insist upon their rights of legitimacy in time to come; and he felt the burden of no duties of use or affection. If, for the sake of the good things that surrounded and were represented by her, he fancied that he loved Alice Raymond, he in the same way and by the same process was rapidly coming, without any fancy in the matter, to detest Marie as the one obstacle to his obtaining that for which his whole soul hungered. What earthly reason, he asked himself, was there why he should be willing to cleave to Marie in full sight of the rich prize that was passing within reach of his hands? She was not beautiful; she was stupid—so he thought, for the nature of her development was a sealed book to him; she had no sympathy with his aims—which was perfectly true; she was not his equal in any respect—which was most certainly true also; and, above all, she was quite incapable of being of the least use to him. He had never lived with her, and had not the least wish to do so; nor, he thought, with inconsistent anger, did she show any very eager or overpowering desire to live with him. Her very devotion to his interests and contented sacrifice of her own, and her willingness to submit to him in all things, had, as is often the case, succeeded rather in mortifying his vanity than in gratifying it, and he would probably have been far less indifferent to her had she given him more cause. He went near her very seldom now; and, to tell the truth, his vanity would have been mortified even more had he been able to guess how little he had come to be missed by her. The welcome that he received from her on the occasions of his rare visits was to the full as honest and as affectionate as of old; but Marie had become by this time so accustomed to the peculiar relation that had now existed between herself

and her husband for so many long years, while her new life and her new friendship gave her mind so much occupation, that she was by no means any longer condemned to spend her time after the manner of the lady of the Moated Grange. Besides, she still trusted him implicitly; and, while he was away, assumed that he was seeing the less of her now in order that he might put things in train for seeing the more of her hereafter. For the same purpose she too worked as hard as possible, in order that when the time should come she might earn the satisfaction of placing in his hands the fruit of her industry, and of her zeal to bring nearer the day when he could throw overboard that hateful fellowship and make her his wife before the world.

Her very calmness and patience at last provoked him beyond measure. He forgot that they were the result of habits that he himself had made her acquire, and of hopes that he himself had bestowed. And then there is no doubt that she bored him dreadfully, and did not see that she bored him. She was interested in all that he was doing, in his legal studies, in his political ambition, not because she cared a single straw about either law or politics, or was in the least degree ambitious for herself, but simply because they occupied him; and she assumed, and surely not unwarrantably, that he would take an interest in her pursuits because they were hers. But what cared he to listen to all the musical shop and gossip which is so intensely interesting to those who care about music itself, but so unutterably tiresome and contemptible to those who do not! All shop is necessarily odious to those who do not themselves stand behind the counter, or at least care very much for some one who does stand there. But when one both despises the shop and hates the shopwoman it is sickening indeed; and it offended this

parvenu to think that his wife had to perform in public for her bread.

After all, is it not almost a truism that life is a perpetual attempt to grasp the good that is out of our reach, and to throw away the good that is within it? Whether it be true or not, as Warden once tried to persuade himself, that the mould of each man's fortune is in his own hands, it is at all events certain that a man has but to close his fingers upon his palm to secure possession of his best good. But like the knight who roamed all over the world to seek for the fairest flower in it, but did not find it until, outwearied with the search, it met his eyes as he re-entered his own castle-yard, most men are so tremendously far-sighted that they are blind to anything that is less than a league distant from them; and Mark Warden was, as must by this time have fully appeared, more long-sighted even than most men. Earl's Dene, as it loomed upon him in the distance, was visible enough to him; but Marie looked to him like a mere speck of dust that had lighted upon him, and which it would be as well to brush off as quickly as possible—or rather like a burr, as valueless as dust, and infinitely more disagreeable.

Had she been other than she was, his entire neglect of her would more than probably have brought about the very worst possible consequences. She was quite good-looking enough to be considered pretty now that she had come into notice, and there were quite enough people about her to tell her so. It was certainly not his fault that the desire to be free did not become mutual. She had to live and go about entirely alone, looking for aid and counsel to any one rather than to him from whom aid and counsel were due. [Being what she was even, such a state of things could not in any wise be safe, seeing that her professional father and guide was Monsieur Prosper, whose ideas as to the limits of propriety

were not over-strict, to say the least of it. He would have been as much opposed to the idea of her spoiling herself, as he would consider it, by taking a husband, as he was to that of Félix taking a wife, or rather more so; for if a man who is an artist is, according to his theory, necessarily ruined by marriage, how much more must an artist who is a woman be ruined by it? But short of marriage, and of any connection equivalent thereto, he certainly held that an artist, whether man or woman, should know by experience what is meant by passion as well as by sentiment; and Marie's extreme prudence of conduct, which, according to the light that was in him, he could only ascribe to coldness of nature, provoked him almost as much as her passive obedience provoked Warden. It nearly made him think that he must have been mistaken in her; and indeed he told her as much sometimes. But she never even approached to a comprehension of what he meant. She was certainly still very stupid indeed about some things, and seemed likely to continue so.

But Monsieur Prosper was not much of a believer in the virtue of any woman, much less in that of a woman who seemed to be a paragon; and the friendship between his *protégés* could for him have but one meaning. His supposition was favoured by the manner in which Félix received his attempts to rally him upon his having, when every one else had failed, been able to play the part of Endymion to this immaculate and miraculous Diana. It was almost the cause of another temporary quarrel between this pair of ill-matched friends, and ought, no doubt, to have made Félix himself rather more careful and circumspect for the sake of Marie. But, after all, is the world, which spoils so many good things, not to leave at liberty at least one pleasant relation, and that the pleasantest of all? At

least Félix, conscious as he was of meaning no harm, was not one to think that the voice of the world, as represented by that of Monsieur Prosper, had the smallest right to affect his conduct in this matter in the least degree; and so, even as he had actively scorned his friend's advice in respect of Angélique, he passively disregarded it in respect of her cousin. Of course he ought to have remembered the fable of the frogs and the boys. Of course everybody ought to do everything that is exactly right and proper on all occasions. But who ever did apply a moral to his own case? And what man who is not a monster of rectitude would have the heart to dream of crushing the rare bud of friendship when it is developing into blossom before his eyes?

It need not be said that Warden, for his part, had far too much to think about on his own account to take much notice of the persons with whom his wife associated; or that, if he had taken notice of them, he would particularly have cared; or that, if he had cared, he would have considered that he had the least reason to be jealous of Félix Créville. But it did happen that one evening, by a planned accident—and the planning of such accidents was beginning to take up a great deal of his time, even to the extent of leading him astray from his law studies—he met Miss Raymond at a large party given at a very great house indeed; and that she, who never forgot her friends or neglected to ask after them, seeing that they might at any moment fall within reach of the help that she was always seeking to extend not only to them but to all the world, lost no time in introducing the subject, as was her way, much to Warden's dislike, whenever she happened to meet him.

"What a great personage Marie Lefort is becoming all at once!" she said. "I remember we all used to think her such a stupid child."

"Yes, she seems to be doing well," said Warden, coldly. "But I don't profess to know anything about music, you know."

"I suppose you are always thinking about your horrid law. I wish you did care about music, though. I always want my friends to like what I do."

"Ah, Miss Raymond, if you would educate me, perhaps I might become a second Handel—who knows?" The choice of Handel for his illustration was not accidental; it was because it was the only name to which his knowledge of musical history allowed him to refer. He had once been at a performance of the "Messiah" in Red-chester Cathedral, and had only been saved from being very much bored by employing his time in meditation upon a problem in conic sections.

"Oh, I am far too stupid. If you want educating I must refer you to Marie. How is it, by the way, she does not get married? She ought, ought she not? I was having quite a long talk about her only this morning.—Was it not an honour? Monsieur Prosper came to ask me to let him dedicate something to me."

"He is not the only person, I fancy, who would like the honour of dedicating something to you—and not only music."

For a wrangler and college fellow the compliment was not amiss. She blushed ever so little, and accepted it without a remark. Warden's heart gave a little bound of pride, for he felt that she had cared to apply what he had said, and he remembered that "she who blushes and is silent says enough."

"It was what he said," she continued, "that made me think about Marie marrying."

"Indeed!"

"As you know her so well, did you ever happen to come across a rather striking-looking young man who once gave me a few lessons when I was in Paris? Créville,

his name is. He seems to be a very great friend of hers—so Monsieur Prosper says—and is very clever and very respectable."

Was it possible, then, that Marie, the immaculate, could be carrying on a flirtation parallel with his own? His own conscience did not prick him in the least; there is no law against a married man's being as attentive as he likes to as many pretty girls as he pleases, nor against his leaving his wife to take care of herself, if she is so minded; but though he did not feel jealous, he certainly felt surprised.

"Créville?" he asked. "No, I never met him."

"Monsieur Prosper speaks very highly of him indeed, and evidently thinks him *éprouvé*. I cannot bear to think of that poor girl going through all she does all alone; and I should be so glad if she could marry well in her own class."

There was certainly not much in these few and commonplace words, but where the soil is fertile and well prepared a very little seed will go a long way; and, slight as they were, they were so far destined to bear fruit as to give him, or rather to suggest to him, a possible way out of his difficulties.

After all, what could it signify to the world, or to themselves, if he and Marie should agree to be henceforth to each other as though nothing had ever taken place between them? Such an arrangement, could it be carried out, would interfere with no rights of any other persons, and it would leave each of the two parties to it free to follow whatever course he and she might severally prefer. If it were true—and why should it not be true?—that Marie had found a lover, she would be only too willing to fall in with the idea; and if she had already cast off the yoke in part, she could not fairly object to his casting it off altogether. Perhaps he might even be able to persuade her that they were not really married at all, seeing that they had never lived

together, and that the ceremony between them had been more or less clandestine. Any way, she would in no wise suffer; and if Monsieur Prosper, according to Miss Raymond, was right, she, judging her by himself, would be only too happy to grasp at the idea, so as to be free to indulge her own inclination. At all events something must be done; and it was absolutely necessary to get himself fairly free of the old love, if in any possible way it could be managed, before he made any farther attempt to advance himself in the good graces of the new. Even if he should fail in his great *coup*, it would be something to have cast off his burden; for no man of mature years ever longed to be able to get clear of a miserable and discreditable connection in which boyish folly had inextricably bound him, more than Warden longed to get clear of one who would have made him the best and most suitable of wives, both in reality and in the eyes of the world.

Another reason led him to this resolve. He had tried his very hardest to quarrel with Barton; but the latter, who would never let any one quarrel with him unless he himself pleased, seemed to take a malicious sort of delight in persecuting him with his unwelcome society as much as possible. It was the old story of Frankenstein over again. The truth is, that the unfortunate scholar had very few places left now where he could sit and get drunk *gratis*; for the good resolutions which he had been continually making when living with Félix vanished, as a matter of course, whenever temptation fell in his way. Now he was one of those men who cannot even be thrust out by main force by any one whose strength is not that of Hercules; and in point of self-assertion, even Warden himself, who was in general fully competent to hold his own, was not a match for him. The latter might sport his oak as

much as he pleased, and give any number of orders to the boy who opened his door for him that he was not at home; but against a man like Barton nothing short of a pistol-bullet is of the least service, and the skin of Barton himself appeared thick enough to withstand the passage even of a cannon-ball.

But this was not the worst. He had of late taken to chaff his unwilling and despairing host in a manner that was as disagreeable as it was mysterious. He was perpetually indulging in not very delicately-expressed hints about the manner of life popularly held to have been led by the monks of old time having descended to their collegiate successors, in anticipations of Tennyson's Princess—though not quite in such graceful language—and in speculations as to the result of the coexistence of Fellows and Fellowesses, both at the high table and elsewhere, and in other suggestions and allusions that made Warden more afraid than desirous of offending him. At last it was impossible for him to help suspecting that Barton somehow or other had got to know too much; and he knew perfectly well that the latter not only told anything and everything when in his cups to anybody and everybody, but would take a direct and positive pleasure in proving that the sober and steady Mark Warden was not only no better than other men, but had obtained and was holding his fellowship and his reputation upon false pretences. When dealing with such a man the false conscience that comes of fear made him feel guilty in the matter of the *pasquinade*, mere commonplace election trick as it had been, and he had ever since been expecting some sort of retaliation. It was of course just as likely as not—perhaps more likely than not—that these hints on Barton's part were the mere loose and random talk of a man who never much regarded what he said, and that their real applica-

bility was the result of a mere coincidence; but, whether moved by conscience or not, Warden felt that he could not safely rely even upon the probability, far less upon the possibility, of the truth of such a view for the consolation of feeling secure. It puzzled him considerably to account for the existence of such a suspicion on the part of Barton, just as it would have puzzled him to account for its existence on the part of any one else; but it was certainly not rendered the less alarming for its being unaccountable. To fall into the power of such a man would be a terrible thing indeed; and this thought made it all the more incumbent upon him to rid himself of his burr at any price, and almost anyhow. The instinct of self-preservation had come to the support of the instinct of self-interest. Fear and hope were both drawing him in one and the same direction, and so

strongly and to such good purpose, as to leave him almost as few scruples as they had left to the man who had strangled his wife at Gorsley. Had he been capable of self-analysis, he would now have known perfectly well why that story had made so unaccountable an impression upon him. It is not that he was likely to go to work in so clumsy a way; but it is quite possible to strangle without hands, and to effect one's purpose with weapons that slay and leave no sign.

Of course he did not know it; but he felt very much like the brigand who, on suddenly, at a turn of the road, coming upon a gallows upon which swung the body of one of his band, instead of taking warning from the sight, merely shrugged his shoulders, heaved a passing sigh, and murmured with contemptuous compassion, "*mal-adroit!*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

I have never at any time, although I certainly once thought so, really belonged to the ranks of those who take up the line of despising and looking down upon the whole sex of womankind. I have gone through the whole process of railing at women, I must confess; but most men do that more or less when they are too young to know anything about the matter, and seldom continue to do so when they have once had the good fortune to discover that good women do exist outside the circle of their own homes. Whenever I hear a man past thirty continuing to talk of women in general like a boy of twenty, I always set him down either for an affected block-head, or for an unfortunate fellow who has seen only the very worst side of the world, if he has seen any side of it at all; or else for a human hog who is unable to distinguish between pearls and acorns, and so

tramples both indiscriminately under foot. But certainly once in my life it was my fate to feel, in all honesty and sincerity, a disgust for the whole feminine portion of the world, represented as it was to me by her whom I had followed from Paris, and to whose service I had devoted myself, but who now as utterly threw me aside as if I had never been so much to her as a lackey would have been, as soon as love came to her in the guise in which Zeus came to Danaë. Indeed to what cause was it possible to ascribe her conduct but to the most contemptible of all? Mr. Lester might certainly be the very paragon of all that was noble and attractive: of this I knew nothing. But he was certainly as rich as I was poor, and this I did know. My grand passion had come to a most untimely and unromantic end, and the prophecy of my Mephistophelean Mentor seemed

likely to be fulfilled to the very letter.

Throughout my conversation with Marie, I believe that I succeeded in keeping myself tolerably calm. But when I left her, I felt as though I were drunk with wine; I scarcely saw where I was going; I had no control over my voice—no command over my steps. I have a dim recollection of meeting both Prosper and Barton on my way, but of what I said to them or they to me, I have no recollection whatever. They certainly must have thought me drunk. No doubt all this sounds sufficiently ridiculous; and, no doubt, I ought by rights to have been well prepared for what I had just heard. My dismissal, practically, had taken place weeks ago—perhaps more. But when a gambler has staked his whole fortune upon the cast of a single die, he must be excused for losing his senses a little when he has lost the throw. "*Semel insanivimus omnes*;" and we are not to be blamed for that, but for being mad more than *semel*.

Poor Dick Barton was no longer living with me. We had not quarrelled—far from it; for I believe that he, for some strange reason or other, bore me a real affection; and I too—why, it is quite impossible to say—know that I bore one for him. Poverty, at all events, has this one merit, that it teaches us to know the good and ill of each other marvellously soon, and to love the one and not to judge harshly of the other, whatever it may be; at least such has been my own experience. Besides, I will say for Barton that he never showed any but his good side where I was concerned. I was certainly very far indeed from being able to appreciate his learning and special kind of talent, or to admire his manner of using the one or the other; but there was at the bottom of the man's character so much true goodness of nature, and such a perfect scorn of everything that

was mean and base, from which he did not exempt his own many faults and weaknesses, and he was so completely open and unreserved in thought and speech—better had it been for himself had he been otherwise—that I could not but accept him for what he might have been, rather than for what he actually was. But why am I so ungrateful as to attempt to make mere excuses for him? I care not what others may say or think. I am quite willing to admit that he had the errors and weaknesses of other men multiplied by a thousand; but, for myself, I have too much cause not to think of him with something more than ordinary affection, and to judge him by a higher standard than the judgment of men. "I was sick, and ye visited me: verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The bitterness of my disappointment, coming as it did upon the hard and uncongenial work, the mental anxiety, the want of bodily nourishment, and all the various wretchedness, unlightened by hope or buoyancy of heart, which had been my portion for so long, had its natural effect upon me. I was nervous and excitable at the best of times. I was much given to brooding over myself, and a life of which music is the centre is not one to render any man's nature more calm. One of three things was inevitable. There are some men who in my position would have committed murder; there are many who would have committed suicide. I take no credit to myself that I did neither; for before my thoughts had time to direct themselves into any decided channel, I found myself prostrate with brain fever.

Throughout its course, as I lay in my miserable garret, I was tended by Dick Barton; and I will undertake to say that the man has never lived—no, nor the woman

either—who, under any circumstances, has proved a better and more self-denying nurse than he then proved to me. I know that I have never since been a thoroughly good believer in the necessary superiority of a woman over a man in a sick-room. There is a pathos in the tenderness of a rough hand, in the gentleness of a loud voice, in the subdued sound of a heavy tread, in the conscious restraint of a self-indulgent nature, that is wanting to the naturally self-denying nature, to the velvet footfall, to the sweet voice, and to the soft hand, which are light and gentle and tender just because they cannot help being so. There is something also that is bracing and tonic in the free sympathy of a comrade, while the ceaseless attention of a woman is always more or less enervating; and as real sickness makes women of us all, we, like them, feel the advantage of being supported by stronger hands than theirs. And then, too, one can swear at a man, and tell him plainly when he worries one: his dress does not rustle, he does not speak in whispers, and he understands that when one is ill one wants to be left alone as much as possible. All this is rank heresy, I know; but I am not ashamed to confess myself a heretic, if only for Dick Barton's sake.

How he contrived to support us both during this time, I never wholly knew; indeed, I afterwards took care not to make too minute inquiries. Prosper was generous to me—more, I think, than he would have been to most men where money was concerned; but any amount of generosity on his part would not have accounted for all, nor could we have lived entirely upon occasional loans of half-crowns. I certainly have dim recollections of seeing Barton, as he sat up with me night after night, writing at a furious pace, always with a pencil, in order that I might not be worried with the

scratching of a pen; and I hope that that also may have accounted to some extent for our having escaped starvation. Nor do I believe that during these weeks of watching he ever lapsed into his usual habits—indeed I heard afterwards, from our landlady, that he had never returned from any of his expeditions from home otherwise than sober, and that nothing in the shape of liquor had once entered the house. It may seem but little to say in praise of a man's devotion to one's self that for a few weeks he managed to keep sober, and to work hard; but in his case it can be called nothing short of heroism. I doubt if in the course of his whole life he had ever before both worked hard and kept sober for two consecutive days. It was not till I was entirely out of danger that Dick Barton one evening brought in two bottles of brandy, drank them both in one short sitting, and then went off to sleep before the fireplace for twenty-four hours; and it was thus that I knew that I was well.

How like a dream everything now appeared! When I first woke again to my bare and empty world, it cost me all the effort of which, in my weak condition, I was capable, to comprehend where I was—and almost to comprehend who I was. It would have seemed most natural to me to find myself in my bed at Pré-aux-Fleurs, under the care of Aunt Cathon or Mère Suzanne; and for a moment I really thought so, for I had been delirious, and my brain was still confused. Nor, when I was once more able to realise all that had happened, did reality seem less unreal than fancy itself. It seemed to me that I had been dreaming all my days, and that my delirium had been only that confused portion of a dream that immediately precedes waking. With respect to my whole life, I had to make the same effort to recover my recollection that one makes when endeavouring to recall some vanished

vision of the night that has left an unusually vivid impression. I made the effort quite calmly, for I was left far too weak in body to suffer in mind. Strange to say, of all the images that rose before me, one by one, and that once more came back into being, the last was that of Angélique Lefort—or, as I should now say, of Angélique Lester. It seemed as if that which had been buried in my heart the most deeply of all had taken the longest time to emerge from it into the upper light. But I am wrong. One image came later still, which came out of the darkness with all the modest gentleness of her whom it represented—as though, like herself, it had preferred to take the lowest room. But when at last it did come, every word, every touch, which had passed between myself and her, became a living thing, standing out from the shadow in strong relief—something real to hold by, something to believe in as true, if all the world should prove but a dream. If the sight of Dick Barton had proved to me that my illness was over, it was the thought of Marie that proved to me that I was still alive—that I had not passed wholly into the land of shadows for ever. And not only so, but, direct my thoughts whithersoever I would, they still settled back upon the consoling words, and upon the voice that had spoken them, and upon the true eyes that had given them the force of life, and not upon the words of a love that must now be crushed at any cost, and from which some instinct seemed to make my memory recoil. It may be that the brain, in its strife to recover strength, threw off, by a healthy effort of nature, all that might hinder its success, and turned to what must needs render its recovery at once more rapid and more sure.

I was not allowed to talk much for some days, in the course of which I had ample time to gather

myself together; and it was not long before I came to the conclusion that this tendency of my thoughts was not the result of recollection merely, but had been brought about in some measure also by an occasional presence that had mingled itself with the dreams of my fever. Barton would not talk to me upon this subject, however much I sought to question him; but I felt very certain that my very earthly nurse had been aided by an occasional angelic visitation.

My recovery was not slow; for I could not afford to be ill, far less to enjoy the luxury of a long and gradual convalescence, seeing that before all things I had to relieve Dick Barton from his burden as soon as I could possibly manage to do so. Still, even so, getting well was most certainly hard enough.

Almost as soon as I could contrive to crawl out of doors I paid a visit to Marie Lefort, and I thought her also looking ill and anxious. She had little news to tell me, except that Angélique, whom she had of late seen but seldom, was well, and, she hoped, happy, in spite of increasing difficulties; but she did not seem over-willing to speak of the subject. Of herself she had much more to say; and that subject was a far more pleasant one to both of us. She seemed at once, and apparently without an effort, to have made a really great success, in the best sense of the word—to have made the success that I had been supposed to be struggling for all my days, and that hundreds of far greater merit than mine are constantly struggling for and seldom succeed in obtaining. All who remember the musical history of that day will also remember the name of Marie Lefort, while I do not flatter myself that one will call to mind that of Félix Crévillat. And yet, to pursue the comparison between us, on my side had been ambition, long and early familiarity with the profession and its ways, the most careful and

GETTING OUT OF THE SMOKE.

A LETTER TO BULLION BALES, ESQ., OF MANCHESTER,
FROM HIS FRIEND MR. SCAMPER.

MY DEAR BALES, — My three telegrams—one only two days old—must have advised you that I am alive and moving. *How* I have lived and moved I now propose to tell you. *Imprimis*, with reference to those favourite similes of yours about a child bounding from the schoolroom, or a bird liberated from a cage, believe me, they do not apply to folk like you and me fleeing from our desks and ledgers. Manchester goes with us, hanging on like Sinbad's old man. One who has been long in populous city pent does not, if he has been pursuing a business therein, disengage himself from the populous city so easily as a poet may think. Pry-thee, then, Bales, give over your similes, for they prove to those who *have* travelled that you have *not*.

. I was not unprepared for the feverish bustle of my last few days before starting. Where fresh work comes pouring in up to the last minute, it is in vain that you seek those few quiet hours which are to be devoted to the plans and provisions of the journey; "*rusticus expectat dum defuit amnis*," the leisure never comes, and you go away distracted. You have forgotten a good many necessary things, and you are persuaded that you have forgotten a great many more, which afterwards turn out all right; you would many times on your way to the station stop the carriage and turn back if you had not run the time so fine; it is anything but a luxury that first half-hour's communing with your own spirit. And when, at last, comes the reflection that it is too late to remedy an omission in regard to personal wants, you don't subside into calm. There are a hundred

business matters first intended to be done by yourself, then to be carefully committed to the doing of another, which, you think, have been neither done nor committed; and you study how the shortest possible form of words shall convey the necessary instructions in the telegrams which you will rush to despatch as soon as you are out of the train.

As you rummage your vocabulary to make these concise, a proverb keeps buzzing about your brain that brevity is the soul of something or other, but *telegraphy* is too long a word to fit in. What is the word? Hang the word! how the deuce shall I abridge this message to Bales without vitiating its import? How often do you say in your haste that a holiday is not worth having on these terms; that but for shame you would turn back now, and bring your perplexity and your trip to a sudden end together! You can't do this, and by-and-by you find out that there is no remedy in this case either, except the telegrams which you have invented, and so that trouble is dismissed, but only to make way for another. You have arranged to do so many things in London and its suburbs! and the time allowed, which cannot be exceeded, will never suffice for all these, and you begin to enumerate them for your comfort. It all seemed simple enough when you were planning, but now it is clear that it never can be done. Thus, does your mind, once set a-fretting, find the means of continuing its own disquiet.

Well, you get to London, and don't send off the pithy telegrams which took such a world of labour to frame; you find that seven-eighths of the things supposed to have been

forgotten or unprovided for have been carefully looked to; and that, although you have no spare time in London, you do get through all your programme and are prepared to start at the appointed time. On making this departure from London for the coast, and not before that, you really begin to feel that you are leaving some of your cares behind.

What I have described above has always been my experience in getting away from business. But two or three days once past without the sight of fresh work make a different man of you, as I felt on turning out in a fresh morning to take the train for Dover. I felt still better when I arrived on the pier and got a sight of the sea. Embarkation was no difficult matter, but it would have been much easier than it was if a broader stair had been provided at the pier; for where there is a down current and an up current of mankind and two people can scarcely stand abreast, ascent and descent cannot be pleasant. It was a fine unsuspecting morning enough, nevertheless I found people making themselves up for a blow, or at any rate for a shipment of seas; so, to be in the fashion, I adopted the prevailing uniform, which was a long tarpaulin dress fashioned with pieces of spun yarn for frogs and headed by a capacious hood, so that the passengers, whom I felt inclined to speak of as the brethren, resembled a convent afloat. After pacing the length of the deck once or twice I thought it prudent to sit down; and accordingly I secured a place on a bench which held three, near the waist of the vessel, the two other occupants being an old gentleman and a lady. You know how, when you come among a crowd of strangers, there is always some group or some individual that more than all the rest attracts your notice, don't you? Well, on board the steamer I was not long in singling out a gentleman as an object of interest. He did

not robe himself as a monk, but it was not this singularity that caused me to observe him. He wore two wideawake hats at once, a black one over a brown one, yet neither was this the reason of my regarding him. I was fascinated by his peculiarly handsome face, and by the gracious expression of it. He had something to say to almost everybody on board, certainly to all those who walked to and fro; and at last he collected a crowd of passengers of all classes on the forward part of the deck and addressed them earnestly. I was too doubtful of my own behaviour on the high seas to rise and join his audience as I wished to do, but I found out afterwards that he had discovered a new interpretation of Scripture and was anxious to caution all men that the common teaching is utterly erroneous, and that they can know nothing of real religion until they study his version. He was carrying with him to the Continent translations into many languages of one of the gospels; but whether he travelled solely on a missionary errand or improved the occasions created by other business by dropping divine knowledge on his path, I did not discover. I spoke to him before we left the ship, and learned that he was going to make a wonderfully long journey without a halt. His age may have been five-and-thirty years. But my first proceeding after settling myself in my seat was to establish relations with my immediate neighbour, whom I found to be an elderly and infirm gentleman going to the South for his health. The lady on his other side was taking care of him, he being a widower but lately bereaved. Had he not told me this I should never have discovered that he was a mourner: neither his garb nor manner betokened it. For many years he had resided abroad on his wife's account, she having been a great sufferer from nervous disease. "Nervousness," I said to him, "is a sad complaint to witness;

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but don't you think that, where there is a strong will, a good deal may be done towards subduing the symptoms?" "I do, sir—I do," replied the old gentleman, with emphasis; "but if you tell them that, they only say you're cruel and unfeeling." I imagine that he did tell his wife that very frequently, and that his remark was not well received; perhaps it was not kindly made. I received from our converse the impression that they had differed a little on this head, and at the last had parted without much regret on either side.

Our voyage was rapid, and less rough than had been anticipated. Only one or two had been seriously ill during the three half-hours that we had been steaming; and now our hearts beat joyfully at the thought of a trial well past, for there, just before us, was Calais pier. But our hearts were far too hasty, and were rudely counselled not to get frolicsome on speculation. A signal was made from the shore showing that it was dead low-water of spring tide, and that our boat, small as she was, could not float alongside the pier. A tug-boat came off and took the mails from us, and we were kept waiting about a mile from the shore to be knocked about for two hours and a half—a longer time than it took to get from Dover to where we lay,—until the tide should rise sufficiently for us to run in and land. The ship or the sea got into a great passion at this check, and began to pitch violently; we passengers got slightly enraged too, those of us who had the pluck to show fight against adverse fortune: a good many, alas! who had crossed the mid-sea gallantly, now succumbed, and were cruelly exercised.

This misfortune occurs not more than three or four times a-year, and it was my supreme luck to hit one of those red-letter days. The harbour and pier arrangements are just not sufficient to meet known and regularly-recurring contingen-

cies, and that they are not made sufficient is a just reproach on all concerned. It is likewise deserving of the brand of infamy that the Steam-Packet Company on these occasions take off only the mails in a smaller boat. They ought undoubtedly to provide also for landing passengers and their baggage. But as this was not done, there was nothing for it but to submit to fate and get over the time as best we might. Now, Bales, I have the pleasure of informing you that one of your pleasant predictions came to nought: my vagrancy was not even in this last tribulation punished by sea-sickness; but I was one of those who stamped about the deck, and threatened law proceedings, and vowed they would write to the 'Times,' and who would have properly denounced the Company if the language had afforded expressions heavy enough for the purpose, and who finally were somewhat appeased at the steward's locker, and then dispersed themselves into little knots to commune about all things whatsoever and certain others. A group toward which I gravitated was listening to a gentleman with a clear voice, a sharp eye, and the air and *sang froid* of an experienced traveller, who, after explaining how the delay on board would affect the journey of anybody going anywhere, at last showed how travellers proceeding by the Brindisi route would have to modify their plans. Apropos of which route he observed that there must be a great number of people working that way at present "to be fooled by that Egyptian delusion." I asked if he meant the Suez Canal; and he replied that he meant what some fond people were pleased to call the Suez Canal, but what he took leave to call the Ship-trap of the Egyptian Swindle Company (unlimited). You see he was in this respect a man after your own heart, Bales, thoroughly imbued with disbelief in the undertaking, and determined

that it should not succeed. I ought to have known by sad experience how unprofitable is debate with a man whose eyes are firmly closed against facts and his heart steeled against conviction; yet, untaught by the perverseness of a friend of mine in Lancashire, I ventured a mild remark in reference to the passage of a heavy ship reported only a day or two before, and for my pains I got, "I only hope, my dear sir, that you are not a shareholder in that precious Company. As to ships going through, I shall be happy to bet you a hundred pounds that the first ship that may try it will fail to effect the passage, or that you, if you are about to hazard the experiment of going through in a steamer, will stick in the mud just as all the promoters of the bubble will be found to have done." My favourable opinion of the work was not sufficiently strong—or sufficiently weak, which?—to lead me into opposition harangues and offers of bets; but it remains, and I think will remain, unchanged.

The stoppage came to an end at last; our steamer moved up to the pier, and we were speedily on shore. I don't know whether any examination was ever made of Bloody Mary's heart to ascertain whether or not the name of Calais was written thereon, as she said it would be. I don't know whether it was in later years a place that it would have been worth while for England to retain, but it is one the retention of which by England France was not likely to endure a moment longer than was unavoidable. My only wonder is that we kept it so long as we did. Just fancy our having possession of an entrance into France, using the same at our pleasure, and barring the French from the use of it. This poor-looking old place, without harbour accommodation to suit the mail service at all times of tide, has made its noise in the world and its little mark in history too; and

we should never pass it without a thought for those heroic citizens who presented themselves ready trussed for Mr. Calcraft's remote predecessor. Devotion which is to lead to a coronet or Westminster Abbey is not so uncommon; but a cool walk to ignominious death, simply that others may escape the vengeance of an enraged conqueror, places a man on a sublime pinnacle of humanity, a level which hardly one in a millennium reaches. It is good to ponder on such examples in these utilitarian days, when the Forum may gape till it is filled by navvies, Scævola will roast his chestnuts on his neighbour's fingers, and the returning Ulysses finds

"Some friend who holds his
wife and riches
And that his Argus bites him by the
breeches."

Delayed though we had been, I was not sorry to find on landing that there was yet a delay of a quarter of an hour, which occasion I improved by taking a meal, for it was now near three o'clock and we had breakfasted before seven. As the porter closed the railway carriage in which I was seated, the faintest whisper of a gratuity was wafted through the compartment. No man could say that it proceeded from the official, whose lips moved not, neither did his gesture betray connection with the mysterious sound. It was the most delicate insinuation of the kind that I had ever heard, and in this instance, it led to nothing except the conviction in the minds of those not previously informed that fees are forbidden.

Now the consequences of my landing so late extend for good or ill to you, Bales, and to all whom you may suffer to read these advices of mine; for assuredly it was in my mind to take note of the appearance of the country on my way into Belgium, and then to have written something of the city of Brussels where I meant to sleep. But be-

cause it grew dark soon after our departure from Calais, I was,

"For the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works ;"

and because my arrival at Brussels would be too late to go to bed, I took the advice of a German gentleman in the carriage, and determined to go through to Frankfort without halting. So all that I did in Brussels was, to call at the Hotel de l'Europe on my drive between terminus and terminus, and to get your letter, which I knew to be in one of the bags from which we were so ruthlessly parted by the tug-steamer. The first-class carriages on this southern line are so comfortable that I scarcely regretted the loss of my bed, but talked till we both fell asleep with my German acquaintance, who had saved me all trouble about my ticket and baggage at the Brussels station, and who afterwards despatched me with equal kindness from Cologne, where our ways parted. His was not an exceptional bit of civility, but all the way I journeyed through and beyond their country, I found German travellers anxious to give advice and information, and most liberal in their personal attentions. Of this kindness they, I am sure, thought very little; but it led me to reflect whether I had ever at home, without thinking it worth remembering, taken any trouble to assist strangers on journeys. I trust that I have; and whether I have or not, I should like very much, if I return safely, to meet some German in difficulties on some of my frequent journeys about England.

When the morning broke I was four-fifths of the way between Cologne and Mayence. The carriage was full, the other passengers being all masculine and all German. They woke up very early and immediately began to talk. I was much struck with the similarity of their tones and gestures to those of Englishmen; as I heard their

accents confused by the noise of the train the whole party might have passed for my countrymen. And yet, except historically, we hear nothing about our relationship to these people. They whose consanguinity we do prate about have not the same witness from nature by a hundred degrees that they are of our kith and kin. To find our real cousins we must look in the land of cloudy philosophy and *sauer-kraut*; there we may meet a people of like minds and feelings to our own.

The country through which we were travelling was flat and little marked, in so much that to English apprehension it might in the twilight have been thought a waste. With the stronger light all the marks of cultivation appeared; it is only the want of fences and ditches that makes Britons think of a waste: we never see at home cultivated land that isn't hedged and ramparted and fossed like an intrenched camp. "Take notice, all the world," says John Bull, "this is *my* bit of ground; these are *my* boundaries and landmarks; overstep them if you dare! If you only look at my property, do it respectfully—mind it is *mine*." Foreigners appear to get on with less jealous precautions, and perhaps with fewer lawsuits. Might not John have more comfort in his fields if he showed more confidence toward his neighbour, and were less defiant toward mankind in general? There is another question which perplexes me, and which you, my urban friend, will scarcely be able to answer. Whether wisely or unwisely, the country here is all open: why then do not the country gentlemen hunt foxes? But all these speculations are soon dissipated by the disappearance of the landscape which occasioned them. We are running along the bank of the Rhine and getting into the shadow of the everlasting hills. What a new set of sensations wake up at sight of them! "High

mountains," said Lord Byron, "are a feeling,"—and so they are; the sight of them is like the influence of romance. Among the hills men will bear and forego, and give and believe, as they never do in plains and cities. Hah! a train of smoke; there is, then, a steamer before us, breasting the unseen stream. We are gaining on her, for the cloud becomes darker and darker, and now we must be close; yes—see, there is her chimney! No, it is a chimney, but a brick chimney, not an iron one—so there was no great merit in overtaking it with a locomotive. And now we see that it rises over a large factory, the roofs of which are visible above the river's bank. I know exactly what you have just said to yourself on reading the foregoing sentence. "Oh yes, of course; foreigner going to undersell us,"—didn't you? My dear Bales, he is going to do nothing of the kind. Look at the thorough way in which we do what we take in hand, compared with *his* way! Why, he thinks he has done a hard day's work when you think you have scarcely earned your luncheon. Catch him scorning delights and living laborious days, catch him consuming the midnight oil over his ledger as you do—hardly allowing himself time to eat or sleep! No, no, my friend; he may really be a wiser and a happier man than you, but he knows he hasn't a chance of underselling you, whatever advantage cheap labour may give him. And here note that among foreigners I have met with none except the Germans who can speak without malice of the *momentum* which belongs to an Englishman as such throughout Europe—who can see with equanimity how the John Bull impress is itself a letter of credit, and the Briton is allowed, as none other is, to threaten and command. "You are known as a nation," they are fond of saying now. "Everybody knows what an Englishman means. As for us, who has ever cared about

the inhabitant of some little principality which could hardly be seen on the map? But we are a nation now, and we hope that ere long the name of a German may carry some weight with it." There can be no doubt that they are quite in earnest about this; but whether to do may be as easy as to will, has yet to be proved.

"Observe that castle on the island," said a fellow-traveller to me as we rolled along in full view of the river; "it was built as a refuge by a poor man who had fled up and down the earth before an agonising terror. Some say he was a monomaniac, but I don't know."

"What was his terror?" I inquired.

"A belief that he was pursued by mice. Early in life he forsook cities and populous places, retreating to mountains and deserts, fens and forests, in succession, but surely followed up and down the world by his tormentors. At last, being hunted to this neighbourhood, he saw the island in the Rhine, whereupon he felt a conviction that this should be his refuge, and the goal of all his wanderings; so he built the castle, and lived and died in it."

"And once he believed that he was safe, of course his trouble departed: did he grow rich and fat in his asylum?"

"There was hardly time for it," said my companion, "he was devoured by mice a fortnight after he took possession."

"Very likely," you remark, Bales; "don't think there's any truth in the story; and if there is, why on earth didn't the fellow buy innumerable mousetraps, keep a pack of terriers, and encourage the domestic cat?"

Manchester can't believe in the inevitable in physical things; in stocks and shares and profits, which, are metaphysical and entirely removed out of the category of material entities, it acknow-

ledges the power of fortune and of fate!

It was snowing fast when our train ran in to Mayence, and there was but cold comfort anywhere. During the half-hour of delay I got a sort of breakfast, standing at the counter of the refreshment-room in the keen draught of the doorway. After this I walked myself warm on the platform, and then entered a different carriage to proceed to Frankfort, which I reached in the course of the morning, and found it white with snow, the depth of which a pitiless storm was increasing every minute. I could not travel farther without some rest, and so drove to a hotel, where I ordered a fire, that I might wash and dress. While the stove was being lighted I sat in my wraps on a sofa shivering, for the apartment was remarkably cold; perceiving which, the zealous domestic, to hasten my relief, upset the stove, which, with its fuel and pipes, strewed the floor, and took about an hour to re-establish. I did get warm at last, and then I got a remarkably poor dinner at the *table d'hôte*, which, however, was flanked by a rather large company, consisting of many Prussian officers, and French and Germans in plain clothes not a few. The only representatives besides myself of the British Islands were an elderly couple from Cognac as I should judge, using great freedoms with the letter H, and recklessly saturating a sentence with negatives. The old gentleman had not been long enough divorced from his business to have got over the first expansion of freedom, and he conversed with much geniality and singularly incorrect phrases in English, French, and German, being entirely satisfied that he was mistaken for a person of distinction. The meal being over, and the day being nearly over too, I did nothing worthy of note at this resting-place; but I got a sound night's rest in a tolerably snug bed, with a

wonderful cushion dancing upon me and vibrating like a lump of calves'-feet jelly every time I stirred. After an early breakfast I was off again for Munich, and in the carriage soon made acquaintance with another German gentleman, who kindly helped me through all my traveller's difficulties from thence to Verona. By his advice I do not halt at Munich, which we reach late in the evening, but go on, through a bitter cold night, another stage—the object of this haste being to secure a free passage of the Brenner, which it is feared that this severe snowstorm may obstruct, and also to effect the passage by daylight, which, as you will find, we did. One is not much inclined to be observant in stepping out of a railway carriage in the middle of the night, with ten or twelve degrees of frost; nevertheless, if things had been much worse than they were, I could not have failed to be struck with the picturesque faces and dresses of the peasantry as they grouped about the gloomy savage waiting-rooms. The figures were notable enough in Bavaria, but much more so in the Tyrol. The number of peasant-travellers was accounted for by the circumstance that to-morrow would be All-Souls' Day, and they were passing loaded with wreaths and posies from their places of labour or sojourn, to revisit the earth which hid the remains of dear ones whose travels and whose toils were over.

Four o'clock on an awfully cold morning was not a pleasant time for arriving at Innsbruck; but fatigue will cause one to rejoice in even a cold inn and a bare chamber. It is a comfort to get one's clothes off, if it be only for an hour or two. I turned every minute of my time to account, and having made out three good hours of sleep, woke up quite refreshed and ready to scale the Alps if the snow had left us the chance. So, breakfasting and departing, we took our tickets for Trent soon after eight o'clock, hop-

ing for considerable exaltation and depression before night. The road was reported open, which reassuring intelligence and the fresh clear air raised our spirits to a glorious pitch, and away we went merrily.

The ascent commences almost immediately after leaving Innsbruck; alps with white tops tower in front from the first, and very soon the train is drawn into the pass and enclosed by alps. That sensation of rolling up at a steep angle is not very pleasant till you get accustomed to it: you have an idea that the smooth surfaces, iron against iron, will not bite—the wheels of the engine may be turned forward, and yet the whole train be sliding backward; but you are soon convinced that you do ascend, and that, too, at a tolerably rapid rate, for the hills on either side are becoming higher, and they too are beginning to show white tops. Below the tops the snowfall has no more than powdered the scene; and the rocks, and villages, and the clumps of trees, principally pines, can be distinguished by their colours, though these are for the most part dull. The paths are generally snow-covered, but the streams run along clear and sparkling, and are the liveliest objects that we see. The foreground of course gets whiter, and the air colder, as we ascend; and now we are so certainly hemmed among the mountains, that we see high peaks glistening behind us, and long ranges of pinnacles and ridges, when there is an opening to right or left. Of course the railway is a natural or artificial ledge on the mountain-side, following, for the most part, an inclined contour, and crossing a ravine or piercing the shoulder of a hill only when progress by the corkscrew process would have been impossible or intolerably tedious. The engineer has followed the advice given in one of Lord Lytton's novels by a cautious matron to a too ambitious youth, who nevertheless turned out a highwayman—he has proceeded

VOL. CVIII.—NO. DCLVII.

by "insinivation, not bluster;" and ably has he performed his task, taking advantage of nature's unpromising accidents, and by patient turnings scratching out an even path, through a region where before his work, not a line or patch of even surface could be seen, and where all was disjointed and impracticable, as if the said nature had gone wild at this stage of her work, and revelled in points and edges, and precipices and chasms. Where, however, a ridge or a spur did come in his way, the artist did not hesitate to tunnel it, and where it was manifestly necessary to go straight across a gulf he threw his bridge unflinchingly over; but his trump-cards, so to speak, were not produced but where they were wanted. *Nec Deus interfuisset nisi dignus vindice nodus.* His favourite method was in skirting the sides of hills and doubling round the heads of valleys like a hare. "Look at that chapel on your right," said my German friend to me; "in three or four minutes you will pass it again as close to the back of it as you are now to the front." "Impossible!" I said; "the turn is as narrow as the loop of a lady's hair-pin, and here is a wen on the mountain's side pushing out between our course and the other edge of the chasm." As I spoke we rushed into a tunnel which pierced the offshoot hill, and in two minutes, as he had said, we had doubled the narrow curve, and were passing quite close to the chapel's back on our way to another tunnel which gaped for us above. A series of such twists and risings and borings constitutes the path by which you traverse the Brenner by rail. The meanderings and expedients of the way are infinitely attractive, and might well command your admiration in other circumstances. But it is not of the rail that you can think much. Above and around are the Alps, thrown and broken into all imaginable forms, towering one above

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another, sometimes perpendicularly, sometimes in a long view. The effect is very grand, but it is a grandeur such as I do not desire to share with any one. I would enjoy it alone: a remark is irritating: silence and solitude befit the scene. It is a landscape wherein figures are not wanted. Even the chamois-hunter diminished to a speck, is better away. The solitary graves that are passed seem more in harmony with the scene than breathing men, for the graves tell of the impotence and frail being of man, in presence of the eternal and giant sublimities of nature. The low clear tinkle of the telegraph bell, sounded by a hand perhaps two hundred miles off, is the right and sufficient association with the living in a scene like this. It is a reassuring voice from the far-off world of men, but man's immediate presence disturbs.

And yet this thought of man's utter abasement before nature rouses humanity to vindicate itself. If the individual man be but a clod of the valley, man in his generations can accomplish his mission and subdue the earth. Even here he has girt the mountains with an iron chain, and pierced their sides, and made their slopes subserve his purposes, riding upon them as it were upon a horse. Regard but his single effort, and nature's vastness reduces man's force to nothing; but give time as man's auxiliary, and he will make a slave of matter!

The line is now quite white; the foregrounds are white; the firs only have shaken off the drift, and still maintain the sombre green patches. A little wayside chapel, too, here and there sends up a coloured tower, which, amid the waste of white, looks marvellously gay. Occasionally we run suddenly upon a small open area not quite snowed over, and sprinkled with birch or beech trees rejoicing yet in the remains of their autumn brown. But all is cold and grand; and following the

peaks up and up, the eye is not relieved, the snowy expanse is but more affecting; for that attenuated spirit of colour, that faintest suspicion of ten thousand hues that have dissolved almost before they have glanced upon the summit, serves only to make the whiteness appear exceeding white. If I shut my eyes for a little relief from the glare, I saw still the white expanse, with only a dark streak here and there. "Well," you say, "the picture, after all, is little more than one huge blank, varied in forms, and rising to an awful height—still you have depicted but a waste of snow." Have I? Then, by heaven, I have shown the arch without its keystone, the body without the soul! for above and behind the highest outlines is a sky of intensest blue, and from that sky the all-hallowed sun, still in his autumn brightness, is glancing on peaks, and torrents, and clefts, and surfaces; the reverse slopes and crags are in deep shadow, and the form of every hill is projected against the neighbouring hillside. Motion there is none, save when a solitary cloud, floating in the ether, changes the shades as it sails by.

Sometimes stretching away in a double line, with the straightest valley between; sometimes beetling over our track in perpendicular altitude; sometimes forming an amphitheatre on one or both sides of us, the mountains seem to rise higher as we rise. The summit eludes us: repeatedly, as our watches tell us that the crest must be near, we decide that that in front of us is the supreme peak, and then a few yards of travel reveal alp upon alp behind. Is there indeed a top?

Our observation of the mountains did not discover when the height was won; but while we were still gazing and noting the hour, and wondering whether this ascent could have an end, a change of motion was perceptible. The carriages ran almost on a level—or, as we fancied, went down-hill; and although the Alps were still above

us, wearing a bold face though overcome in truth, we knew that we were as far from the world's centre as we were likely to be that day. I have never been able to understand why, when we found ourselves upon an even keel, each of us drew a long breath. *We* hadn't been pulling the train to the ridge of the Alps, and therefore needed not to refresh our lungs; and it couldn't be sympathy with the engine which *had* done the work, because that power which had been sighing and groaning considerably for the last three hours, had just taken to a rapid easy respiration. The wheels rattle along just as in ordinary travelling, and now our great desire is to look down upon the land whither we are going. We have done for the present with northern Europe; we have passed the fountains of the streams which go to swell the rolling Danube, and from the ground that we have reached, just past the beam of the balance, melting snows and all heaven's water gather themselves together to traverse sunny plains and complete glorious landscapes, then to be absorbed in the blue Mediterranean. We are bound exactly the same way; and it would be pleasant to look down as old Hannibal did upon that southern land, and feed the eye upon its flowery champagnes. But no; the road still winds and winds, and the hills overlap in our front, shutting up the vision enviously. Ha! a triangle of blue! here, then, is something belonging to the nether world; the sea, surely, showing between the melting hills and a belt of clouds above. How lovely, how deeply blue! we soon shall see the shore, and then the woods and fields of Italy. Fool! the sea, the salt sea—the sea to which men go down in ships—the sea wherein leviathan rolls—is five thousand feet below you, and at least two hundred miles away; that in your front is another sea, and they that occupy their business therein are

Orion and Pleiades, and suns and moons and systems rolling for ever in its depths—it is the azure firmament, the ocean of incomprehensible space!

But there is now undeniable evidence that we are descending, and the sharp cutting air which we have had all the morning is blown back, as it were, for moments, by a softer wave. It is the first breath of the South charged with kindness and comfort, a pledge from the genial land winning its gentle way through contending currents and inclement blasts, and carrying hope to the mountain's top. Anon we get some glimpses of the lower levels, for we descend rapidly; the snows are about us still, but by degrees there creeps in a middle ground of colour. The sun's rays begin to be felt in the carriage; and very soon green valleys, with cattle feeding, refresh our eyes. The roads are at last distinguishable and look grey; the streams are limpid and seem almost warm. The little towers are no longer so remarkable, for colours quite as gay as theirs begin to pervade the landscape. Many of the roofs show colours instead of snow, and a warm atmosphere saturating an occasional clump of trees affords a pleasant change. Every twenty feet bring us into a new climate. The snow keeps away toward the highest tops, and the sun being somewhat behind the hills, streaks of warm atmosphere, like the fingers of a hand, come feeling round the irregular cones. We own that this is Italy and rejoice. And as the scene changes, how changes emotion also! It is no more solitary musing that one desires. There is a craving for sympathy, a desire to touch some one at every turn, every fresh beauty, and to call on a kindred spirit to admire in unison. Our lips are unlocked, and we are stirred into gesticulation by the light and warmth which dispose to companionship. Surely the wise man understood this when in the same sentence with—"Rise up, my love,

my fair one, and come away," he wrote also—"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." To us coming from the North this is a sudden change to the prospect of summer; the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine, bless the land that is before us; and more alluring a thousand times than these material things are the legends of thought and deed associated with this outspread lovely country.

"Italia! too—Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,
Who glorify thy consecrated pages."

Minora canamus. You will hardly thank me for getting into this vein, Bales; therefore, though greatly intoxicated by the mountain air and the pleasant places, I will avoid sentiment as much as may be. By way of a descent, then, let me remark that I began to feel rather warm, and threw off my greatcoat; also that I felt very hungry, and looked out keenly for the station at which I was to dine. *That* is the proper thing to look out for, eh, Bales! As to crossing the Alps, what of that? Everybody does it, and a man of any proper feeling will make no fuss about it. In truth I begin to feel, my friend, that I have somewhat compromised my Anglo-Saxon dignity in writing as above. I would obliterate the twaddle if there was time. But do not, I beseech you, allow any one to speak evil of your friend on account of it. Conceal his weakness; palliate his extravagances; say that he bore himself on his journey in every way as becomes a Briton; that he did the Brenner Pass as he

once had the small-pox, and thought each a good thing got over; that he dined afterwards in great state at the small auberge by the wayside, talking loudly all the time to another Briton at the opposite end of the room, and cursing everything by his gods; that he called for brandy, and then brake in pieces the miserable *petit verre* which the *garçon* brought, demanding a flagon and a mighty glass; that he scattered crowns where others dispensed centimes; and that he swaggered out of the saloon wrapped in his many-folded cloak, regardless of abominable foreigners and their wretched property, oversetting the tables of the fruit-vendors and the seats of them that sold *dolci*; and that he was ushered to his carriage with shouts of *Milor Anglais*, and *'Cellenza si*, with all the dignity of one English-born, great, unpromising, and inscrutable.

Coming over the hills takes it out of you somehow. I assure you I was glad to arrive at Trent, and, after writing a letter or two, to get supper and go to bed. And shall I tell you what I thought about before I slept? By some caprice of my nature not about the Alps or Italy, not of the great Council nor of Trent—not of *this* Trent that is to say, but of another Trent now hundreds of miles off, and of Glendower and his conspirators parcelling out the realm of England, while evermore returned to my ear the jingle of—

"I'll have the current in this place
damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent
shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly."

And I saw the captious Percy chafing and quarrelling, and smiting the point of his scabbard on the floor as he stretched his finger toward the map. Possibly I was a little over-excited; but this did not prevent my falling asleep in reasonable time, and having a sound refreshing night of it. In the morn-

ing I had just time to look at what is called the citadel, a place scarcely defensible, but containing a barrack occupied by some Austrian troops. There was a general officer in the town; and either he was there for the time making his inspection, or Trent is the headquarters of a military district. The glories of the town seem wholly to have passed away, and one wonders how it could have been that this place was selected for the meeting of a council. Perhaps you will condescend to read here what this council occupied itself with. I know you would not take the trouble to search in a book for the information. But as we know there is at this time present another council about to sit at Rome, it is just as well to understand that the subject discussed at Trent was not the infallibility of the Pope, but the ascertaining and declaring the faith of the Church, the proposing of such reforms as the time might require, and the denouncing of Luther and his doctrine. It appears to have got over the ground very slowly, having sat for eighteen years, and under three Popes—which dilatory action, I suppose, is a radical quality in ecclesiastical councils. I am aware, my dear Bales, of the contempt with which you regard these matters, as they are unconnected with stocks and shares, and do not influence the price of cotton; but then remember that the Council at Rome is sure to be talked about in Manchester, and you may rather astonish some of our princes after dinner if you are at all informed. One of the brothers Pompos may possibly be aware of the fact that there was a Council of Trent, and attempt to silence the company by that knowledge; but if you, waiting your opportunity, show that you have some inkling of what the said Council did, you may extinguish him incontinently, and be stared at as a man possessed of much general information and sagacity.

The practical consequences of such a reputation I need not dilate on.

I journeyed from Trent to Venice on the *festa* of All Souls; and our interest was of course much engrossed by the number of visitors to be seen in all the graveyards that we passed, and by the mourners that we took up or dropped at the many halting-places. What impressed me most was the willingness, nay, eagerness, to talk about the departed, which was generally manifested. Whether the grief was old and scarred over, or whether this was the first anniversary of souls since the mourned soul had taken its flight, it seemed a fashion, or perhaps I might say a passion, to talk about the dead, whether the discourse was calm and careless, as denoting that the loss was old and the wound healed, or whether an agony of tears during the telling betokened that this was the first renewal of grief. One poor woman entered our carriage at a time when it did not contain one other Italian to sympathize with her, and insisted upon confiding to us how, last summer, her daughter, aged fourteen, had been taken from her, and upon detailing the particulars (some of them rather unnecessary) of the illness and death. Consumption it was to which she owed her great grief—and I believe that she was sorely afflicted; so you see that our foggy climate has not quite a monopoly of this dread disease, which can on occasion snatch a victim from under the sky of Italy.

As you approach Verona you must be astonished by the great circle of fortifications which surrounds the city. Long before you can see a street or a church, you find that you are passing the advanced works constructed to make the place secure. Yet with all this display of preparation, I do not find that the fortress ever took an active part in great wars or stood a siege. It fell, nevertheless, as sometimes happens in modern warfare, not by direct attack, but in consequence of

vigorous operations enacted in the open field. The battle of Marengo was well worth the skill and persistence which were required to win it. "What though the field be lost? all is not lost," could hardly be said by the Austrians on this occasion, for all *was* lost. That battle, the fate of which was balanced on a knife-edge, and decided, so to speak, by the weight of a hair, destroyed not the army only, but the power of the empire; and one of the provisions of the treaty of Luneville to which the battle led, was the dismantling of the fortifications of Verona. And this was not altogether a bad move for Austria. She mourned at the time over the humiliation and her wrecked property; but in effect she was rid of old-fashioned works which were not again required in those wars, and she has since had the opportunity of constructing, on a most favourable site, extensive defences according to the new German system. The fortress is something more than a place of shelter; it is a screen behind which an army can be collected to issue at a happy moment into the open, and strike like a thunderbolt of war. So, in connection with other neighbouring fortresses, Verona is once more worth talking about; and ten years ago, when the French were again invaders of the Austrian territory, these fortresses barred the way, and inclined the victor to make terms, as you know. But do you know, or do you recollect, Bullion, that this Verona helps to make up the Quadrilateral?

At Verona I parted from my German friend, hoping that we might meet again in Egypt, whither we were both bound, and went on my solitary way to Venice. I had, with a self-restraint which you will approve, resisted when approaching Verona all foolish references to its *Two Gentlemen*. I could read plays at home, you know, when I had nothing else to amuse me, and so I needed not to be losing my time over Launce teaching his dog man-

ners, and Madam Julia going about like Dr. Mary Walker, here whither I had come to regard men and cities; I was proof likewise against Montagues and Capulets. And so, with the help of my friend's conversation, and seeing that the plays are not my favourites, I had resisted the tempter and he fled from me; but this was but the beginning of trials. We were running to Padua, and Padua was but the way to Venice. I had no companion now to keep tiresome scraps from buzzing in my ear, but I did my best to amuse myself with the people in my carriage; they, however, seemed, by their silent mood, to be in league with my infirmity, which at length achieved a temporary advantage. "Come you from Padua, from Bellario?" was the ding-dong that went on, geeking and galling at me; and when this grew to be quite intolerable I sought relief in following up the words, and soon came to a standstill. Then, to recover the poetry, I ventured to think over one or two of the scenes, and was overcome. Jessica and Portia rose up in great force, and at last the irrepressible Shylock came on, making a mere child of me. I confess that I took down my bag from the net, extracted the divine Williams, and had it out with the old rascal of a Hebrew from beginning to end. I would recommend my friends not to read this play here, and the same advice extends to the reading of the *Moor*, with whom I afterwards had some commerce at Venice. The effect is rather disillusionising. You have in your mind a very satisfactory Venice and Belmont and Padua to fit every turn of the plays, but the sight of the real Venice or Padua does not make them more distinct or vivid. Shakespeare was not a Venetian any more than he was a Greek or a Roman. He was an Anglo-Saxon, and so are you and I, Bales—think of that, my boy!

From Charing Cross to the Rialto,

with only two nights in bed (for I don't count my three hours' sleep at Innsbruck a night's rest), was tolerably fleet travelling, especially for the winter time. And when, after all this motion, I understood that I should probably remain in Venice four whole days, it looked like a protracted sojourn wherein so many and great changes might occur that it was impious to anticipate the end of it. So I unpacked my clothes, asked what palaces were for hire, inquired me out the most esteemed purveyor, clothier, hairdresser, notary, physician, undertaker, and so forth, and proceeded to arrange the routine of my daily life. All the leading facts had been sketched out very satisfactorily as I lounged in a *fautouil* covered with crimson velvet, and I had just decided that, notwithstanding my philosophical practice of doing when in Rome as Romans do, I would remain a Protestant, when my plans were interrupted by the entrance of a young woman, with an extensive cap and dark eyelashes, who came to suggest that, if I was making but a short stay, it might be expedient to retain the services of a *blanchisseuse* that very evening, as the profession was much in request. The intrusion was irritating; and I bade the girl go her way for this time, and said that at a convenient season I would send for her, when an unpleasant impulse—the heritage from a former life spent in Manchester—caused me to number my days and apply my heart to wisdom. In ten minutes I had covered a piece of vellum with a catalogue of the property ordained to purification. I should have done it in five in the French tongue, but I chose to hammer it out in Italian, or what I fancied such, and delivered both inventory and bundle to the damsel. It is one of the miseries of being from home alone that you have to meddle with buck-washing. Now the mention of

compound of villanous smells that ever offended nostril;” but with all deference to the fat knight, I think there is a smell that beats a buck-basket; and that smell is to be met with on the canals of Venice. She may look a sea Cybele, with her tiara of proud towers; and “all gems in sparkling showers” may have been poured into her lap; but with all that she is a very dirty belle, got up merely for appearance, and with her feet, which are out of sight, standing in one of the foulest puddles of Christendom! I didn't mean to begin writing of Venice in this strain of disparagement; I didn't, indeed, Bales. I was going to give you first my delightful impressions of the Doges' city, and then, lest the praise should appear indiscriminate and unfaithful, to make an unwilling honest admission that she is not so cleanly in her person as could be desired, had not that unfortunate mention of buck-washing upset the whole scheme, and introduced the wrong end first. I ought to have begun by telling you how, on your first visit, though your preconception of the scenes may have been tolerably correct, the suddenness with which you enter on the fruition of your hopes is remarkable. The railway terminus is the bank of the Grand Canal. Five minutes after arrival of the train, you are, with your luggage, in a gondola, not because you are so impatient that you at once commence sight-seeing, but because it is the only means of getting conveyed to your hotel. Thus it was my luck to make acquaintance with the Bridge of the Rialto, the Place of St. Mark, and the Bridge of Sighs, before I saw mine inn, to one side of which I was taken on a by-channel, where it looked so like a warehouse that I expected to have been hoisted with my baggage to the second floor by tackle. But herein did my imagination perpetrate a grievous wrong, for there was a water-gate and a flight of marble-steps leading from the gon-

dola thereto, and a state porter with a gold band on his cap, and a crowd of common porters at his back, who welcomed me with such deferential affection that I began to consider whether I might be a prodigal returned, and almost expected a bleat from the cow-house.

Now, Bales, I have no hesitation in saying that you, if ever you go to Venice, will be impressed by it in a manner which will make you despise yourself. "In Manchester," I fancy you saying, "men move, and things are moved, through dirty streets; in Venice they are all pushed or paddled along dirty canals: what the deuce is the great difference?" And yet you will feel that there is a difference. Then and there, my boy, the heart of stone is taken out of you, and there is given to you a heart of flesh; you float along admiring, overcome, not reckoning the time or distance from point to point, but lounging deliciously on the yielding pillows, and desiring only that the vision may not pass away. This first effect is, I think, independent of associations, a direct influence. You do not reflect that it was Dandolo's Venice, or Desdemona's Venice, or Titian's Venice, or that it is now, through no merit of his, Victor Emmanuel's Venice. Afterwards rise up the scenes which have been enacted there, or the fables so cunningly devised that they bear the stamp of truth, increasing your delight a thousand-fold.

Oh that I had had a month instead of a few days to spend in that city of enjoyment! I saw a great deal, but saw too rapidly. Churches, pictures, palaces, sculptures, art treasures! but often where one edifice would have afforded study and gratification for a week, running over it in an hour or two. The only thing of which I did not feel stinted was floating along the watery streets and looking at the glorious lines of sea-sprung palaces—magnificent, many-coloured, full of romance. My liveliest memory

is of the ducal palace and the prisons. There is still to be seen the lion's mouth into which went the accusations that led to secret trial and secret death. There still are the dread chambers where councillors in masks heard evidence in their mysterious fashion, tried the accused, and decreed his fate. There are the secret passages communicating from the council-rooms, over the Bridge of Sighs, with the state dungeons. And oh what places those dungeons are! where the prisoner lay in chains, without light or guidance, fed through a hole in the wall, his body and spirit broken in every way, while they importuned him to confess a crime which perhaps he never committed. Then, when the despairing wretch had made or feigned a confession, descended in the night the awful Three—dragged him forth into a vaulted passage, and there read his sentence, inexorable, not suffering the least delay; for there in the shadow stood the ready executioner—there where the victim stood was already the apparatus of death—there in a second the floor was red with his blood, and he or what was left of him, in a sorry chest, was thrust through the fatal window into the barge of the dead, which glided noiselessly to some coral depth where he and his fate were concealed for ever.

But these were only the horrors of the basement, of which we to-day know more than did the people in whose midst they were committed. Over the ditch and up above, very different scenes were common in the light of day. The great hall, where the Doge, in state, did honour to illustrious guests, received embassies, and transacted the grandest ceremonies—what a place it is!—of immense proportions, and its walls covered with paintings by the greatest masters, illustrative of the glories of the old state. Here, behind the ducal seat, is the largest painting in the world, extending the whole breadth of the

hall. It is the work of Tintoretto, and measures eighty-four feet by thirty-four, the subject being "The State of the Blessed in Paradise."

I say more of the size than of the details of the picture, because I think Paradise a wonderfully ill-chosen theme. All of us agree that the people are supremely happy there, but we do not agree as to what constitutes supreme happiness. Far less do we agree as to the material embodiment of a supremely happy community. If, as old Berkeley said, there be no matter except in our perceptions, then Paradise would require to be only a place wherein every one should perceive things to be exactly in harmony with his own likings. I tried, after I was in bed, to imagine the paradise that would suit me; but, after deciding that I must transport my earthly love thither as Tintoretto has done, and that there should be prevalence of benevolence, justice, and virtue, with only the smallest and most reasonable reservation in favour of cakes and ale, I found no end in wandering mazes lost. When I slept my dreams went on framing paradisiacal arrangements, and I thought it was revealed to me how there could not possibly be one invariable paradise to suit all mankind, but that a series of paradises was necessary in which men would be classed according to their tastes. Some of these paradises were very amusing, but I was anxious to see the place prepared for sound Manchester men, and was at last favoured with an intuition as to the state of the Manchester blessed. This community will be supremely happy, but its felicity will be altogether dependent upon perception, as I had suspected when awake. Almost any scene will do, the beatified of this section not being very sensible of what are called on earth the pleasures of the imagination; nevertheless they have spiritual joys of their own on which the consummation of their bliss de-

pends, and these consist in every man being firmly persuaded that he is in all respects getting advantage of his neighbour; while his neighbour is equally convinced that he gains the advantage of *him*, and thrives at his expense in mind, body, and estate. At certain revolutions every spirit has the pleasure of reading the names of those spirits who owe him nothing in the 'London Gazette,' of seeing executions in their houses, and themselves batten in the workhouse—all which ills he has predicted as just rewards of their pride and presumption. Everything that he goes in for profits him a thousand per cent. I was not half through with the succession of pleasures when I awoke.

Then you have the chambers and antechambers of the secret councils, the halls of the legislative body, and the courts where offences not political were tried. This last, I believe, was pretty fairly done. It must be in the council-hall, though, that the most potent, grave, and reverend signiors are represented as looking into that little abduction case with which we in England are so familiar. Although the young lady smarted pretty severely afterwards for her infatuation, and is to this day a caution to disobedient children, and to nigger-worshippers, the senators are exhibited as dealing out very even-handed justice. But it was not of these illustrious men or of their functions that I was intending to write on this page, but of their halls, which excel in beauty and glory all buildings that I have seen, all that I have imagined save one—and that one Pandemonium. I have not opportunity here of consulting the biographies of Milton so as to ascertain whether it has ever been supposed that this ducal palace suggested the picture of that which "rose like an exhalation" in the depths of hell. But I know that I had moved but a small way through the "fabric huge" before his lines rushed into my mind, they

were so exactly realised by the magnificence before me:—

“Where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there
want
Cornice of frieze with bossy sculptures
graven;
The roof was fretted gold.”

I hope that I quote correctly, but do not carry about a ‘Paradise Lost’ as I do a divine Williams. Howbeit, whether I cite the passage evilly or well, the place was Satan’s palace; and by jingo, Bales! the roof *was* fretted gold where it was not painted by a *Maestro*—not gilt, you understand, but overlaid with solid gold, which looks to this day bright and rich as when the artist wrought it, though never since that day burnished. Barbaric pearls were not plentiful, but barbaric gold, which the unlucky Turk, I fancy, contributed, was there in inconceivable opulence. Query, Did Napoleon’s braves, when they were in Venice, know that these ceilings were the genuine article? I trow not, or the ceilings would not be there to excite my untutored admiration and make me write nonsense.

Outside the palace, in the piazza, we were shown the spot where those convicted of capital crimes that did not affect the Government were executed. These were brought out to die like men in the presence of their fellow-citizens; they were, I fancy, not unfairly tried, and the community had some satisfaction in regard to their offences and punishment. They were not confined in the same prison with the political suspected, but whether they were promptly brought to trial or not I have not ascertained. Anything done in daylight was better than that *habeas corpus* addressed to the muffled gondoliers outside the trap-door, which was the peculiar privilege of the State prisoners.

The king’s palace, which is not far from the old ducal halls, has just been beautifully furnished.

The luck of that monarch is such as does not occur in every age. Where a man has won power or territory for himself, the world is apt to turn from the scrutiny of his title, and in some sort to admit that his might constitutes a right. His glory gilds over the forcible appropriation. But here is the case of a king being richly rewarded with spoil for being soundly thrashed. Custozza and Lissa certainly did not give him a conqueror’s claim, and yet there he is owning this fair domain by right of the sword—the sword of his big brother!

Don’t smile grimly if I tell you something, Bales. At Venice, the other day, I learned for the first time in my life how to look at a picture. I don’t want to make war upon any of your sacred convictions. Of course a person possessing the power of vision can direct his regard to a picture as well as to anything else. As Addison said of viewing nature, “It is but to open the eye and the scene enters.” For all that, it is not always given to man in his natural state to behold a picture to his greatest advantage. Now there is something for you to ruminate on, and quarrel with me on hereafter, when you bring your plain common-sense and common English to bear on a matter of every day’s experience, and say of your poor friend with hopeless horror, “Doth he not speak parables?”

One morning our *valet de place* took us to examine the interior of La Fenice by daylight, and in the course of our wanderings we found ourselves on the stage, in a darkness visible, which discovered numerous sights of woe. There was the whole area a wreck as if it had stood a siege—trees, doors, windows, practicable bridges, pieces of interiors, pictures, waterfalls, and rocks lying about in admirable confusion, and looking fearfully coarse and ill-coloured. There were the carpenters nailing up and pulling down; and there were the scrubbers and those

who cleaned the globes of the lights. These among them had pretty well occupied or littered the boards, all but one spot, and there was the most woeful sight of all. On an area of some six feet by six was a dancing-girl taking her lesson. She was habited from the waist downward in ballet costume. Above her waist she had little clothing of any kind—indeed, there was but one garment to be seen. A man with a fiddle was playing snatches of music, but both he and the girl were continually interrupted in their proceedings by a *maitre de danse*, who did not disguise the severity of his art by any silly suavity of manner. In truth he was a savage, ill-tempered brute; and his pupil, on a near view, was the reverse of prepossessing. She had fat ill-shaped limbs, a coarse skin, and a tallowy face, which, without its supplemental paint, was anything but a pleasant spectacle. Add to this that her exertions had brought her to a condition which probably led her to make the remark, *si suda molto*, although I must not say the same in English; and you will agree with me that, however fond one may be of the ballet, it is expedient to take it, like Mrs. Gamp's beer, "rigler and drawed mild," but by no means to be present at the brewing.

My four days, Bales, which in prospect appeared so long, were lived out, as it seemed, in four hours; and just as I was beginning to know what a pleasant place Venice is, I was called upon to leave it. I was fearfully exercised by the summons, and made indiscreet promises, as raw men do at the end of a violent flirtation, to rush thither again the first opportunity, and never, never, &c. —but my boat was at the water-gate, and my bark was on the sea, and I had to postpone the remainder of my vows until I should have settled my bill and embarked with my effects.

How fortunate are they to whom going to sea is a pleasure! In

their migrations or wanderings, a voyage, long or short, is only an additional enjoyment; whereas to them who are not of "an hardie stomake," the briefest sea-passage is a serious *per contra* in their excursions. "How often have I told the stupid fellow this!" you will say. Certainly, my dear Bales, you have said so, and so frequently that I can hardly at any time go to sea through inadvertence. I know what a man of my temperament encounters on the water, and yet, spite of my own experience, and your never-withheld advice, I was so encouraged by the fine sky and exhilarating amusement, that although I might have gone by rail to Brindisi and taken ship there, I, preferring companionship on board, and trusting implicitly in Fortune, determined to go by sea. Fortune was in her best of humours, and treated me as she does the brave. I steamed into Brindisi in high spirits, wondering how I could have conceived such an absurd prejudice against the sea—a presumption which, on a future day, may rise up retributively when I am moaning at full length, and staring into a Staffordshire pattern miserably.

All that I should have said to you about Brindisi is, that it is a place with which tourists are likely ere long to become well acquainted, through the new lines of steamers which are to run from thence eastward—in view of which acquaintance hotel accommodation is being rapidly provided, had it not been for an incident which especially demands a record. I had been walking with a party through the streets to see the house where Virgil is reputed to have died, the terminus of the Appian way, and so on, when at the corner of a cross street our attention was called to an object lying on the ground, first by a bystander, and then by a little crowd of priests and women who quickly collected. Surely some great curiosity, only to be seen here, and here but seldom! It was not an anthropophagus, it was not a

man whose head did grow beneath his shoulders, it was not Vitellius his toothpick, it was not Domitian's patent revolving fly-gun; and yet it was an object whose exhibition, for the enlightenment of English travellers, caused my lungs to crow like chanticleer. It was a small sheet about as big as an ordinary hearth-rug, on which lay some vegetable product drying in the sun. An old lady first took up a piece and delivered a short lecture thereon, which, being expressed in a decidedly provincial dialect, would have been utterly lost on us, had she not at its termination taken into her other hand the skirt of her dress and spread it out triumphantly, evidently intending to overwhelm us by the disclosure of some mysterious connection between the dress and the vegetable substance. We were not much astonished; whereupon a priest, thinking that the old lady must have failed to expound the marvel, took up his parable, and, in language somewhat more intelligible to us, went again over the story, winding up with not only a reference to the old lady's dress, but a withdrawal of the sleeve of his cassock, that we might see the under sleeve fastened round his wrist. Still we were not sufficiently impressed, at which the crowd became somewhat excited, and opened in concert, all clamouring, and each one pushing into view some article of dress—a kerchief, a child's frock, a head-dress or other gear (one lady exhibited her leg for the stocking's sake), all to illustrate the uses of the marvellous substance under discussion. By the beard of the Prophet, it was a cotton-pod and nothing else with which these fond country-people sought to astonish the minds of us Britons, one of us being a Manchester man not ten days from home!

Bales, if there be one particle not utterly adamant in your composition, this will teach you humility! Ponder it, my friend,

and, as your nature urges, weep or smile. But what is to be done for the information of this benighted folk, who probably are not alone in their ignorance? Organise missions, endow evangelists, tell it out among the heathen that Manchester is queen. Gods! to think there should be people calling themselves civilised, lettered, and yet in their crassest simplicity believing that they have anything to tell us concerning cotton!!

And now as I am going to take to the sea in earnest, I shall close this epistle and commit it to an Italian post-office. Not in the least fulfilling any of your croaking prophecies, but in higher spirits the farther I go, and panting with expectation of the pleasure before me, I depart for Egypt, hoping to see Athens and perhaps Constantinople on the way. The sky is blue, the winds are soft, there is just ripple enough upon the ocean to break the sunlight into countless gleams. A yellow coast-line with crags and castles marking the heights, and behind these the mighty Apennines rising in autumn grandeur with many colours, till they meet a purple mist that descends on them from heaven, are the characters of the shore that we are leaving; but we shall sail through summer still to lands as beautiful though not the same, and make our holiday where nature smiles. And you, how is it with you, stern Bullion, this November? I have visions of a figure in a dog-cart, girt about with waterproof, with weed alight and head down, driving cheerlessly through sleet and mist and smoke into an office in dirty Manchester, where by gas alone can one see at noon. If you find this pleasanter than the light of Eastern climes and starry skies, *chacun à son goût*, I don't quarrel with you; but be merciful in your turn to a weakener for something brighter in your roving but loving friend

SCAMPER.

JOHN.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIFE at Fernwood had been going on much the same as usual during these days which were so decisive to John. It was Fred Huntley's inquiry as to when she had heard from John which had inspired Kate's note to him. She had been half unhappy before, and full of wondering thoughts; but that question roused her. She could not let her love glide away from her without a word; she did not want to lose him; she could not believe it possible that there was any danger of losing him. All the rest were very well to talk to, or to flirt with, or dance with, or make useful. But John was John, and she had no desire to put any one else in his place. Kate said this to herself, and then she went down-stairs and yawned behind her fan at the other people who had so little to say, and was glad when Fred Huntley—but not till half the evening was over—came to her side to talk to her. He was a clever talker, and managed her very skilfully; and Kate could not make out how it was that all the other people were so stupid. She gave her father a little defiant glance when she caught his eye. "Papa seems to think I have no right to talk to any one now," she said, half to herself, thus making Fred her confidant unawares.

"Does he say so?" asked Fred.

"Oh no, not in so many words—but he watches me as if I could not take care of myself. It is too bad. I don't think he ever made himself so disagreeable all my life before. I had a great deal better stay in my own room where nobody need see me. To think of papa, you know, growing jealous for John——"

She was so thoughtless that the idea had begun to move her to amusement; when she suddenly

remembered words which Fred himself had said to her not so very long ago, and stopped short suddenly, growing very red, and naturally giving double point by her full stop and her blush to the suggestive words. "I mean it is so odd not to be able to do and say what one likes," she went on hurriedly, faltering, and growing redder and redder in her consciousness. Fred was standing before her, leaning over the back of a chair, and looking very earnestly in her face.

"So far as I am concerned," he said, with a smile, "I will not have your liberty curbed. You must do and say what you like without any thought of me."

"Of you, Mr. Huntley!" said Kate with some confusion. "What should papa's nonsense have to do with you?"

"Miss Crediton," said Fred, seriously, "don't you know me well enough to be frank with me at least? I might pretend to think I had nothing to do with it, but I should not deceive you. Mr. Crediton is concerned for his guest and not for his daughter; but, I repeat, so far as I am concerned, you are not to be curbed in your freedom. I prefer rather to be tortured than to be sent away."

"Tortured!" Kate echoed, under her breath, growing pale and growing red. It was wrong to permit such things to be said to her, and she had already reproved him for it. But still there was something which half pleased her in these words which meant so much more than they said. She had a little struggle with herself before she could make up her mind to resist temptation, and withdraw from this dangerous amusement; and when at length she did so, and plunged

into conversation with the nearest old lady, Kate felt that nothing less than the highest virtue could have moved her to such a sacrifice. It was a great deal more amusing to sit and listen to Fred Huntley's talk, and watch him gliding along the edge of the precipice, just clearing it by a hair's-breadth, filling the air with captivating suggestions of devotion. Could it be possible that he was so fond of her—a man of the world like Fred? Kate was one of those women who feel a kindness for the men who love them. It may be love out of place—presumptuous, uncalled-for, even treacherous; but still, poor fellow, how sad that he should be so fond of me! the woman says to herself, and is softly moved towards him with a kind of almost affectionate pity. This was heightened, in the present case, by the fact that Fred Huntley was not at all a man likely to yield to such influences; and then he too was making a struggle against temptation in which surely he deserved a little sympathy. If at any time he should be overcome by it, and speak out, then of course she would be compelled to give him a distinct answer and send him away. It would be a pity, Kate thought, with a sigh; but in the meantime he was very interesting, and she was sorry he should be so fond of her, poor fellow! Thus it will be seen that she had not consciously faltered in her allegiance. She meant to say No to Fred, firmly and clearly, if ever he should speak to her in unmistakable words; but in the meantime she was interested in him, and very curious to know what next he would say.

It was thus without any sense of wrong-doing that Kate found herself walking along the footpath with Fred Huntley by her side on the October noon when John saw them. She was quite innocent of any evil intention. He had disappeared with the rest of the gentlemen in the morning, and Kate had

not asked either herself or any one else what had become of him; and she had undertaken to walk down to the row of cottages outside the park gates as a matter of kindness to the housekeeper, who was busy. "I will go," she had said quite simply, when Mrs. Horner apologised for not having seen and given work to a poor needlewoman there. "Oh, Miss Kate, that will be so good of you—and it is just a nice walk," the housekeeper had said; so that nothing could be more virtuous than the expedition altogether. Kate had not even meant to go alone; her companion, one of the young ladies of the party, had failed her at the last moment by reason of a headache, or some other young-lady-like ailment, and how could Kate tell that she should meet Fred Huntley coming out of the wood just as the trees screened her from the windows of the house? But she was not sorry she had met him. Walking along by herself in the silence, she had grown a little sad and confused in her mind about John and circumstances generally. She had not much time to think, with all the duties of mistress of the house on her head. But when she was alone she could not elude the question—What did John mean by his silence!—was he unhappy, poor fellow? Was it her fault or his fault? Would the time ever come when Mr. Crediton would consent, and everything would be arranged. Should she be able to make him happy if they were married? All these questions were passing through Kate's mind. "He takes everything so seriously," she said to herself; "he thinks one means it, and one so seldom means it." This she said with a little plaint within her own bosom. And, if it must be confessed, a momentary comparison passed through her mind. Fred Huntley would be so very, very much easier to get on with; he would demand nothing more than she could give, whereas there was no limit to John's de-

mands. The comparison was involuntary, and she was ashamed of herself for making it, but still it had been made; and the next moment Fred Huntley himself had appeared to her stepping over the stile out of the wood.

But the grave look that was on her face, and the silence so unusual to her, which John had seen and taken for symptoms of other feelings, were in reality caused by the gravity of her thoughts about himself more than by any other cause. She had been almost glad to have her solitude interrupted in order to escape from her thoughts, but they were still in possession of her mind; and when John had heard their voices in the distance, the two were but beginning to talk. Their conversation was quite unobjectionable: he might have heard every word, as she said afterwards. It was kind of Fred Huntley, seeing her so serious, to try to take her mind off her own troubles. He did not launch forth into foolish talk, such as that which he permitted himself sometimes to indulge in, when their *tête-à-tête* went on under the eyes of a roomful of people. He began to tell her about his own prospects and intentions; how he had made up his mind to offer himself as a candidate to represent Camelford at the next election. He had been asked to do so, and he had given a great deal of thought to the subject. "It binds one, and takes away one's personal liberty," he had said; "but, after all, one never has any personal liberty—and something certain to do, that one can take an interest in, is always, I suppose," he added, with a sigh, "next best."

"Next best to what?" cried Kate, but fortunately for herself left him no time to answer. "I never pretended to be strong-minded," she ran on; "but to help to govern one's own country must be the finest thing in the world. Oh, please, don't smile like that. You think so, or you would not make

up your mind to take so much trouble for nothing at all."

"Much the member for Camelford will have to do in the governing of the country," said Fred; "but still it is true enough: and I suppose when a man is bored to death on a committee, he has as fine a sense that if he die it is in the service of his country, as if he were burrowing in the trenches somewhere. Yes, I suppose when there is nothing pleasanter in hand it is the right sort of thing to do."

"I don't know what pleasanter sort of thing you could have in hand," said Kate.

"No, perhaps not; but I do. I can fancy quite a different sort of life—something out of my reach as far as that branch is," said Fred, carelessly catching at a high bough which seemed to hang miles over his head against the smiling blue. "Hollo! it is not so far out of reach neither," he added with a quick glance at her, and speaking half under his breath.

"I wish it had been out of your reach," said Kate; "just look what you have done! sprinkled me all over and spoiled my ribbon; and the dew is so cold," she said, with a little shiver. "Mr. Huntley, I think I should prefer Parliament if I were you."

"It will be the wisest way," said Fred, momentarily roused out of his good temper; and then he expressed a hundred regrets, and made his moan over the blue ribbon, which, however, it was decided, would be dried by the breeze long before they reached the cottage, and was not spoiled after all.

"What a pity there is a penny post!" said Kate; "how we should have teased your life out to give us franks, as Miss Mitford did for her letters. An M. P. was worth something in those days; but when there is anything going on, of course you can get us tickets and good places everywhere. The first time you make a speech, I shall go

to the ladies' gallery. I wonder what it will be about!"

"And so do I," said Fred; "but I fear it will be inaudible in the ladies' gallery. When you are all enjoying yourselves at home after the fatigues of the season, will you compassionate an unhappy man in town in August for the sake of his country? Do you think it is worth such a sacrifice?"

"What a different life it will be!" said Kate with a half-sigh. "It is all very well to laugh, but how odd it is to think what different lives people have—some in the world and some out of it! I should like to go into Parliament, and be a great potentate too. I daresay it sounds very ridiculous, but I should. I am not so clever as you are, and I have no education; but I hope I understand things better than old Mr. Vivian, or Sir Robert, papa's great friend. And yet I shall never have anything better to do than giving things out of a store-room, and spending as little money as possible. How very funny it is!"

"Do you give the things out of the store-room, and keep accounts of the tea and sugar? I acknowledge that must be very funny," said Fred.

"Of course I don't do it *now*. There is Mrs. Horner to take all the trouble; but you know—hereafter——" When she had said this, Kate stopped with a sudden blush: of course he knew that John Mitford's wife would have no housekeeper, and would be obliged to spend as little money as possible. But somehow the contrast galled her, and she stopped short with momentary ill-humour. Why should fate be so different? Why should one be so well off and another so poor? Kate felt it as much for the moment as if she had been a poor needlewoman, making gorgeous garments for a fine lady. It gave her a little angry sense of inferiority; could it be that she might look up to Fred Huntley

and consider his acquaintance as an honour in the days to come? She was angry with him for his hopes and his ambition, notwithstanding that he had said it would but be *next best*.

"Hereafter——" said Fred, "how little any of us know about it! but if there is one creature in the world who can choose her own future, and make it what she pleases, it must be you," he continued, in a low, hurried tone. Kate walked on silent, as if she had not heard him. They had reached the lodge gates, and were close to the cottage where she was going. She made no reply, took no notice, but she had heard him all the same. She went into the cottage without any suggestion that he should accompany her, and Fred wisely disappeared, leaving her to walk home by herself. This was one great difference between him and John. John would not have left her, would not have dreamed of sacrificing the delight of her society for any piece of policy. But Fred was clear-sighted, and felt that for his ultimate success this was the best. She was half disappointed, half satisfied to find that he was not waiting for her. She had so many things to think of, and there were so many things she did not want to think of. All the delights of the election time which was coming on dazzled Kate. She had only to say a word and she would be the queen of the occasion, in the heart of all the delightful bustle and excitement and hope and fear. She could not go into Parliament in her own person and help to govern her country, but the next to that would be doing it in the person of her husband. And where was there any likelihood that John would ever give her such a gratification? What he would give her would be the soberest domestic life, weighing out of tea and sugar from the store-room, and much trouble over the necessary economies. "Provided that we are so well off as to have a store-room!" she said to herself.

But Fred Huntley's wife would have no such necessity. She would have plenty to spend and something to spare. She was not thinking of herself as Mrs. Fred Huntley; she was rather contrasting that fortunate woman with Mrs. John Mitford, who would not be nearly so well off. It would be so droll, Kate thought, to see that lady in the prettiest costumes possible, coming to call upon herself, who probably for economy would find it best always to wear a black silk gown. And then it would be so much easier for the other to get on. Her husband would be so manageable in comparison. He would be good-tempered and polite, and would never dream of taking offence; whereas John's wife would have to watch his eye, and demean herself accordingly. Kate had given more than one sigh before she got home, of half envy. Life would be so much more easy for Mrs. Fred. She would have it in her power to skim lightly over the top of the waves as Kate loved to do, instead of sounding all kinds of depths. She sighed, not because she was faithless to John or had ceased to love him, but only at the thought of how much easier a life that other woman would have; and an easy life was pleasant to Kate.

I don't know if it was this conversation which made Fred Huntley so over-bold; but in the evening he spoke as he had never yet ventured to speak. It was the evening which John spent in his dismal little parlour, weary, and wrapt in the stillness of despair, writing his letters before he went home. At Fernwood the young people had got up an impromptu dance. There were a few people to dinner from some of the neighbouring houses, and this infusion of novelty stimulated the home party. And the wind had changed, and all the frost in the air had disappeared, or at least so the foolish boys and girls, heated with dancing, chose to believe; and they had opened the door of the conservatory,

and even strayed out into the moonlight between the dances, without paying the least attention to any warning. However strong the reasons had been which led Kate to decline all private conversation with Fred Huntley, she could not possibly refuse to dance with him, nor could she refuse to take a turn with him through the conservatory, as all the others were doing. And it was there, in the semi-dark, with the moonlight shining in through the dark plants and unseen flowers, that he spoke out, no longer making use of any parable. He told her in so many words that he was a more fit mate for her than John. He argued the question with her, point by point, for Kate was not wise enough to take refuge in a distinct, unexplained No, but went on the foolish idea that he was her friend, and John's friend, and that she ought to convince him that he was wrong. "Oh don't!" she said, "please, don't. We have always been such friends. Why should you break it all off and make me a kind of an enemy now at the last? You never used to care for me in that way. Oh, please, let us forget it was ever said."

"But I cannot forget it, though you may, Kate," he said, in a voice which was so full of feeling that Kate's curiosity was vividly awakened: (I never thought he would have felt anything so much, she said to herself, flattered and wondering; and rather anxious to know how far this unlooked-for sentiment would carry him). "Kate, we can't go on just being friends. If you knew what I have suffered to see you belonging to another man! I have not a word to say against him. No, I hate him for your sake; but there is not a word to be said against him. The only thing I wonder is, how a fellow so honourable and high-minded should have asked you when he knew he had nothing to offer you. It would have been more like John Mitford to have broken his heart and held his peace."

A strange little cry came from Kate's lips. "Oh!" she said, with a startled look in his face, "how strange that you should be trying to undermine him, and yet know him so well as that!"

"I am not trying to undermine him, Kate, darling; I believe in my heart that I would rather the one of us had you who could make you the happiest. It sounds strange, but it is true. If I grant that he loves you as well as I do, would not that be allowing a great deal? but, Kate, think what a change it would be for you; and he would not know so well as I should how to make you happy," Fred added, bending over her, and pressing close to him the hand which still rested on his arm. It was wrong of Kate not to have withdrawn her hand from his arm. She tried to do it now, but it was held fast, and a piteous prayer made to her not to go from him as if she were angry. "You don't dislike me for your friend," Fred pleaded, "and why should you be angry because I cannot help loving you beyond friendship?—is it my fault?"

"Oh, please, don't talk like this," cried Kate, in her distress. "I am not angry. I don't want to be unkind. I want you to be my friend still. This is only a passing fancy. It will go away, and we shall be just as we were. But it is wrong, when you know I am engaged to him, to try to turn me against John."

"It would be if you were married to him," said Fred; "but, Kate, because I love you, must I be blind to what is best for you? He is not like you, neither am I like you; we are neither of us worthy to kiss the hem of your dress—"

"Nonsense!" cried Kate, vigorously, almost freeing herself; for this was so much out of Fred's way, that it moved her in the midst of so grave a situation almost to the point of laughter.

"It is not nonsense; I know

what you think. You think it is the sort of thing that lovers say, and that I don't mean it; but I do mean it. We are neither of us good enough; but I understand you best, Kate—yes, don't deny it. I know you best, and your ways. I should not tease you. I should not ask too much. And with me you would have the life you are used to. With him you don't know what kind of life you may have, and neither does he. Kate, there are women who could bear that sort of thing, but not you."

"Mr. Huntley, I cannot discuss it with you," said Kate, half in despair; "pray, pray, let me go!"

"You are angry," he said—"angry with me who have known you all your life, because you have found out I love you too well."

"I am not angry," she cried; "but oh, please, let me go. You know I ought not to stand here and listen to you. Should you like it if you were him? Oh, let me go!"

"Kate," he cried in her ear, "don't hate me for what I am going to say; if I were him, and knew you had listened to another, I should feel how it was, and accept my fate."

Kate's hot spirit blazed up, and the tears sprang to her eyes. She drew her hand away almost violently. "That is well," she cried,—"that is well! that you should be the one to blame me for listening; but I shall do it no more."

"It is because you are driving me half mad," he said.

And what was Kate to do? It was such a strange sensation to see Fred Huntley, a man of the world, standing there pleading before her, driven half mad. Was it possible? If it had been any other man indeed. But Fred! And his voice was full of emotion, his hands trembled, he pleaded with an earnestness that filled her with mingled pity and curiosity and amaze. "Oh hush, and don't think any more of it," she said.

"If you will forget it, I shall. Am I one to make people unhappy? Give me your arm back to the drawing-room, and let us say no more about it. I must not stay longer with you here."

"I will take you back to the drawing-room," he said, "and if you say I am to give up hope, I will do it; but, Kate, don't fix my fate till you know a little better. I am so willing, so very willing, to wait. All I want is that you should know I am here utterly at your command—and you won't wring my heart talking of *him*? Yes, do—wring my heart as you please, but don't send me away. I am willing to wait for my answer as long as you have the heart to keep me—only don't send me away."

"Oh! how can you speak of an answer?" cried Kate, under her breath. They were on the threshold of the lighted drawing-room by this time, and perhaps he did not hear that faint protestation. He took her to her seat, not with the covert care which he had been

lavishing upon her for so long, but with all the signs of the tenderest devotion. She herself being excited and distracted by what had just passed, was not aware of the difference; but everybody else was. And they had been a long time together in the conservatory, quite too long for an interview between an engaged young lady and a man who was not her betrothed. And there was a flush upon Kate's cheeks, and Fred was eager and excited, and kept near her, without any pretence of making himself generally agreeable. And she looked half afraid of him, and would not dance any more—two signs which were very striking. "Depend upon it something is going on in that quarter," one of the elder ladies said to the other. "Little jilt!" said the second; and if Lady Winton had been there, who felt herself entitled to speak, Kate would no doubt have heard a great deal more about it before she escaped to her own room to try and realise what it was.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It would be vain to attempt to give any panorama of her thoughts when she had finally taken refuge in her room, and shut out even her maid. The first fire of the season was chirruping in the grate, and there were a good many candles about, for Kate was fond of a great deal of light. She threw herself into her favourite easy-chair by the fire, and clasped her hands across her forehead, and tried very hard to think. There are many girls, no doubt, who would have felt that Fred Huntley had insulted them by such a declaration, with his full knowledge of all the previous circumstances. But Kate could not cut the knot in that summary manner. He was not insulting her. Before he had said a word, had not she herself taken that alternative into consideration? It was but

this very day that she had made that half-envying comparison between herself and the problematical Mrs. Fred Huntley; and people do not make such comparisons without some faint notion that a choice might be possible. Besides, Kate was not the kind of girl to be insensible to the reason of the matter. It was perfectly true what Fred Huntley had said. In every way in which the question could be looked at he was more suitable to her than John. And he would be a great deal easier to get on with. He would not ask so much; he would be quite content with what she could give: whereas the question was, would John ever be content? And Fred would satisfy Mr. Crediton, and make everything easy; and nobody knew better than Kate how unlikely it was that

John could ever satisfy her father, or that their marriage should take place by anything less than a miracle. The reader will think that she was thus giving up the whole question, but this was not the fact. She was as far from giving John up as she had been a month before, when she went to see him in Camel-ford; but she had a candid mind, and could not help considering the question on its merits. And then it would be impossible to deny that she had a kindness for Fred. He had been very "nice" all this autumn—very attentive and assiduous, and anxious to smooth her path for her. To be sure he had not been quite disinterested; but then, when is a man disinterested? One does not expect it of them, Kate reflected; in short, perhaps one prefers, on the whole, that they should look for a reward, to be given or withheld as the idol wills. Such is the true position of the creature called a "man," in reference to the other creature, aged nineteen, who feels that it is her natural place and prerogative to reign over him. This sense of power was very strong in the mind of Kate. She felt it was in her hands to dispense life and death; and though the alternative was very thrilling, and made her heart beat loudly, and the blood rush to her face, yet it was not exactly a painful feeling. And then she was very sweet-tempered and sympathetic: it was hard for her to make up her mind to disappoint and grieve any one. She would be sincerely sorry for the man she was obliged to refuse; and if she could have managed it so that Madeline Winton, or any other nice girl with whom she was intimate, should have suited the taste of that man, it would have been a great relief to her. The thought flashed across her mind more than ever in the disquietude of her thoughts; a fact which sufficiently shows how different were the feelings with which she regarded the two candidates

for her favour. Such a transfer of affection would have been out of the question with John; but it would not be out of the question with Fred.

Then Kate took to thinking of his earnestness, of the look almost of passion in his face. Fred Huntley to look at any woman like that—to say that he was being driven mad—to plead with such humility! No doubt it was a very astounding thought, almost more extraordinary than any amount of devotion from John, who was a passionate being by nature. And then this thought recurred often, it would be so easy to get on with Fred! he would understand without difficulty those tastes and habits to which John could never do more than assent with a sigh. What a dilemma it was for a girl to be placed in! Kate had clasped her hands over her eyes that she might think the better, and let her fire go out, and was stopped in her cogitations by the chill which stole over her. When she roused herself up the hearth was quite black, and seemed to be giving forth cold instead of warmth—and the candles were all burning silently, with now and then a little twinkling of the small steady flames as if they were sharers in her secret, and knew more about it than she did. She crept to bed very cold and disturbed and uncomfortable, saying to herself now, Poor John! and now, Poor Fred! with painful impartiality. I think, for my own part, that it said wonders for her real faithfulness that she was thus impartial in her thoughts; for Fred was so much more eligible in every way, so much more suitable, more likely to please everybody, more easy to get on with, that there must have been a wonderful balance of feeling on the other side to keep the scales even. John was a very troublesome, unmanageable lover; he ruffled her by his passion, his fondness, his susceptibilities. She could not marry him except by the sacri-

fice of many things that were very important to her, and after going through all the agonies of a long, stormy, much-interrupted engagement; whereas everything was smooth and pleasant on the other side. And yet Kate's heart, if it stood tolerably even between them, had not yet swayed one step further off than the middle from her uncomfortable lover; which, considering all Fred's unmistakable advantages, surely said a great deal for Kate.

She got up in the morning with a headache, and without having come to any decision. The thought of meeting Fred calmly before the eyes of all those people as if nothing had passed, had a curious kind of excitement in it. It was not her fault; and yet she looked forward to meeting him with a certain flutter of semi-agitation; which was not diminished by the fact that he was more assiduous in his attentions than he had ever ventured to be before, or had any right to be. After breakfast Mr. Crediton sent to her to go to him in the library, which was a very alarming summons. She grew pale in the midst of her companions when it was delivered to her. "Kate, I know you are going to be scolded," said one of them; "I declare she is trembling. Fancy Kate being frightened for her papa." "I am sure she deserves to be scolded," said an elder young lady, gravely. "Do I?" cried poor Kate; and she went away half crying, for it was hard upon her to be blamed. She could not bear it, even when she was indifferent to her censors. It hurt her—she who had always been petted by all the world. And if her father should be about to scold her too? She went away as near crying as it is consistent with the dignity of a young lady of nineteen to be; and if either of the two had crossed her path and proposed instant elopement, I almost think she would have consented. But John was at Fanshawe, separ-

ated from her by more than distance; and Fred's good angel had not whispered to him to throw himself at that moment in her way.

Mr. Crediton received her with a certain solemnity, and with a very grave countenance. He made her sit down opposite to him, and looked her in the face. "Kate," he said, "I have sent for you to have some very serious talk with you. You have got yourself into a very grave dilemma, and I think you want my advice."

Kate was very much frightened, but she was not a girl to lose her head even at such a crisis. She faced the foe courageously, though her cheek grew pale. "I must always be the better for having your advice, papa," she said; "but I don't know of any dilemma. Everything is exactly as it was."

"I don't see how that can be," said Mr. Crediton, quietly. "Kate, Fred Huntley has been with me this morning. He is perfectly honourable and straightforward in his mode of action, but I am not so sure about you. He tells me he has asked you to marry him—and notwithstanding that he has got no definite answer, he thought it right to come to me."

"Answer!" cried Kate; "what answer could I give? He knew I was engaged as well as you do. Is it my fault, papa? Can I keep a man from making a fool of himself? He knew of my engagement as well as you."

"Yes," said Mr. Crediton; "and he knew that John Mitford went away hurriedly after a three-days' visit, and that there has been no communication between you for some time. Oh, I am not the culprit. I don't examine your letters. It appears you told him; and, as a justification of what he has done, he repeated it to me."

"Then it was very, very nasty of him," said Kate, with tears in her eyes; "and I will never tell him anything again as long as I live."

"I hope at least you won't tell him anything on this subject," said her father, gravely. "I have let you have your own way heretofore, Kate. I have given Mr. Mitford the best chance I could of proving what was in him; and if you like to persevere, I shall not interfere. But if you don't care to persevere, it is a different matter. Huntley seems to think you will not. Wait a little, please, till I have said what I have to say. There cannot be a moment's doubt as to which of the two I should prefer for a son-in-law. Fred Huntley has distinguished himself already, though he is so young. He could surround you with every luxury and give you a good position, and everything that heart can desire. And he suits me. He is thoroughly sensible, and full of good feeling; but he is not highflown. I should get on a great deal better with him than I ever could do with Mitford; and, I believe, so would you."

"Papa!" This exclamation was not surprise, but a deprecating, pleading, remonstrating protestation. She made him no further answer, one way or another; but only looked in his face with wistful eyes.

"I believe you would," said Mr. Crediton, stoutly. "You must have felt already, however you may hesitate to say it, that in certain matters this whole business is a great blunder. I am not saying a word against Mitford. We have the greatest reason to be grateful to him. But, Kate, great mistakes have been made out of gratitude—the very gravest mistakes; and you may be sure that your engagement is to him a very equivocal advantage. He feels it, though he cannot be the first to speak."

"What does he feel? how do you know?" cried Kate; and there came such a sudden chill over her, that the very blood in her veins seemed frozen—a sensation she had never experienced before in all her life.

"It is quite clear what he feels," said Mr. Crediton; "he feels that you are out of his sphere. He sees what kind of a life you live here, and he is bewildered. How is he to give you all that, or a shadow of it? It is not difficult to divine what he feels; and the thought makes him half morose, as he was when he was here. He cannot bear to lose you, I believe; and yet he is gradually making up his mind that he must lose you. Poor fellow! I for one am very sorry for him; and unless you open a way to him out of it, I don't see what he is to do."

"Papa," said Kate, with her cheeks flaming, "if he has ever given you any reason to think that he wants to be out of it, you have only to let me know."

"I don't want to be unjust," said Mr. Crediton, "to him or to any one. He has never spoken to me on the subject. It is not likely he should. No man could come to your father, Kate, and say, 'I have made a mistake.' I should kick him out of the house, probably, however glad I might be to hear it. And John Mitford is not the man to do anything of the kind; but his feelings may be easily divined for all that."

Kate sat silent, with her eyes cast down, and twisted her handkerchief in her fingers. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes hot, her heart beating loud. Perhaps it might be true. While she had been calmly comparing her two lovers, feeling herself elevated in a sweet supremacy over them, and free to make her choice, it was possible that her chain had become bondage to one of them. He had gone away hurriedly, it was true. He had spoken very strangely when he went away, and he had not written to her for two long weeks. So long, indeed, had he kept silence, that she had written to him making a kind of appeal. These facts, no doubt, strengthened every word her father said, and gave to them a certain appearance of reality. Her

cheeks burned, and seemed to scorch all the moisture out of her eyes; and yet she felt that only the strongest effort kept her from bursting into tears. It was a kind of relief to her when the door opened, and a man came in with Mr. Crediton's letters. At least they prevented the necessity of any answer. She sat absorbed in her own thoughts, examining closely, as if it were a matter of the last importance, the embroidered cipher on her handkerchief, while her father was thus occupied. Kate took no notice how many letters he read—they were nothing to her; nor did she observe the keen glance upward which he gave at her when he had read the first he opened. She did not even remark that the crackling of the paper ceased, and there was an interval of complete stillness. When he spoke to her she started, and came back as if from a long distance. "Yes, papa," she said, mechanically, without lifting her eyes.

"I did not think it would have come so soon," said Mr. Crediton; "and it is very strange that it should have come at this moment. He has decided the question for himself, Kate, as, one time or other, I thought he would. Look here."

It was John's letter he pushed across the table to her, with a feeling that it had arrived at the very moment it was wanted, at the handiest moment. And Mr. Crediton was glad; but at the same time he was struck with a little compunction when he saw how eagerly Kate clutched at it, and how the colour went and came on her face. She read it without a pause, flashing her eye over its contents in a way very different from Mr. Crediton's deliberate reading. She had grown breathless in her eagerness. She threw it down on the table, yet did not leave her hold of it, and stretched across to look at the little heap of letters which remained before him. "There must be one for me," she cried; "of course he must

have explained all this in his letter to me." When she saw that there was none for her, she rose hurriedly and rang the bell, her father all the while looking on with an amazement which he could not express in words. Was this Kate, this hasty flushed creature, full of anxiety and suspense? "Go and see if there are any letters for me," she said, imperiously, to the servant who answered the bell. She would not believe it; she stood angry and feverish, leaning against the mantelpiece with John's letter in her hand. "The letters have been taken upstairs, ma'am, but there are none for you," said the man, re-entering with a tray in his hand on which were several bundles of papers carefully separated. She rushed across the room to look at them. There were half-a-dozen at least for Fred Huntley, and some for the other members of the party who were out shooting, but nothing for Miss Crediton. Kate dismissed the servant with a little wave of her hand and walked back to the fire, and stooped down over it to warm herself. She was utterly dismayed, and the ground seemed suddenly cut away from under her very feet. Her heart beat so that she could not speak a word. Was it true, then, all this that had been said to her? Her father turned his chair towards her, and the sight of his child thus stupefied with sudden pain, and half incredulous of the shock she had just received, went to his heart. But yet in his heart he believed it was best for him to drive the stroke home, and not to soothe her by suggestions that the explanation might yet come, such as occurred to him in the first softening of his thoughts.

"My darling!" he said, "of course you feel it. I feel it so much for you, Kate, that I could almost grieve, though I know it to be for the best. Make up your mind at once to think no more of him. It will be better for you both. It is a shock, but you must have been prepared for the shock.

You have trifled with Fred Huntley's feelings for a long time, as you ought not to have done had you not been more or less prepared for this. And, Kate, there is no reason why you should not reward him now."

"Reward him! when it is he who has done it," said Kate, under her breath.

"That is not the case; you must be aware that is not the case. I have watched you all too closely to believe in that. You have done it yourself, Kate; and if you would believe me, this is the very best thing that could have happened. The slight must hurt, of course, at first."

"Slight! papa, do you know what you are saying? It is worse than a slight. Oh, how shall I bear it?" said Kate, crushing up John's letter in her clenched hands.

"So I think, my dear," said Mr. Crediton, quietly. "I could not have supposed Mitford capable of anything of the kind. But it is best that he should have done it in this decisive way—better than hanging you up for months, or years, if he had his way. And the very best answer I can make is to tell him that—that you have listened to Fred. My dear, don't turn away so impatiently. You have used him very badly if you mean anything else. He is very fond of you, poor fellow! And, Kate, I can't tell how deeply, how much, it would gratify your father," he added, putting his arm round her, and drawing her close to him. Kate had gone through all the stages of passion—she had been agitated, disturbed, startled, driven into amazement and indignation and rage. She was trembling all over with excitement; and now, in the course of nature, it was time for tears to come to relieve her hot eyes. She felt herself drawn into her father's arms, and then the storm broke forth. She could never lose her father, whoever she might see. She leant her head upon

him, and covered her face with her hands, and sobbed upon his breast.

"Papa, let me stay with you: I care for nothing but you," she cried, with a broken voice like a child's; and he heard her heart beating in the pain of this first grand emergency, like some violent imprisoned thing labouring to escape out of its cage.

"My poor child!" he said, holding her close. He was glad of it, and yet it hurt him too because it hurt his daughter. At that moment he could almost have called John back, pleased as he was to have him gone. He held her close, patting her softly with his hand, saying nothing till the outburst was over; and then, when he felt her stir in his arms and lean less heavily against him, he bent down and kissed her and spoke.

"My own Kate," he said, "take your father's advice for once. Let it be you to make the change and not him. Let me call poor Huntley and make him happy. You like him, though you may not think it: you have chosen his society more than that of any one here. Do you think I have not watched you? and I know. My dear, your delicacy is wounded, your feelings have had a great shock; but you will soon learn it is for the best, and Fred will make you happier than you ever could have been. Let me call the poor fellow now."

"No, no, not now," cried Kate, with her face hidden—"not now. Papa, it is with you I want to stay."

"With me and with Fred," said Mr. Crediton. "He will be a son to me, Kate. He will not take you away from me. It is what I have wished for years. You will make us both very happy, my darling," her father went on pleading. "Let me call him now."

"Oh, papa, let me go! He is out," said Kate, in a kind of despair, raising herself from his arms. She wanted to get away to be by herself, to think what it all meant, and

scarcely knew or understood what she said.

"He cannot be far off. Let me go and find him," said Mr. Crediton; "you would make me so happy, Kate."

"Oh, papa, don't kill me!—not now. I would do anything to make you happy; but not now—I cannot bear any more."

"Then, my darling, I will not press you; but later—when you have had time to think—say at five o'clock; come to me at five o'clock. You have made him very wretched and treated him very badly, and me too; but you will make it up to us, my own Kate?"

"Please let me go," she said, wearily, and drew herself out of his arms, and made visible a face which was no longer flushed and beautiful, but very pale, scared, marked with tears, and reluctant to face the light.

"You shall go," said her father, tenderly, leading her to the door. "But remember at five o'clock—promise that you will come at five o'clock."

"Whenever you please—what does it matter?" sighed poor Kate. He repeated the hour again in his anxiety, but she paid no attention. She ran up-stairs as soon as she had escaped from him, a little palefaced woe-begone ghost. Some one met her on the stairs, but she did not stop to see who it was. She did not even care to have her emotion perceived, as she would have done under other circumstances. She did not care for anything but getting to a shelter and hiding herself, and asking somebody (was it herself or some hidden counsellor she should find there?) what did it all mean?

Kate had never been very unhappy before all her life, and she did not know how to be very unhappy. She pulled all the blinds down impatiently, thinking it was wicked that the day should be so bright, and then threw herself upon her little white bed. It was not that she wanted to lie down, or to be in darkness, but only that the

crisis was so strange, and she felt it necessary to conform to it. She had been thinking of John when she rose that morning, but thinking of him in such a different way, measuring him with Fred Huntley, then asking herself if it would be most for her own good to keep him or to put him aside. And lo! in a moment, here were the tables turned. He had not even the grace to deliberate or give her warning what he was going to do, but did it on the moment. She could not even upbraid him, for he had gone without saying where he was. He had plucked himself out of her fingers while she had been weighing him, balancing him. Was it not a just punishment? But he did not know that, and she had done nothing, so far as he was aware, that could give him any warrant to treat her so summarily. She lay there and shut her eyes, and rocked herself, and moaned a little. And then she opened them very wide, lay still, and gazed at the drawn blinds with her heart fluttering loudly, scarcely able to keep still with mortification and suppressed rage. Yes, he might give her up; but if he had word sent to him that she was engaged to Fred Huntley, he would feel it—oh, he would feel it! trust him for that. And Kate repeated to herself with feverish eagerness, "At five o'clock." She longed for the hour to come that she might give him this return-blow; and then she turned and rocked herself and moaned again, feeling such a dreadful pain—a pain she could not account for in her perverse little heart.

When the bell rang for luncheon Parsons came into the room, bouncing, as Kate thought, with her ribbons and her black silk apron, humming a song to herself. "Goodness gracious me!" she cried, suddenly restraining her sprightly steps when she became conscious of her mistress's presence. "I did not know as you were here, Miss," said Parsons; "I beg your pardon, I am sure. Is it a headache, Miss?"

"Oh, go away and don't bother me; don't you see I am not fit to talk to any one?" cried Kate.

"If it's a bad headache, Miss, there is nothing like lying down, and to bathe the head with a little eau-de-cologne and water. It's what I always do when I have the headache," said Parsons, bustling and pouring out into a basin the pungent fragrant water. Kate allowed herself to be ministered to without any visible impatience. She did not feel so abandoned by the world when even her maid was by her. And the eau-de-cologne, she thought, did her a little good.

"That is the bell for lunch, Miss," said Parsons; "and master will be in such a way! Shall I go and tell him you have the headache very bad—or what shall I say?"

"Never mind him," said Kate, faintly; "what does it matter about them and their lunch? Oh, Parsons, I am so very miserable!" sobbed the poor girl. No, she did not mean to betray herself; but still a little sympathy, though not enough to touch the very skirts of her grievance, she must have.

"Are you indeed, Miss?" said Parsons. "I am sure I'm very, very sorry; but if it's only the headache it can't last. There, I'll put a wet handkerchief on your poor head; perhaps that will do it good."

"It is too deep for anything to do me good," said Kate; but she suffered the handkerchief to be placed on her forehead, and put up with all those mysterious manipulations of the pillow and the hair and the patient which are orthodox in the circumstances. She lay with her eyes closed and the wet kerchief on her forehead, and her hair spread over the pillow, making her face look all the paler in comparison; her pretty mouth drawn down at the corners, her lips and closed eyelids making her the picture of youthful misery. Her heart was broken, she thought; and oh, how her head ached!

"Did you get your letters, Miss?"

said Parsons softly, drawing out her bright hair, and bending over her sympathetically. But Parsons recoiled in another moment, giving the hair a tug in her consternation, as Kate suddenly stood before her, all blazing and glaring like an avenging angel, with one hand grasping her shoulder and the other clenched menacing in her face.

"My letters!—oh, you wicked miserable woman, it is you who have made me so unhappy! My letters! what do you know of them?" cried Kate.

"Lord, Miss!" said Parsons in her dismay, backing before her. And then she began to cry. "I thought as you'd rather I brought 'em up-stairs. You weren't in the drawing-room, nor nowhere to be seen. I meant it for the best," cried Parsons, backing to the wall with such a terror of the clenched hand as was quite out of proportion to the powers of that little weapon of offence.

"Give them to me," cried Kate; "draw up the blinds—make haste and throw this wet thing away. My letters, my letters!—oh, if you only knew what harm you have done! Give them to me—"

She sat down on the sofa under the window, which, after being veiled so carefully, now poured in upon her all the light of the full sunshiny October day. There was a note from Madeline Winton, a notification about millinery from Camelford, something else equally unimportant, and the letter from John, which she ought to have had three hours ago. She paused as she took it up, and turned to Parsons, who was still fluttering about the room in her alarm: "Go away," said Kate, solemnly; "you can say I have a headache and am lying down; and, please, don't come near me any more to-day."

"Let me come and dress you, Miss, as usual. Oh, goodness gracious me! as if I meant any harm."

"You need not stop to cry," said Kate, severely; "but go away."

You wicked woman! I owe all my trouble to you."

And then as soon as she was alone she read John's letter—the letter he had written in his desolate room before he left Camelford. It went to Kate's heart. She read it and she cried, and she kissed the insensible paper, and her load seemed lifted off her mind. She had been miserable half an hour ago, and now she was happy. It was such an answer to all her questionings as nothing else could have given. She cried, and the colour came back to her cheek and the light to her eyes. "I am not the bank," she said to herself, with a return of her old levity. "It is not me he means to give up; he must never, never give up me." And then she kissed the letter again. She had never done such a thing all her life; but she did it now without stopping to think, and she read over the end of it, "yours, and only yours, whatever may happen," with a gush of warmth and gladness at her heart. "Dear John! poor John! he is so fond of me. Why is he so fond of me?" she said to herself with sweet tears. And then all at once it struck her as with a great chill, that there was more than mere fondness in this letter of John's. "If you should ever want me." "This may pass over and be to you as if it had never been." How could that be? Was not he hers and she his as of old?

Just then there came a knock to the door, and two little notes were handed in to her. Another cold thrill went over her as she saw them. One was from her father, and the other from Fred Huntley. "My dear, I am grieved your head aches," wrote the first, "but I don't wonder. Keep quite quiet till five, and then come down to the library and make two men very happy. My pretty Kate! Your fond father, J. C."

The other was shorter still. "I dare not think or speak, or allow myself to be glad till I see you," said the other; "but my fate is in your sweet hands." Such were the

communications that were brought to her from the outer world. Kate gazed at them with open mouth and eyes aghast. Then it all came to her mind. She had promised to go to these men and satisfy them, to give Fred Huntley her hand and her promise, and put her seal to it, that her love for John was over for ever. And yet the touch of her mouth was wet upon John's dear letter, and she hated Fred Huntley as she had never hated any one in her whole life. She sat with the daylight pouring in upon her, and those tokens of fate about her, and despair in her pale and ghastly face. Kate to be ghastly, who had never known what such a word meant! She was getting a wild look like a creature driven to bay. Now and then when she heard the sound of a voice or step in the house—people coming up-stairs or down, somebody passing along the long passage—she gave a shiver, as a hare might shiver at the baying of the hounds. She sat motionless, it seemed to her for hours, in this torpor, and then it was Fred's voice that roused her. He was down below in front of the house, talking to some one, and she could hear him through the open window. "I am going to the stables to look at the new horses," he said, "but I shall be back before five o'clock." Five o'clock! There was a ring in his voice of conscious triumph. He was coming back to take possession of his victim. At that moment, as Kate sat with the trembling of despair upon her, there suddenly rang out upon her ear the sound of the railway bell at the station, which was always considered such a nuisance at Fernwood. The railway itself was a great convenience, only a quarter of a mile from the lodge gates; but the bell and the whistle and the rumbling of the train were very objectionable. When Kate heard it she roused herself with a low cry. She thrust John's letter into her dress, and tore the others up in little pieces, and then she sat still, with bright

awakened eyes for half an hour more. By that time her resolution was formed. She was miserable and impatient of her misery, and every way of escape seemed shut off except this one, and it was something to do which soothed her excitement. It was not with any such thought that she had sent Parsons away. Nothing had been settled in her mind, or even thought

of, till Fred Huntley's voice and the railway bell thus succeeded each other. In circumstances so desperate there is nothing like a sudden inspiration. Four o'clock the big clock sounded from the stables, and a succession of fairy chimes rang from all the rooms of the house. Four! and no more time to think—for there was not another moment to lose.

CHAPTER XXX.

Kate had never gone anywhere alone before. She was nothing but one big beating heart, beating so that the little body that contained it could scarcely breathe, when she slipped down the back-stairs and out at the side-door. She put on a great waterproof cloak, one of those garments which are next thing to the domino of the drama as a means of disguise, and had a black dress on, and a black hat, and a great veil tied over her face as fashion permits. A mask could not have been a greater protection. She was, indeed, masked from head to foot, and except by her gait or outline of her figure could not have been recognised. It seemed to her as if the beating of her heart must have been heard through all the house, and brought everybody to see what such a noise meant; but it was not so. In her proper person, and with her pretty face open to the light, Kate Crediton was as courageous as any girl could be, and that is saying a great deal; but masked and cloaked as she was, and running away, she was all over abject terror. She trembled when the railway porter came to tell her about the train; her voice was scarcely audible when she got her ticket; she shrank away to the farthest corner, and hid herself for the few horrible moments that she had to wait. And no words can express the sense of guilt and fear and forlorn loneliness with which she contemplated all the varieties of the journey which she had undertaken. To get out of the carriage by herself

at Camelford, to steal across the crowded railway station, a little shrinking black figure in the lamplight, to take another ticket, and have herself put into another train, and then to look forward to the long walk in the dark, the country road, the stillness and loneliness and suspicious looks of everybody who should meet her! Her own opinion was that two or three times over she had nearly died of it; and, to tell the truth, she was not far wrong. The weather had grown milder, but she shivered in her excitement; and it was very cloudy and damp, with occasional showers, and little light in the pale sky. How was she to do it? And what reception was she likely to meet with at the end? And her father, what would his feelings be? All these things seized upon Kate, and caught her in their clutches, and hung about her like ghosts as she pursued her lonely journey. Sometimes her natural courage made an effort to assert itself, but the courage of a girl of nineteen is but little able to sustain her under the sense of secrecy and flight and loneliness and a dark country road. When she had arrived at the conclusion of her journey, the poor child set out half-a-dozen times from the little lighted station which was as an oasis in the desert of darkness, and as many times crept back again to the shelter of the friendly lights. She leant against the paling of the station-master's cottage opposite the window, where there was protection,

and cried. Darkness that she could feel crept and rustled about her; and silence, which she could feel too, penetrated to her very soul. She did not dare to ask the porter who had looked at her so curiously, to go with her. He might kill her on the road, and leave her lying there all covered by the darkness, to be found out when it was too late. Kate cried over this picture of herself. They would all be sorry then; they would be grieved that they had driven her desperate; and there was one that would never, never recover it all his life. Oh that he were only there now with his strong arm to support her—oh John, John, John! And all this time his heart was aching too, thinking she had forsaken him. Where was he? Like herself out somewhere in the night full of despairing thoughts. And here was still this dreadful passage to be crossed before she could even hear of him where he was.

At Fanshawe the scene was very different. Mrs. Mitford was seated by the lamp, with her basket by her full of things to mend; but her hands had fallen into her lap, and there were signs of agitation in her face. There was a fire burning at the other end of the room, which gave it a different aspect, but she had not yet given up her summer-seat, and the window was open as of old. In the shade behind the lamp, some one was walking up and down—up and down, filling the room with a sense of restlessness and restraint. The two were talking in hushed tones as if something had happened. And not long before, Dr. Mitford had flung away out of the room in anger which could scarcely find strong enough expression, "You should have thought of all this sooner. What! back off? Quarrel with your good fortune and all your prospects! No, I have no patience. He has behaved like a fool, and ought to be treated as such," the Doctor had cried. He was ashamed of his son and of sundry little brags of his own, which

John's fine prospects had called from him; and he did not know how to face the Fanshawes and all the rest of the parish, and allow that John had thrown all his advantages away. He had been struggling, as a weak hot-tempered man is apt to struggle, against the inevitable, that whole day: he had been endeavouring to drive John back to a sense of his duty, to Camelford and the bank. "If you had taken my advice you never would have gone into it," he cried; "but now that the sacrifice has been made, to draw back! I have no patience with such folly." John had not said a word in self-defence. He said, "I have been a fool; it is quite true, mother," when Mrs. Mitford tried to defend him: and the day had been wretched enough to all concerned. What was he going to do with himself now he had come home? Did he think he could be kept in idleness at his time of life? Such were the galling questions that had been put to John all day long. He had made little answer, and his mother believed he was as much in the dark as she was herself. And naturally, though she could not have taunted her boy as her husband did, still the question was to her, as to him, a very serious one. He could not live at home doing nothing. He had thrown away one hope for the future, and now another; and what was he to do?

"A thing may be very imperfect, very unsatisfactory, not much good that one can see; and yet it may be the best thing in the world."

This was what John said, breaking the stillness after a long interval; and he paused in his walk and stood still in the shaded part of the room, behind his mother's chair.

"I don't know what you mean, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford. "How can a thing be unsatisfactory and yet be the best thing in the world? And oh, my own boy, what has that to do with you and me?"

"It has a great deal to do with you and me," he said, behind her

chair. "I could not answer my father's questions. It was hard enough to listen to them and keep my patience; but, mother dear, I can't shut my heart to you. I am not going to live upon you in idleness. I am going back to the work you have trained me for all my life."

"John!" said his mother, with a bewildered cry of joy. She held out her arms to him, and he came and knelt down by her, and they held each other close. "Oh my boy, my boy, my son!" she murmured over him, as she had murmured over his cradle. She could find no other words; but as for John, his decision was no joy to him. He had nothing to say to add to the importance of the moment. Thus it must be, and there was a sense of repose in his mind now that he had decided. It was not so great a work, perhaps, as she thought; but still it was the best in the world; and whether hopefully or sadly, what did it matter? a man could do his duty in it. There was no more to be said.

"But oh, John," said Mrs. Mitford, raising her head at last with tears of mingled joy and pain in her eyes, "that will make but little difference now, so far as this world is concerned. It will not make your poor papa less angry, as it would have done three months ago. Mr. Fanshawe has promised the living to his nephew. It is a family living, you know; and it was only because they were so fond of us—I mean of your papa—that you were to have it; and I was so happy always to think you would take up our work. My dear boy! if you are thinking of Fanshawe, that is all over now."

"So much the better, mother," said John; "I was not thinking of Fanshawe. I will take a curacy in a town where there is plenty of work to do, and fight the devil if I can. People say there is no devil; but I think I know better. We shall fight him still, please God!"

"God bless my boy! God bless

my dearest boy!" cried the mother, with a poignant thrill of delight and disappointment. It was the desire of her heart that was being given to her; but yet so strangely transmogrified, so warped out of the fashion in which she had prayed for it, that it was hard to tell whether it was most pain or joy. And it was after this moment of agitation that her hands had fallen into her lap, though she had a great deal of work to do; and that John had resumed his walk with a relieved mind on the dark side of the room. He was relieved, and yet his heart was so heavy that it made his step heavy too. It sounded like the meditative pace of some old man burdened with care, instead of the elastic step of youth.

And then, as silence, unbroken except by that step, came over them again, there fell into the quiet a sudden little sharp sound like the click of a latch. Mrs. Mitford only heard it, and pricked up her ears with the quick alarm of a dweller in the country. "I wonder if the garden-gate is locked," she said, softly; "it ought to be locked, now the nights are so dark."

John made no answer, he had not even remarked the sound; but his mother held her breath and listened with some uneasiness. Nothing followed for many minutes. Stillness as perfect as the darkness seemed to settle outside; but yet what was that?—a step upon the gravel? Mrs. Mitford gave a nervous start, and then commanded herself. She had so often thought she heard steps on the gravel. "I think the window should be shut—it grows so chilly," she went on; but she spoke very low, and still John took no notice. His step went on and on like a kind of chorus. Even his mother, although so near him, saw but a shadowy something walking up and down, and did not derive all the comfort she might have done from his presence. She would have risen to close the window herself, but a certain terror prevented her; and

he took no notice, being absorbed in his own thoughts.

At last Mrs. Mitford's nervousness got the better of her. She put out her hand and caught him as he passed behind her chair. "John," she said, in a whisper, "listen. I think I hear some one in the garden. Hark! I am sure that was a step on the path."

"It is only fancy, mother," said John.

"But hush, hark!" she said, holding him fast; and he stood behind her chair, a mere shadow, and they listened, holding their breath. Silence, rustling, creeping, full of secret stir and movements; and then there was a louder rustle, and a little trembling frightened voice, like a lost child, cried "Mamma!" The voice seemed to come out of the rose-bushes close to the window, plaintive, complaining, feeble, like a voice in a dream—"Mamma!"

"Oh, who is that?" cried Mrs. Mitford, all trembling; "who is it? Is it a spirit? Who is it that calls me mamma?"

John stood still, spellbound. He could not move, nor believe his ears. And then his mother rose up, though she could scarcely stand. "Nobody calls me mamma but one," she cried; "only Kate! Oh my good Lord, something has happened to Kate!"

And then, all at once, the darkness stirred, and a little black figure formed itself out of the night, and glided into the window. Was it a ghost? was it she, killed by unkindness, come to pay them a visit on her way to heaven? The mother and son thought so for one dreadful moment. Her face was as pale as death; her dress all black as the night out of which she came. Mrs. Mitford gave a wild shriek, of which she was not sensible, and fell back on her son, who held her, and gazed and gasped. But Kate did not think it strange. It was natural his mother should shrink from her, she thought, and she did not see John in the shadow. She was not thinking of John then. She came

in with her little soft quiet step, and threw herself down at Mrs. Mitford's knee.

"Yes, it is me," she said; "it is Kate. Mamma, save me; oh take me in and save me! I have nobody to come to but you. They want me to be untrue to my John," she cried, suddenly, with a shrill break in her voice; "and he has deserted me. Oh, mamma, whom can I come to but you?"

John dropped his mother into her chair. He made one stride round the table, and clutched at the kneeling creature. He took her up in his arms like a child, and turned her wan face to him, holding it in his hand. He was almost rough with her in the anguish of his eagerness. "It is Kate," he said, with an unintelligible cry, and kissed her, and burst out weeping with a great sound, which seemed to fill the whole house. "It is Kate!" raining down kisses upon her hair and her upturned face; and so stood with her little figure lifted in his arms, mad with the wonder and the misery and the joy—till suddenly the pale little face drooped unconscious, and she hung a dead weight on his arm. I have killed her now," he cried out, with a sharp voice of anguish, and stayed his kisses and sobs to look at her lying motionless upon his breast.

"It is nothing; she has fainted," cried Mrs. Mitford, who had been slowly coming to herself, and whom this emergency fully roused. "Lay her down on the sofa; bring me some water; ring the bell. Oh my poor child! how she must have suffered! how pale she is! Don't touch her, John; let her lie still. Oh Kate, call me mamma again, my darling! Softly, softly; take off her cloak. Water, Lizzie; and keep quiet. Now she will soon come to herself."

But it was some time before Kate came to herself; and the whole house was roused by the news which Lizzie, between the production of two bottles of water, flashed into the kitchen. Dr. Mitford came

and looked at her as she lay, pale and motionless as if she were dead, on the sofa. He walked round it, and took off his spectacles, and looked upon the strange scene with a puckered and careful brow. "Have you sent for the doctor? Have you loosed her stays?" he asked his wife. "They say it is often because of tight stays;" and then he shook his head at the sight. Mrs. Mitford was kneeling by the side of the sofa, bathing Kate's forehead. And John stood at the foot, watching with an anxiety which was uncalled for, and out of all proportion to so common an accident. But how was he to tell, in the great excitement of that wonderful moment, that she was only fainting and not dead?

By-and-by, slowly and feebly, Kate opened her eyes. "Yes," she said, and at the first whisper of her voice they all crowded round with eager ears: "yes; I am not dead, papa, though I think I ought to have been dead! Was it the horse that took fright? Did it happen just now? I thought it was long ago. But here she is putting the water on my forehead, and there are his eyes looking at me—such kind eyes! And she calls him her John. But I feel as if he were my John too. Is this *now*, or is it long ago? Mamma!"

"My darling!" said Mrs. Mitford, with her lips on Kate's cheek.

"Are you my mamma? I can't remember. Or was it just to-day it all happened, and he saved me and you took me in? Ah, no! these are Dr. Mitford and Lizzie, and I have only been dreaming or something; for if it was the first day I should not have known who they were. And I can sit up," said Kate, making a feeble effort to raise herself. She got half up on her elbow, and looked round upon them all with a face like death, and the feeblest of smiles. And then she sank back, and said pettishly, "John need not stand there as if it were that first day. If I were he, and there was

somebody lying here who had been very unkind to me, I would come and give her a kiss, and say 'I am not angry, Kate.'"

John was on his knees by the sofa before she had done speaking; and everybody in the room wept except Dr. Mitford, who gazed, and put on his spectacles again, and shook his head and went away. But he did not go further than the mantelpiece, where he stood and warmed himself, and could not but mark how foolish most people were: but still he was too curious to leave the room, which it would have been so easy to do.

The doctor came presently, having been summoned in haste, and decided that Kate must be put to bed and kept very quiet. She was lying with her arm round John's neck in the candour of reconciliation, terribly pale, but quite at ease. "May I have my old room?" she said, "and will you stay with me, mamma? I have not brought a thing, not so much as a pocket-handkerchief." Kate was Kate again, notwithstanding the dreadful ordeal through which she had passed.

When the unlooked-for visitor had been installed again, an invalid, in the room from which she had sallied forth to invade and transmogrify life at Fanshawe, Mrs. Mitford was called outside to speak to John. She found him with his hat in his hand, ready to go out. "I must go to Fernwood instantly," he said; "I shall be in time for the last train from Camelford. Her father must know without delay."

"Do you suppose he does not know?" cried Mrs. Mitford. Such an idea had not occurred to her dutiful mind. "But, my dear, surely to-morrow will do."

"I don't think I should lose an hour in letting him know she is in safety. Mother, you will not leave her; you will be very, very good to her—for my sake."

"Oh, my dear, and for her own too," said Mrs. Mitford, with tears. "Listen, she is calling me. She cannot bear me out of her sight."

Upon which John took his mother in his arms, and kissed her as he had not done for long, and hurried out with tears in his eyes, and a heart as light as a feather. How the whole world had changed! He looked up at the light in her window as he sped along towards the station, and his whole being melted in a flood of tenderness. She was not a lady of romance—not a peerless princess above all soil of human weakness—but one that did wrong and was sorry, and would do wrong again, perhaps, and yet win a hundred tender pardons. Her very sin against him was only another sweetness. But for that she would never have come to him, nor have thrown herself thus upon his love. John skimmed along the dark road which Kate had trod so dolefully, scarcely feeling that he touched the ground. He was too happy even to think. It seemed to be only about two minutes till he was in Camelford, the lights flashing past him through the night. He went across the station hastily towards the platform, which was swarming with the crowd that always made a rush for the last train. The London train, which was the one that passed Fanshawe, left in about a quarter of an hour, and John was aware that it would be impossible for him to get back that night. But midway between the two, among the porters and the luggage, and all the prosaic details of the place, he ran against some one who called him sharply by his name. And then his shoulder was clutched and himself brought to a sudden standstill. It was Mr. Crediton in search of Kate.

"Where are you going?" he asked, imperiously. But John had begun to tell his tale without waiting to be questioned. "I am on my way to Fernwood," he said, "to let you know. Mr. Crediton, Kate is with my mother." And then there was a pause, and the two looked into each other's faces. They confronted each other in the

midst of the most ordinary prose of life, one the victor, the other the vanquished, with supreme triumph on one side and mortification on the other. John could afford to be friendly and humble, being the conqueror, but Mr. Crediton in the darkness set his teeth.

"Well," he said, with a long-drawn breath, "things being as they are, perhaps on the whole that is best."

"Mr. Crediton," said John, "you cannot expect me to say I am sorry. God knows how happy and proud I am; but yet I can understand how you should be reluctant to give her to me—"

"Reluctant!" cried her father, between his set teeth, and then he stopped short, and made a supreme effort. "What are you going to do?" he said. "Your train is just starting—unless I can offer you a bed for the night."

"Will not you come to Fanshawe with me?"

"It is useless now. I am glad she is safe—that was all I wanted to know," said Kate's father, with a thrill of pain in his voice. He stood still a moment longer, gazing blankly at John without seeing him, and then added, "Of course after this there is nothing more to be said."

"I think not," said John, humbly. It is so easy to be humble when one has the victory. He looked wistfully at his adversary, longing to say something friendly, something comforting. "There is nothing in the world I would not do for her happiness," he added. "I would have given her up; but I thank God that is over now."

"Of course it is over," said Mr. Crediton. "If you choose to return to the bank different arrangements shall be made. Of course I have nothing for it but to acquiesce now;" and he turned away his head and stood mute, in an attitude which went to John's heart.

"I am sorry you don't like me," he said, involuntarily; "but when

you see her happy—as please God she shall be happy——”

“That will do,” said Mr. Crediton, waving his hand; “you will lose your train—good night.” He turned and moved a few steps away and then came back again. “If your mother will be so good as to bring up my child to me as soon as she is able—to-morrow if she is able—I shall be much obliged to her; and in the morning, if you like, I shall be glad to see you at the bank.”

“I will come,” said John; and then he asked more humbly than ever, “Will you send no message to Kate?”

“Message! what message could I send her? I have been the most indulgent of fathers, and she deceives me. I have kept her as the apple of my eye, and she runs away from me to you. What does she know of you that she should put you before me?” cried the father, with sudden passion: and then he stopped again with that sense of the vanity and uselessness of all passion which comes natural to a man of the world. “Tell her I am glad she has taken no harm, and that I expect her to be at home at Fernwood when I return to-morrow,” he added, in his hardest, calmest voice: “good-night.”

If there had been anybody there strict to interpret the by-laws of the railway company, no doubt John Mitford would have suffered for it—for he made a spring into the train when it was fairly off, aided and abetted by a Fanshawe guard, who shouted “Here you are, sir!” in defiance of all by-laws. Mr. Crediton went back to his house in Camelford, to the great amazement of the housekeeper, and sat half through the night thinking it over, trying to make the best of it. There was nothing further to be said. From the moment when Kate’s little note was delivered to him by the frightened Parsons before dinner, he had felt that the matter was settled and could not be reopened. “Papa, he

has not given me up, and I will not give him up, and my heart is broken, and I am going to Mrs. Mitford at Fanshawe,” was what Kate said. It had been supposed by Fred Huntley and himself that her failure at five o’clock was the result of her headache, or of a little perversity, and it was not till just before dinner that the note was found on her dressing-table. Mr. Crediton sat at the foot of his table and made-believe to eat his dinner, and explained that Kate had a bad headache; and as soon as the ladies had left the table made some excuse of urgent business and hastened to Camelford. He had handed the note to Fred first, who received it after the first shock as became a man of the world. “I will stay, and do what I can to amuse the people to-night,” he said, “and to-morrow morning I will go. Thanks for all you would have done for me. Perhaps we pressed her too hard at the last.”

“You are a good fellow, Fred,” said Mr. Crediton; “God bless you! I can never forget how well you have behaved. You can scarcely feel it more than I do,” he added, with something rising in his throat. Huntley wrung his hand, but shook his head a little and did not speak. They were in the wrong, and Fred had been almost a traitor; but yet they had their feelings too, and he felt it more than the father did—who had not lost her, and would come round and forgive—more than anybody could have supposed Fred Huntley would feel anything. The people in the drawing-room said to each other how pale he was. “Is it all because Kate has a headache?” they asked each other; but he did his best to replace the missing host, and went off in the morning without saying a word to anybody. “I am not much of a good fellow,” he said to himself bitterly, “but still I am not such a cad as to shriek out when I’m beaten; and I am beaten, worse luck!” Thus Fred Huntley disappeared and was seen no more.

Next morning John was allowed to go in under his mother's charge to Kate's room, where she sat up in her bed, still pale, but growing red as a rose at the sight of him, wrapt in Mrs. Mitford's dressing-gown. The kind woman had a little doubt whether it was quite right; but as she was present every moment of the time, and heard every word they said, there could not be any great harm done; and it was right that she should know all that her father had said. "Must I go back to-day? am I able?" she said, with supplication in her eyes, looking at Mrs. Mitford; but soon was quite diverted from that subject by hearing of John's appointment for that morning to meet her father at the bank.

"I wonder what different arrangements he will make," she said, looking up in her lover's face, and pressing in her little hand the big fingers which held hers. Her face grew solemn gazing up at him. If she could but have gone with him, stood by him, made sure that there would be nothing to vex him. Kate had been down to the lowest depths last night, and had sought help, and knew herself incapable of giving it; but in the morning Kate was a different woman, and longed to interfere and defend her own, and take into her hands once more the guidance of affairs.

The mother and the son looked at each other, and then Mrs. Mitford spoke. "My dear," she said, faltering, "I hope you will not be much disappointed. You can see yourself that the other way did not bring a blessing. Kate, before you came last night, John had made up his mind to be a clergyman after all."

As for John he took both her hands in his and watched with unspeakable anxiety the expression of her face. But Kate drew her hands away and listened, not looking at him, —not taking in at first, he thought, the meaning of what was said. Then all at once she sat upright and threw her arms round his neck. I am not sure that she ought to

have been so demonstrative; but she was. "I am so glad!" she cried—"I am so glad! Oh, you dear old John, that will set everything right!"

"But, Kate," remonstrated Mrs. Mitford, utterly bewildered by this inconsistency, "you used to say——"

"Mamma," said Kate, solemnly, pushing her lover away from her, "I know I was meant, from the first moment I was born, to be a clergyman's wife."

To this solemn protestation what could anybody reply?

And the curious fact was that it turned out quite true. It was her natural business in this world to manage everybody—the parish and the poor, and a whole little kingdom; and it was something utterly new and delightful, and gave full scope for all her powers. Mr. Crediton resisted, as was natural, and the Fanshawes held out a little about the nephew to whom they had promised the living; and John had his own difficulties, of which, after all this, he spoke but little; but everything came right in the end. My own belief is that a curacy in a town would have been a great deal better for him to begin with, and that was his own opinion; but nobody else was of the same mind: and even in the country, in the village, there is scope enough to show, as John said, that though the work may be sadly imperfect, sadly unsuccessful and unsatisfactory, it was still the best that is to be had in this imperfect world.

And I hope they will be very happy, now all their troubles (as people say) are over. But it is very hard to make any prediction on such a subject, and one cannot help feeling as Mr. Crediton felt, and as Kate herself even was so candid as to allow, that but for that very confusing condition called Love, which puts out so many calculations, Fred Huntley would have been a much more suitable match for her after all.

awakened eyes for half an hour more. By that time her resolution was formed. She was miserable and impatient of her misery, and every way of escape seemed shut off except this one, and it was something to do which soothed her excitement. It was not with any such thought that she had sent Parsons away. Nothing had been settled in her mind, or even thought

of, till Fred Huntley's voice and the railway bell thus succeeded each other. In circumstances so desperate there is nothing like a sudden inspiration. Four o'clock the big clock sounded from the stables, and a succession of fairy chimes rang from all the rooms of the house. Four! and no more time to think—for there was not another moment to lose.

CHAPTER XXX.

Kate had never gone anywhere alone before. She was nothing but one big beating heart, beating so that the little body that contained it could scarcely breathe, when she slipped down the back-stairs and out at the side-door. She put on a great waterproof cloak, one of those garments which are next thing to the domino of the drama as a means of disguise, and had a black dress on, and a black hat, and a great veil tied over her face as fashion permits. A mask could not have been a greater protection. She was, indeed, masked from head to foot, and except by her gait or outline of her figure could not have been recognised. It seemed to her as if the beating of her heart must have been heard through all the house, and brought everybody to see what such a noise meant; but it was not so. In her proper person, and with her pretty face open to the light, Kate Crediton was as courageous as any girl could be, and that is saying a great deal; but masked and cloaked as she was, and running away, she was all over abject terror. She trembled when the railway porter came to tell her about the train; her voice was scarcely audible when she got her ticket; she shrank away to the farthest corner, and hid herself for the few horrible moments that she had to wait. And no words can express the sense of guilt and fear and forlorn loneliness with which she contemplated all the varieties of the journey which she had undertaken. To get out of the carriage by herself

at Camelford, to steal across the crowded railway station, a little shrinking black figure in the lamplight, to take another ticket, and have herself put into another train, and then to look forward to the long walk in the dark, the country road, the stillness and loneliness and suspicious looks of everybody who should meet her! Her own opinion was that two or three times over she had nearly died of it: and, to tell the truth, she was not far wrong. The weather had grown milder, but she shivered in her excitement; and it was very cloudy and damp, with occasional showers, and little light in the pale sky. How was she to do it? And what reception was she likely to meet with at the end? And her father, what would his feelings be? All these things seized upon Kate, and caught her in their clutches, and hung about her like ghosts as she pursued her lonely journey. Sometimes her natural courage made an effort to assert itself, but the courage of a girl of nineteen is but little able to sustain her under the sense of secrecy and flight and loneliness and a dark country road. When she had arrived at the conclusion of her journey, the poor child set out half-a-dozen times from the little lighted station which was as an oasis in the desert of darkness, and as many times crept back again to the shelter of the friendly lights. She leant against the paling of the station-master's cottage opposite the window, where there was protection,

and cried. Darkness that she could feel crept and rustled about her; and silence, which she could feel too, penetrated to her very soul. She did not dare to ask the porter who had looked at her so curiously, to go with her. He might kill her on the road, and leave her lying there all covered by the darkness, to be found out when it was too late. Kate cried over this picture of herself. They would all be sorry then; they would be grieved that they had driven her desperate; and there was one that would never, never recover it all his life. Oh that he were only there now with his strong arm to support her—oh John, John, John! And all this time his heart was aching too, thinking she had forsaken him. Where was he? Like herself out somewhere in the night full of despairing thoughts. And here was still this dreadful passage to be crossed before she could even hear of him where he was.

At Fanshawe the scene was very different. Mrs. Mitford was seated by the lamp, with her basket by her full of things to mend; but her hands had fallen into her lap, and there were signs of agitation in her face. There was a fire burning at the other end of the room, which gave it a different aspect, but she had not yet given up her summer-seat, and the window was open as of old. In the shade behind the lamp, some one was walking up and down—up and down, filling the room with a sense of restlessness and restraint. The two were talking in hushed tones as if something had happened. And not long before, Dr. Mitford had flung away out of the room in anger which could scarcely find strong enough expression, "You should have thought of all this sooner. What! back off? Quarrel with your good fortune and all your prospects! No, I have no patience. He has behaved like a fool, and ought to be treated as such," the Doctor had cried. He was ashamed of his son and of sundry little brags of his own, which

John's fine prospects had called from him; and he did not know how to face the Fanshawes and all the rest of the parish, and allow that John had thrown all his advantages away. He had been struggling, as a weak hot-tempered man is apt to struggle, against the inevitable, that whole day: he had been endeavouring to drive John back to a sense of his duty, to Camelford and the bank. "If you had taken my advice you never would have gone into it," he cried; "but now that the sacrifice has been made, to draw back! I have no patience with such folly." John had not said a word in self-defence. He said, "I have been a fool; it is quite true, mother," when Mrs. Mitford tried to defend him: and the day had been wretched enough to all concerned. What was he going to do with himself now he had come home? Did he think he could be kept in idleness at his time of life? Such were the galling questions that had been put to John all day long. He had made little answer, and his mother believed he was as much in the dark as she was herself. And naturally, though she could not have taunted her boy as her husband did, still the question was to her, as to him, a very serious one. He could not live at home doing nothing. He had thrown away one hope for the future, and now another; and what was he to do?

"A thing may be very imperfect, very unsatisfactory, not much good that one can see; and yet it may be the best thing in the world."

This was what John said, breaking the stillness after a long interval; and he paused in his walk and stood still in the shaded part of the room, behind his mother's chair.

"I don't know what you mean, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford. "How can a thing be unsatisfactory and yet be the best thing in the world? And oh, my own boy, what has that to do with you and me?"

"It has a great deal to do with you and me," he said, behind her

chair. "I could not answer my father's questions. It was hard enough to listen to them and keep my patience; but, mother dear, I can't shut my heart to you. I am not going to live upon you in idleness. I am going back to the work you have trained me for all my life."

"John!" said his mother, with a bewildered cry of joy. She held out her arms to him, and he came and knelt down by her, and they held each other close. "Oh my boy, my boy, my son!" she murmured over him, as she had murmured over his cradle. She could find no other words; but as for John, his decision was no joy to him. He had nothing to say to add to the importance of the moment. Thus it must be, and there was a sense of repose in his mind now that he had decided. It was not so great a work, perhaps, as she thought; but still it was the best in the world; and whether hopefully or sadly, what did it matter? a man could do his duty in it. There was no more to be said.

"But oh, John," said Mrs. Mitford, raising her head at last with tears of mingled joy and pain in her eyes, "that will make but little difference now, so far as this world is concerned. It will not make your poor papa less angry, as it would have done three months ago. Mr. Fanshawe has promised the living to his nephew. It is a family living, you know; and it was only because they were so fond of us—I mean of your papa—that you were to have it; and I was so happy always to think you would take up our work. My dear boy! if you are thinking of Fanshawe, that is all over now."

"So much the better, mother," said John; "I was not thinking of Fanshawe. I will take a curacy in a town where there is plenty of work to do, and fight the devil if I can. People say there is no devil; but I think I know better. We shall fight him still, please God!"

"God bless my boy! God bless

my dearest boy!" cried the mother, with a poignant thrill of delight and disappointment. It was the desire of her heart that was being given to her; but yet so strangely transmogrified, so warped out of the fashion in which she had prayed for it, that it was hard to tell whether it was most pain or joy. And it was after this moment of agitation that her hands had fallen into her lap, though she had a great deal of work to do; and that John had resumed his walk with a relieved mind on the dark side of the room. He was relieved, and yet his heart was so heavy that it made his step heavy too. It sounded like the meditative pace of some old man burdened with care, instead of the elastic step of youth.

And then, as silence, unbroken except by that step, came over them again, there fell into the quiet a sudden little sharp sound like the click of a latch. Mrs. Mitford only heard it, and pricked up her ears with the quick alarm of a dweller in the country. "I wonder if the garden-gate is locked," she said, softly; "it ought to be locked, now the nights are so dark."

John made no answer, he had not even remarked the sound; but his mother held her breath and listened with some uneasiness. Nothing followed for many minutes. Stillness as perfect as the darkness seemed to settle outside; but yet what was that?—a step upon the gravel? Mrs. Mitford gave a nervous start, and then commanded herself. She had so often thought she heard steps on the gravel. "I think the window should be shut—it grows so chilly," she went on; but she spoke very low, and still John took no notice. His step went on and on like a kind of chorus. Even his mother, although so near him, saw but a shadowy something walking up and down, and did not derive all the comfort she might have done from his presence. She would have risen to close the window herself, but a certain terror prevented her; and

he took no notice, being absorbed in his own thoughts.

At last Mrs. Mitford's nervousness got the better of her. She put out her hand and caught him as he passed behind her chair. "John," she said, in a whisper, "listen. I think I hear some one in the garden. Hark! I am sure that was a step on the path."

"It is only fancy, mother," said John.

"But hush, hark!" she said, holding him fast; and he stood behind her chair, a mere shadow, and they listened, holding their breath. Silence, rustling, creeping, full of secret stirs and movements; and then there was a louder rustle, and a little trembling frightened voice, like a lost child, cried "Mamma!" The voice seemed to come out of the rose-bushes close to the window, plaintive, complaining, feeble, like a voice in a dream—"Mamma!"

"Oh, who is that?" cried Mrs. Mitford, all trembling; "who is it? Is it a spirit? Who is it that calls me mamma?"

John stood still, spellbound. He could not move, nor believe his ears. And then his mother rose up, though she could scarcely stand. "Nobody calls me mamma but one," she cried; "only Kate! Oh my good Lord, something has happened to Kate!"

And then, all at once, the darkness stirred, and a little black figure formed itself out of the night, and glided into the window. Was it a ghost? was it she, killed by unkindness, come to pay them a visit on her way to heaven? The mother and son thought so for one dreadful moment. Her face was as pale as death; her dress all black as the night out of which she came. Mrs. Mitford gave a wild shriek, of which she was not sensible, and fell back on her son, who held her, and gazed and gasped. But Kate did not think it strange. It was natural his mother should shrink from her, she thought, and she did not see John in the shadow. She was not thinking of John then. She came

in with her little soft quiet step, and threw herself down at Mrs. Mitford's knee.

"Yes, it is me," she said; "it is Kate. Mamma, save me; oh take me in and save me! I have nobody to come to but you. They want me to be untrue to my John," she cried, suddenly, with a shrill break in her voice; "and he has deserted me. Oh, mamma, whom can I come to but you?"

John dropped his mother into her chair. He made one stride round the table, and clutched at the kneeling creature. He took her up in his arms like a child, and turned her wan face to him, holding it in his hand. He was almost rough with her in the anguish of his eagerness. "It is Kate," he said, with an unintelligible cry, and kissed her, and burst out weeping with a great sound, which seemed to fill the whole house. "It is Kate!" raining down kisses upon her hair and her upturned face; and so stood with her little figure lifted in his arms, mad with the wonder and the misery and the joy—till suddenly the pale little face drooped unconscious, and she hung a dead weight on his arm. I have killed her now," he cried out, with a sharp voice of anguish, and stayed his kisses and sobs to look at her lying motionless upon his breast.

"It is nothing; she has fainted," cried Mrs. Mitford, who had been slowly coming to herself, and whom this emergency fully roused. "Lay her down on the sofa; bring me some water; ring the bell. Oh my poor child! how she must have suffered! how pale she is! Don't touch her, John; let her lie still. Oh Kate, call me mamma again, my darling! Softly, softly; take off her cloak. Water, Lizzie; and keep quiet. Now she will soon come to herself."

But it was some time before Kate came to herself; and the whole house was roused by the news which Lizzie, between the production of two bottles of water, flashed into the kitchen. Dr. Mitford came

and looked at her as she lay, pale and motionless as if she were dead, on the sofa. He walked round it, and took off his spectacles, and looked upon the strange scene with a puckered and careful brow. "Have you sent for the doctor? Have you loosed her stays?" he asked his wife. "They say it is often because of tight stays;" and then he shook his head at the sight. Mrs. Mitford was kneeling by the side of the sofa, bathing Kate's forehead. And John stood at the foot, watching with an anxiety which was uncalled for, and out of all proportion to so common an accident. But how was he to tell, in the great excitement of that wonderful moment, that she was only fainting and not dead?

By-and-by, slowly and feebly, Kate opened her eyes. "Yes," she said, and at the first whisper of her voice they all crowded round with eager ears: "yes; I am not dead, papa, though I think I ought to have been dead! Was it the horse that took fright? Did it happen just now! I thought it was long ago. But here she is putting the water on my forehead, and there are his eyes looking at me—such kind eyes! And she calls him her John. But I feel as if he were my John too. Is this *now*, or is it long ago? Mamma!"

"My darling!" said Mrs. Mitford, with her lips on Kate's cheek.

"Are you my mamma? I can't remember. Or was it just to-day it all happened, and he saved me and you took me in? Ah, no! these are Dr. Mitford and Lizzie, and I have only been dreaming or something; for if it was the first day I should not have known who they were. And I can sit up," said Kate, making a feeble effort to raise herself. She got half up on her elbow, and looked round upon them all with a face like death, and the feeblest of smiles. And then she sank back, and said pettishly, "John need not stand there as if it were that first day. If I were he, and there was

somebody lying here who had been very unkind to me, I would come and give her a kiss, and say 'I am not angry, Kate.'"

John was on his knees by the sofa before she had done speaking; and everybody in the room wept except Dr. Mitford, who gazed, and put on his spectacles again, and shook his head and went away. But he did not go further than the mantelpiece, where he stood and warmed himself, and could not but mark how foolish most people were: but still he was too curious to leave the room, which it would have been so easy to do.

The doctor came presently, having been summoned in haste, and decided that Kate must be put to bed and kept very quiet. She was lying with her arm round John's neck in the candour of reconciliation, terribly pale, but quite at ease. "May I have my old room?" she said, "and will you stay with me, mamma? I have not brought a thing, not so much as a pocket-handkerchief." Kate was Kate again, notwithstanding the dreadful ordeal through which she had passed.

When the unlooked-for visitor had been installed again, an invalid, in the room from which she had sallied forth to invade and transmute life at Fanshawe, Mrs. Mitford was called outside to speak to John. She found him with his hat in his hand, ready to go out. "I must go to Fernwood instantly," he said; "I shall be in time for the last train from Camelford. Her father must know without delay."

"Do you suppose he does not know?" cried Mrs. Mitford. Such an idea had not occurred to her dutiful mind. "But, my dear, surely to-morrow will do."

"I don't think I should lose an hour in letting him know she is in safety. Mother, you will not leave her; you will be very, very good to her—for my sake."

"Oh, my dear, and for her own too," said Mrs. Mitford, with tears. "Listen, she is calling me. She cannot bear me out of her sight."

you see her happy—as please God she shall be happy——”

“That will do,” said Mr. Crediton, waving his hand; “you will lose your train—good night.” He turned and moved a few steps away and then came back again. “If your mother will be so good as to bring up my child to me as soon as she is able—to-morrow if she is able—I shall be much obliged to her; and in the morning, if you like, I shall be glad to see you at the bank.”

“I will come,” said John; and then he asked more humbly than ever, “Will you send no message to Kate?”

“Message! what message could I send her? I have been the most indulgent of fathers, and she deceives me. I have kept her as the apple of my eye, and she runs away from me to you. What does she know of you that she should put you before me?” cried the father, with sudden passion: and then he stopped again with that sense of the vanity and uselessness of all passion which comes natural to a man of the world. “Tell her I am glad she has taken no harm, and that I expect her to be at home at Fernwood when I return to-morrow,” he added, in his hardest, calmest voice: “good-night.”

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has not given me up, and I will not give him up, and my heart is broken, and I am going to Mrs. Mitford at Fanshawe,” was what Kate said. It had been supposed by Fred Huntley and himself that her failure at five o’clock was the result of her headache, or of a little perversity, and it was not till just before dinner that the note was found on her dressing-table. Mr. Crediton sat at the foot of his table and made-believe to eat his dinner, and explained that Kate had a bad headache; and as soon as the ladies had left the table made some excuse of urgent business and hastened to Camelford. He had handed the note to Fred first, who received it after the first shock as became a man of the world. “I will stay, and do what I can to amuse the people to-night,” he said, “and to-morrow morning I will go. Thanks for all you would have done for me. Perhaps we pressed her too hard at the last.”

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"I wonder what different arrangements he will make," she said, looking up in her lover's face, and pressing in her little hand the big fingers which held hers. Her face grew solemn gazing up at him. If she could but have gone with him, stood by him, made sure that there would be nothing to vex him. Kate had been down to the lowest depths last night, and had sought help, and knew herself incapable of giving it; but in the morning Kate was a different woman, and longed to interfere and defend her own, and take into her hands once more the guidance of affairs.

The mother and the son looked at each other, and then Mrs. Mitford spoke. "My dear," she said, faltering, "I hope you will not be much disappointed. You can see yourself that the other way did not bring a blessing. Kate, before you came last night, John had made up his mind to be a clergyman after all."

As for John he took both her hands in his and watched with unspeakable anxiety the expression of her face. But Kate drew her hands away and listened, not looking at him, —not taking in at first, he thought, the meaning of what was said. Then all at once she sat upright and threw her arms round his neck. I am not sure that she ought to

have been so demonstrative; but she was. "I am so glad!" she cried—"I am so glad! Oh, you dear old John, that will set everything right!"

"But, Kate," remonstrated Mrs. Mitford, utterly bewildered by this inconsistency, "you used to say——"

"Mamma," said Kate, solemnly, pushing her lover away from her, "I know I was meant, from the first moment I was born, to be a clergyman's wife."

To this solemn protestation what could anybody reply?

And the curious fact was that it turned out quite true. It was her natural business in this world to manage everybody—the parish and the poor, and a whole little kingdom; and it was something utterly new and delightful, and gave full scope for all her powers. Mr. Crediton resisted, as was natural, and the Fanshawes held out a little about the nephew to whom they had promised the living; and John had his own difficulties, of which, after all this, he spoke but little; but everything came right in the end. My own belief is that a curacy in a town would have been a great deal better for him to begin with, and that was his own opinion; but nobody else was of the same mind: and even in the country, in the village, there is scope enough to show, as John said, that though the work may be sadly imperfect, sadly unsuccessful and unsatisfactory, it was still the best that is to be had in this imperfect world.

And I hope they will be very happy, now all their troubles (as people say) are over. But it is very hard to make any prediction on such a subject, and one cannot help feeling as Mr. Crediton felt, and as Kate herself even was so candid as to allow, that but for that very confusing condition called Love, which puts out so many calculations, Fred Huntley would have been a much more suitable match for her after all.

LECKY'S HISTORY OF MORALS.

MR. LECKY could not have chosen for his latest work a nobler subject than the history of European morality; and since it was necessary to limit himself to a fragment of that history, we know not that he could have chosen more wisely than by fixing on the interval between Augustus and Charlemagne. At all events, the starting-point is well selected; and if there is no definite period marked out by the transitory empire of Charlemagne, Mr. Lecky may remedy this defect, as he probably intends to do, by continuing the history up to some further epoch, say, till he has established the several modern nations into which Europe is at present divided. The entrance of a distinct nationality must always be an event of some importance in the history of morals; and after the disruption of the Roman Empire, and the ultimate triumph of Christianity, the mind of the speculative inquirer is next arrested by the new nationalities, French, Spanish, German, into which Christendom develops.

Standing on the empire of Augustus, we are permitted to look back to the great Roman Republic, and scan its moral aspects. Nay, we are compelled to do so. For that noble Stoicism which rises before us in the Empire—one of the grandest products of the human mind—was a legacy of the Republic. It was bred in the Republic, though it came to maturity in the Empire. Standing, too, on this epoch, we are able to look back on heathenism and forward to Christianity: we mark the entrance of that new faith which was destined, in some respects, to revolutionise the morality as well as the religion of Europe. We see it stealing in, almost unnoticed, amongst a hun-

dred other novelties, home-bred, or imported from Eastern countries—Egypt, or Chaldæa, or Judæa; we see it first in the shape of a few social groups of enthusiastic, pious, simple-minded, and for the most part uneducated men, devoted to the one task of meriting heaven (which was soon to descend upon them, or to which they were soon to be elevated) by the love of God and the love of their neighbour. The new social group, sobering somewhat in its anticipations, becomes also a school of thought. Philosophy took shelter with Faith. It became also a government. The new society separating itself at every possible point from the Pagan empire, framed tribunals of its own for the regulations of such disputes as might still arise amongst the fraternity, or rather they found such tribunals in the venerated teachers or ecclesiastical functionaries necessary to such a society. Thus when the civil empire, which first despised and then persecuted the new society, crumbles into ruin, it is in the Christian community that law and order and the power of self-government are found to reside. The empire itself takes refuge in the Christian society. Constantine finds that the heathen gods have become powerless—that the obedience which knits a multitude into a commonwealth was no longer theirs to bestow—and he re-establishes civil society by the aid of his bishops and his clergy. He retires to a new capital, where he rules as head of the Christian community. The old capital from which he retreats falls into the hands of its bishop, and its bishop gathers up the sceptre that had been dropt in the senate-house, and in his spiritual supremacy revives, and more

History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky, M.A.

than revives, the world-wide dominion of Rome.

Here are materials—how large!—for the history of morals. What a beautiful ideal—what an admirable type of character—comes in with Christianity! It is benevolence to man, obedience to God. If the ideal character set before mankind for imitation is not perfect, it is simply because no one ideal can embrace all that humanity requires and applauds in her millions of sons, having many very different parts to play. But benevolence to man and obedience to God—what one formula could embrace more than this? How it turns the eyes from war and strife of all kinds, how it turns the hand to industry, how it turns the heart to the generous or the equitable distribution of the fruits of industry! Alas! when the Christian society which met together for worship and for love—to remind each other that all their actions were to be governed by the one spirit of loving-kindness (for were they not all the children of the one Father, who was intolerant of strife? were they not of that family of Christ whose sole bonds of union were love and faith?)—when this little community expanded to embrace the world, it let in—how could it be otherwise?—all the wild human life that was beating against its boundaries. It enlarged its boundaries, willing to enfold the world, but the wolf came with the lamb. Every wild beast crept in. The leopard was baptised as he entered, but he was the leopard still. Not a vice, whether of barbarians glorying in their strength and their tyrannical use of it, or of civilised men, corrupted by their miserable ardour for sensual pleasure—not a vice of the outer world which did not leap the fold, and display itself in full vigour in the now too extended community of Christians. The barrier, in short, was broken down between the world and the Christian; it had to be erected again between

Christian and Christian, the real and the nominal. Here and there the monastery shut in the more pure and timid of the family of love. Where no walls separated them, the little faithful family gathered itself, as it could, round some exemplary priest. Then was the old antagonism between the world and the Christian revived under a new aspect.

But that which the Christians were now compelled to designate, with asperity and aversion, as *the world*, was different in many respects from that old Pagan world which their earliest ancestors had to do battle with. The veritable Church of Christ was not so completely overpowered by those vulgar realities which it had to admit, and which it had been stretching out its arms to receive, but that it was able to exert some influence on those hosts of energetic and turbulent passions which had invaded it. The everyday movement of life was not exactly what it had been in the Pagan society; ambition, and cupidity, and lust, and revenge, were not to be exorcised, it seems; but they put on some novelty of aspect. The morality of Christendom was not of that uniform celestial hue which some had been led to expect as the issue of the triumph of Christianity over Paganism; it was not all heavenly—perhaps there goes something more than blue sky and what can float in it to constitute a living world—but nevertheless it had undergone some remarkable modifications. Circumstances, too, of a quite secular nature contributed their influence. The conquerors of Rome were not only and altogether destroyers. Some of them, the Germanic races especially, brought in a manly spirit of self-reliance, much wanted in a servile population or in a city populace made idle by being fed from the public granaries. They introduced, too, a more healthy relation between the two sexes. Later on in the history we find new industries springing up in the

towns of Europe. Trade and manufactures, with their attendant systems of credit and extensive combinations, have their sober prosaic influences on morality. Christendom, as a whole, has never receded, never gone back to the level from which it started. Within these last centuries it has manifestly advanced in its morality. Will it continue to advance? asks one. Will it continue to *be* Christendom? asks another. Can it cease to be Christendom and not lapse into something worse than Paganism? asks a third.

We see at a glance how wide a field of history and speculation Mr. Lecky opens before us. How has he acquitted himself of his great undertaking? On this we feel that we have but to endorse the verdict given with a rather unusual unanimity by the public and his critics. His two agreeable volumes have been well received and eagerly read. They have indeed been so ably discussed, and, on the whole, so uniformly appreciated, that we should have to apologise for drawing attention to them at this late hour if the subject they treat had not in itself an endless interest. We may, at least, very well spare ourselves the labour of any minute criticism, and select such topics for discussion as attract us from their own curiosity or importance.

So far as our acquaintance with contemporary criticism enables us to judge, there is, as we have intimated, an unusual degree of unanimity in the appreciation which Mr. Lecky's writings have met with. When a writer enters, however carefully, into the domain of religious or metaphysical discussions, he will, of course, find his praise or blame graduated very much according to his agreement or disagreement with his reader's preconceptions. We cannot think a man so very wise—so wise as he should be—who fails to see some truth very clear to us. Mr. Lecky, both here and in his previous work, enters on these domains of con-

troversy, and must to some extent share the usual fate of all who do so; but he has borne himself very discreetly in these disturbed regions, and has excited but little hostility. Churchmen forgave his Rationalism, or looked indulgently upon it. Perhaps he has been most angrily encountered by the Utilitarian moralists whom he controverts in the present work. But the Utilitarian moralist is accustomed to far ruder treatment than he meets with here, and his anger would not perhaps have many sympathisers. On the general merits of our author, the orthodox and unorthodox, whether in philosophy or faith, seem very nearly agreed. Perhaps they neither of them found in him a very formidable antagonist or a very vigorous partisan. A pleasing harmonious style, a fluent classical diction (made doubly grateful by its contrast with that literary slang, that *fast* manner, which has invaded even works pretending to be historical), an erudition quite as extensive as one has a right to expect anywhere out of Germany, a power of generalisation sufficient to map out his subject and arrange his topics with requisite clearness—these good qualities have been universally admitted. And the second work will be generally acknowledged to be in advance of its predecessor. Some of its critics have objected that Mr. Lecky has been too easily satisfied with second-hand authorities—that his research has been deficient amongst the contemporary writings of the several epochs he has had to deal with. This is an objection which we, keenly conscious of the limits of human patience and of human eyesight, do by no means repeat. But there is another objection, still more generally made, which we find ourselves compelled to re-echo. We agree with those who wish that the philosophy of ethics had met with a more distinct and consistent exposition. We find a vagueness

and uncertainty in all those parts of the work which conduct us into what we must designate as philosophical speculation. This is a complaint that has been made by thinkers of very opposite schools, and therefore it cannot be explained as the ungracious utterance of the controversial opponent. Mr. Lecky is generally recognised as a better narrator than a thinker. His topics are well selected and lucidly arranged, and there is an affluence of illustration under each; but there is no main line of philosophic or speculative thought to give an intellectual unity to the work. No one, we apprehend, can be so well read, or have so retained his reading, as not to have to thank Mr. Lecky for important information as well as amusing anecdote; but will any one, on closing these two agreeable volumes, feel that he has got a clearer insight into the progressive course or historical revolution of humanity?—(for what is human morality but the outcome at each epoch of all the knowledge, passion, acts, and faith of humanity?)—will any one go away even *fancying* for a season that he has had some nearer revelation than heretofore of the nature of human history or human development? We suspect not.

This vagueness or poverty of philosophic thought is at once and especially conspicuous in the opening section of the work, entitled, not very appropriately, "The Natural History of Morals." The few observations that bear out this title appear at the close of the section; its great object is, to disclose and defend his own theory of the Conscience, or the moral sentiment of Obligation or Duty. He undertakes to show that this has had, in fact, no history or course of development in the forgotten periods of the past, but is an original intuition of the human mind. We are far from thinking, with one of his critics, that this is in any degree a superfluous portion of his work: we find

it almost unavoidable that an author, intending to write the history of morals, should commence by stating what he means by morality, and especially by the sentiment of Conscience or moral obligation, the acting upon which is supposed to constitute a moral act, *so far as the agent is concerned*. We by no means grudge the space allotted to this discussion; and certainly we have no right to quarrel with Mr. Lecky for taking this or that side in the controversy which has been raised about the moral sentiment. His object is to oppose the Utilitarian school, and advocate the Intuitive school, of Ethics. Nothing could be more legitimate. But not only do we find considerable confusion of thought in his attack upon the Utilitarians; we are still more surprised at the vague, indistinct, and vacillating doctrine which he puts forth as his own, and as that of the Intuitive moralist. We are at a loss to say in which character Mr. Lecky shows to least advantage—whether as the antagonist of the Utilitarian, or the representative of the Intuitionist. We think that it is in the latter character that he will generally be felt to be most deficient. There is at least more excuse for some confusion of thought when we are engaged in extricating ourselves from other men's snares and subtleties, than when we are occupied in expounding our own conclusions. Under the one name of Utilitarian, Mr. Lecky had to combat several writers who varied from each other by nice shades of doctrine. Agreeing in the test by which a rule of morality can alone justify its continuance, they differed in the account they gave of the motives by which men were determined to obey the rule; some holding with a flagrant cynicism that we can act only on selfish motives—motives of personal fear or hope—others applying all the resources of mental chemistry to show how exalted or disinterested motives may arise from, and alternate with, those of a more

ordinary type. A writer who is doing battle at the same time with Hobbes and Bentham and Mr. J. S. Mill, with Paley and Professor Bain and Herbert Spencer, may well be excused if he fall into some occasional obscurities and apparent contradictions. But when Mr. Lecky turns from his opponents, and becomes the interpreter of what he holds up to us as the true doctrine of ethics, we are not disposed to pardon any manifest weakness or vacillation.

Nowhere have we met the doctrine of intuitive morality so vaguely taught, and taught with so little purpose. An unintelligible psychology is introduced, and no end is answered by it, no moral enthusiasm fostered or justified. We all know what magnificent proportions this doctrine is capable of assuming; how in the conscience, or in the "category imperative," as Kant was pleased to call it, men have thought they heard the very voice of God. What is the conscience, say they, but an internal command heard by the soul or intellect of a man? and does not the command reveal and imply a commandment, as certainly as a voice heard by the outward ear reveals a speaker? No man has seen God at any time, but all men have heard Him—heard Him with a more trustworthy sense than the outward ear. The same voice that tells us our duty to man reveals to us our Judge in heaven; reveals God to us not as mere *Being* or *Power*, but in this vivid relationship of Rewarder and Punisher, or Moral Governor. Nay, this same voice of conscience reveals to us our immortality; for the rewards and punishments of obedience and disobedience to the Divine command must be something very different from the consequences attached to our conduct here on earth—consequences most uncertain, and bearing no proportion to the sinfulness of the agent, the very strings of conscience being regulated by the susceptibility of the sinner,

and not by the enormity of the crime, so that the callous offender, by very reason of the habit of crime which has made him callous, is spared from his punishment. We confess, for our part, that we cannot adopt this mode of argument—that we cannot make this bound at once into the very heart of theology—because to us it seems that the sentiment of obligation is first elicited by human society, by the action of our fellow-creatures upon us, and is afterwards transferred to that God above, whom other collateral processes of thought were revealing. The conscience, as we now detect it in ourselves, is in part the *result* of a belief in God and immortality, and cannot be therefore the very origin of that belief. But we can fully sympathise with a certain grandeur and sublimity of this ethical doctrine which has made it a favourite with so many noble intellects. And Mr. Lecky, in some passages of his book, seems to more than sympathise—to coincide with—this religio-ethical theory. "Our knowledge," he says, "of the supreme excellence—our best evidence even of the existence of the Creator—is derived, not from the material universe, but from our own moral natures. It is not of reason, but of faith. In other words, it springs from that instinctive or moral nature which is as truly a part of our being as is our reason—which teaches us what reason could never teach, the supreme and transcendent excellence of moral good—which, rising dissatisfied above this world of sense, proves itself, by the very intensity of its aspiration, to be adapted for another sphere—and which constitutes at once the evidence of a Divine element within us and the augury of the future that is before us."—Vol. i. p. 57. And a little further on, he says: "The reality of this moral nature is the one great question of natural theology, for it involves that connection between our own and a higher nature without which the

existence of a First Cause seems a mere question of archæology, and religion but an exercise of the imagination." But Mr. Lecky by no means sustains this exalted position. What he calls here the Divine element, dwindles down elsewhere into a mere matter of taste—a preference for one emotion or for one mental pleasure over another. If the Divine element is not this very recognition of a *command*, how does it connect us with the Deity? Is it "divine" simply because we think it a better element than others? In this sense we sometimes speak of the divine rapture of music and the divine beauty of a scene. That the conscience does assume the aspect of a command is a fact not open to dispute. We incline to think that the command comes first from our fellow-men, who in giving that command were *primarily* instigated by physical wants and desires, pains and pleasures, and the passions of love and hate. Subsequent reasonings or revelations added the command of God. Our present actual conscience is a blending of the two commands.

A mere preference cannot be the distinctive characteristic of the conscience. If I prefer music to the scent of flowers what morality is there here? It is true that the virtuous man prefers virtue to vice, but he feels also under an *obligation ab extra* to have this preference or to act as if he had. This obligation comes, we say, originally from the pressure without—of all on each.

The preferences of mankind are at the basis of all morality, for they determine what the society as a whole imposes on its members; but the mere preference of an individual mind is not in itself morality. It is, in fact, a mere comparison between pleasure and pain, or two pleasures or two emotions. Yet it is in this original act of preference that Mr. Lecky finds his intuition. Surely to tell us that we have an intuitive preference is the same as to tell us that we have an intuitive

comparison—that one comparison is made according to the ordinary laws of thought, and another comparison by some special law or power.

Mr. Lecky slides from the high religious point of view which finds in the conscience a direct command of God—an intuition of obedience—to an intuitive preference of the individual mind for one of its pleasures over another of its pleasures, or one emotion over another. The ground-note of his system, if we may venture to choose between contradictory statements, choosing that which is most frequently repeated, is an intuitive preference of one affection over another—of the affection of benevolence over that of hatred or revenge. And the "sense of obligation" resolves itself into a certain uneasiness or disgust which follows upon this preference being thwarted. The following is as formal a statement of his views as any we can select:—

"All that is necessarily meant by the adherents of this [the intuitive] school is comprised in two propositions. The first is, that our will is not governed exclusively by the law of pleasure or pain, but also by the law of duty, which we feel to be distinct from the former, and to carry with it the sense of obligation. The second is, that *the basis of our conception of duty* is an intuitive perception, that among the various feelings, tendencies, and impulses that constitute our emotional being, there are some which are essentially good and ought to be encouraged, and some which are essentially bad, and ought to be repressed. They contend that it is a psychological fact that we are intuitively conscious that our benevolent affections are superior to our malevolent ones, truth to falsehood, justice to injustice, gratitude to ingratitude, chastity to sensuality; and that in all ages and countries the path of virtue has been towards the higher, and not towards the lower feelings.

"Now it is manifest that, according to this theory, the moral unity to be expected in different ages is not a unity of standard or of acts, but a unity of tendency. Men come into the world

with their benevolent affections very inferior in power to their selfish ones, and the function of morals is to invert this order. The extinction of all selfish feeling is impossible for an individual, and if it were general, it would result in the dissolution of society. The question of morals must always be a question of proportion or degree. At one time the benevolent affections embrace merely the family; soon the circle, expanding, includes first a class, then a nation, then a coalition of nations, then all humanity, and finally, its influence is felt in the dealings of man with the animal world. In each of these stages a standard is formed, different from that of the preceding stage, but in each case the same tendency is recognized as virtue."—Vol. i. p. 102.

It happens that in some of these stages *revenge* and not benevolence receives the highest honour. And how can an *intuitive preference* of benevolence over other affections be our ultimate resting-place when we are told that morality is a question of degree and proportion? The complete triumph of the benevolent affections would lead, we are assured, to the dissolution of society. Have we another intuition to determine the question of degree and proportion? But what of this *sense of obligation* which seems distinctly enunciated in the first of these two propositions? We do not find that in Mr. Lecky's system it is that ineffaceable anticipation of reward and punishment on which the religious moralist builds so confidently. It seems rather to be an uneasiness which begins and ends in itself—which, without some other knowledge, would have no peculiarly religious character. We turn back to another passage, which also wears the aspect of a formal and well-weighed statement. Our conscience

"exercises two distinct functions. It points out a difference between right and wrong; and when its commands are violated, it inflicts a certain measure of suffering and disturbance. The first function it exercises persistently

through life; the second it only exercises under certain special circumstances. It is scarcely conceivable that a man in the possession of his faculties should pass a life in gross depravity and crime without being conscious that he was doing wrong; but it is extremely possible for him to do so without this consciousness having an appreciable influence upon his tranquillity. The condition of this consciousness, as Mr. Carlyle observes, has less influence on the happiness of men than the condition of their lives. *Considered as a source of pain, conscience bears a striking resemblance to the feeling of disgust.* Notwithstanding the assertion of Dr. Johnson, I venture to maintain that there are multitudes to whom the necessity of discharging the duties of a butcher would be so irrepressibly painful and revolting, that if they could obtain flesh-diet on no other conditions, they would relinquish it for ever. But to those who are inured to the trade, this repugnance has simply ceased. It has no place in their emotions or calculations. Nor can it be reasonably questioned that most men by an assiduous attendance at the slaughter-house could acquire a similar indifference. In like manner, the reproaches of conscience are doubtless a very real and important form of suffering to a sensitive, scrupulous, and virtuous girl who has committed some trivial act of levity and disobedience; but to an old and hardened criminal they are a matter of the most absolute indifference."—P. 64.

We make not the least doubt that the old hardened criminal may quite rid himself of the reproaches of conscience; but who that does feel them would recognize this resemblance to the feeling of disgust?

We have quoted Mr. Lecky's own words. We have not made ourselves responsible for any statement of his ethical views; but we have quoted enough to show that they cannot be satisfactory to either of the two great parties in the controversy. My Lord Shaftesbury, if he were alive, would perhaps be contented with them; but who of living men would be now contented with Lord Shaftesbury? * The

* "He [Lord Shaftesbury] does not claim for man any distinct faculty by means of which right purposes and acts are each individually pronounced good,

moral intuition, as here introduced, is so shadowy, so subdued, so limited, that we cannot understand why it should be introduced at all. Nevertheless Mr. Lecky evidently considers that he has a great cause in hand when he is combating the Utilitarians—those psychologists who see in the moral sentiments an evolution from still simpler elements of humanity.

In discussing Utilitarianism, Mr. Lecky brings two subjects before us which are most intimately connected, but which, we need hardly say, must be separately treated,—(1) the test of a moral rule now existing amongst us—the test by which we criticise it and justify its continuance; and (2) the manner in which it *became* a moral rule, and the origin of those sentiments which prompt to the obedience of it.

If we undertake to criticise any rule of morality—that is, to give a reason for its continuance—we immediately revert to the good of society, to the happiness of mankind,—to the test, in short, of utility as it is now generally understood. The rule is useful to man, to society considered as a permanent and enduring whole. There is no other test, no other mode of reasoning possible. We may refuse to reason at all, we may refuse to criticise the rule as being something above all criticism; but if we put to ourselves the question, Why is the rule here? why is it to continue? we have no answer to give, but to show that the wellbeing of man requires it. When a Tahitian woman was asked why she and other Tahitians made it a rule to eat alone, seeing that they were in other respects very sociably inclined—she answered, “Because we *ought* to eat alone.” She had accepted the rule, and considered it above criticism, probably had never reasoned about it for a

moment, did as others did, and would have been shocked at any violation of the custom. But if she had been induced to reflect upon this custom, round which had gathered all the sanctions of a moral rule, she must have assigned some reason for it, and that reason must have been some pleasure or indirect advantage in the custom. She might have said that Tahitians *liked* to eat alone, that they were displeased at seeing other people eat, or being seen themselves in the act of eating; she might have regarded this as a certain refinement, and might have added that her countrymen had not yet attained to the further refinement which it had been reported to her that Europeans had attained, who dined in company, yet never thought of looking into each other's plates. Perhaps she might have answered, on still further reflection (this is the ingenious reason which a European traveller suggests), that though sociably disposed, they wished to be for some part of the day alone; and as they lived in the open air together, lived very little in their houses, the custom of eating apart was preserved because it brought a respite from society. In like manner, in graver matters, if a man were asked why to speak the truth is a moral rule, he might answer with the Tahitian woman, Because we *ought* to speak the truth. He might simply accept the rule as above all criticism. But if he undertook to assign any reason whatever for it, he must say: Because true speech is what we all like,—because to be deceived is hateful, and may be most injurious.

The wellbeing of the whole—what men consider to be such wellbeing—is the only reason that can be given for the moral rule. But it by no means follows that this wellbeing of the whole, as we now under-

but only the power of reflectively comparing the pleasures, bodily, mental, and moral, which have been enjoyed, and by means of the reflex act, setting one above the other.”—Notes on Moral Theories, by S. S. Laurie; a very instructive survey of our British moralists.

stand it, was perceived by the first originators of the rule. A mode of thinking which requires a certain culture of mind could not have been at the origin of our moral rules. It is enough that some general want, or passion, or common interest, shapes a public opinion under which each one lives—lives voluntarily, only feeling the curb if by chance he should swerve. Actions may excite a sympathetic ardour, be admired and applauded by all, before any such wide generalisation as that of the wellbeing of a continuous society had been formed. Courage was doubtless approved, and cowardice condemned, with an instantaneous admiration and contempt which outran any such generalisation as the benefit that society would derive from fostering courage. The great utility of courage to the man who possessed it, and to all who might have such a man for his friend or ally, would, in some shape, be present to the mind of the rudest Indian—it would be at the basis of his admiration; but still, in giving that passionate admiration which he does to courage, he seems to himself to be influenced only by the *emotions* of the instant. These emotions are in fact the framers of the rule that demands courage and condemns cowardice.

There is no pleasure or no passion more universal or more early developed than that of revenge. When men are banded together into tribes, the injury to one of the tribe is felt by all. There is an ardent sympathy felt with that member of the tribe who revenges an injury which he has received himself, or which another of the tribe has received. Revenge becomes a virtue. The man in gratifying his own passions earns also the approbation of his kind. And sometimes where his own passions would fail, he is impelled forwards by the passions of others, and by fear of encountering their rebuke and contempt. Men still exist in just this condition. Mr. Oliphant, in his travels in the Far West, stumbled upon a specimen

of the moral man at this stage of his development. He and his companions were paddling in their canoe on the St. Louis, almost choked up, at that time, by the rice-plant.

"Very often," he says, "the channel was altogether choked, and the rice was so thick that paddling was impossible, and we only extricated ourselves by the most violent and united efforts. It was upon one occasion while thus engaged, and unable to see three yards in any direction, that we suddenly found ourselves face to face with a naked savage, alone in a bark canoe, who, glancing at us through the rushes, looked as if he was some amphibious animal indigenous to the swamp, and whose matted hair hanging over his shoulders was no improvement to a hideous face daubed over with ashes, and which displayed some terror at so unexpected a rencontre. His first impulse evidently was to escape, but that was impossible, and as we looked amiable, and addressed him through one of our Indians, he seemed reassured, and told us that he had returned from an expedition against the Sioux, and was now on his way to Fond du Lac to revenge the death of his relative, who had been murdered there, and for whom, he said, pointing to the ashes upon his face and head, he was then mourning. . . . We parted with mutual good wishes, and left the wild man of the lakes and forests to proceed on his solitary mission of blood and vengeance."

No doubt this poor solitary fellow, with his face in mourning, was driven to this act of revenge as much by a public opinion as by his own personal passion. Revenge had become a virtue as well as a luxury. Mr. Lecky admits, of course, the influence of approbation and disapprobation of others, and that this becomes the main motive in the field of morality. But he perplexes himself by asking how this approbation and disapprobation of others came about. He notices, as others have done, that we approve always in the language of a moral law. How could it be otherwise? Simple passion gives the first command; but when rules

of human conduct have been once formed, men speak in the name of the rule. They deliver what they consider to be a common and established judgment. It is you *ought*, and not you *shall*; it is not a personal but a public opinion that they announce. In the present case the passion of revenge had been preferred by the society, without any peculiar intuition, we presume, and they urged each other on to its gratification, thus making it a law to each. If contemplative men, if prophets, rose up amongst them, who preferred pardon to revenge, who taught forgiveness, they also would speak in the name of the community, they also would use the language of law, and say, We *ought* to forgive. They would use this language even before the law had been changed, for it is a new law they by anticipation are asserting.

Man is a moral because he is a social being. He has wants and passions that bind him at once into some sort of society; he is born into a society, the family; he has to obey first, to command afterwards; he has not only wants and passions that group him into societies, he has intelligence to compare and to reflect on the conduct and feelings of the several members of the group, and on his own conduct and feelings, and so to frame some ideal, some character which he pre-eminently approves. Mr. Maurice, in his late work on 'Social Morality,' lays much stress, as well he may, on the authority of the parent under which the infant is brought from its birth. The human infant is long a helpless creature, loved, cherished, and controlled. Most assuredly a man cannot go back to the time when he had to learn what authority meant: the father embodied it completely. But there is still another fact that goes down even nearer to the root of the matter, for it embraces the father himself. It is the common interest, the common purpose, the common

passion. Men cannot defend themselves against wild beasts without some combination of their strength and their guile; under many circumstances they cannot obtain food but by some co-operative exertion. Fishing would afford but scanty subsistence, and for very few, unless boats were built and nets were fashioned. And no sooner have two or three groups established themselves in profitable industry than war breaks out between them, and each group becomes united in still closer bonds—bonds of mutual reliance, mutual defence. In the common purpose the individual joins with heart and soul; he is a volunteer, but he is a volunteer that dares not go backwards. Each urges on the other while he runs himself; each shares the common enthusiasm, yet knows that he has no option but to share it. Compulsion comes, in even with the very ardour of the common enthusiasm.

Shall we say of a man acting for a common purpose, with a common passion, that he is *selfish*? Hardly so, for the end is not his alone. Shall we say that he is *disinterested*? That term is equally inappropriate, for he shares also in the common benefit. But from this position of a common purpose he may sink into selfishness by preferring some quite personal end to the common advantage, or he may rise into disinterestedness if he labour for the common end at the manifest sacrifice of some personal gain which he might have secured to himself.

This common purpose, whether it be the hunt, or war, or the building up of a peaceful society, is the great fundamental fact from which human morality starts. And if we grasp well and firmly all that is implied in the fact of passionate and intelligent co-operation for this and that common purpose, we shall not be much perplexed by ethical theories. From this point we shall be able to trace, in conjunction with the growing intelligence] of

LECKY'S HISTORY OF MORALS.

MR. LECKY could not have chosen for his latest work a nobler subject than the history of European morality; and since it was necessary to limit himself to a fragment of that history, we know not that he could have chosen more wisely than by fixing on the interval between Augustus and Charlemagne. At all events, the starting-point is well selected; and if there is no definite period marked out by the transitory empire of Charlemagne, Mr. Lecky may remedy this defect, as he probably intends to do, by continuing the history up to some further epoch, say, till he has established the several modern nations into which Europe is at present divided. The entrance of a distinct nationality must always be an event of some importance in the history of morals; and after the disruption of the Roman Empire, and the ultimate triumph of Christianity, the mind of the speculative inquirer is next arrested by the new nationalities, French, Spanish, German, into which Christendom develops.

Standing on the empire of Augustus, we are permitted to look back to the great Roman Republic, and scan its moral aspects. Nay, we are compelled to do so. For that noble Stoicism which rises before us in the Empire—one of the grandest products of the human mind—was a legacy of the Republic. It was bred in the Republic, though it came to maturity in the Empire. Standing, too, on this epoch, we are able to look back on heathenism and forward to Christianity: we mark the entrance of that new faith which was destined, in some respects, to revolutionise the morality as well as the religion of Europe. We see it stealing in, almost unnoticed, amongst a hun-

dred other novelties, home-bred, or imported from Eastern countries—Egypt, or Chaldæa, or Judæa; we see it first in the shape of a few social groups of enthusiastic, pious, simple-minded, and for the most part uneducated men, devoted to the one task of meriting heaven (which was soon to descend upon them, or to which they were soon to be elevated) by the love of God and the love of their neighbour. The new social group, sobering somewhat in its anticipations, becomes also a school of thought. Philosophy took shelter with Faith. It became also a government. The new society separating itself at every possible point from the Pagan empire, framed tribunals of its own for the regulations of such disputes as might still arise amongst the fraternity, or rather they found such tribunals in the venerated teachers or ecclesiastical functionaries necessary to such a society. Thus when the civil empire, which first despised and then persecuted the new society, crumbles into ruin, it is in the Christian community that law and order and the power of self-government are found to reside. The empire itself takes refuge in the Christian society. Constantine finds that the heathen gods have become powerless—that the obedience which knits a multitude into a commonwealth was no longer theirs to bestow—and he re-establishes civil society by the aid of his bishops and his clergy. He retires to a new capital, where he rules as head of the Christian community. The old capital from which he retreats falls into the hands of its bishop, and its bishop gathers up the sceptre that had been dropt in the senate-house, and in his spiritual supremacy revives, and more

History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky, M.A.

than revives, the world-wide dominion of Rome.

Here are materials—how large!—for the history of morals. What a beautiful ideal—what an admirable type of character—comes in with Christianity! It is benevolence to man, obedience to God. If the ideal character set before mankind for imitation is not perfect, it is simply because no one ideal can embrace all that humanity requires and applauds in her millions of sons, having many very different parts to play. But benevolence to man and obedience to God—what one formula could embrace more than this? How it turns the eyes from war and strife of all kinds, how it turns the hand to industry, how it turns the heart to the generous or the equitable distribution of the fruits of industry! Alas! when the Christian society which met together for worship and for love—to remind each other that all their actions were to be governed by the one spirit of loving-kindness (for were they not all the children of the one Father, who was intolerant of strife? were they not of that family of Christ whose sole bonds of union were love and faith?)—when this little community expanded to embrace the world, it let in—how could it be otherwise?—all the wild human life that was beating against its boundaries. It enlarged its boundaries, willing to enfold the world, but the wolf came with the lamb. Every wild beast crept in. The leopard was baptised as he entered, but he was the leopard still. Not a vice, whether of barbarians glorying in their strength and their tyrannical use of it, or of civilised men, corrupted by their miserable ardour for sensual pleasure—not a vice of the outer world which did not leap the fold, and display itself in full vigour in the now too extended community of Christians. The barrier, in short, was broken down between the world and the Christian; it had to be erected again between

Christian and Christian, the real and the nominal. Here and there the monastery shut in the more pure and timid of the family of love. Where no walls separated them, the little faithful family gathered itself, as it could, round some exemplary priest. Then was the old antagonism between the world and the Christian revived under a new aspect.

But that which the Christians were now compelled to designate, with asperity and aversion, as *the world*, was different in many respects from that old Pagan world which their earliest ancestors had to do battle with. The veritable Church of Christ was not so completely overpowered by those vulgar realities which it had to admit, and which it had been stretching out its arms to receive, but that it was able to exert some influence on those hosts of energetic and turbulent passions which had invaded it. The everyday movement of life was not exactly what it had been in the Pagan society; ambition, and cupidity, and lust, and revenge, were not to be exorcised, it seems; but they put on some novelty of aspect. The morality of Christendom was not of that uniform celestial hue which some had been led to expect as the issue of the triumph of Christianity over Paganism; it was not all heavenly—perhaps there goes something more than blue sky and what can float in it to constitute a living world—but nevertheless it had undergone some remarkable modifications. Circumstances, too, of a quite secular nature contributed their influence. The conquerors of Rome were not only and altogether destroyers. Some of them, the Germanic races especially, brought in a manly spirit of self-reliance, much wanted in a servile population or in a city populace made idle by being fed from the public granaries. They introduced, too, a more healthy relation between the two sexes. Later on in the history we find new industries springing up in the

towns of Europe. Trade and manufactures, with their attendant systems of credit and extensive combinations, have their sober prosaic influences on morality. Christendom, as a whole, has never receded, never gone back to the level from which it started. Within these last centuries it has manifestly advanced in its morality. Will it continue to advance? asks one. Will it continue to *be* Christendom? asks another. Can it cease to be Christendom and not lapse into something worse than Paganism? asks a third.

We see at a glance how wide a field of history and speculation Mr. Lecky opens before us. How has he acquitted himself of his great undertaking? On this we feel that we have but to endorse the verdict given with a rather unusual unanimity by the public and his critics. His two agreeable volumes have been well received and eagerly read. They have indeed been so ably discussed, and, on the whole, so uniformly appreciated, that we should have to apologise for drawing attention to them at this late hour if the subject they treat had not in itself an endless interest. We may, at least, very well spare ourselves the labour of any minute criticism, and select such topics for discussion as attract us from their own curiosity or importance.

So far as our acquaintance with contemporary criticism enables us to judge, there is, as we have intimated, an unusual degree of unanimity in the appreciation which Mr. Lecky's writings have met with. When a writer enters, however carefully, into the domain of religious or metaphysical discussions, he will, of course, find his praise or blame graduated very much according to his agreement or disagreement with his reader's preconceptions. We cannot think a man so very wise—so wise as he should be—who fails to see some truth very clear to us. Mr. Lecky, both here and in his previous work, enters on these domains of con-

trovery, and must to some extent share the usual fate of all who do so; but he has borne himself very discreetly in these disturbed regions, and has excited but little hostility. Churchmen forgave his Rationalism, or looked indulgently upon it. Perhaps he has been most angrily encountered by the Utilitarian moralists whom he controverts in the present work. But the Utilitarian moralist is accustomed to far ruder treatment than he meets with here, and his anger would not perhaps have many sympathisers. On the general merits of our author, the orthodox and unorthodox, whether in philosophy or faith, seem very nearly agreed. Perhaps they neither of them found in him a very formidable antagonist or a very vigorous partisan. A pleasing harmonious style, a fluent classical diction (made doubly grateful by its contrast with that literary slang, that *fast* manner, which has invaded even works pretending to be historical), an erudition quite as extensive as one has a right to expect anywhere out of Germany, a power of generalisation sufficient to map out his subject and arrange his topics with requisite clearness—these good qualities have been universally admitted. And the second work will be generally acknowledged to be in advance of its predecessor. Some of its critics have objected that Mr. Lecky has been too easily satisfied with second-hand authorities—that his research has been deficient amongst the contemporary writings of the several epochs he has had to deal with. This is an objection which we, keenly conscious of the limits of human patience and of human eyesight, do by no means repeat. But there is another objection, still more generally made, which we find ourselves compelled to re-echo. We agree with those who wish that the philosophy of ethics had met with a more distinct and consistent exposition. We find a vagueness

and uncertainty in all those parts of the work which conduct us into what we must designate as philosophical speculation. This is a complaint that has been made by thinkers of very opposite schools, and therefore it cannot be explained as the ungracious utterance of the controversial opponent. Mr. Lecky is generally recognised as a better narrator than a thinker. His topics are well selected and lucidly arranged, and there is an affluence of illustration under each; but there is no main line of philosophic or speculative thought to give an intellectual unity to the work. No one, we apprehend, can be so well read, or have so retained his reading, as not to have to thank Mr. Lecky for important information as well as amusing anecdote; but will any one, on closing these two agreeable volumes, feel that he has got a clearer insight into the progressive course or historical revolution of humanity?—(for what is human morality but the outcome at each epoch of all the knowledge, passion, acts, and faith of humanity?)—will any one go away even *fancying* for a season that he has had some nearer revelation than heretofore of the nature of human history or human development? We suspect not.

This vagueness or poverty of philosophic thought is at once and especially conspicuous in the opening section of the work, entitled, not very appropriately, "The Natural History of Morals." The few observations that bear out this title appear at the close of the section; its great object is, to disclose and defend his own theory of the Conscience, or the moral sentiment of Obligation or Duty. He undertakes to show that this has had, in fact, *no* history or course of development in the forgotten periods of the past, but is an original intuition of the human mind. We are far from thinking, with one of his critics, that this is in any degree a superfluous portion of his work: we find

it almost unavoidable that an author, intending to write the history of morals, should commence by stating what he means by morality, and especially by the sentiment of Conscience or moral obligation, the acting upon which is supposed to constitute a moral act, *so far as the agent is concerned*. We by no means grudge the space allotted to this discussion; and certainly we have no right to quarrel with Mr. Lecky for taking this or that side in the controversy which has been raised about the moral sentiment. His object is to oppose the Utilitarian school, and advocate the Intuitive school, of Ethics. Nothing could be more legitimate. But not only do we find considerable confusion of thought in his attack upon the Utilitarians; we are still more surprised at the vague, indistinct, and vacillating doctrine which he puts forth as his own, and as that of the Intuitive moralist. We are at a loss to say in which character Mr. Lecky shows to least advantage—whether as the antagonist of the Utilitarian, or the representative of the Intuitionist. We think that it is in the latter character that he will generally be felt to be most deficient. There is at least more excuse for some confusion of thought when we are engaged in extricating ourselves from other men's snares and subtleties, than when we are occupied in expounding our own conclusions. Under the one name of Utilitarian, Mr. Lecky had to combat several writers who varied from each other by nice shades of doctrine. Agreeing in the test by which a rule of morality can alone justify its continuance, they differed in the account they gave of the motives by which men were determined to obey the rule; some holding with a flagrant cynicism that we can act only on selfish motives—motives of personal fear or hope—others applying all the resources of mental chemistry to show how exalted or disinterested motives may arise from, and alternate with, those of a more

ordinary type. A writer who is doing battle at the same time with Hobbes and Bentham and Mr. J. S. Mill, with Paley and Professor Bain and Herbert Spencer, may well be excused if he fall into some occasional obscurities and apparent contradictions. But when Mr. Lecky turns from his opponents, and becomes the interpreter of what he holds up to us as the true doctrine of ethics, we are not disposed to pardon any manifest weakness or vacillation.

Nowhere have we met the doctrine of intuitive morality so vaguely taught, and taught with so little purpose. An unintelligible psychology is introduced, and no end is answered by it, no moral enthusiasm fostered or justified. We all know what magnificent proportions this doctrine is capable of assuming; how in the conscience, or in the "category imperative," as Kant was pleased to call it, men have thought they heard the very voice of God. What is the conscience, say they, but an internal command heard by the soul or intellect of a man? and does not the command reveal and imply a commandment, as certainly as a voice heard by the outward ear reveals a speaker? No man has seen God at any time, but all men have heard Him—heard Him with a more trustworthy sense than the outward ear. The same voice that tells us our duty to man reveals to us our Judge in heaven; reveals God to us not as mere *Being* or *Power*, but in this vivid relationship of Rewarder and Punisher, or Moral Governor. Nay, this same voice of conscience reveals to us our immortality; for the rewards and punishments of obedience and disobedience to the Divine command must be something very different from the consequences attached to our conduct here on earth—consequences most uncertain, and bearing no proportion to the sinfulness of the agent, the very stings of conscience being regulated by the susceptibility of the sinner,

and not by the enormity of the crime, so that the callous offender, by very reason of the habit of crime which has made him callous, is spared from his punishment. We confess, for our part, that we cannot adopt this mode of argument—that we cannot make this bound at once into the very heart of theology—because to us it seems that the sentiment of obligation is first elicited by human society, by the action of our fellow-creatures upon us, and is afterwards transferred to that God above, whom other collateral processes of thought were revealing. The conscience, as we now detect it in ourselves, is in part the result of a belief in God and immortality, and cannot be therefore the very origin of that belief. But we can fully sympathise with a certain grandeur and sublimity of this ethical doctrine which has made it a favourite with so many noble intellects. And Mr. Lecky, in some passages of his book, seems to more than sympathise—to coincide with—this religio-ethical theory. "Our knowledge," he says, "of the supreme excellence—our best evidence even of the existence of the Creator—is derived, not from the material universe, but from our own moral natures. It is not of reason, but of faith. In other words, it springs from that instinctive or moral nature which is as truly a part of our being as is our reason—which teaches us what reason could never teach, the supreme and transcendent excellence of moral good—which, rising dissatisfied above this world of sense, proves itself, by the very intensity of its aspiration, to be adapted for another sphere—and which constitutes at once the evidence of a Divine element within us and the augury of the future that is before us."—Vol. i. p. 57. And a little further on, he says: "The reality of this moral nature is the one great question of natural theology, for it involves that connection between our own and a higher nature without which the

existence of a First Cause seems a mere question of archæology, and religion but an exercise of the imagination." But Mr. Lecky by no means sustains this exalted position. What he calls here the Divine element, dwindles down elsewhere into a mere matter of taste—a preference for one emotion or for one mental pleasure over another. If the Divine element is not this very recognition of a *command*, how does it connect us with the Deity? Is it "divine" simply because we think it a better element than others? In this sense we sometimes speak of the divine rapture of music and the divine beauty of a scene. That the conscience does assume the aspect of a command is a fact not open to dispute. We incline to think that the command comes first from our fellow-men, who in giving that command were *primarily* instigated by physical wants and desires, pains and pleasures, and the passions of love and hate. Subsequent reasonings or revelations added the command of God. Our present actual conscience is a blending of the two commands.

A mere preference cannot be the distinctive characteristic of the conscience. If I prefer music to the scent of flowers what morality is there here? It is true that the virtuous man prefers virtue to vice, but he feels also under an *obligation ab extra* to have this preference or to act as if he had. This obligation comes, we say, originally from the pressure without—of all on each.

The preferences of mankind are at the basis of all morality, for they determine what the society as a whole imposes on its members; but the mere preference of an individual mind is not in itself morality. It is, in fact, a mere comparison between pleasure and pain, or two pleasures or two emotions. Yet it is in this original act of preference that Mr. Lecky finds his intuition. Surely to tell us that we have an intuitive preference is the same as to tell us that we have an intuitive

comparison—that one comparison is made according to the ordinary laws of thought, and another comparison by some special law or power.

Mr. Lecky slides from the high religious point of view which finds in the conscience a direct command of God—an intuition of obedience—to an intuitive preference of the individual mind for one of its pleasures over another of its pleasures, or one emotion over another. The ground-note of his system, if we may venture to choose between contradictory statements, choosing that which is most frequently repeated, is an intuitive preference of one affection over another—of the affection of benevolence over that of hatred or revenge. And the "sense of obligation" resolves itself into a certain uneasiness or disgust which follows upon this preference being thwarted. The following is as formal a statement of his views as any we can select:—

"All that is necessarily meant by the adherents of this [the intuitive] school is comprised in two propositions. The first is, that our will is not governed exclusively by the law of pleasure or pain, but also by the law of duty, which we feel to be distinct from the former, and to carry with it the sense of obligation. The second is, that *the basis of our conception of duty* is an intuitive perception, that among the various feelings, tendencies, and impulses that constitute our emotional being, there are some which are essentially good and ought to be encouraged, and some which are essentially bad, and ought to be repressed. They contend that it is a psychological fact that we are intuitively conscious that our benevolent affections are superior to our malevolent ones, truth to falsehood, justice to injustice, gratitude to ingratitude, chastity to sensuality; and that in all ages and countries the path of virtue has been towards the higher, and not towards the lower feelings.

"Now it is manifest that, according to this theory, the moral unity to be expected in different ages is not a unity of standard or of acts, but a unity of tendency. Men come into the world

with their benevolent affections very inferior in power to their selfish ones, and the function of morals is to invert this order. The extinction of all selfish feeling is impossible for an individual, and if it were general, it would result in the dissolution of society. The question of morals must always be a question of proportion or degree. At one time the benevolent affections embrace merely the family; soon the circle, expanding, includes first a class, then a nation, then a coalition of nations, then all humanity, and finally, its influence is felt in the dealings of man with the animal world. In each of these stages a standard is formed, different from that of the preceding stage, but in each case the same tendency is recognized as virtue."—Vol. i. p. 102.

It happens that in some of these stages *revenge* and not benevolence receives the highest honour. And how can an *intuitive preference* of benevolence over other affections be our ultimate resting-place when we are told that morality is a question of degree and proportion? The complete triumph of the benevolent affections would lead, we are assured, to the dissolution of society. Have we another intuition to determine the question of degree and proportion? But what of this *sense of obligation* which seems distinctly enunciated in the first of these two propositions? We do not find that in Mr. Lecky's system it is that ineffaceable anticipation of reward and punishment on which the religious moralist builds so confidently. It seems rather to be an uneasiness which begins and ends in itself—which, without some other knowledge, would have no peculiarly religious character. We turn back to another passage, which also wears the aspect of a formal and well-weighed statement. Our conscience

"exercises two distinct functions. It points out a difference between right and wrong; and when its commands are violated, it inflicts a certain measure of suffering and disturbance. The first function it exercises persistently

through life; the second it only exercises under certain special circumstances. It is scarcely conceivable that a man in the possession of his faculties should pass a life in gross depravity and crime without being conscious that he was doing wrong; but it is extremely possible for him to do so without this consciousness having an appreciable influence upon his tranquillity. The condition of this consciousness, as Mr. Carlyle observes, has less influence on the happiness of men than the condition of their lives. *Considered as a source of pain, conscience bears a striking resemblance to the feeling of disgust.* Notwithstanding the assertion of Dr. Johnson, I venture to maintain that there are multitudes to whom the necessity of discharging the duties of a butcher would be so irrepressibly painful and revolting, that if they could obtain flesh-diet on no other conditions, they would relinquish it for ever. But to those who are inured to the trade, this repugnance has simply ceased. It has no place in their emotions or calculations. Nor can it be reasonably questioned that most men by an assiduous attendance at the slaughter-house could acquire a similar indifference. In like manner, the reproaches of conscience are doubtless a very real and important form of suffering to a sensitive, scrupulous, and virtuous girl who has committed some trivial act of levity and disobedience; but to an old and hardened criminal they are a matter of the most absolute indifference."—P. 64.

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We have quoted Mr. Lecky's own words. We have not made ourselves responsible for any statement of his ethical views; but we have quoted enough to show that they cannot be satisfactory to either of the two great parties in the controversy. My Lord Shaftesbury, if he were alive, would perhaps be contented with them; but who of living men would be now contented with Lord Shaftesbury? * The

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moral intuition, as here introduced, is so shadowy, so subdued, so limited, that we cannot understand why it should be introduced at all. Nevertheless Mr. Lecky evidently considers that he has a great cause in hand when he is combating the Utilitarians—those psychologists who see in the moral sentiments an evolution from still simpler elements of humanity.

In discussing Utilitarianism, Mr. Lecky brings two subjects before us which are most intimately connected, but which, we need hardly say, must be separately treated,—(1) the test of a moral rule now existing amongst us—the test by which we criticise it and justify its continuance; and (2) the manner in which it *became* a moral rule, and the origin of those sentiments which prompt to the obedience of it.

If we undertake to criticise any rule of morality—that is, to give a reason for its continuance—we immediately revert to the good of society, to the happiness of mankind,—to the test, in short, of utility as it is now generally understood. The rule is useful to man, to society considered as a permanent and enduring whole. There is no other test, no other mode of reasoning possible. We may refuse to reason at all, we may refuse to criticise the rule as being something above all criticism; but if we put to ourselves the question, Why is the rule here? why is it to continue? we have no answer to give, but to show that the wellbeing of man requires it. When a Tahitian woman was asked why she and other Tahitians made it a rule to eat alone, seeing that they were in other respects very sociably inclined—she answered, “Because we *ought* to eat alone.” She had accepted the rule, and considered it above criticism, probably had never reasoned about it for a

moment, did as others did, and would have been shocked at any violation of the custom. But if she had been induced to reflect upon this custom, round which had gathered all the sanctions of a moral rule, she must have assigned some reason for it, and that reason must have been some pleasure or indirect advantage in the custom. She might have said that Tahitians *liked* to eat alone, that they were displeased at seeing other people eat, or being seen themselves in the act of eating; she might have regarded this as a certain refinement, and might have added that her countrymen had not yet attained to the further refinement which it had been reported to her that Europeans had attained, who dined in company, yet never thought of looking into each other's plates. Perhaps she might have answered, on still further reflection (this is the ingenious reason which a European traveller suggests), that though sociably disposed, they wished to be for some part of the day alone; and as they lived in the open air together, lived very little in their houses, the custom of eating apart was preserved because it brought a respite from society. In like manner, in graver matters, if a man were asked why to speak the truth is a moral rule, he might answer with the Tahitian woman, Because we *ought* to speak the truth. He might simply accept the rule as above all criticism. But if he undertook to assign any reason whatever for it, he must say: Because true speech is what we all like,—because to be deceived is hateful, and may be most injurious.

The wellbeing of the whole—what men consider to be such wellbeing—is the only reason that can be given for the moral rule. But it by no means follows that this wellbeing of the whole, as we now under-

but only the power of reflectively comparing the pleasures, bodily, mental, and moral, which have been enjoyed, and by means of the reflex act, setting one above the other.”—Notes on Moral Theories, by S. S. Laurie; a very instructive survey of our British moralists.

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moral intuition, as here introduced, is so shadowy, so subdued, so limited, that we cannot understand why it should be introduced at all. Nevertheless Mr. Lecky evidently considers that he has a great cause in hand when he is combating the Utilitarians—those psychologists who see in the moral sentiments an evolution from still simpler elements of humanity.

In discussing Utilitarianism, Mr. Lecky brings two subjects before us which are most intimately connected, but which, we need hardly say, must be separately treated,—(1) the test of a moral rule now existing amongst us—the test by which we criticise it and justify its continuance; and (2) the manner in which it *became* a moral rule, and the origin of those sentiments which prompt to the obedience of it.

If we undertake to criticise any rule of morality—that is, to give a reason for its continuance—we immediately revert to the good of society, to the happiness of mankind,—to the test, in short, of utility as it is now generally understood. The rule is useful to man, to society considered as a permanent and enduring whole. There is no other test, no other mode of reasoning possible. We may refuse to reason at all, we may refuse to criticise the rule as being something above all criticism; but if we put to ourselves the question, Why is the rule here? why is it to continue? we have no answer to give, but to show that the wellbeing of man requires it. When a Tahitian woman was asked why she and other Tahitians made it a rule to eat alone, seeing that they were in other respects very sociably inclined—she answered, “Because we *ought* to eat alone.” She had accepted the rule, and considered it above criticism, probably had never reasoned about it for a

moment, did as others did, and would have been shocked at any violation of the custom. But if she had been induced to reflect upon this custom, round which had gathered all the sanctions of a moral rule, she must have assigned some reason for it, and that reason must have been some pleasure or indirect advantage in the custom. She might have said that Tahitians *liked* to eat alone, that they were displeased at seeing other people eat, or being seen themselves in the act of eating; she might have regarded this as a certain refinement, and might have added that her countrymen had not yet attained to the further refinement which it had been reported to her that Europeans had attained, who dined in company, yet never thought of looking into each other's plates. Perhaps she might have answered, on still further reflection (this is the ingenious reason which a European traveller suggests), that though sociably disposed, they wished to be for some part of the day alone; and as they lived in the open air together, lived very little in their houses, the custom of eating apart was preserved because it brought a respite from society. In like manner, in graver matters, if a man were asked why to speak the truth is a moral rule, he might answer with the Tahitian woman, Because we *ought* to speak the truth. He might simply accept the rule as above all criticism. But if he undertook to assign any reason whatever for it, he must say: Because true speech is what we all like,—because to be deceived is hateful, and may be most injurious.

The wellbeing of the whole—what men consider to be such wellbeing—is the only reason that can be given for the moral rule. But it by no means follows that this wellbeing of the whole, as we now under-

but only the power of reflectively comparing the pleasures, bodily, mental, and moral, which have been enjoyed, and by means of the reflex act, setting one above the other.”—Notes on Moral Theories, by S. S. Laurie; a very instructive survey of our British moralists.

stand it, was perceived by the first originators of the rule. A mode of thinking which requires a certain culture of mind could not have been at the origin of our moral rules. It is enough that some general want, or passion, or common interest, shapes a public opinion under which each one lives—lives voluntarily, only feeling the curb if by chance he should swerve. Actions may excite a sympathetic ardour, be admired and applauded by all, before any such wide generalisation as that of the wellbeing of a continuous society had been formed. Courage was doubtless approved, and cowardice condemned, with an instantaneous admiration and contempt which outran any such generalisation as the benefit that society would derive from fostering courage. The great utility of courage to the man who possessed it, and to all who might have such a man for his friend or ally, would, in some shape, be present to the mind of the rudest Indian—it would be at the basis of his admiration; but still, in giving that passionate admiration which he does to courage, he seems to himself to be influenced only by the *emotions* of the instant. These emotions are in fact the framers of the rule that demands courage and condemns cowardice.

There is no pleasure or no passion more universal or more early developed than that of revenge. When men are banded together into tribes, the injury to one of the tribe is felt by all. There is an ardent sympathy felt with that member of the tribe who revenges an injury which he has received himself, or which another of the tribe has received. Revenge becomes a virtue. The man in gratifying his own passions earns also the approbation of his kind. And sometimes where his own passions would fail, he is impelled forwards by the passions of others, and by fear of encountering their rebuke and contempt. Men still exist in just this condition. Mr. Oliphant, in his travels in the Far West, stumbled upon a specimen

of the moral man at this stage of his development. He and his companions were paddling in their canoe on the St. Louis, almost choked up, at that time, by the rice-plant.

"Very often," he says, "the channel was altogether choked, and the rice was so thick that paddling was impossible, and we only extricated ourselves by the most violent and united efforts. It was upon one occasion while thus engaged, and unable to see three yards in any direction, that we suddenly found ourselves face to face with a naked savage, alone in a bark canoe, who, glancing at us through the rushes, looked as if he was some amphibious animal indigenous to the swamp, and whose matted hair hanging over his shoulders was no improvement to a hideous face daubed over with ashes, and which displayed some terror at so unexpected a rencontre. His first impulse evidently was to escape, but that was impossible, and as we looked amiable, and addressed him through one of our Indians, he seemed reassured, and told us that he had returned from an expedition against the Sioux, and was now on his way to Fond du Lac to revenge the death of his relative, who had been murdered there, and for whom, he said, pointing to the ashes upon his face and head, he was then mourning. . . . We parted with mutual good wishes, and left the wild man of the lakes and forests to proceed on his solitary mission of blood and vengeance."

No doubt this poor solitary fellow, with his face in mourning, was driven to this act of revenge as much by a public opinion as by his own personal passion. Revenge had become a virtue as well as a luxury. Mr. Lecky admits, of course, the influence of approbation and disapprobation of others, and that this becomes the main motive in the field of morality. But he perplexes himself by asking how this approbation and disapprobation of others came about. He notices, as others have done, that we approve always in the language of a moral law. How could it be otherwise? Simple passion gives the first command; but when rules

of human conduct have been once formed, men speak in the name of the rule. They deliver what they consider to be a common and established judgment. It is you *ought*, and not you *shall*; it is not a personal but a public opinion that they announce. In the present case the passion of revenge had been preferred by the society, without any peculiar intuition, we presume, and they urged each other on to its gratification, thus making it a law to each. If contemplative men, if prophets, rose up amongst them, who preferred pardon to revenge, who taught forgiveness, they also would speak in the name of the community, they also would use the language of law, and say, We *ought* to forgive. They would use this language even before the law had been changed, for it is a new law they by anticipation are asserting.

Man is a moral because he is a social being. He has wants and passions that bind him at once into some sort of society; he is born into a society, the family; he has to obey first, to command afterwards; he has not only wants and passions that group him into societies, he has intelligence to compare and to reflect on the conduct and feelings of the several members of the group, and on his own conduct and feelings, and so to frame some ideal, some character which he pre-eminently approves. Mr. Maurice, in his late work on 'Social Morality,' lays much stress, as well he may, on the authority of the parent under which the infant is brought from its birth. The human infant is long a helpless creature, loved, cherished, and controlled. Most assuredly a man cannot go back to the time when he had to learn what authority meant: the father embodied it completely. But there is still another fact that goes down even nearer to the root of the matter, for it embraces the father himself. It is the common interest, the common purpose, the common

passion. Men cannot defend themselves against wild beasts without some combination of their strength and their guile; under many circumstances they cannot obtain food but by some co-operative exertion. Fishing would afford but scanty subsistence, and for very few, unless boats were built and nets were fashioned. And no sooner have two or three groups established themselves in profitable industry than war breaks out between them, and each group becomes united in still closer bonds—bonds of mutual reliance, mutual defence. In the common purpose the individual joins with heart and soul; he is a volunteer, but he is a volunteer that dares not go backwards. Each urges on the other while he runs himself; each shares the common enthusiasm, yet knows that he has no option but to share it. Compulsion comes, in even with the very ardour of the common enthusiasm.

Shall we say of a man acting for a common purpose, with a common passion, that he is *selfish*? Hardly so, for the end is not his alone. Shall we say that he is *disinterested*? That term is equally inappropriate, for he shares also in the common benefit. But from this position of a common purpose he may sink into selfishness by preferring some quite personal end to the common advantage, or he may rise into disinterestedness if he labour for the common end at the manifest sacrifice of some personal gain which he might have secured to himself.

This common purpose, whether it be the hunt, or war, or the building up of a peaceful society, is the great fundamental fact from which human morality starts. And if we grasp well and firmly all that is implied in the fact of passionate and intelligent co-operation for this and that common purpose, we shall not be much perplexed by ethical theories. From this point we shall be able to trace, in conjunction with the growing intelligence, of

man (that is, his growth in the humanizing arts, in science, and modes of speculative and religious thought), the growth of his morality. But the subject is too large and too tempting, and we must turn from it to other topics which Mr. Lecky's history very vividly brings before us.

We have to transport ourselves in imagination to ancient Rome and the newly-established empire of Augustus. We see the Pagan deities already dispersed, discarded, sinking back into those physical realities of nature from which a fervid imagination had evoked them. Virtue stands for a little time on her solitary pedestal. For the Stoic there is no religion but that which his reason carries in itself; priests, and whatever priests taught as revelations from the gods, had been dismissed. If there existed such secondary gods as mythology gave fantastic representations of, they were but an elder brotherhood of spirits; let them, too, live well and wisely in their world, whatever it was. For the one Great Cause of all, this was a sublime truth which each individual spirit must grasp as it can. The ideal moral character at which the Stoic aimed had grown up in the Republic. To live for the service of mankind, claiming no reward but the self-satisfaction of one who had *lived his best*—this was his ideal.

We will not be tempted back into the controversy we have just left by any account that is given of the self-complacency of the Stoic. Here, too, the theorist has often found something so peculiar that he calls in his Intuitions to explain it. But in its psychological character, why should the self-complacency which a man has in its moral excellence differ from the self-complacency of the poet in his fame, or of the athlete in his skill and strength, or of the patrician in his birth and wealth? The Stoic, like all these, prided himself upon qualities recognised and admired by his social peers. He belonged to a moral and

intellectual aristocracy. Never was a truer aristocrat than the Stoic.

Mr. Lecky has collected for us many admirable traits of the Stoics. They differed much from each other in their speculative theology, and in other points, and are chiefly to be characterised by their moral enthusiasm. The two pre-eminent representatives of Stoicism are the slave Epictetus and the emperor Marcus Aurelius. We will not pause before these well-known figures. We prefer to quote a passage from Mr. Lecky which places Stoicism before us in an aspect which startles us because it is so *modern*, so like what we are familiar with, and associate with Christian times. In perusing his volumes we have often to learn the lesson, that what we have been accustomed to consider as peculiar to the Christian era had already made its appearance. In the passage we are about to quote, the Stoics are seen as preachers and confessors, professionally taking these offices; while the Cynic presents us with all the features of the monk and the ascetic. All kinds of religious feeling were, in fact, pouring in from the East, or rising up from the Italian soil. Even that which so many have looked upon as the saddest attendant upon Christianity—the terrors with which it has invested death for the sinner, and especially the timid sinner—even this was making its way before Paul preached his One Atonement for sin.

“The Roman philosophers had other more direct means of acting on the people. On occasions of family bereavement, when the mind is most susceptible of impressions, they were habitually called in to console the survivors. Dying men asked their comfort and support in the last hours of their life. They became the directors of the consciences of numbers who resorted to them for a solution of perplexing cases of practical morals, or under the influence of despondency and remorse. They had their special exhortations for every vice, and their remedies adapted to every variety of character. Many cases were cited of the conversions of

the vicious or the careless, who had been sought out and fascinated by the philosopher, and who, under his guidance, had passed through a long course of moral discipline, and at last attained a high degree, of virtue. Education fell, in a great degree, into their hands. Many great families kept a philosopher among them in what in modern language might be termed the capacity of a domestic chaplain; while a system of popular preaching was created and widely diffused.

"Of these preachers there were two classes who differed greatly in their characters and their methods. The first, who have been very happily termed the 'Monks of Stoicism,' were the Cynics, who appear to have assumed amongst the later moralists of the Pagan empire a position somewhat resembling that of the mendicant orders in Catholicism. In a singularly curious dissertation of Epictetus, we have a picture of the ideal at which a Cynic should aim; and it is impossible, in reading it, not to be struck by the resemblance it bears to the missionary friar. The Cynic should be a man devoting his entire life to the instruction of mankind. He must be unmarried, for he must have no family affections to divert or to dilute his energies. He must wear the meanest dress, sleep upon the bare ground, feed upon the simplest food, abstain from all earthly pleasures, and yet exhibit to the world the example of uniform cheerfulness and content. No one, under pain of provoking the Divine anger, should embrace such a career, unless he believes himself to be called and assisted by Jupiter. It is his mission to go among men as the ambassador of God, rebuking, in season and out of season, their frivolity, their cowardice, and their vice. He must stop the rich man in the market-place. He must preach to the populace on the highway. He must know no respect and no fear. He must look upon all men as his sons, and upon all women as his daughters. In the midst of a jeering crowd he must exhibit such a placid calm, that men may imagine him to be of stone. Ill-treatment and exile and death must have no terror in his eyes, for the discipline of his life should emancipate him from every earthly tie; and when he is beaten 'he

should love them who beat him, for he is at once the father and brother of all men.'"—P. 327.

After his notice of Stoicism, the great theme of Mr. Lecky's work is the conversion of the Empire, or the then civilised world, to Christianity, and the influence this great event has had upon the morality of Europe. In the brief space we have at our command, we can only hope to follow him in a few of his observations on this very extensive and momentous theme. We will select three topics: *Charity*, in its limited sense of giving to the poor; *Chastity*, or the relation between the sexes; and *Humanity*, or human fellowship, that bond of sympathy in each other's joys and sufferings which knits the race into one family.

Mr. Lecky excludes himself, with a justifiable precaution, from entering into the origin of Christianity, or that first portion of its growth which took place in Palestine or Judæa. The religion is formed when he takes cognisance of it. In broad terms it may be said, that as when the Romans conquered Greece, they were in turn conquered by its Arts and Philosophy, so when they conquered Judæa, they prepared themselves for a second subjection to the religion of the Jews, a religion which, both in its old form and its new, connected in a pre-eminent degree the favour of God with obedience to a moral law, itself enunciated by God. Where Mr. Lecky thought it not prudent to tread we shall not enter. We shall content ourselves with this one remark. Christianity, it is justly said, brought into the Roman world not only new hopes or a new certainty of immortality, but also a new type or ideal of moral character. But that ideal, we must understand, had been slowly growing up in its native soil, nor could it have been quite a stranger in the region to which it was transported. The Roman people who received Christianity (if they received it as a moral revela-

tion, and not as a mere tumult of hopes and fears of another world) must have had their understanding and their sympathies prepared for such a reception. A great teacher rather gives the triumph to one of two ideals, both of which his hearers are capable in some manner of appreciating, than introduces a quite new ideal.

Charity to the poor was an especial virtue of the Christian; it had been of the Hebrew: and the complaint that we address to the Catholic Church of teaching a too indiscriminate and therefore mischievous charity was made at a very early period, and when the complaint could not have been addressed to any particular Church, but rather to the spirit of Christianity itself. The Pagan world was, of course, not destitute of charity. So far as a public distribution of food to the poorer classes can be termed charity, charity in this sense was never carried to a greater extent. A multitude of the poor citizens of Rome were maintained, or almost maintained, from the public granaries; they were maintained and they were amused. Corn, the public baths, and the games—here was life pretty well provided for. Nor are instances unrecorded of private munificence. What perhaps would not be expected, charity had already taken the direction of providing education and support for poor children.

"Vespasian instituted, and the Antonines extended, a system of popular education; and the movement I have already noticed for the support of the children of poor parents acquired very considerable dimensions. . . . Trajan greatly extended the system. In his reign 5000 poor children were supported by the Government in Rome alone, and similar measures, though we know not on what scale, were taken in the other Italian and even African cities. . . . The younger Pliny, besides warmly encouraging schools, devoted a small property to the support of poor children in his native city of Como."

We hear, too, with still more in-

terest, that even amongst the poor themselves had grown up some societies for mutual assistance.

"There existed too amongst the poor, both of Greece and Rome, mutual insurance societies, which undertook to provide for their sick and infirm members."

Would that such societies had developed themselves more extensively! They might have spared us, or *partly* spared us, from the evils which are generally attributed to monastic benevolence and to modern poor-laws. Not that we look upon Christian charity or the poor-laws as the primary causes of that terrible pauperism which is the affliction everywhere of civilised society. When the Hebrew and Christian taught charity to the poor as a duty to God, they very probably did not sufficiently discriminate between a charity that upheld, and a charity that destroyed, the industry of the recipient. But if their attention had been turned to this discrimination, and if they had all the insight that the science of political economy could possibly have afforded them, there is that in the very structure of society that would have baffled all their attempts to relieve distress effectually—to so have relieved it that property should be permanently *kept down*. Even those societies of mutual assurance, which in themselves are so admirable, can only be supported while there is yet a certain average of prosperity amongst the men that so combine. If these once descend below such average, the assurance society breaks down, and the members of it must solicit aid from the class above them.

The public distribution of corn, which is so conspicuous a feature in Roman history, was by no means the result only of political corruption, or the desire in ambitious men to obtain popularity. It commenced under the Republic. It was, in its origin, that simple demand which the poor make on the rich. The slave was a property, and was fed and clothed by his master and owner; but the poor citizen, who would rather have

parted with his life than his freedom, if he had no land to cultivate, might look about in vain for any means of subsistence. And in truth, the distribution of corn in ancient Rome was our poor-law under a different form. Under Augustus the number of persons inscribed as recipients amounted to 200,000.

"It soon became the leading part of Roman life; numerous officers were appointed to provide for it. A severe legislation controlled their acts, and to secure a regular and abundant supply of corn for the capital became the principal-object of the provincial governors. Under the Antonines the number of the recipients had considerably increased, having sometimes, it is said, exceeded 500,000. Septimus Severus added to the corn a ration of oil. Aurelian replaced the monthly distribution of underground corn by a daily distribution of bread, and added, moreover, a portion of pork. Gratuitous distributions were afterwards extended to Constantinople, Alexandria, and Antioch, and were probably not altogether unknown in smaller towns."

To the distribution of corn and oil succeeded the charity of the Christians, monastic or otherwise. In Protestant England to monastic charity succeeded the poor-laws—the tax on the general community for the relief of the destitute. What excuse have we for saying that any one of these was needless or uncalled for? that any one of these could have been dispensed with more readily than the other two? It is very likely that a charity which was the product of the religious sentiment would be dealt somewhat profusely—perhaps irregularly—and with few inquiries as to the merit of the recipient. But what we wish to observe, in answer to an objection frequently raised at present against this Christian charity, is, that the condition of society required it as much as it required the imperial dole or the contributions of the tax-payer. We have read books, indeed, in which it has been gravely stated that, but for the monasteries, we in England

should not have instituted the poor-law. *They* had done the mischief; and at their dissolution it was necessary to provide for those idle paupers they had generated. We wish that the appearance of poverty in populous civilised cities could be so easily explained.

Our social theory is: teach and foster self-reliance. Let each man provide for himself and his children, and all will be provided for. The theory is excellent, and we have certainly no better to propound. But there has never existed on the face of the earth a populous city in which it was successfully or completely carried out. There has been always a class who could *not* take care of themselves—always a certain number who must rely on others or starve. Where slavery prevailed, the poor citizen found himself superfluous. Slavery abolished, and every kind of labourer and artificer competing equally for employment, where has been the populous city in which all could take care of themselves? In a very small community, an intelligent and prudent man asking himself, for instance, whether he shall marry, might calculate whether his children would be *wanted* or not—what room there was for them, whether in the field or the workshop. But the most intelligent workman in a large city can make no calculation of this kind—he trusts at last to chance; he hears that trade and manufactures are expanding, and hopes that two may stand where one had stood before. In a country like the United States, where new towns are constantly springing up, and that in a fertile soil for the first time submitted to the plough, no such calculation may be necessary. Yet even in the United States (which, by the way, no monasteries have corrupted) the older and more populous cities are already afflicted with the curse of poverty. In every community there are always some who lag behind, who are weak and foolish. But besides this, the very

magnitude and complexity of the society to which the man belongs prevents him from making those prudential forecasts which our theory of self-reliance demands. It is a common saying, "You cannot see the wood for the trees;" and in like manner it may be said, you cannot see a populous city for the very multitude that surround you. So extremely complex is the life of one of our swarming capitals—of any one of these enormous ant-hills—that no working ant can thoroughly understand what he is about, or what may be impending over him. He works on in a trust that the wondrous whole has some law of self-preservation. Meanwhile a disease in a worm may throw the patient weavers of a great city into consternation. Educate! educate! But what education will tell a man how many navvies will be wanted next year? Nay, the already educated man who has two sons upon his hand, and would make one an engineer and one a lawyer—can he know whether for the one there will be a bridge to build, or for the other a lawsuit to conduct?

How to deal, on our self-reliant system, with that *ragged edge* of society, so apt to fray the more, the more you touch it—how to deal with those who cannot take care of themselves from their incompetency, or from luckless positions where neither hand nor brains find their work to do—is a terribly perplexing problem. We have no solution to offer. The most sanguine can only hope that society will outgrow the evil—leave it behind, as the man leaves the fractiousness and ill-temper of childhood when he comes to his maturity of sense and power. A future society may have so much *power* over the means of subsistence and bodily wellbeing that our problem may lose its terrible significance. Meanwhile we cannot but confess that our poor-law and our enlightened benevolence have hitherto been as unsuccessful in dealing with the poverty

of great cities (witness the enormous and increasing pauperism of London) as the charity of Christian souls whose thoughts went no further than just to relieve the beggar at their gate. All persistent or continuous charity is, in its very nature, antagonistic to our self-reliant system, yet this self-reliant system has always needed the complement of charity. We may therefore permit ourselves to admire this influx of Christian benevolence without doing great violence to our political economy.

We shall not, we trust, be understood to mean, that because the problem of administering charity is extremely difficult, we should therefore lapse, at this day, into indiscriminate alms-giving. Each age has its own duty, its own insight; we are awake to the difficulty before us. It is a difficulty that has increased with the increasing magnitude of our towns and the increasing complexities of trade and commerce. It is ours not only to be charitable, but to exercise the utmost caution in the administration of our charity, so as to effect as much good and as little evil as possible.

Nowhere could the theoretical moralist find a better opportunity to point out the different functions of sentiment and reason than in this virtue of charity. The sentiment of tenderness, the pain of heart felt at the contemplation of the misery of others,—this is the very life and soul of virtue; nevertheless reason steps in and presides over the sentiment, directs and redirects it—shows where and when it is to be gratified, and where even it is to be restrained. A late archbishop approved himself because he had never given to a beggar in the streets; one of his predecessors might perhaps have approved himself for never having passed a beggar in the streets without giving. In both the sentiment of benevolence was, no doubt, equally developed; but the one



1870.]

Lecky's History of Morals.

only saw before him the existing beggar to be relieved—the other foresaw that by giving he should be multiplying beggars, and therefore directed his benevolence into some other channel. No Utilitarian that we ever heard of has proposed to do away with the sentiments or passions of mankind, and substitute an abstraction or general proposition in their stead. If he proposed such a thing, he simply proposed to do away with life altogether. Love or anger—what moral action is possible without one of these? The moralist is only solicitous to guide these passions usefully. Unless his general propositions were animated by one of them, they would be mere nullities.

Let us pass to our second topic of *Chastity*. Here we have at once to distinguish between two very different matters. 1. The purity of manners, the sacredness of the marriage bond, the illicit and sinful nature of all sexual pleasures outside of marriage; and, 2. The peculiar holiness and merit ascribed to virginity, and a certain opprobrium thrown upon the pleasure of sense, however gratified. Now the influence of Christianity in sanctifying marriage has been invariably and most justly applauded. It is not the only religion under which marriage has assumed a certain sacred character. This it did under Paganism; but Christianity stands in distinct contrast to Paganism in the sinfulness it attributes to all sexual pleasures not sanctioned by marriage. Here it has waged in most European cities an ineffectual war with human passions—an ineffectual war if we looked for a final triumph or conquest; but inasmuch as it has always *kept up the war*, with sometimes a partial success, it cannot have been without influence in this respect on European morality. But what have we to say to the asceticism and the superstitious regard to virginity which Christianity brought with it from the East? Here also we shall be reminded that even Pagans and

Europeans would sometimes teach an ascetic morality, and indulge a fantastic superstition about virginity. But without a doubt Christianity was attended with a marvellous development of asceticism; and here we venture to think that its influence is not to be applauded.

Our Protestant readers are, we believe, so completely at one with us on this subject of asceticism, that it would be needless to pursue the subject. We detain it before us for a few moments, because, to our surprise, Mr. Lecky has treated Chastity itself as a virtue, and even as a virtue revealed as such intuitively—understanding by Chastity not the purity of the matron, or a purity consistent with motherhood, but as one with perpetual virginity. He really takes up what is a mere disgust which arises in some states of mind at a physical fact, and represents it as a moral intuition; or he confounds a mere superstition, and a feeling sustained only by its connection with religious worship, with a substantial rule of morality. The very circumstance that he can find no utility, no good reasons, for an approval of perpetual virginity, which would lead, we need not say, to the depopulation of the world, is a proof with him for the high *a priori* origin of our morality. Here is one of several passages in which Chastity is regarded in this singular point of view:—

"It is often said that the intuitive moralists in their reasonings are guilty of continually abandoning these principles, by themselves appealing to the tendency of certain acts to promote human happiness as a justification, and the charge is usually accompanied by a challenge to show any confessed virtue that has not that tendency. To the first objection it may be shortly answered that no intuitive moralist ever dreamed of doubting that benevolence or charity, or, in other words, the promotion of the happiness of man, is a duty. He maintains that it not only is so, but that we arrive at this fact by direct intuition, and not by the discovery that such a course is conducive

to our own interest (sic !). But while he cordially recognises this branch of virtue, and while he has therefore a perfect right to allege the beneficial effects of a virtue in its defence, he refuses to admit that all virtues can be reduced to this single principle. *With the general sentiment of mankind he regards charity as a good thing only because it is of use to the world. With the same general sentiment of mankind he believes that Chastity and Truth have an independent value distinct from their influence upon happiness.*"—Vol i. p. 40.

We will say nothing about Truth, which surely stands on Utilitarian ground as firmly as Charity. Here Chastity is put in opposition to Charity, as having a value independent of its influence upon human happiness. Mr. Lecky has here found a virtue which the Utilitarians cannot approve. Is it really a virtue that he has found? He delights to enlarge on the religious honours attached in so many countries to virginity. Ancient Rome itself is not contented with its respect to the purity of the matron.

"Above all this, we find the traces of a higher ideal. We find it in the intense sanctity attributed to the vestal virgins, whose continence was guarded by such fearful penalties, and supposed to be so closely linked with the prosperity of the state—whose prayer was believed to possess a miraculous power—and who were permitted to drive through the streets of Rome at a time when that privilege was refused even to the Empress. We find it in the legend of Claudia, who when the ship bearing the image of the mother of the gods had been stranded in the Tiber, attached her girdle to its prow, and vindicated her challenged chastity by drawing with her virgin hand the ponderous mass which strong men had sought in vain to move."

A charming legend, and an interesting predecessor of the many that were to follow of the same kind in Christian literature; but surely Mr. Lecky must be aware that this is superstition, not morality, he is bringing before us. The strictly human feeling of admiration points to the young virgin—the marriage-

able but yet unmarried woman. No need to perplex ourselves why such an object should be especially admired of men, and therefore selected for the worship of the god—sometimes, alas! for an offering to the god. Thus it is easy to understand that, being so selected, a peculiar sanctity would dwell upon the virgin herself. And if the virgin grew old in the service of the god, she would still be a sacred and venerated person.

If, on the other hand, our admiration is demanded for the virgin—not as the most pleasing object of contemplation to us, but because she has exercised a control over her own natural feeling, we are introduced to an asceticism common to both sexes. Both sexes sought the favour of the god by this sacrifice of their natural desires. Such a mode of worship could not but leave its trace on the morality of the people who adopted it. But this is just one of those cases where Reason, looking at the good of the whole, corrects some erroneous expressions. Mr. Lecky's readers, we are persuaded, would one and all refuse any tribute of approbation to man or woman simply for remaining unmarried all their lives. If there was some especial reason for remaining unmarried, and they had lived their single lives in purity, they would then be entitled to our admiration or approval. But the act of self-denial, *for itself alone*, we should hear of with the most perfect indifference.

Much of Mr. Lecky's book, it may be said, more strictly belongs to the history of religion than of morals. The boundary between the two it would be very difficult to draw, and the history of morals could not possibly be written without entering more or less into the history of religion. But the marvellous stories we have here of the ascetic practices of hermits and monks belong to the history of superstition. No moral opinion, independently of religious creed, could have enforced or approved

them. They belonged as little to morality as human sacrifices, at the era when *they* prevailed, belonged to the morality of the time. Morality is made religion by the introduction of the additional motive of obedience to God; but mere modes of worship, rites, ceremonies, prayers, fastings, ablutions—whatever could have had no existence as a rule of conduct between man and man—are exclusively religious. We would by no means abridge Mr. Lecky's book—it is far too entertaining; but when we read of St. Macarius of Alexandria, that he slept for six months "in a marsh and exposed his body naked to the stings of venomous flies;" when we read of these and far more terrible self-tortures, and read the accounts these men gave to themselves of that horrible pit of hell from which such tortures were to redeem them,—we are simply perusing one of the most painful chapters in the history of human superstition. After passing through this or that century distinguished by such feats and such insanities, it is pleasant to reflect that there were millions of simple men and women, living at the same time, who ate and drank and worked, and loved their wives and children, and knew nothing of these terrible nightmares.

We must hasten on to our third head of *Humanity*. It is rather a vague term, and we are conscious of using it vaguely. How distinguish, it might be said, between Humanity and Charity? But we allude to that tenderness and increasing sympathy of man with man which made the Christian turn away in pain from the gladiatorial shows—which broke down *socially* the barrier between slave and freeman long before it was legally removed—which taught in a very beautiful manner equality and fraternity. The universal bond of fellowship was more than taught—it was felt. That men were of one family had been the theme of many an eloquent philosopher. The theory was here practised. The one

fact that slave and freeman sat down together at the same table, and took the sacrament together, went further to establish such fraternity than any amount of eloquence. The little Christian community had already entered into that kingdom of heaven where all are equal in the sight of God. Not in their Elysium would Agamemnon still be king. Ranks and titles were the masquerade of earth; souls were all equal, or differed only in their intenser love or devotion.

Mr. Lecky's account of the gladiatorial combats is full of interest. He has brought together here, as on most of the subjects he touches, a multitude of instructive details and stirring anecdotes. There were refined and cultivated men amongst the Pagans who had learned to look with disgust at these sanguinary exhibitions. What was wanted was some similar movement in the popular mind, and this Christianity supplied. Neither these public games nor slavery could be said to be immediately abolished by Christianity; but the new religion brought in, amongst all who embraced it, that fellowship and sympathy of man with man which tended, as its legitimate result, to abolish every practice of cruelty, every unjust or unnecessary distinction, every act of tyranny.

"The gladiatorial games," Mr. Lecky very justly observes, "form the one feature of Roman society which to a modern mind is almost inconceivable in its atrocity. That not only men but women in an advanced period of civilisation—men and women who not only professed but very frequently acted upon a high code of morals—should have made the carnage of men their habitual amusement,—that all this should have continued for centuries with scarcely a protest, is one of the most startling facts in moral history. It is, however, perfectly normal, and in no degree inconsistent with the doctrine of natural moral perceptions, while it opens out fields of ethical in-

quiry of a very deep though painful interest."

It is perfectly normal, for the love of excitement carries the man at once into what reflection, following slowly after, shows him to be an act of cruelty. Happily for human nature, it is not cruelty *per se* that delights the unreflective mind. It is the love of action and power, and some wild curiosity, that impels every untutored boy into that persecution of the animal creation which he learns afterwards to be ashamed of. Often there is a combative spirit prompting to the act. What he in some degree fears—fears not enough to fly from—he will turn upon with rage—stone the thing to death because it looks ugly and venomous. To watch two animals, even two insects fight, and destroy each other, is a source of keen excitement. What must it have been to watch, from some secure position, two men engage in mortal combat, see the death wound given, see the death-agony itself! Accordingly the gladiatorial game eclipsed all other amusements. Gradually a spirit of reflection stole in—was this the use to make of a man? and religion seized upon the new reflection, enforced, and propagated it.

We have touched only upon a few points where Christianity affected the morality of the world, and we have selected those which were calculated to have most influence on society at large. That profound humility and perfect abnegation of self which is often described as one of the pre-eminent characteristics of the Christian, may be said to belong and to be pretty well confined to the select few who in every age were looked upon as saints, as men altogether remarkable for their piety. It is the characteristic by which the Christian saint was most distinguished from that other remarkable man, the Stoic. The self-assertion, the pride in the dignity of man, which have been ascribed

to the Stoics, or to some of them, would have shocked a Christian saint. Horace makes his virtuous hero say of Jupiter, "He gives life, he gives wealth; an untroubled mind I secure for myself." And amongst the many happy sayings which Mr. Lecky has quoted from the Stoics, there is none more striking than this from Seneca: "In one point the sage is superior to God. God owes it to his nature not to fear, but the sage owes it to himself. Sublime condition! *he joins the frailty of a man to the security of a God.*" Language such as this would impress the Christian as bordering upon impiety.

Christianity, besides rearing in every age its little band of saints, has exerted a manifest influence on the world at large. Even the existence of this company of saints could not fail to be a constant lesson to mankind. And what age, what nation, what city of Christendom, has been without its saintly band? Yet the conversion of the world, as it was called, to Christianity—the triumph through the length and breadth of the land of the new religion—was not attended with those moral results which might have been expected. Hear our author's account of the Byzantine empire:—

"The first Christian emperor transferred his capital to a new city, uncontaminated by the tradition and glories of Paganism; and he there founded an empire which derived all its ethics from Christian sources, and which continued in existence for about eleven hundred years. Of that Byzantine empire the universal verdict of history is, that it constitutes, without a single exception, the most thoroughly base and despicable form that civilization has yet assumed. . . . It was pre-eminently the age of treachery. Without patriotism—without the fruition or desire of liberty, after the first paroxysms of religious agitation—without genius or intellectual activity—slaves, and willing slaves, in both their actions and their thoughts—immersed in sensuality and in the most frivolous pleasures—the people only emerged from their listless-

ness when some theological subtlety, or some rivalry in the chariot-races, stimulated them into frantic riots. The history of the empire is a monotonous story of the intrigue of priests, eunuchs, and women; of poisoning, of conspiracies, of uniform ingratitude, of perpetual fratricides.

"The corruption had reached classes and institutions that appeared the most holy. The Agapæ or love feasts, which formed one of the most touching symbols of Christian unity, had become scenes of drunkenness and riot. The commemoration of the martyrs soon degenerated into scandalous dissipation. Fairs were held on the occasion, gross breaches of chastity were frequent, and the annual festival was suppressed on account of the immorality it produced."

We have been just repeating the often-made observation, that Christianity brought in with it a new spirit of universal fraternity. All mankind were again of one family. But in order to be of one family there grew up this condition, *that they all be of one creed*. To those outside that creed a new hatred sprang up, and those who had nothing else of Christianity could boast a ruthless, murderous, hostility to Jew, Pagan, and heretic. There is a plea put in for persecution which may be sometimes available. Pious men killed the body *piously* to save the soul; they put to death a certain number of their contemporaries to save the innumerable souls of posterity. And doubtless there have been zealous Dominicans who sadly, solemnly, and with infinite regret, consigned their erring brother to the flames. But the *manner* of the persecutions which history records reveals to us something far different from a mistaken piety—reveals to us the coarsest hatred under the mask of piety. We have fanatics before us who gloated over their murdering act, who rejoiced over the destruction of soul and body both, and *damned* as readily as they *slew*.

"There is," says Mr. Lecky, "something at once grotesque and ghastly in

the spectacle. The Donatists, having separated from the orthodox simply on the question of the validity of the consecration of a certain bishop, declared that all who adopted the orthodox view must be damned: refused to perform their rites in the orthodox churches which they had seized till they had burnt the altar and scraped the wood; beat multitudes to death with clubs; blinded others by anointing their eyes with lime; filled Africa, during nearly two centuries, with war and desolation, and contributed largely to its final ruin. . . . The followers of St. Cyril of Alexandria, who were chiefly monks, filled their city with riot and bloodshed; wounded the perfect Orestes; dragged the pure and gifted Hypatia into one of their churches, murdered her, tore the flesh from her bones with sharp shells, and, having stripped her body naked, flung the mangled remains into the flames."

Even the councils, the gravest assemblies of the highest dignitaries of the Church, seem not free from scandalous events. Our author quotes a passage from Dean Milman, in which he says, in his quiet decisive manner:—

"Nowhere is Christianity less attractive than in the councils of the Church. Intrigue, injustice, violence, decisions on authority alone, and that the authority of a turbulent majority, detract from the reverence and impugn the judgments of at least the later councils. The close is almost invariably a terrible anathema, in which it is impossible not to discern the tones of human hatred, of arrogant triumph, of rejoicing at the damnation imprecated against the humiliated adversary."

Was this the conversion of the world? we are apt to exclaim. Was this all—this balance to be struck between some new forms of goodness and some new forms of evil—that was to arise from the sacrifice and salvation which St. Paul preached?

"And is this little—all that was to be?
Where is the gloriously-decisive change,
The immeasurable metamorphosis
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
Should in some poor sort justify the price?
Had a mere adept of the Rosy Cross
Spent his life to consummate the Great
work,

Would not we start to see the stuff it
touched
Yield not a grain more than the vulgar got
By the old smelting process years ago ?
If this were sad to see, unjust the sage
Who should profess so much, perform no
more.
What is it when suspected in that Power
Who undertook to make and made the
world,
Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
Ordained salvation for them both, and yet—
Well, is the thing we see salvation ?”

These lines Mr. Browning puts in the mouth of a venerable Pope in his marvellous poem of the ‘Ring and the Book.’ The Pope has his own way of answering the difficulty he raises. The simple and precise truth which will probably occur to most of our readers is, that the advent of Christianity, however momentous an event, is not the sole cause to which we are to look for the progress of human morality. Nor does our present historian by any means confine himself to this cause. If he should carry out his work into later times, he will have to show how the industrial arts, bringing in a happier mode of life, with milder manners—how a spreading intelligence, and the growth of

amiable sentiments—have all contributed to the improvement of moral opinion. He will have to show how the very spirit of Christianity burns brighter and purer in a terrestrial atmosphere, purged of many of its noxious vapours.

These mundane causes do not occupy a very large space in the present work, and we have absolutely no room at our disposal to enter on them at all. We must here part with our author. He is not happy, we have ventured to say, when he deals with ethical theories; and, unfortunately, he will not let us forget his theoretical obscurities; for, not content with the formal discussion which opens the books, he reverts to them frequently in the course of his history. But we wish to part with an expression of our unfeigned thanks for the pleasure and information which his volumes have bestowed. We have not for many a year read any book with greater pleasure; and we deposit it on the shelves of our library with the hope that we may have leisure for a second perusal.

DOLLIE AND THE TWO SMITHS.

My father was an Irishman and a writer of articles for magazines. I have never written in a magazine or anything else myself. My mother I don't remember. She died shortly after my birth. One of my earliest arithmetical efforts consisted in the discovery that I had nine brothers and sisters, concerning whom, as they are all alive and are some of them Fenians, I desire to speak only in complimentary terms.

I believe publishers did not pay so liberally in those days as I have reason to hope they do now, or possibly my father may have acquired dissolute habits through his contact with literary men; but from some cause or other I was so slenderly provided with food, clothing, and education, and my home was so inconveniently crowded and uncomfortable, that I left it at the age of fifteen with an outfit consisting of one extra shirt, one ditto pair of socks, a comb, and thirteen-and-sixpence that I borrowed, without alluding to it at the time, from my eldest sister, who was keeping house and acted as treasurer generally, and whose balance in hand consisted of that amount. I have since paid it her back, with interest at 7 per cent. As, however, my present purpose in writing is not to dwell upon the varied and striking incidents in my own fortunes through life, so much as to portray certain scenes into which its destiny has led me, I will skip over the first twenty years after leaving home, and land myself in a neat white clapboarded house, with green venetians, and a verandah half round it, situated on a wooded hillside, and commanding a lovely view of a secluded lake about ten miles long and three wide, on the shores of which a few scattered clearings indicate that we are across the Atlantic, and in a part of the country

not yet very thickly settled. Nevertheless we are in one of the eastern States of America, at no very great distance from a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and can hear the shriek of the engine as the cars stop at the little village at the head of the lake. As to whether that lovely creature with fair hair and blue eyes, and hands so small and white that it is a marvel how she can do so much house-work and preserve them as she does, and a pleasure to look forward to eating the bread they are now kneading,—I say, as to whether this young lady is my wife, or the "chattel," to take the legal English view of her, of that handsome broad-shouldered man unyoking a team at the door of the barn, is a matter in which we three alone are concerned. It does not signify, either, who the farm or the two little chubby children belong to: the point to which I wish to call my readers' attention is this. Here I am, an Irishman by descent, an Englishman by birth, a citizen of the United States by naturalization, and of the world by an extended knowledge of it. I confess to only one inveterate prejudice, acquired doubtless from a long residence among pure and simple Asiatics, and this is an intense abomination of, and contempt for, all society calling itself civilised, and especially for that mongrel race of money-grubbers, whether they are located on one side of the Atlantic or the other, which calls itself Anglo-Saxon, and which, to an inordinate conceit, adds an almost inspired faculty for "peddling." If, therefore, the extremely sensitive feelings of my American readers are hurt by this record of my experiences of village life in their country, I only request them to wait until I publish a few observations upon which I am engaged in regard to the commercial morality

of London as compared with that of New York, when they will have an opportunity of judging for themselves of my extreme impartiality, and of venting their spleen against England, by republishing my very original and uncomplimentary criticisms on that country, and pocketing the entire proceeds of the labour of my brains. I give them fair notice that for every dollar of which I am thus robbed I shall stick a pin into them somewhere; and people with such very thin skins had better make friends with me in time. I am to be bought. I have not purchased and paid for so many of my fellow-citizens without knowing to a cent what my own price is. My stock-in-trade consists of a certain faculty I have for washing the dirty ("soiled" we call it on this side—"dirty" is considered coarse) linen of the Anglo-Saxon race in public. So much as regards myself.

The name of my broad-shouldered companion and fellow-labourer is Orange Z. Smith. As there are two other Orange Smiths in the neighbourhood, we have to be very particular about the Z, pronounced zee, and not zed, in America, and so taught throughout the schools and colleges of the country. In the case of Orange, it does not stand for the first letter of any name, but is simply a distinctive middle initial; hence it follows that he is popularly known as Orange Zee. When our first little cherub was born, we called him Zuyder Zee, out of compliment to a Dutch ancestor on his mother's side. I may here remark that my name is also Smith. I dropped my Celtic patronymic and appropriated the English one upon the occasion of my taking the thirteen-and-sixpence from my sister above mentioned. The name of Zuyder Zee's mother is Mary, but she is called "Dollie." All the pet diminutives of female names in the States end in *ie*, and not in *y* as in England, perhaps because there is a more

refined flavour about *ie* than about *y*; and all Dollie's correspondents address their letters to her, not by the Christian name of her husband, or even by her own Christian name, but tenderly and affectionately as "Mrs. Dollie Van Snook Smith," thus as it were inviting the affectionate sympathy and interest of the clerks in the post-office. So when I was so unfortunate the other day as to upset her out of the buggy and she broke her leg, the editor of the 'Van Snookville Democrat' touchingly alluded to "the limb of Mrs. Dollie Smith, one of the most beautiful and highly respected residents of this township." Dollie's grandfather, Van Snook, had been the first settler here, and the town was called after him. When Zuyder Zee was born I asked Orange Zee whether the event ought not to be announced in the 'Van Snookville Democrat,' but he said it would not be considered proper to make any public allusion to the incident; and I remembered afterwards that I never saw a column for births in any American newspaper. Long may it be before our Dollie figures in any other column! but whenever she does, her affectionate relations will stick to the pet diminutive, and will announce the departure, not "of Mary, wife of — Smith," but of "Mrs. Dollie Van Snook Smith."

It is not necessary to say how Orange Zee and I first became acquaintances and then friends, and then decided "to go to farming" together, and were attracted to this pretty hillside, and to the immediate neighbourhood of the farm where Dollie was living with her parents. I had to trust to Orange Zee's farming experience in everything. My ignorance was so great that he never ceased wondering where I had been "raised." I should like to know how many of my readers know how to drive a nail so as not to split the wood. I think the profound contempt with which Orange Zee regards all Eng-

lishmen, to whom he owes his origin, is principally based upon the information which I gave him that there were actually many people in England who did not know how to drive a nail. Nor does he yet understand—as of course everybody must be constantly wanting to drive nails in England as in America—“what on earth they do, if they don't know how.”

After Orange Zee and I had seen Dollie, and found that the adjoining farm was for sale, we determined to buy it; and we accordingly went to Dollie's uncle, to whom it belonged, and told him that the fences were all out of repair and the house was falling to pieces, and the meadows were all “run out,” and that it was a miserable old place “any way,” and not worth taking at a gift. Dollie's uncle saw at once from this that we were dying to get hold of the place, and, as he was equally anxious to sell, he said that he had now given up all idea of selling, and intended to “hang on” to it. Orange Zee told me afterwards that the great art of buying and selling was to appear as if you did not want to buy or sell, and always to seem to hang back. So we hung back. As we were boarding with Dollie's parents, I found “hanging back” quite a pleasant occupation. At last one day Dollie's uncle came and said that he had been offered 75 dollars an acre for his farm, and that if we wanted it we had better speak, as he was going to let it go at that. To my surprise Orange Zee said he had just offered 50 dollars an acre for a better farm on the other side of the lake, and expected to get a decided answer from the proprietor to-morrow. I felt quite angry with Orange Zee when I heard this, as I hated the looks of the other side of the lake; and when Dollie's uncle went away, I told him he might go there if he liked by himself, but that I should continue to “hang back.” He laughed at my innocence, and as-

sured me that what he had told Dollie's uncle was only as big a lie as what Dollie's uncle had told him, and “how else could we expect ever to get hold of the farm?” So then, of course, I said that it was all right, and we went on “hanging back.” Finally, we had a talk with Dollie's father on the subject; and he said that if we would give him a hundred dollars down, and a note of hand at six months for a hundred more in case he succeeded, he would get the farm from his brother at 50 dollars the acre; but in that case we must leave the place for the present and seem to have given up all idea of settling here. Orange Zee told me afterwards that the old man (we always called Dollie's father “the old man”) had held a mortgage over his brother, and by threats of foreclosure forced him to sell. The old man was highly respected and looked up to for many miles round, as being the best horse-doctor and the “smartest” man at a trade generally to be found in that part of the country. He was also an elder of the Baptist Church, and exercised a most powerful gift on the occasion of “revivals” and “protracted meetings.” When he found out how matters stood between Dollie, Orange Zee, and myself, he got nearly all our money out of us by secret promises of Dollie—first to one, and then to the other; and nothing but the accident of Dollie herself taking a decided stand of her own, prevented our being turned out of the house Dollieless and penniless. The whole details of this financially romantic transaction were afterwards reported in the ‘*Van Snookville Democrat*’; and the old man received a sort of ovation for some time afterwards whenever he entered a store in the village, in compliment to his skill in having thus turned the charms of his Dollie to such good pecuniary account.

This did not prevent our having a wedding, which was the occasion

of great rejoicing amongst all the members of the church to which Dollie belonged, and which bore grateful testimony to her popularity among the farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood, who flocked to her marriage, in very elaborate Parisian toilets, in buggies and spring-waggon, and accompanied by "beaux" the honesty of whose intentions it was refreshing, to one accustomed to less primitive conditions, to contemplate. If I decline for reasons which may hereafter appear, to say whether Dollie was married to Orange Zee or myself on this auspicious occasion, it is not because either Dollie or her husband have ever since done anything to be ashamed of. Of the purity and simple innocence of our menage there has never been a question. Nor did the fact that one of us had failed to realise his aspirations in respect of this estimable young lady, embitter our home relations. The sceptics in virtue on the other side of the Atlantic may sneer, but I am proud to say that no cloud of jealousy ever disturbed the serenity of our domestic horizon. Nor was the disappointed Smith ever for one instant false to the pure and innocent sentiment of fraternal affection which bound him to the other two. Indeed I may say that we were (and I trust still are) all three very justly considered models of propriety by the highly moral community of the village.

The said village consists of a single street, with three churches and a schoolhouse, all facing each other, in a little square in the middle, with pugnacious-looking steeples and a hostile cock to the gables, as though they were all longing to fly at each other. There are three dry-goods stores, and a hardware store, and a drug store, and a blacksmith's shop, and a billiard saloon, and two taverns, besides grist mills, saw-mills, carpenters' shops, &c. The population is a genial, good-natured race enough. Everybody is famil-

iarly known by his or her abbreviated Christian name; and the most minute details of the daily life of every family, and every obscure member of it, are accurately known and carefully discussed at post-time in the store that keeps the post-office, and which serves as a club and resort for idlers generally throughout the day. For although the inhabitants of Van Snookville are a tolerably industrious and prosperous community, they manage to spend a large share of their time in gossip, and find in the ever-varying excitements of politics and religion abundant occasion for quarrel and intrigue. To one not familiar with their habits, their severe language and the harsh judgments they entertain of each other might be supposed to lead to irreconcilable feuds. But this is rarely the case, for the simple reason that an irreconcilable feud is a very unprofitable investment of time and temper; and men seldom hate each other so much as to interfere with their prospects of being able to cheat one another. Of course the more rich and influential a man is, the more he can afford himself the luxury of a temper. In America, as in England, civility is a marketable commodity; and I had frequent occasion to remark with admiration that my Van Snookville friends rarely permitted their warmth or indignation of feeling to interfere with their prospective pecuniary interests.

Orange Zee said that, until we could increase our capital, our best chance of becoming respected in the village would be to join the Methodist Church, and get the better of the old man "on a trade." He has therefore already become a "class leader;" and in consequence of certain secret information regarding her father, conveyed to us by Dollie, we see a way by which we shall be enabled to obtain possession of a good deal of the old man's property, without rendering ourselves liable to imprisonment. We are

indebted for the idea to Swomp, the pettifogging lawyer, who is the old man's rival in politics and in piety, and who is to obtain a percentage on the whole amount resulting from the transaction. After we had obtained possession of the farm and of Dollie, we found that it would be necessary to improve our living accommodation; and instead of building we determined to buy a ready-made house which was for sale half a mile distant, and move it to our own land—a proceeding which involved a great deal of the process known as “dickering.” To dicker successfully, one must have a great aptitude for chewing straws and whittling. The great art is to force your opponent to be the first to put a value on the article to be bought or sold. You choose a morning when you are not busy, for it is ruinous to let any indication of anxiety or haste appear. You walk slowly with your opponent to a fence-rail, and both sit leisurely across it, and chew straws thoughtfully. I say opponent, because, in one sense, every man is your natural enemy—all the members of the community, whether they are engaged in agriculture, commerce, or politics, being trained from their earliest infancy to prey upon each other's pockets. You find yourself engaged in a gigantic game of grab (which means getting all you can, and giving as little as possible in return), and the weakest goes to the wall. Some win the game as bullies, others as sneaks; but you have very little chance unless you are either the one or the other. Moreover, it is important to remember that if you do not treat every man with whom you have any dealings upon the assumption that he is both a liar and a rogue, he considers you a fool; nor is there the least danger of his feelings being wounded by your openly doubting and requiring proof of his most solemn asseverations. This entire absence on your part of any gentlemanlike feeling excites

his respect for your “smartness,” and leads him to doubt equally every statement made by you in return as the highest compliment he can pay you. I remember my first attempt at a trade was made in Dollie's presence, and what I imagined were feelings of delicacy she called weakness, and my sense of honour she said was *non sense*,—a fossil sentiment which had its origin in ages fitly called “dark,” when idiots in armour devoted themselves to the protection of weak-minded women when they might have been making money, and sacrificed their material progress to an abstraction called Chivalry. I explained to Dollie that among the Anglo-Saxons on the other side of the Atlantic it was only considered honourable to tell lies when they were necessary to screen the woman you had betrayed; and that, according to modern ideas of chivalry, it was not considered important that you should respect the virtue of your friend's wife, if you religiously paid him your gambling debts. Nor could I get this obtuse Dollie to admit that the unscrupulous pursuit of dollars by men of business in the New World, was a more degrading occupation than the unlicensed pursuit of women by men of pleasure in the Old.

Orange Zee, who has an immense physique, trusts a good deal to his overbearing voice and manner in a trade, and it was amusing to hear him endeavour, by sheer force of will, to extort from little Deacon Brown a price for his house, and to see the little Deacon wriggle, and writhe, and protest that he had not the faintest idea of how much it might be worth, that he had never sold a house in his life before, and that unless Orange Zee would make him an offer, he felt quite powerless and paralyzed. At least two hours elapsed before either of them would name a figure. I think it was Orange Zee who, in spite of his browbeating, was forced to name a sum, which

so wounded the Deacon's feelings, that he quietly rose and walked off without vouchsafing a word in reply, leaving our big Orange Zee ignominiously chewing his straw. In this game the little Deacon made the first score. It was protracted over many days with varying fortunes, and might finally be considered drawn, as I do not think we paid either too much or too little for the house.

The next thing was to dicker with the "house-mover" to transfer our new residence bodily on to our farm, which he did for a hundred dollars, with the assistance of an old broken-winded horse, a man, and a boy. The *modus operandi* is simple enough. You go into the woods and cut down two trees long enough to pass under the whole length of the building, which is of course of wood. By means of screws the house is raised from its under-pinning and placed upon these timbers, which are in their turn placed upon wheels; the old horse walks round and works a sort of capstan fixed in the middle of the road, and attached by a rope to the house, which moves upon the wheels along planks placed under them as it slowly progresses. Most farmers in America are carpenters as well, and build their own houses without any assistance; but we were in a hurry, and Orange Zee had too great a contempt for my powers as an assistant for us to undertake it.

The most expensive operation was the purchase of stock. Twenty-five cows at from 60 to 80 dollars apiece, made a considerable inroad into what the old man had left of our capital.

Orange Zee and I work our whole farm of 100 acres without any help. We have a team for which we paid 300 dollars, and a lumber-waggon and a mowing-machine, with ploughs, harrows, and other farm implements. Dollie has a German "help" called "Lizer," who is n

board until she can speak English. We are consoled for her stupidity by her cheapness. She and Dollie milk all the cows, make all the butter, wash all the clothes, bake all the bread, cook all the food, and mend and make a great part of our clothing, to say nothing of looking after the children and the house generally.

We have a parlour with some ornaments made with dried "fall" leaves, and some cheap china shepherds and shepherdesses, and a picture worked by Dollie's mamma in worsted-work. This room is kept carefully closed, and its finery covered up, excepting on the monthly occasions when Orange Zee, in his capacity of class leader, has a prayer-meeting in it. We live in the kitchen, out of which open two bedrooms, a buttery, a wood-shed, an attic staircase, and a cellar staircase, so that the walls may be said to be almost composed of doors. Lizer shares the attic with dried apples and empty trunks.

The cooking is all done at a stove, not an open fireplace, a thing never to be seen in an American farmhouse. The staple articles of diet are pork and beans, and apple-sauce; besides which Dollie is an excellent hand at corn-bread and griddle-cakes. We get up at five, and Orange Zee and I go out and do "the chores"—in other words, attend to the stock, draw water, and make Dollie's fire, chop wood, &c. At six we breakfast, and at mid-day we dine, and at six we have supper and do our "chores" again. The quantity of things Dollie does by machinery is surprising. She washes with a machine, and she dries with a machine, and she sews with a machine, and can knit a pair of stockings in half an hour with a machine, and makes butter with a machine, and pares apples with a machine; and she "cans" tomatoes and sweet corn, and preserves blackberries, and saves wood-ashes, and makes soap with "lye" (which is water that has soaked through them), and

is a perfect repository of domestic receipts; and turns out on Sunday to go to meeting with a big "chignon," which she calls a "waterfall," and a long train, as neatly *chausée* and *gantée* as if she lived on the Boulevards instead of on Beaver Lake. How she manages to effect these sudden and entire transformations is only one of the mysteries which attach to Dollie, and are a source of perpetual wonder and admiration to Orange Zee and myself. Then she takes in 'The Revolution,' and seems to me to have more advanced opinions on "Woman's Rights," than Susan B. Anthony herself; and she reads 'The Radical' regularly, and watches the new development of the religious idea of Boston with such keen relish that I sometimes suspect she is a secret contributor. I verily believe she is corresponding with those two strong-minded opponents of stringent ceremonial observances, Olive Logan and Eleanor Kirke, on the marriage question; but she does not at present admit either Orange Zee or myself into her reasons for always going to the post-office herself for her letters. We have perfect confidence in her, and are waiting without alarm for the results. So long as she is the most efficient housewife in the county we have no right to complain; and I believe that it is when she is on her knees scrubbing the floor that her most brilliant inspirations come to her, and suggest those abstruse problems of theology with which she occasionally plies Elder Fisher, much to that poor orthodox minister's embarrassment. Notwithstanding all which, there is not a Sunday-school teacher in the district (pronounced *deestrick*), more universally respected and beloved; and no "sewing bees" are so popular as those which our pretty little Mrs. Dollie gives alternately with Orange Zee's prayer-meetings in the front parlour. Upon these occasions the neighbouring farmers' wives flock to the manufacture of our "pants" and

petticoats, and discuss the latest inventions in sewing-machines and theology over an abundant supply of tea. Dollie is a specimen of a new type developed since the race was transplanted to America, and is as peculiar to the soil as are the beavers which used formerly to inhabit our lake; and I believe, notwithstanding her regular attendance at Elder Fisher's, see is surely but silently sapping the foundations of his theology in the minds of a large section of his congregation. Like the beavers aforesaid, I sometimes think that Dollie acts entirely by instinct, and without any exercise of the reasoning faculty. She always speaks under some strong, quick impulse, which is irresistible to the listener. A beaver is taught by intuition how to make use of his tail: why should not the same intuition teach a woman how to use her tongue? The fact that it has never done so yet, does not cause me to despair. Since I have known Dollie I have become sanguine. Orange Zee and I both feel that she is rapidly developing us into something, but we don't yet know into what. Time will show.

Meantime, like Dollie, we do as much farm-work as we can by machinery too. We have a sowing-machine and a mowing-machine and a reaping-machine. In the hot haying-time we mow before breakfast, and rake and cure our hay with horse-rakes and tedders, and load it by a patent process on to our waggon, and get our bright "Timothy" into our barn with another patent thing like a harpoon, the same afternoon. Think of that, you poor befogged farmers of the old country! The amount of hay that we two can cut, cure, and mow away in one day, is so great that I shall not mention it, lest you should imagine that I had been born as well as naturalized in America. We never stack it outside, and have a hay-press of our own, which we work, as we do most things, by horse-power, and press

for our neighbours as well. We have a horse-power threshing-machine also, with which we thresh our neighbours' grain at from four to eight cents a-bushel, and make a good thing of it; and by killing all our calves two days after they are born, and sending all our milk to the cheese-factory, we are able to contribute to the large cargoes of cheeses which annually cross the Atlantic for consumption in the British Isles. What old fogies you British farmers are not to kill your calves, and so save the milk!

Then Orange Zee can do almost anything he wants. with a plough and team; he has surface-drained all our farm with open ditches three feet deep with the plough alone. As for me, all my most brilliant inspirations in regard to agriculture have been suggested by the remarkable farming experiences published by Mr. Horace Greeley in the columns of the 'Tribune.' I believe, in spite of Orange Zee's knowledge, we should have been repeatedly ruined had it not been for the original ideas we derived from the lucubrations of that truly great man. Indeed, as I can't be of much assistance to Orange Zee by my practical knowledge, I endeavour to make up for it theoretically by studying the rural 'New-Yorker,' 'The Country Gentleman,' and other agricultural journals. Had I been allowed to have my own way, I should have invested in a variety of advantageous patents, and entered upon a large scale upon experiments with all the numerous varieties of oats, potatoes, tomatoes, and other produce which are warranted to make the fortunes of farmers courageous enough thus judiciously to risk their capital. Among the varied occupations of Orange Zee, however, he had passed a year of his life peddling patent rights, and the information he had thus acquired in regard to their value induced him invariably to prohibit my ever buying one. This was a great trial

to me, for scarcely a week passed without some eloquent traveller calling, and offering for a few dollars the exclusive right to make and sell in the county stoves warranted to season as well as cook meat; or fences which were cheaper and more durable than either wood or iron; or clothes-pegs which possessed the remarkable property of drying the clothes as well as of attaching them to the lines; or lightning-rods, which not only protected the house from lightning, but bottled up the electricity for private consumption;—besides many other ingenious contrivances which marked the fertility of the American brain. In fact I feel sure that, had it not been for Orange Zee we might have become proprietors of many exclusive privileges which would have secured us a comfortable independence for our lives. I was confirmed in my opinion of my own good judgment and ability in these matters by overhearing myself spoken of one day as a "good, clever sort of fellow." As Dollie made the same remark in regard to the stupidest man in the neighbourhood, I afterwards discovered that a "clever fellow" signified here a "good-natured fool." After this personal application it was natural that the violent transformation which English words undergo after crossing the Atlantic should rouse my indignation. I once seemed to plunge a whole supper-table into a douche-bath, because I remarked that a species of porridge called Graham Mush was "nasty." I do not yet know the exact meaning of this awful word, but it is evidently something more than the opposite of nice; and certain it is, that this cock-and-bull account of farm-life in America will be called there a "Rooster-and-Ox" story.

Besides our agricultural operations, we are called upon as good citizens to devote some of our attention to politics. The election of the town officers every year is an occasion of great excitement and

intrigue. It is here that the youthful American mind acquires the rudiments of that exalted statesmanship, which finds its full fruition in the adroit achievement of great state or national financial frauds. A "State" in America is divided into counties and towns; the towns are in fact rural districts, each one large enough for half-a-dozen ordinary English country parishes; in each town there may be one or more villages or hamlets, though the villages properly so called, require charters of incorporation giving them municipal officers and independent local government. Where there is no such village incorporation, the town chooses annually its own officers: these consist of town supervisor, road commissioner, sheriff, constables, &c. Politics may thus be said to be brought into the minutest details of every man's daily life.

For instance, Orange Zee, vowing vengeance against the old man, Dollie's father, and being also animated by the desire to attain the first round of the ladder by which he might possibly ultimately climb to the presidential chair at Washington, determined to put himself forward as the Republican candidate for the exalted office of town constable. In pursuance of which design Orange Zee donned his go-to-meeting coat, and after consulting Swomp, who was going himself to run for supervisor on the Republican ticket, drove to several of the leading Republican farmers, and announced to them that he had been so urgently pressed by his friends to have his name put upon the ticket as constable, that he had reluctantly consented, and that he would consider it a favour if they would support him. Meantime Swomp having held a private caucus of his friends at one of the "stores" in the village, decided upon the list of officers which they would offer to the Republican party in opposition to the list headed by the old man, who comes forward as Republican candidate in opposi-

tion to Swomp. A few days after, all the Republicans in the town rally to the Republican tavern, where Swomp's supporters hand each arrival a ticket containing his own name at the top, and Orange Zee's name at the bottom; and the old man's supporters hand each arrival a list with his name at the top: on receiving which the voters plunge into an inner room reeking with humanity, smoke, and profanity, where all the respective candidates and their supporters are struggling round a table, at which are seated the scrutineers; and after a day of confusion and excitement, Swomp's supporters announce triumphantly that they have carried their ticket, and Orange Zee returns to our long-ing arms, covered with dust and glory, and smelling of whiskey. But this is only a preliminary stage. The Democrats go through the same form a few days afterwards, and then both political parties having thus decided on their tickets, try issues with each other. It is only to be expected that a number of the old man's supporters, disgusted with their defeat, vote Democratic; but then a number of Democrats on the same ground vote Republican—so the one set of malcontents about balance the other. Still the issue is as uncertain as it is in England, because a vote in America is worth as much money as it is in England, though it is only for the State, or United States Legislatures that they are worth paying for in money: in their local elections the consideration is various, and may be illustrated by Orange Zee's own proceedings. He having a marvellous faculty for diving into the private affairs of his fellow-townsmen, went to some who had large amounts owing to them, and promised if they would vote for him, to collect their debts in his capacity of constable, and charge them nothing for it; and he went to others who he knew were overwhelmed with debts, and promised that if they would vote for

him he would always give them warning before he came to distract, so as to enable them to convey their goods away in time: in fact Orange Zee managed so to impress people with the extent of the powers which he could wield to benefit those who voted for him, and to injure his opponents, that many who voted Democratic scored out the constables nominated on their own ticket, and substituted Orange Zee's name. Thus it happened that although the Democratic ticket was finally elected, and Swomp and the old man both defeated, Orange Zee came in triumphantly at the tail of the Democrats; thus in these early days proving political capacity of a very high order, and inspiring both Dollie and me with great expectations for the future. I did not then know that Orange Zee had begun life as a boot-black in the lobby at Albany, and thus at a tender age had imbibed, as it were, through the soles of eminent politicians, those first principles which he was turning to such excellent account. Where life is one gigantic system of barter, one of the earliest lessons to be learnt is, how much one's social position, political influence, professional knowledge, and religious standing, are severally worth "on a trade." Take the case of Gouge who was elected Democratic town supervisor against Swomp and the old man. Gouge was a director of the Van Snookville and Boghole Branch Railway. The V.S. and B.B.R. is Democratic; no Republican conductors, porters, and breaksmen need apply. At the State elections the V.S. and B.B.R. vote Democratic to a man; and the nomination of the Democratic candidate for our Congressional district may practically be said to rest with the President and Board of the V.S. and B.B.R. Gouge had been first a porter, then a conductor, and finally had run a wild-cat on said railway with such success that he was promoted to

station-master. To run a wild-cat for any length of time on a single line without an accident, requires both skill and daring. A wild-cat is a sort of extra goods train that has no stated times for running, but dodges from one station to another between the regular trains whenever the line happens to be vacant, and the engineer thinks he can reach the next station before any train leaves it, and go fast enough not to be overtaken by the lightning express behind him. Metaphorically, Gouge had run a wild-cat all his life; he had a wonderful faculty of dodging past people on his upward career. He knew so well the value of his position as station-master, that though his salary was only a thousand dollars a-year, he managed by dexterous trading to exchange the information, opportunities, and power which his position gave him, for over twenty thousand dollars in two years. Gouge it was who saw how much money was to be made by a hotel at the depot; and he sent for his brother, who was a hotel-keeper, and promised to secure the privilege of the hotel to him, on condition that he should receive a share of the profits; and so he introduced Gouge junior to the President, who saw no objection to the scheme, provided he had another share in the profits. So the President and the two Gouges share the profits of the hotel between them. In the same way he secured a valuable railway contract for the leading Democrat in Van Snookville, upon the understanding that he should command the whole vote whenever he required it, a few refractory Democrats being "squared" with small shares in the contract, and the whole helping to swell the political influence of the President of the V.S. and B.B.R., who received besides a large pecuniary share in the profits of the contract. And so Gouge quietly slipped with his twenty thousand dollars from being station-master into the proprietor-

ship of the 'Van Snookville Democrat,' which paper he worked so successfully for the interest of the railway and the Democratic party in general, and himself in particular, that when the Van Snookville National Bank was started, the voice of public opinion unanimously pointed to Gouge as president; and Gouge finding himself, to use his own words, "reluctantly forced into this position of responsibility and prominence by his appreciative fellow-townsmen" (who are by this time so completely cowed by him, that they are afraid to call their souls their own), runs that flourishing institution, the First National Bank of Van Snookville, as he did the wild-cat, entirely for his own benefit. Is there any wonder therefore that, though the majority of the population of Van Snookville is Republican, by some mysterious dispensation the vote of the town is always largely Democratic? for could not Gouge, who is President of the First National Bank, Director of the V.S. and B.B.R., town supervisor, proprietor of the 'Van Snookville Democrat,' part proprietor of the Van Snookville Railway Hotel, and joint-owner with his son, who "runs it," of the principal store in the village, with one half of the population in debt to his bank, and the other half dependent in some form or other on the V.S. and B.B.R.,—could not Gouge, I say, bring such terrific pressure to bear upon any luckless individual who ventured to thwart his sovereign will, that life in Van Snookville would be a burden to him? If Gouge wants to force a public road across a man's field, all he has to do is to tell the judge, who owes his election to Gouge's influence, that he had better appoint assessors prepared to "lay" the road thus, and do his (Gouge's) will, or he need never more hope to dispense justice in that neighbourhood. Gouge's life seems bent on the invention of political and social screws, and instruments of moral torture; and as

all the functionaries are elected, and he practically controls the elections, he manages to work the electors and the elected against each other with such adroitness, that the power he wields may be said to be absolute. Providentially Gouge drinks! Van Snookville, as ungrateful as her rival Paris, to the man to whom she owes, if not her beauty, at least her prosperity,—Van Snookville, less bold than her "irreconcilable" sister, is afraid to vote "no" against her oppressor, but finds a grateful solace in the consolatory reflection that he drinks. For a week at a time whisky renders Gouge unable to rule over us. Then Swamp, who is perpetual arch-grand knight of the Good Templars, rallies his sons of temperance, and the leading church members enter into deep mysterious conclave as to the best means of ridding themselves from the hated yoke of Gouge.

The old man and Swamp sink their religious and trading animosities to combine against the common enemy; and a holy alliance is formed between the Methodists and Baptists, which results in the announcement that Splurge, the great revivalist preacher, will shortly arrive, to quicken the slumbering consciences of the Van Snookvilleites; and the junior members of the community, of both sects and sexes, look forward with some little flutter of excitement to the prospect of "a protracted meeting," and unlimited opportunities of flirtation. It is hoped that by a tremendous effort of religion and morality Gouge may be crushed. I did not take any part in the revival myself, because Dollie did not approve of it, and she only allowed Orange Zee to go because he said he ought to be there in his capacity of town constable; but his real object was to act as spy upon Swamp and the old man, and report their machinations against Gouge, to that accomplished operator and boon-companion. Orange Zee, you see, did

not believe that the great Gouge could be crushed, even by a Splurge, although that distinguished divine likened him to a roaring lion seeking whom he could devour, and called upon his hearers to "flee from him and his contracts, and his newspaper, and his hotel, and his store, and all his works."

During the fortnight that the protracted meeting lasted, all farming operations were suspended. It took place at a season of the year when work was not pressing, and day after day waggon-loads of old and young of both sexes, in their best costume, drove up alternately to the Methodist and Baptist churches; and the voice of Splurge might be heard for some distance down the village street exhorting his hearers to come forward to "the mourners' bench." Here those who had been most powerfully acted upon made their confession and their profession, and from that time forward they were said to have "got" or "experienced religion." The exact number of persons who "got religion" during this visit of Splurge's was afterwards published among those interesting heart-statistics, if I may be allowed the phrase, which are to be found in those spare columns which the religious journals do not devote to abusing each other. It is quite an interesting study to turn over a file of these, and add up the total of broken and contrite hearts that have resulted during the year from the labours of the various Splurges all over the country, and to read how bitter these rival Splurges sometimes get with one another, and how jealous of each other's special gifts, and how furious are the feuds which arise from the difficulty of sharing the spoil. Even now the war which resulted from the Van Snookville revival is still raging, for Swomp declared that the old man had persuaded a number of those who intended to "experience" Methodist religion, to join the Baptist Church; whereas

it had been clearly understood, before Splurge's arrival, that all the broken hearts he made were to be divided equally between the two denominations; but the fact is, on a trade, whether it be in human consciences or anything else, the old man is always more than a match for Swomp.

The practical inconvenience of this revival was, that its influence was not confined to quickening the consciences only of those who benefited by it; they seemed to get quicker all over. One young man, before he got religion, with whom I was dickering for a horse, positively assured me he had paid 200 dollars for it, and could not sell it to me for less. Our trade was interrupted by Splurge for a fortnight, and at the end of it he had undergone the quickening process, and swore as positively he had paid 245 dollars for the animal.

This is only one illustration. I did not know of a single instance of greater honesty in trade after the revival than before it. It never once seemed to occur to two men of contrite spirit to say to each other, "Come now, we have persistently thought everything worth whatever we could get for it, irrespective of its intrinsic value, and have considered false representation in regard to articles we had for sale a merely venial offence; let us, now that we have got religion, never try to get more for anything than it is honestly worth." If even Splurge cannot venture to recommend people when they are asked for their coats to give their cloaks also, without extinguishing himself and his popularity as an impartor of the Christian religion for ever, let him, at least, suggest that when a man asks for your coat, you should not turn upon him and strip him naked as an evidence of Christian "smartness." O my dear Splurge, I am sorry to have to tell you that my experience has been that the sooner men get over the effects of your labours on their

THE LORDS AND THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE Land Bill for Ireland, subject to few and these unimportant alterations, has been carried in the House of Commons. Looking to the nature of the measure and to the composition of that assembly, a different issue was not to be expected; and now the Lords are warned that if they presume seriously to meddle with it, they must take the consequences. It seems to us that in repeating this threat too often Mr. Gladstone exhibits more of courage than discretion. There are symptoms abroad that his hold upon his party may not be quite so firm as he persuades himself that it is. The gentlemen of whom to a great extent it is composed entertain views of their own on most subjects. They took service under him two years ago, not because by the exercise of a towering intellect he constrained them to do so, but because in his eagerness to win their most sweet voices he declared himself willing to do their work. His electioneering speeches in Lancashire, his replies to deputations that waited upon him in London, the miserable exhibition that he made of himself on the hustings at Greenwich,—all alike announced a readiness on his part to enter, for the sake of place, on a policy of organic change. For this reason it was that the promoters of organic change—Irish Ultramontanes, Scotch Presbyterians, English Dissenters, and infidels of every shade—took him up and carried him into office. And they keep him in office because hitherto he has executed his part of the covenant in good faith, just as they will continue to sustain him there so long as they see reason to believe that the work pleases him—that he has not grown weary over it. But let him exhibit any sign, be it ever so obscure, of dissatisfaction with the task to which they have set him, and that

moment a spirit as far removed from subserviency as may be shows itself among them. How undignified is his attitude at the moment of our writing in regard to the Primary Education Bill! How far removed from that which should distinguish the Prime Minister of the Queen of England is his conduct on the Universities Tests Bill! The former of these measures, as Mr. Forster originally prepared it, was clearly not intended too much to favour the Church. This the Dissenters understood; for they accepted it cheerfully, the infidel portion of Mr. Gladstone's adherents alone lifting up their voices against it. But no sooner did it appear that Churchmen were prepared to take it as a compromise, and to make the most of it, than, one by one, Mr. Gladstone's Non-conformist allies began likewise to discover faults in it. How did he act in the case? Either the measure was a just and a wise measure, as originally propounded, or it was not. If it was not wise and just, why did he allow Mr. Forster to bring it forward? If it was just and wise, why did he not press the matter to an issue? Because though sure of a victory, he must have owed his success to the support of a Conservative opposition; and he deliberately preferred sacrificing what he felt to be the right thing rather than face the inconvenience of a split in his own party. Well timed and richly merited was the sarcasm with which Mr. Disraeli overwhelmed him after he had avowed his inability to act like an honest man. For our own part, we are not prepared to say that the measure, as last revised, may not, with a few alterations in committee, be rendered quite as gainful to religion, and therefore to the Church, as it promised to be when first proposed. Still the issue, if it come to

pass, will be an accidental good, for which the country owes the Prime Minister nothing. He would have stuck to his original programme if he could. The great party of which he appears to be the head would not allow him to stick to it; and he stultifies himself in order not to break with them.

Again, his behaviour in the matter of the Universities Tests Bill is neither less discreditable in itself nor more hard to be accounted for. Sir John Coleridge's scheme went as far to sever the connection between the Universities and the Church as the more aristocratic or Whig portion of the supporters of the Government approved. If we may credit what he himself has said, both in public and in private, it went beyond Mr. Gladstone's personal convictions. But the section below the gangway, and their supporters out of doors, suddenly discover that reservations are made in it of which they disapprove, and they tell their leader frankly that they will not stop where he desires to halt. Upon this the University Tests Bill is, at the eleventh hour, hung up, that the First Minister of the Crown may try whether it be possible to mediate between rival factions. Was such a thing ever heard of before, as that the head of the Administration should avow his inability to go on with a well-considered piece of legislation till he should have taken counsel with certain persons—not his colleagues in the Cabinet, nor even members of either House of Parliament, but mere outsiders? No. Mr. Gladstone may flatter himself, or believe his flatterers of the daily and weekly press when they tell him, that he is the most powerful Minister that England has seen in modern times. And it cannot be denied that he is, or appears to be, at the head of the largest majority which, since the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, any English Min-

ister could command; but he commands his majority just as far as, and not further than, Faust in Goethe's noble story could be said to command Mephistopheles. Let him go on proposing measure after measure, each more subversive than the last of society as it has heretofore subsisted among us, and he shall never lack support enough to carry him over whatever resistance an enfeebled Conservative opposition may present. But one single step backwards—one palpable token of dismay in contemplating the future—one overt attempt to hold his hand when the opportunity of striking home at the great institutions of the country is presented,—and his sceptre passes from him. We venture to predict, in this his day of hollow yet dazzling supremacy, that by some process or another—probably sooner than either he or we anticipate—things will be brought to this pass; because, in spite of all the mischief he has done, we believe that Mr. Gladstone still has a conscience. But the crisis, if it come, as we anticipate that it will, through the pressure of conscience at last fairly awakened, may come at a time and under circumstances which make repentance only the more bitter because it is vain. Necker in great part, Mirabeau altogether, headed, with a view to guide, the flood so long, that its violence carried them clean away. They both strove to undo their own handiwork, with what results to their country and themselves we need not here stop to explain.

The Irish Landbill is now, however, out of the House of Commons. It has got into a place where, if it be not dealt with as its intrinsic merits deserve, it will at all events be carefully dissected, and probably in its details considerably improved by the process. We are, therefore, at liberty to speak both of it and of the treatment which it is about to receive with perfect freedom. Yet let us guard our-

selves against being misunderstood. Nobody expects the Lords, certainly we do not expect them, to work impossibilities. They cannot, however much they may desire to do so, reject the Bill. True, they may believe it to be in its tendencies as revolutionary to the full as that which became law last session. But, if it were even more palpably so than it is, and if the whole world saw that it was so, the Lords are restrained from throwing it out by considerations more weighty than the fear of a collision with the Commons. Last year, if it had been possible for them to dare the contest, they could have boasted that they took the field on purely public grounds. What was the severance of the Church from the State in Ireland to them, considered either as a distinct branch of the Legislature or as a body of great landed proprietors? The plunder of the Irish Establishment took away nothing from them as individuals, and on their Chamber it had no more serious effect than to deprive them when assembled there of the advice and countenance of four prelates. But this Irish Land Bill—who can deny that it touches their personal interests very closely, not alone in the new relations which it will immediately establish between landlord and tenant in Ireland, but in the precedent which it will afford for extending the same or similar relations between the two classes elsewhere? It is clear, therefore, that if they took the bull by the horns and threw the measure out, they would lay themselves open to the charge, which their enemies would at once bring against them, that they were actuated by purely selfish motives. The country might or might not support them in the procedure. We are very much inclined to think that England and Scotland would. But in Ireland there would ensue an agitation more violent than any which we have yet seen, involving, without

doubt, much loss of life, and entirely unsettling the public mind. It will not do for the House of Lords to incur the risk of bringing on evils such as these. The influence of the House on the course of general legislation is too important to be put in jeopardy on an occasion like the present. To preserve it untouched is of greater importance to the country than the passing or the rejection of any particular measure; and they do well to keep that truth steadily in their minds.

The line which the Conservative Lords have taken in regard to the Irish Land Bill is therefore the best that, under existing circumstances, stood open to them. They do not profess to be blind to the extent of the sacrifice that is required of them, yet they make it ungrudgingly. This tone of generous self-abnegation is conspicuous throughout the whole of the Duke of Richmond's opening address. He does not, indeed, in replying to Lord Granville, spare the inconsistencies of his opponents; on the contrary, he shows, by quotations from their speeches, not yet a year old, how very far they have declined from the principles and opinions of which they were once the advocates. Yet even this operation, not under any circumstances agreeable to the persons operated upon, is performed with as much of gentleness as of force. The Duke of Richmond, in this his first parliamentary battle, has shown that he is in every respect qualified to lead a party composed of English gentlemen. We shall not, however, do justice to this great debate—for a great debate it was, in spite of the well-worn subject on which it turned—if we confine our attention to the proposals made by Lord Granville on the one hand, and the Duke of Richmond's reception of them on the other. Let us look a little farther ahead, and observe how Lord Dufferin comes to the support of his leader:

"I would ask permission still further

to trespass on your attention while I say a few words with respect to those portions of the bill which do raise serious questions—the legalisation of tenant-right, and the clauses giving to the tenant-at-will compensation for eviction. I know very well that I have been denounced, in Ireland at all events, as the implacable enemy of tenant-right. I admit that I have done my best to explain, sometimes to your lordships, sometimes to the public, and certainly to my own tenants, the great mischiefs arising out of the abuse of the tenant-right custom; and, although it may appear almost presumptuous in me to say so, I cling to those opinions with greater tenacity than ever. The light thrown on the subject by what has occurred in Parliament and elsewhere, has only confirmed my previous convictions. Let me, however, remind the House what those convictions were, and that I am not a blind unreasoning opponent of that custom which many excellent persons uphold, and which some landlords even take pride in having introduced upon their properties. Before the Select Committee of the House of Commons I was questioned very closely as to the opinions which I held on this subject, and I admitted freely that the custom had been instrumental in stimulating to an enormous extent the industry of the people of Ireland, and had given them an interest and a delight in the cultivation of the soil which was hardly to be met with in any other part of the world. With these modifications and reserves, however, I admit that I regard tenant-right with extreme disfavour. And notwithstanding the very strong opinion which has been expressed by my noble friend the noble earl behind me, I think I will undertake to show him, if he honours me with a visit at Clondeboye, that the exceptional prosperity of Ulster is not to be attributed to the custom of tenant-right. On the contrary, I believe that the reason why Ulster, under conditions equally favourable to the development of its agricultural prosperity, is inferior to Aberdeenshire or any other corresponding county in Scotland is that the energies and industry of the people of Ulster have been weighted by this tax or differential duty from which their fellow-subjects in Scotland were free—a duty which the champions of this custom take a pride in estimating at £20,000,000 sterling.”

This is pretty well from a mem-

ber of the Administration, which brings in a bill to establish “Tenant Right,” and to legalise the Ulster custom, which nobody professes himself able to define. But more remains behind.

“I admit,” goes on the noble lord, “that a portion of this money (this £20,000,000 of which I am speaking), I admit that a portion of this money, in all probability, is an encroachment on the legitimate expectation of a rise of rent on the part of the landlord; and, on the other hand, that this custom has acquired for the tenancy of Ireland an exceptional amount of security. The first consideration is hardly one that is likely to recommend the custom itself to the approval of your lordships; while, as regards the second consideration, I am perfectly convinced that, if it had not been for this red-herring in the shape of tenant-right which has been drawn across their noses, so good are the relations between landlords and tenants in Ulster that, if the tenants had only insisted upon it, without having to pay one halfpenny for it, they would have succeeded in obtaining from the landlords a much better, more reasonable, and more business-like security than they now possess under this custom, under which, having received all that they are legally entitled to, they will only be able to obtain the *caput mortuum* of the capital which they have laid out upon the soil. Trace the difference between a Scotch tenant and an Irish tenant. The Scotch tenant takes a lease at a fair rent, and if he has £500 over and above what is necessary, he stocks the farm or invests the money, or, at the worst, puts it into a savings-bank, which gives him back his principal with interest upon it. The Ulster tenant obtains the farm without a lease, at a high rent—for the friends of the custom urge, though I cannot coincide with them, that this custom does not prejudice the rent paid—and, in addition, he pays £500 to somebody who goes off to America. The only chance, therefore, of his recouping himself for this outlay is when he, in turn, either voluntarily, or through the force of circumstances, gives up his farm; and the market in which he sells, as the Ulster farmers become more intelligent and better acquainted with business principles, will, in all probability, be a falling one. Of course, having said thus much—for nothing would induce me to stifle my con-

victions on this point—I may be asked ‘Why do you agree to the legalisation of a principle of which you entertain so bad an opinion?’ Well, my lords, I reply that I do so for the same reason that if I were a judge I should order out to instant execution any person found guilty of murdering an illegitimate infant. It is no use disputing about its paternity; the creature is there, and it has a right to the protection of the law.”

Not less conclusive is the reasoning of this colleague of Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone against the claim for compensation of the new comer who, being an entire stranger to the landlord, takes a farm over from the original tenant, and is by-and-by evicted.

“Turning from these considerations, I will say a few words with respect to that portion of the Bill which affects a great mass of the Irish tenantry. All the changes carry with them the sanction of equity, and are consistent with previous legislative proposals, but to say that a man who yesterday had no connection with the land, who has dropped on it from America, or from the clouds, who never spent a farthing on it, who has been inducted into a house by the landlord, and put in possession of a field in a high state of cultivation, should have a claim against the landlord to the amount of a fourth or a fifth of the fee-simple, does appear an act of extraordinary power on the part of Parliament, and may, on first consideration, be considered as inconsistent with the rights of property.”

And again, of Mr. Bright’s clause, the same member of the Government observes:—

“As to the purchase clauses, I do not imagine that any serious opposition will be raised to them. They certainly are not altogether free from objection, but, at the same time, the application of the expenditure is so zealously hedged in and guarded and qualified, that the chances of miscarriage have been reduced to a *minimum*. Of course, the chief danger is that in process of time the State should lapse into the position of landlord with regard to the great mass of the Irish people. But, on the one hand, it is to be remembered that the would-be purchaser, having to provide a considerable portion of the pur-

chase-money himself, that preliminary will have the effect of contracting the area over which the experiment is likely to be made; and, secondly, none but responsible men will be able to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded. The additional payments will be always a diminishing quantity, and at the very outset will be covered by the annual letting value of the land; and, consequently, the State will stand towards these people rather in the position of a rent-charger or mortgagee than of a landlord, which, of course, is a much less obnoxious relationship. To my mind, a far greater danger exists in the possible contingency that, after purchasers have acquired, as they ultimately must do, a limited proprietorship over these holdings, they may be tempted to subdivide and sublet. Anybody who knows anything of Ireland must acknowledge that this is no imaginary danger. There are two things, however, to be remembered—first, that by a process of natural selection the Bill only extends to those who have already shown that they are acquainted with the mischiefs and inconveniences of subletting their holdings, instead of providing their children with other means of making their way in life; secondly, that thirty-five years are to elapse before a single acre of land can be severed from the remainder of the land with which it has become incorporated under the operation of the Bill. Between this and then there is a very reasonable prospect that the feeling in respect of this important matter, which has already begun to take root in the minds of the Irish peasantry, will have impressed itself still further on their understanding, and by the time the inchoate purchaser becomes the owner in fee that a very strong feeling in favour of primogeniture will have been created in the minds of Mr. Bright’s peasant proprietary. Of course, whether this is so or not, would in a great degree depend on the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. If the Roman Catholic clergy are desirous of encouraging the growth of a well-to-do and prosperous community, of discouraging improvident marriages, and of fostering the creation of an independent and wealthy middle class, there can be no doubt that their influence will be thrown into the scale of economic progress. If, on the other hand, they should be of opinion that their own position will be strengthened and the revenues of the Church better supplied by an increasing

population, and the multitudinous contributions of penurious millions, then I admit that a very great danger is to be apprehended from this portion of the Bill. But, notwithstanding the somewhat ominous recommendation which has been received from a section of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, that tenants under this Bill should be allowed to subdivide their property *ad libitum*, I am perfectly convinced that, in the long run, the dictates of common sense and common honesty in this matter will meet with recognition and approval."

The Roman Catholic clergy, as all who have any acquaintance with them can vouch, have no desire whatever to encourage the growth of a well-to-do tenantry in Ireland. The occupier of a farm for which he pays £200 or even £100 a-year, knows his own position in society, and declines to be the creature of the priest. But the tenant of a mud-hovel, with five or six acres of bog attached, is his reverence's most obedient humble servant, whom he fleeces as often as a child is born to the poor man, or a son or a daughter married, and whom he therefore desires to see propagating his species as fast as possible, and settling down his offspring upon holdings not more extensive than his own. Lord Dufferin knows a good deal about the Irish—a great deal more than perhaps any of his colleagues; but he is blind to an indisputable fact if he supposes that "the Roman Catholic Clergy do not prefer" the strengthening of their own position and "revenues better supplied to their church," even if it be "by an increasing population and the multitudinous contributions of penurious multitudes," to any scheme which may have a tendency to discourage improvident marriages, and to create an independent and wealthy middle class.

Lord Dufferin was followed in the debate by the Marquis of Salisbury, whose opening sentences are too good not to be transferred bodily to these pages:—

"My lords, I feel that I should not be doing my duty were I not to tender

to those occupying the Treasury bench the expression of my sincere sympathy for the feelings with which they must have listened to the speech which we have just heard. The occasion reminds me of a king of Moab who invited a prophet to express certain opinions, and who was painfully surprised to find that the prophet expressed opinions totally different from those which he had anticipated. It is not in my power to condemn the proposal of Her Majesty's Government with the force and distinctness that have characterised the speech of the noble lord."

Lord Salisbury, however, has other weapons in store than good-humoured sarcasm. He is master of fiery eloquence, and he does not spare the application of it to the case before him. His theme is the scandalous and impolitic clause in the Bill, which compels the landlord to buy out his tenant, whether the term in which he had agreed to the occupancy be exhausted or not:—

"I am told by the noble lord who has just sat down, in that part of his speech which was devoted to wiping away the poverty of his earlier arguments, that it is the poverty of the Irish tenant which justifies this course; and in the same way, the Prime Minister when asked in another place for what loss the tenant was to be compensated, replied that the tenant's loss was the loss of his livelihood; he had nothing before him but the workhouse or America. Is it come to this, that we are to compensate every one who loses his employment, the loss of which would expose him to the workhouse or America? Are you prepared to accept that proposition in its breadth, to apply to all circumstances of life and to all parts of the dominion? We have had great distress in the east end of London. We have had dockyard labourers living on the very verge of their resources. If they were disturbed in their employment, their loss was to them the choice between the workhouse and America. Would you be prepared to entertain a measure forcing their employers to give them seven years' wages as compensation upon dismissing them?

"My lords, I feel that in this legislation you are doing a great deal more than simply giving the money that belongs to one man to another; you are

doing more than righting one class by plundering another; you are teaching a lesson which will not be forgotten; you are teaching the landlord that if he deals liberally by his tenants, allowing the tenure to descend from father to son, his liberality will be used against his class, and that which he did in charity will be made his obligation; you are teaching him that if it was his custom to give money to those whom he wished to assist in their new career of life, he is sinning against the interest of his class and preparing loss and injury for them in the future, for what was his charity will be made their obligation; you are teaching the capitalist that Parliament urges him to invest money in land and then comes down a few years afterwards and takes a third or a fourth of the value of his investment from him; and, I fear, these lessons will not be forgotten. By this Bill you will make an obligation of all that which good Irish landlords have done out of the honesty of their hearts; and you will be holding up generosity and kindness as subjects for penalty; you will discourage—nay, almost forbid, exhibitions of generosity for the future. From this time every landlord will look upon a tenant as an enemy holding adverse possession, and as one who has been an accomplice in the agitation which has led to the introduction of the present measure. At all events every landlord will be anxious to repurchase his estate, and to clear off all the encumbrances which have been thus suddenly put upon it, and henceforth there will be very few landlords who will ever forgive their tenants a penny of their rent. He will seize every opportunity of wiping away the unjust terms which Parliament has imposed upon him. The Prime Minister, in introducing the Bill, went through a melancholy catalogue of the measures which had been proposed for the relief of distress and the redress of wrongs in Ireland, and showed that while the intention in every instance was good, the object aimed at had scarcely ever been attained. I fear that catalogue is too true, for some malignant spirit appears to have presided over all our legislation for Ireland, so that it may be truly said with reference to recent Irish history that Irish disaffection has commenced from the moment when English concessions began. I am afraid you are now only about to add one more item to the melancholy catalogue. You complain of absenteeism as a great evil, but you are about to divorce the landlord from the man-

agement of his property, to make him powerless to remove a Ribbonman or a Fenian who may establish himself upon it, and to render the neighbourhood so unbearable to him that absenteeism will become almost a necessity. You complain that capital does not go to Ireland, and yet you are about to set up one of the grossest instances of faithlessness to Parliamentary obligations which—I had almost said—any civilized government has recently displayed. And I fear that at a time when you are complaining that the division between classes in Ireland is the one great evil—at a time when you are ransacking history to find how that division arose, and are rushing into extreme measures to bridge over the gulf—you are establishing a new source of difference between landlord and tenant, and adding one more to the causes of the acrimonious dissensions which already separate so widely the various classes of the Irish people. I respect the intentions and wishes of the Government in bringing forward this measure. I believe they are sincerely anxious to put an end to the somewhat disgraceful history of the connection between England and Ireland in modern times, but I do not believe that end is to be obtained by disregarding every sound principle which our legislation has hitherto observed; and least of all do I believe that English optimism is the quality by which Ireland can be relieved."

The debate thus brilliantly opened on the 14th was continued on the 16th of June, Lord Cairns, who had moved the adjournment, opening the ball. His speech was well characterised by one who is no mean judge in such matters, as "a speech which, for eloquence, power, and truth, cannot be surpassed." Lord Cairns took a line of his own, scattering to the winds the charges which Earl Granville had brought against the equity of what he called "judge-made-law" in Ireland, and deriding the notion that, the tenant being at a disadvantage in collecting evidence to a matter of fact, it was just that on the landlord the onus should be thrown of proving a negative.

"It has been said, 'the tenant is at a great disadvantage; he has great difficulty in preserving evidence of the improvements he has made.' Now I say

that the reverse is the case. The tenant has the whole of the facilities, and the landlord has none. The tenant has his own family, who may become witnesses as to what has been done, or he may call his neighbours as witnesses in his favour. But the landlord may be living miles away, and the only person in contact with the farm may be an agent who may have no general knowledge of the improvements, or he may have gone away. It is therefore the tenant who has the facilities of proof, and not the landlord. I now come to the great principle contained in the third clause, and I will direct your lordships' serious attention to that principle. Whatever course your lordships may think it right to take with respect to that clause, I implore you to understand it distinctly. The effect of the operation of the clause is simply this—to give to every man who comes into the occupation of land as a tenant—wholly irrespective of any improvements, wholly irrespective of the length of time he may be in occupation—the right to say that he is not to be removed from the occupation of that land, although the terms of his tenancy would justify that removal, unless he is paid a number of years' rent of the land, which may vary from seven years to five, four, or three; and no contract to limit that right is to be come to. I do not forget that the term is the maximum one, and that it may be brought down by cross claims under later sections of the bill. Now, I have no doubt that some noble lords have persuaded themselves that this clause does not trench on the rights of property. But let me put a simple case. I place a tenant in possession of a farm, for which he pays £20 a year. I find that he is unsuitable—that he is deficient in knowledge of agriculture—and that the farm is going to ruin. I give him notice to quit in November, when he has been two years in occupation. He has not made a single improvement. He has simply paid £40. He is to leave the farm with £100 of my money. That is the operation of the clause as it now stands. It is said, 'We do not restrict the rights of property, because we allow you to turn the occupier out.' Yes, you allow the owner to purchase him out. Now, suppose the enactment had been that he shall not be disturbed without payment not of five years, but of twenty years, he would be entitled to £400, the whole value of the fee-simple. Now, can any one say that that is not an interference with the rights of property?"

This is a specimen of the mode in which the learned lord disposes of one untenable argument. Now, hear how he deals with another, depending mainly on analogies:—

"Then it was said that compensation ought to be given, because, if a man were turned out of his occupation he had nowhere to go but to the work-house or to America. My lords, I deny that statement. He has the labour market of Ireland to fall back upon, where there is just now a complaint of a great scarcity of labour, and if that fails him a few shillings will transport him to the great labour market of America, which he can reach more freely than a labourer from Dorsetshire. But if it was so, why was not the same argument applied to the labourer? The labourers are as numerous and more helpless than the farmers, and I want to know on what principle you propose to compensate the farmer and refuse to compensate the labourer. With regard to the restriction on the freedom of contract, the noble earl says that the law of England interferes with many contracts. Undoubtedly there are certain contracts with which the law does interfere: wherever it is a question of life, or the loss of life, the law steps in and says you shall not give full effect to such contracts. But in other matters contracts are undoubtedly left free. The noble earl refers to the Truck Act, but the Truck Act does not interfere with contracts. What the Truck Act says is this—you may contract with your labourers for any amount of wages, high or low, but having made the contract you must pay the stipulated wages in money—not in that which is not money. The Truck Act, so far from forbidding contracts, enforces them; it requires that they shall be carried out in the spirit and not in the letter. Another argument of the noble earl was that of cabs. Now, if the noble earl could say he was sure, nobody else in London could, what the law on the subject of cabs is. I was certainly under the impression that by the recent legislation of the Home Office the cabs enjoyed a perfect freedom of trade, and the drivers were entitled to contract for what fares they pleased. But what I want the noble lord to observe is the principle of this illustration. There was a restriction on the fares of cabs, because we had granted a monopoly in cabs: we prevented all but a certain number from plying in the streets, and we were,

therefore, entitled to say to them you shall not charge beyond a certain sum. All this is—if it had fallen from any other than the noble earl, I should have said—mere rubbish in support of the bill."

We wish that the space at our command would enable us to extract more largely from this, which is, perhaps, the very best speech Lord Cairns has yet delivered in the House of Lords. That, however, is impossible; so we must be content to give only its peroration. We do not envy the noblemen and gentlemen on whom the bolt fell.

"My lords, I have now—I fear at too great length—endeavoured to indicate the views I have been able to form of this Bill, and of the amendments which I think ought to be made in it. I say with great sincerity, and with a full appreciation of the force of what I am about to say, that I do not think any one of the amendments I have enumerated is not in full harmony with the principles of the Bill, nor is there one of them that even our opponents can fairly describe as designed to get rid of the Bill, or to neutralise any of its cardinal principles. The Lord Privy Seal has told us that for the purpose of effecting contentment in Ireland, Parliament would not shrink from any sacrifices. My lords, when I think of the provisions of this Bill, and where the property is upon which it proposes to operate, I cannot help thinking that the sacrifices are of a somewhat vicarious character. No doubt, in the progress of the measure, considerable sacrifices have been made. It must have been a great sacrifice to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to have been obliged to read backward the very eloquent speech which I remember hearing him make three or four years ago, in which he said that, after thoroughly studying the Irish land question, and after serving on a select committee in reference to it, and examining the witnesses—he had come to the conclusion that there was no Irish land grievance, that the rights of property of the landlord were his rights over the soil, and that if you took any of them away, you would take away *pro tanto* his property in the soil; that it was contrary to natural justice that the tenants should be compensated for improvements made without the landlord's assent; and, above all, that if it were necessary to maintain firmly the principles of poli-

tical economy in England, it was ten times more necessary to maintain them in Ireland. It must have cost the right hon. gentleman a good deal to swallow all that. It must also have cost noble lords opposite a good deal to have persuaded themselves that the provisions of this Bill are entirely consistent with the declaration made last session in this house that, in any measure which the government might introduce, the rights of property would be preserved. It must have cost the noble lord the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (Lord Dufferin) some trouble to have forgotten altogether those lucid and logical treatises, which we all read some years ago with so much delight, on the relations between landlords and tenants in Ireland. It must have cost the great Liberal party some qualms to have—I will not say swallowed—but to have devoured with avidity, at the bidding of one man, the whole of the professions and principles of their school on the subject of freedom of contract. All these must have made considerable sacrifices. But, my lords, if this Bill should pass into law, a sacrifice will have been made greater even than these. If, as the noble earl, the Lord Privy Seal (Lord Kimberley), expects, this measure shall lead to peace and contentment in Ireland—as, notwithstanding the forebodings I entertain, I firmly trust it will do—I hope it will be remembered, not only by Ireland, but also by England and Scotland, that to the patriotism of the landowners of Ireland, to their liberality in what they have expressed themselves willing to concede, and to their moderation in the changes they have asked for, that happy result is in a great degree owing."

The same cause which operated in restraining us from gratifying our readers with fuller extracts from Lord Cairns' grand speech forbids our quoting more from that of Lord Derby than its concluding sentences. They are every way worthy to sum up a piece of reasoning which is as close as it is lucid. Lord Derby foresees that the Bill when carried into law—with or without amendments—must disappoint all connected with it. It will not cut up Ireland into little shreds and patches; it will not encourage landlords to rejoice, as they have heretofore done, in hereditary occupancies; it will

not calm down heart-burnings or strengthen the bonds of union among classes; yet it must be passed:—

"But I will venture to say that the most satisfactory part of the measure seems to me to consist, not so much in what it says as in what it does not say. It practically involves the utter denial of the curious and fantastic delusion which has taken so deep a hold of the agricultural tenants of Ireland, that in some vague and unexplained way the land belongs as of right, or ought to belong, to the persons employed on it—an opinion which is about as reasonable as it would be for the cook to assert his right to eat the dinner he is paid to prepare, or the labourer to live in the house he has built. That delusion will be finally negatived by this Bill. I am very glad of it; and if any doubt mingles with the satisfaction which I should otherwise feel on the subject, it is only that I hope those who now introduce this Bill as final will have the courage to stick to that declaration. I do not like to be a prophet of evil, but I do ask the house not to indulge the delusion that because the Bill, if you pass it as it stands, will have given a certain degree of satisfaction to a certain class in Ireland, therefore it will put an end to all agitation in that country. I am afraid that the trade of dilating upon the grievances of that country is far too profitable to be easily abandoned. I ask you whether the Irish Church would not now have probably been still on its legs but for the Fenian agitation? I will also ask whether this Bill, in its present form, would have been likely to pass through both houses of Parliament if it had not been for long-continued agitation, supported by many most unjustifiable acts of violence? It is an unpleasant truth, I know, but it is the truth, and I name it for this reason—and I do not think that we can reasonably expect people to give up playing a game which has hitherto been so eminently successful. You have got an Irish press that would lose half its circulation if treason ceased to be popular. It has achieved immense influence out of the unfriendly relations between landlord and tenants in Ireland, which it would lose if those relations were to become cordial, and it is, therefore, only human nature to anticipate what its future

tone will be. For the poverty and discontent existing in Ireland there is only one real remedy—the gradual reduction of holdings; and in the nature of the case that must necessarily be the work of time. But if I thought much worse of the principles of this Bill than I do—and I do not think particularly well of them—I should still feel that I had very strong reason for supporting it. You are going before long to have, in all probability, a fresh agitation in Ireland—one quite as powerful as any that we have had to deal with in times past. Fenianism, they say, is played out. It may be so. But if Fenianism is gone, you will see, I am afraid, taken up by daring hands, and by a great proportion of the population, the demand for nationality, for self-government, for the repeal of the Union. I do not care by what name they call it, but whatever its form, that is what will be really demanded. When demands of that kind are made upon you, and made I think they will be within the next few years, it is absolutely necessary that they should be met by a decisive and peremptory answer. In order that it may be decisive, it will be necessary that in England and Scotland men of all ranks, classes, and parties should concur in defeating such demands. If I may speak as an Irish landlord, I will say that I think we are right in being willing to make large sacrifices, not only of doubtful, but even of undoubted points, not in the vain hope of conciliating those whose interest it is never to be conciliated, but in order to satisfy ourselves and the world that all that legislation can do has been done, that no real grievances remain, and that so we may be able to defend the English government in Ireland without feeling in our minds a scruple or doubt as to the justice of our policy."

Our readers will collect as readily from these quotations as from any process of reasoning which could be founded on them what our own views of the Irish Land Bill are. We regard it as false in principle, as mischievous in its details, as paving the way, by the consequences which will sooner or later follow, first to social confusion, and then to further legislation even more hurtful than itself. Yet we

cannot refuse our consent to the course on which the Lords have entered in dealing with it, as far as the opportunity of judging of their policy is within our reach. Already the sting is drawn from some of its most objectionable clauses. The monstrous quibble which, first legalising the Ulster customs, and extending them to other parts of Ireland, next permitted the tenants holding under these customs to claim compensation under other clauses of the Bill, may be said to have disappeared. The Government, anticipating defeat, prevailed upon the Duke of Richmond to suspend his opposition, themselves undertaking to recast this portion of their scheme. Again, material changes have been effected in the scale of compensation for eviction, and in the limits of value settled by the Government as entitling to such compensation. The maximum fine on a landlord for getting rid of an obnoxious tenant is reduced from seven to six years' rental, while the occupancy entitling the tenant to this extreme measure of compensation is to be one for which he pays, not ten pounds, but four pounds per annum. Not less important is the right established for the landlord of claiming a deduction of five per cent on account of improvements made at his expense, from the compensation fine which the Court may impose upon him. And still more valuable is the legal prohibition imposed upon the practice of sub-letting on the conacre principle, except with the landlord's permission. All these are decided improvements, if not in the principle, at all events in the details of the measure. At the same time an impression remains upon the mind that still better things might have been effected, had our leaders in the House paid more attention than they seem to have done to the views of others than their own immediate followers. We betray no confidence when we say that a considerable number of peers, some of them adherents of the present ministry—all Irish landowners, and landowners only in Ireland

—have for some time past taken counsel together with a view to suggest in committee changes such as would in their opinion best contribute to make the measure at once acceptable to the Irish people, and comparatively innocuous to their own body. We should have thought that the opinions of persons so circumstanced might have been well worth listening to, whether adopted or the reverse. Let us not, however, be suspected of harbouring any misgivings respecting the issues of the strife as it is now conducted. The independent party of which we speak are too prudent, as well as too loyal, to let the sense of a slight which had better have been avoided, interfere with the dictates of duty. They will support the Duke of Richmond in every proposal that he makes, even if here and there they could have wished it slightly other than it is. And the Duke and his followers must prove themselves worthy—as we are confident they will do—of what is a greater act of self-negation on the part of high-minded gentlemen than they perhaps imagine. They have taken their ground; they must hold it through good report and through evil. They cannot make a measure which is radically bad a good measure. They cannot render the state of society which it will inaugurate an entirely safe state. But at least they may diminish both the evil and the danger by peremptorily refusing to pass the line which they have drawn for themselves. Mr. Gladstone will probably bluster when his Bill comes back to him altered as the Lords are now altering it. Let him do so. It may be doubted whether the Commons themselves are prepared to support him, if in such a cause he seeks to hurry them into collision with the Lords. It is certain that the country will not. The Lords have therefore the game in their own hands, provided they play it, as we have no doubt that they will, not less resolutely than wisely.

NOTE TO OUR REVIEW OF 'LOTHAIR.'

[THE following appeared in the Second Edition of our June number, published in the middle of the month.]

A NEW and comfortable era appears to have dawned for eminent men who write bad novels. The work of which we have given our readers an account was received by the London press with extraordinary acclamations, of the justice and sincerity of which they can now judge for themselves. Deluded, like so many others, into reading it in a state of high-wrought expectation, we shared with those unfortunates the dismal reaction which ensued on finding what kind of workmanship it was that we were called on to admire; and estimating it as we did and do, and considering that a just literary judgment was of more importance than even Mr. Disraeli's fame as an author, it was inevitable, if we noticed it at all (and not to notice it was impossible), that we should endeavour not merely to judge the work, but to judge it so as to redress the balance of opinion. To treat so grotesque a production seriously would have been of itself a misleading process: it would have been like discussing gravely the merits of a "breakdown" at the Strand, or a comic song by the Christy's Minstrels. Moreover, a solemn article on such a book would have been far from likely to lend attraction to our own pages. We therefore adopted a style of treatment in unison with the subject, and endeavoured to extract what entertainment we could from such material. We did not, of course, expect the approbation of the critics who had already committed themselves to a policy of adulation; but, on the other hand, not being aware of the new phase into which criticism appears to have passed, we were equally far from anticipating the singular reception which our article has encountered.

The world has now learnt that Mr. Disraeli's literary fame is of such peculiar sanctity that, under severest penalties of denunciation, it must be discussed only in such terms as would befit at once the character of some holy prelate and the reputation of Cæsar's wife. For the critics, rising all at once from their reverent posture beneath the pedestal on which they had placed that extraordinary idol 'Lothair,' are ready, like the two-sworded courtiers of Japan, to make mince-meat of the intruder who has laid his sacrilegious hand on the mysterious wrappings which veil their Tycoon. No offender who has of late appeared before our criminal tribunals has been greeted with such a profusion of unflattering epithets as ourselves. The examples we shall quote are only a small proportion of those which we have had the pleasure of perusing. We have been called "a literary assassin hired to deal these blows" (*Daily Telegraph*); we are described as attacking Mr. Disraeli "with brutal violence" (*Standard*); as "sprinkling vitriol" (*Spectator*); and our review is said to be "as virulent, as arrogant, as brutal, and as shamefully false as any paper that ever was printed" (*Illustrated Times*). The *Sunday Times*, differing from the *Daily Telegraph*, thinks we "have neither the courage nor the power to be an assassin," and that we are "simply a crossing-sweeper who, without hope of advancement, has turned his besom against the greatest man that ever passed his way, and, instead of making the path clean, has done his worst to sweep all the mud into his face. Unfortunately for himself" (it goes on to say), "he forgot the current of the wind," meaning the opposition of its own and other reviewers, whose windiness we will

not take upon us to deny. Not content with these compliments to us, they have been lavish of their endearments to the victim of our barbarity. To use, metaphorically, his own inimitable language, they have "sustained and soothed his agitated frame, and sealed with an embrace his speechless form." This proceeding would have, in any case, worn a comic aspect; but there are two circumstances which render it especially amusing. The one is, that many of these ardent votaries have been in the habit, for the last twenty or thirty years or so, of treating with great disrespect—indeed with such derision and satire as they could command—the object of their present eccentric devotion. The other is that, according to general belief, the career of the sufferer by our profane assault has not been entirely unaggressive. The spectacle of a crowd of adoring reviewers arraying themselves for war against a hostile critic, is in itself unusual in these times; but when the particular object of their solicitude happens to be the author of 'Coningsby,' the foe of Peel, and the sketcher of "social parasites," the emotion excited is not altogether one of surprise.

One grand count of the indictment against us is, that, in alluding to things Jewish, we have rendered our article personal and offensive to Mr. Disraeli. It is "an attack of an offensively personal character" (*Bells Weekly Messenger*); "worse than all are the passages wherein Mr. Disraeli is taunted with his Jewish descent" (*Standard*). And on this subject the *Telegraph* grows quite eloquent and discursive. Now we should have said just what we have said if Mr. Disraeli traced his pedigree to Harold or William the Conqueror; for it is not the man of Jewish descent, but the champion of Hebrew pre-eminence, perfection, and other nonsensical pretensions, who has been the object of our allusions. The most conspicuous feature in some of his later novels has been the asserted superiority of the Jews to all other people. To talk of this in discussing his merits as an author is no more personal than to mention hero-worship in connection with Carlyle, or certain fantastic theories of art in reviewing Mr. Ruskin. We have spoken of Mr. Disraeli in the character in which it is his pleasure to disport himself, and in which he is universally recognisable by all who ever heard of him. For a quarter of a century his satirists have depicted him with pen and pencil under Jewish nick-names and with Jewish peculiarities of costume. The whole meaning of the mock novel of 'Codlingsby' vanishes if the Jewish element is ignored. In that parody, a vender of old clothes, cheap penknives, and similar wares, inhabits a palace filled with fabulous delights, and plays a tune on "the little harp peculiar to his nation." This is the Jew that Titmarsh drew. And now the critics who have been so long chuckling over and repeating ridicule of this sort, suddenly discover that we, from whose article nobody can derive the remotest hint of anything concerning Mr. Disraeli's private life, are guilty of gross personality. Do they think that, because they are thus tardily virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yes, by St. Anne! and ginger shall still be hot in the mouth, though they may prefer to offer their readers sawdust.

Then comes a terrific charge of personal animosity. We are, the *Standard* thinks, "taking a cowardly opportunity of avenging a private quarrel by dealing a foul blow." A provincial paper talks of "personal malignity." The *Telegraph*, taking a medical view of our case, thinks we are suffering from "an eruption of bilious rancour." Of course all this is nonsense. We should have been delighted to find 'Lothair' as clever and entertaining as 'Venetia' or 'Henrietta Temple.' Mr. Disraeli is not a man who inspires strong enmities, and has assuredly never

inspired such in us. All our hostility is against his foolish novel. His real foes seem to be those *dona ferentes* who would persuade him that its nonsense is delightful, and that, in serious writing, "fustian is your only wear." Perhaps nothing would please them better than to see him produce the sequel to 'Lothair' which we have sketched.

No periodical has ever been less open to the accusation of making light mention of things sacred than *Blackwood*. None of our readers would believe such a charge on the bare assertion of anybody, and they will readily perceive that in the present case it has been found easier to retort upon us by inventing the accusation, than by refuting our criticisms. The *Standard* calls us the ribald critic who has been permitted to air his blasphemies in the pages of *Blackwood*. The *Newcastle Journal* thinks "the climax is reached in an outburst of sheer blasphemy." The *Sunday Times* says, "nothing could be more brutal or blasphemous than this," &c. &c. The last sentence of our sketch of the sequel of 'Lothair' has been made the handle of the imputation. One paper (our old friend the *Standard*) has not only misquoted the sentence, turning it into bad English (which we could easily forgive, as unintentional, and the result merely of inveterate habit), but has also garbled it by printing the pronoun with a capital letter. As we, in common with everybody who is not a Jew, do not believe in the Jewish Messiah, there is no irreverence in that sentence, any more than if we had been speaking of the coming of Arthur, or of any other non-existent personage. The logical inference of the accusation of profanity is, that those who have made it are themselves Jews; we prefer, however, to believe that they are excellent Christians, who are only angry at being found out in false adoration of a crazy book.

Amidst all the abusive generalities which have been showered on us, nobody has essayed to show in what particulars our review is otherwise than just. It is made up so largely of quotations from 'Lothair' that such of our readers as have not seen the book can have no difficulty in appreciating its style. Neither have we left its matter in any doubt, for we have sketched the plot, and have indicated, in the author's own language, many of the incidents, descriptions, dialogues, and characters. The reason why we did not quote any entertaining or instructive passages was because we failed to find any; a failure which we share with the most ardent eulogists of 'Lothair.' As they consequently could not very well refute us without repudiating the book itself, they have, in addition to the tactics already noticed, described our article as unworthy of perusal, on the score of its literary demerits, and our magazine as a periodical of the very smallest account. The *Glasgow Herald* thinks "this castigator of Disraeli is unmistakably dull," and that we are "a pretentious fellow, making a dead set at being facetious." A writer in the *Examiner*, on his way to the conclusion that we "have forgotten the courtesies of literature," reminds us of them by many gracious compliments. We are "Dr. Maginn over again, with all his delirious fury, but without his wit"; we are afflicted with "distressing feebleness"; we are also "a critical god"; and in respect of forging pointless darts on a stithy, "a very indifferent workman." "By my troth," as Mrs. Quickly says to ancient Pistol, "these are very bitter words;" but we grew reconciled to them on being told that we had reached "a climax of vituperative vapidty,"—after contemplating which gem of composition we felt quite pleased that the writer did not approve of our style. The *Telegraph*, calling us by the mysterious name of "a squire, or a squire's provider," thinks our article "memorable only as a monstrosity of spleen, a monument of baseness." The said monument is also

"an emanation of spite and disappointed greed," and is "below notice in regard of composition or ability;" in fact, the classic writer is obliged to turn from us "in disgust and loathing," as "a moribund Tory magazine." The *Standard*, kindly pointing out that we are "a magazine of waning ability and faded renown," says that "the pages" (of our article) "witness alike to its dulness and its decrepitude." The *Sunday Times* thinks we are stupidly inane when not transparently spiteful, and indulges in the following singular and tasteful comparison: "The pretended synopsis of the story is marked by those ever-varying sneers with which the idiot who has a smattering of instinct may reproach the productions of genius, even as the atheist who has a smattering of science may reproach the works of God." The *Illustrated Times* politely calls us "that noisome periodical." Our affliction at all this censure is not without solace when we consider that our critics are mostly the same who have so warmly expressed (and indeed otherwise evinced) their liking for false grammar, and who have discovered that twaddle, clothed in the most extraordinary jargon, is brilliant wit.

If it is unnecessary for us to defend our orthodoxy, there is no greater need why we should assert our stanch conservatism. Of the various political interpretations which have been given to our article, we will only remark that, to multitudes of Conservatives besides ourselves, it seems a grave and deplorable matter that a man in such an eminent position as Mr. Disraeli should have written such a book.

Maga does not usually express gratification, however she may feel it, at finding other periodicals agreeing in opinion with herself. But so unanimous has been the outcry against us, that peculiar honesty and gallantry are evinced in appearing on our side; and our special thanks are due to several journals, notably to the *Scotsman*, for asserting so seasonably, so cordially, and so sensibly our right to speak our opinion as we have uttered it.

In making our extracts from the journals, we have been careful to indicate the ownership of the various quotations, in order to avoid jealous disputes between rival claimants. Perhaps in our next issue we may be able to gratify the lovers of independent criticism by exhibiting a few more of the flowers which these enthusiasts in the cause of literary decency may think fit to strew over us; unless, indeed, they should chance to discover in the mean time that they are causing the republic of letters to appear, just now, in a somewhat undesirable light, inasmuch as the opinion of its representatives is quite at variance with that of the constituency. Do they suppose that nobody agrees with us in our estimate of 'Lothair,'—that people have ceased to remember the peculiar theories set forth in 'Coningsby,' 'Tancred,' and 'Sybil,' and to think them farcical,—or that nobody but ourselves regrets that Mr. Disraeli should now have written so foolishly? Perhaps, on estimating a little more accurately the judgment of those intellectual classes whose verdict should be decisive in letters, they may begin to doubt whether they have been wise in resorting to such questionable means of denouncing a critical opinion in which so large a proportion of the readers of 'Lothair' will be found to concur.

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WHO PAINTED THE GREAT MURILLO DE LA MERCED?

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It is a long time now since I was twenty-three, and a student in the Royal Academy. I had loved and practised my art, enthusiastically, before school-time, in and out of school-time, and since school-time—as child, youth, and man—for sixteen years; and, there can be no doubt, had been overdoing it. My thin face and hands were white and hectic as a ballet-girl's. I had, too, a tightness across my chest that the doctor said was rather alarming, and for which he prescribed a year or two of Italy. Seldom do patients anticipate taking their medicine with so much delight as I did. Why I did not use mine at once was a want of means to pay for it. I had friends who would have helped me if they could; but, like myself, every one of them only lived from hand to mouth. Of relations I had but one, who, if he had the will, was in a position to assist me, and he was settled in Spain. Taking heart of grace, I made appeal to him. I sincerely

wish that every nephew in circumstances such as mine may find an uncle as kind. He placed to my account with his correspondent in London a sum larger than I had asked; expressed great affection for and sympathy with me; but disapproved of my medico's prescription, and recommended a different mode of treatment. There was no climate in the world, he insisted, so likely to do me good as that of Spain; if I required nursing, he promised that my aunt and cousins should make a pet of me; and, he asserted, all that artists go about the world looking for could be found more readily there than anywhere else; and, finally, he put as a question, where, besides, could I find such masters to study from as Ponz, Polomino, Morales, Murillo, Zurbaran? The names fired me. I adopted my uncle's opinions, took his advice, and in little more than a week was looking out ahead across the Bay of Biscay for Cadiz, *en route* for Seville.

Hope and a sunny voyage set me up wonderfully; and when I got out, it was little nursing, but a good deal of feeding, that I wanted. What a glorious life I led for a couple of years!—everything provided; nothing to care about; a hundred masterpieces within reach, and every one worth having come the distance to see; to say nothing of health, leisure, and opportunity. Rich as they were in other great masters, the convents, churches, and galleries were especially rich in Murillos—the greatest painter, I think, that ever existed. Him I stuck to, as no one is ever followed up but from intense love, or perhaps hate. That's how and where I got, what people call, my "Spanish style."

When I came back to England, I had the uphill work common to all who independently aspire to gain the heights of a profession. There was nothing for it but with patience to abide my time, and cherish hope while diligently working on in faith—three virtues I strenuously recommend to all in similar circumstances.

My studio was in Newman Street, and I had occupied it now for five months without receiving a single commission, although the dealers—terrible screws!—had bought some five or six of my Spanish studies. I had for several weeks been suffering again from a return of my old nervous complaint, when a circumstance, which I should have thought much more likely to happen in the land I had come from than in that I was returned to, occurred.

As certain dates are all-important to the well understanding my story, I mention that it begins in the afternoon of March 28, 1823.

I had left off work much earlier than usual; for the day, which had scarcely known a dawn, was, later, quite borne down by a thick fog of Egyptian darkness. I was battling time, till I could go out to some place of amusement, by the help of

a cigar, an own-made pot of coffee, and a blazing fire, with no other light, so that the recesses of my studio were in deep obscurity. Sitting in front of the grate, I suffered my imagination to become so excited and my regards so engrossed by the wonderful pictures perceptible among the glowing coals, that neither a knock at the door nor the noise of a person entering attracted my notice. My attention was first aroused by a sound close to me—a curious sound, in which a husky wheeze and a heavy sob were both embodied. Starting up, I beheld a tall, veiled female figure, dressed entirely in black, standing behind the chair from which I had just sprung.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, quite unnerved, "what are you?—where do you come from?"

"I gnockt, an' taught I he'ert you zay coom in," she replied in a deep guttural voice, accompanied by asthmatic gasps similar to those which had so startled me.

"Are you a model?" I asked, recovering my self-possession.

"Sare!—a mottle? I ra'ader tink not!" she answered, drawing herself up, and speaking with great haughtiness. "I ist a la'ateo—a rish la'atee; an' I coom apout a gommission fore you."

"A thousand pardons!—but I was taken so by surprise."

"Nefare meint—don't mention eet. Now let me talk mit you."

"Certainly, madam. I will just get lights."

"I vo'ot ra'ader not—for de zake of mine eyes. Vee can talk ferry vell mitout."

"As you please, madam," I answered, placing a chair.

I took the opportunity of observing her. She was so thickly veiled that not a feature could be discovered; but occasionally, as they reflected a gleam from the fire, what seemed a pair of brilliant eyes flashed through the heavy pattern of the lace. A thick curl of black hair, which had escaped from under

her bonnet, lay, a straggling, untidy mass, on her shoulder. She was enveloped in wrappers from head to foot, and her hands were gloved. My scrutiny was a failure.

"Curious, very!" I thought to myself; "a lady!—with that voice! Dutch, I should say,—ah!—that perhaps accounts for it."

"Vee vants you"—and, curiously, in all our conversations, then and subsequently, she always used the plural pronoun,—"*Vee vants you to baint a picture from de life—halfe lengt; aber, vee moos hafe a pargain.*"

"Certainly, madam;—what do you propose?"

"Subbose eet take you von mont': you cooms an' you leef in our house in de gountry; an' you doos eem so ke Vick as afer you can—an' vee gifs you two hundert kinnies."

"Delighted, I am sure, madam!" I replied, my breath so taken away by the splendid offer that I could scarcely muster enough to utter the words.

"Ferry vell!—an' vee gifs you de money at vonce—de two hundert now."

She marked the adverb strongly in speaking, and still more emphatically by laying down, with a thump upon the table, what appeared to be a leathern bag, from which the jingling of coin, though muffled, was clearly distinguishable. "An'," she continued, "eef you doos eem as vee ist pleast, vee vont meint to gif you anoder hundert."

"That—is—very—liberal," I managed to gasp out.

"Ferry goot! Daf ist vhat vee doos. Now den, vhat *you* doos ist dis. You moos gife us your vort of honour, as you stays in our house alle de time, and dat you nefare shpeak to nopotty as you sees dere—nopotty but me—not von vort; an' dat you nefare asts no kevestions—bartic'ler, as you asts no kevestions. Doos you unterstant?"

"Quite clearly, madam."

"Ferry goot! All de time, you unterstant, you moos be pris'ner—you moos be *au secret*?"

"Well, it's not for very long, however."

"No longer-er as you makes to baint your picture."

"Well, madam, I must try to fight it out as well as I can."

"Yah, wohl! Dere is efery tings as makes you gom-fortable—ya'es! Den dere is 'noderting. Vhen you 'as done dis picture—meint!—you forgits eet—you moos know nothing of eet. Eef efer you see eet, you nefare zay you baint eet. Eet is lee-tle secret. Vee makes our pargain mit you for our lee-tle secret. Vee takes your vort of honour, as von shen'l'mans, nefare to talk of eet—nefare to know nothing at all about eet—nefare—noting at all. You unterstant all dat—ke vite?"

"You mean, I suppose, madam, that on my part this transaction, when complete, must be as if it had never been."

"Goot gesagt! Yah!" she exclaimed, evidently pleased. "So ist's recht, ke vite."

"Then, madam, I can have no hesitation in giving my word of honour to observe your stipulations."

"Nun recht! Ferry goot. Den you coom 'long mit me in our garriage," she said, rising.

"But, madam, I have preparations to make—"

"Das thut nicht! Dere is studio mit ganvas, mit golours, mit eferyting. But more as eferyting, barticular, dere ist hurry. You moos baint dis picture at vonce—pegin dis evenin'. Vhat you zay?—eferyting you vant ist dere."

"In that case, madam, I will soon be ready."

"Den I vait; aber, de sooner de besser."

I was in a state of ecstatic excitement. The adventure blended with something romantic in my disposi-

tion; the emolument, for a picture of the size proposed, was to me at the time magnificent; and it quickened into sudden bloom hopes that had sunk torpid in the shadow of long-continued, cold neglect. As soon as I was alone in my chamber, an ignoble curiosity, I am afraid, urged me to ascertain by sight, tale and weight of the precious bag's contents, whether I had not been dreaming. I was never in my life more happily wide awake than while counting over those two hundred and ten beautiful, ponderous sovereigns, and locking them securely away; pitching some things into my portmanteau, and, after pausing only to inform my landlady that I had a sudden commission in the country which would keep me absent for probably a month, declaring my readiness to proceed, and descending with my patroness into the street.

We found the fog so impervious that I hesitated about trusting myself to pass through the thoroughfares in the vehicle, which I could only just discern was there waiting. Not so with the lady, she entered it at once. I was not suffered to remain undecided; for a man laid hold of my colour-box and portmanteau, threw them up in front, and ascended himself; while two others, seizing my arms, half helped, half pushed me hurriedly into the carriage, one of them rudely exclaiming, "Now den, mister, in wid ye, please." As his face came close to mine, the light of the lamp fell full upon it. There was no mistaking what race he belonged to—he was a Jew. Short as was my glimpse of them, it was long enough for his features to impress themselves so on my memory as to make me confident I could recognise him at any future time. It flashed upon me, also, now my attention was attracted to it, that the accent with which he had spoken was identical with his mistress's. It was, therefore more than probable that she was a Jewess.

The moment I was in, the carriage proceeded. I found that all the blinds were carefully drawn down so as to exclude every ray of light, as well as all chance of observing the direction it took.

"A-w-ach! ah-ugh!" exclaimed, or rather coughed, my companion, her voice not at all improved by the fog; "ugh!—hafe you find de mo'oney alle right?"

At the moment I was quite grateful to the darkness which prevented the scarlet that I felt rushing to my brow from being visible. It enabled me to answer composedly, and to change the subject.

"Oh, I can have no doubt it is perfectly correct—thanks. Pray, madam, is it a lady or a gentleman I am to paint?"

"Vell, eet is a la'atee, an' part of a shen'l'man. Ach! you ought to hafe gount your mo'oney, an' look eef eet vas all goot—I allevays doos."

A lady, and only part of a gentleman!

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I do not quite understand."

"Vee is not long pefore vee is dere, an' you sees," she replied. "I tinks you vill like your subject. Do you meint to baint mit a lamp? Eet is besser you pegins de shob at vonce—dere ist no time to los apout eet."

I lay back in my corner of the carriage in a state of great mental perplexity. In the little time we had been together the language of my travelling companion had grown perceptibly coarser, and some of her expressions were vulgarly offensive. Who could she be? Where were we going? Above all, what was "part of a gentleman"? There was nothing for it but patience, and the recollection of the bag of gold at home; for however I might blush at the mention of the money, a very sound gratification sprang out of having it in positive possession. Of course I could form no idea of our direction; we were progressing at a very slow rate, but the

fog would make it highly dangerous to go faster. From the same cause, doubtless, the usual uproar in the streets was less. I could perceive at first that we made frequent turnings; but after some time the carriage appeared to go, at greatly accelerated speed, straight on; and a silence prevailed that convinced me we had got into the country. It seemed more than double the time, but we must have been boxed up the better part of an hour, when, making a sudden turn into what struck me as a gravelled sweep, in a minute after the carriage stopped.

I had by this time worked myself into a state of great nervous excitement. The circumstances which occurred as the door on my side opened, and I put my foot on the step to descend, by no means tended to allay it. A dark cloth was thrown over my head; my arms were seized by persons on each side, who irresistibly led me forward, up some steps, into a passage, as I suppose, for I heard a heavy door close behind me; and on again—first this way, then that, right and left, till all my perceptions of distance and position were utterly confused, and finally deposited me, still hooded, in a remarkably comfortable easy-chair. Between distress at being half stifled and the excitement of mystery, doubt, and apprehension, I was nearly fainting; but hearing a door softly shut, and finding my arms at liberty, I tore off the cloth that covered my face.

I found myself quite alone, and gazed around in the extremity of wonder. I was in a large and well-lighted room. The illumination was produced by a cluster of lamps disposed beneath a powerful reflector, admirably contrived and adapted for artistic purposes, and enabling me to observe that the apartment was superbly furnished as a painter's studio. The ceiling was pierced by a sloping skylight over the lamps, but no apertures for

windows were visible in the lofty walls. If any existed, they were hidden by a noble piece of tapestry which covered the side on my right from ceiling to floor, as if it had been wrought expressly to its dimensions. In the angles next the tapestry, and opposite each other, were two doors of dark polished mahogany. All the walls were tinted with that dusky red which throws out so well, and relieves with warm reflections, objects opposed to it. Evidently, by the blanched colour of the tinting where they were hung, these walls had been covered with pictures frequently changed; for their markings ran into or over one another in a way sufficiently convincing to an experienced eye: at present they did not carry a single canvas. On my left, judiciously placed as regarded the light, was an artist's throne—that is, an estrade or low platform—covered by a Turkey carpet, and supporting, instead of the usual sitter's chair, a verd antique and white marble pedestal, surmounted by what appeared to be, from the level where I sat, whence the massive rim only was visible, a large silver salver. Between this and the wall hung a piece of heavy purple drapery. Close to where I sat was an old carved oak table, covered, as I perceived at a glance, with knowingly-selected implements and materials for my work, and with my own colour-box and telescope maul-stick. Standing in front, and below the throne, with a canvas resting on it, was an easel. Further on, still enveloped in its baize covering, I could see a lay-figure. Here and there against the walls, or standing out upon the floor, were cabinets, tables, and chairs, various in pattern and material, but each so rare, picturesque, elegant, or curious, that, for either one of them, half the fellows I knew would have given their ears, and at once set about composing a picture to introduce a portrait of it.

It was a luxurious seat in which

I found myself. I had not yet so entirely recovered from what I may as well call my fright, as to be able to leave it. Indeed I was still trembling from head to foot. My observations certainly had discovered nothing to increase my alarm; on the contrary, they helped to compose and reassure me. It was plain, I reasoned, that not only no ill was intended towards me, but that, having been brought there for the purpose avowed, the concomitant circumstances were only such as the parties who had engaged my services thought it prudent to employ for enforcing the stipulation of profound secrecy. Why there should be any secrecy I at once determined was no business of mine; and, for the moment, in blissful ignorance, dismissed the subject from my thoughts.

After a time I assumed courage to get up and make a more minute survey of the many attractive objects scattered around. Going from one to the other, I found those I might require, each well suited for its purpose; and beside them, heaped, with little attempt at arrangement, on chairs, tables, and shelves, a profusion of costly, curious, and beautiful articles—shawls, scarfs, tissues, vases, plate, gems—so desirable for an artist's use as to make me sigh covetously that they were not "all mine and none of my neighbours'," besides wondering more and more who and what those neighbours could be.

At length my attention became greatly interested in the canvas which stood ready to receive the picture I was to paint. It struck me with astonishment to find it of real Spanish cloth, and that it was on a stretcher of Spanish oak, worm-eaten, dark with age, and undoubtedly a genuine antique. While puzzling myself why and how these things should be, I stepped upon the estrade. As I recollect that moment, I seem to feel again the great throb that my heart gave, and the sickening pause during which I

could draw no breath, at the sight which met my eyes. But for a thought as sudden as my look, that what I saw was only a work of frightful art, I am afraid to think what the effect of the shock might have been. In the deep silver salver, already mentioned as surmounting the marble pedestal, seeming freshly severed from the trunk, bespattered and bedabbled in a pool of blood, was lying a human head—that of a man, probably thirty years old—the features eminently beautiful, relieved in their bloodless pallor by magnificent black hair and a sable beard. Unquestionably it was the face of a Jew, and as unquestionably the same face I had seen and scrutinised only an hour before.

I think it was the recognition that enabled me to withstand the shock; for, while seeing it was he, I knew it could not be he. Lightning-like, under some conditions, are the operations of the mind. In less than a moment I seemed to reason and bring out my conclusion—that the man whom I had remarked by the light of the carriage-lamp must have been the model for this admirable effigy of a John Baptist's head; executed, probably, to satisfy some morbid devotional feeling. I was so convinced, that curiosity began to prevail over my first horror and disgust. But while I gazed, my sense encountered the unmistakable odour of blood and death. A convulsive desperation forced me to put forth a shrinking finger and to touch the sad cheek. Good God!—it was real—it was dead flesh!

What a horror fell upon me! The touch acted like a spell to burst the cerements of a thousand tales of crime that I had heard or read, and buried in my memory. Starting from each uprose a gashed and bloody spectre, till my imagination was thronged with frightful forms of murder. I remember feeling an irresistible terror mingled with loathing, then a sense of deadly

sickness ; then—I recollect nothing for a time—I had fainted.

How long an interval elapsed before I recovered I know not. My first consciousness was of some pungent essence acting acutely upon my nasal organs ; and at the same time of choking by brandy, which some one was pouring down my throat. Gasping for breath, I started up, for a moment wondering where I was, and what had happened ; but all the circumstances of the situation soon flashed upon me. Now others were added to them, which, if not so frightful in character, were certainly to the full as mysterious. With the tingling in my nose, and the taste of cognac on my palate—with my sable-veiled guide holding a *vinai-grette* in one hand, and a *petit-verre* in the other—I could not for a single moment make a pretence to myself that I was dreaming. Yet what met my look was more like the splendid creation of a vision than a being of waking reality. Standing on the estrade—lightly poised on one sandaled foot, with the other thrown just behind it, and resting only on the bent toe ; one exquisitely-modelled arm hanging loosely from the rounded shoulder, the other, gracefully curved at the elbow and wrist, with the hand supported on the rim of the ominous salver by the forefinger only ; the rich swellings of the pearly bust thrown high in half-profile ; the wondrous visage turned towards me, with, oh, such marvellous depths of calm wistful sorrow in the large brown eyes !—I beheld a young female whose beauty of form and fact surpassed all I had ever seen in nature or art—whose loveliness was beyond all that my happiest imaginations had ever conceived.

Her dress was superbly adapted to her beauty. Susended from the left shoulder by an embroidered strap with a large jeweled clasp at its middle, she had on a gold-tinted tunic of some gorgeous tissue as

soft and glittering as satin, but like no satin I had ever seen, falling lightly across the breast on that side, and leaving all the other, to the waist, with the shoulder and arm, bare ; from under a girdle, thickly studded with precious stones, clasping the waist high up beneath the bosom, it hung in straight folds, reaching only to the knee, and terminating in a border of high-embossed ornaments upon purple velvet. The ends of a scarf arabesqued with gold figures upon a white ground, as transparent and delicate as lace, and terminating in gold fringes so ponderous and deep that it was a marvel they could be sustained by so slight a texture, were brought from behind over the hips, and fell in unequal lengths from the knot, low in front, by which they were confined. A tiara of sapphires and diamonds blazed across her forehead, and among the wavy masses of her glorious hair, rich with lights of ruddy yellow and purple shades. Claspings the upper part of her white rounded arm was a cincture of heavy gold with long pendants of emeralds ; and enormous jewels, which gleamed like rubies set in circlelets of pearls, hung in her small pink ears. More jewels flashed from her wrists and fingers, and from the lacings of her purple sandals. How shall I describe her further ? Tall, graceful, slender, yet full and exquisitely rounded, her form looked perfect in womanhood ; but among the finely-chiselled features of her face a fresh girlhood seemed yet to linger and play, despite a constant look of sorrow, so tender and mournful—so appealing—that it touched the pity in my heart, and caused it to vibrate with all the pain of her surmised but unknown suffering.

The trance of surprise into which I had fallen while gazing was broken by the croaking voice of my hostess asking, in a really affectionate sort of way,—

“ Ist you petter now, oder vill you hafe some more prantee ? ”

"Good God!" I cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

"De meanin' ?—vhat of?"

"That bloody head—that lady?"

"Dat ist de laa-tee you ist to baint, an' dats de part of de shen'l'man I shpeak apout," she answered coolly. "Ve wants a Salome mit a Shone Paptist. Besser you doos eem so kevic as efer you can; he vont keep long, you knows."

She spoke of the dreadful object as indifferently as if she were a butcher's wife talking of mutton-chops.

"Great heaven! madam, I cannot, unless I am satisfied as to his fate."

She came to my front, and, I suppose, stared hard at me; then, after a pause, raised her gloved hand, and, shaking her forefinger in my face, spoke in a very decided manner,—

"I tellt you as vee hafe our secret. You has gife your vort as you ast no kevestions. All vhat you has to do ist to baint de picture—dem ist our pargains; alle oder ting ist no peassiness of yours."

There could be no doubt of it—she was right. I glanced appealingly from her to the wonderful creature standing on the throne, but encountered only the same look of wistful sorrow which had so thrilled me already. I was about to remonstrate again.

"Hear me, madam. I——" but she interrupted me at once.

"Besser dan you talks you shticks to our pargain; an' you finds vee vont pe vorsser as ours."

I felt rather cowed. The resolute tone in which she spoke, the recollection of the way I had lately been handled, and the thick black veil which repelled all attempts to judge of the speaker by feature and expression, together, tended to impress my excited apprehension menacingly—to silence and subdue me. Besides, just then, at, I imagine, some unobserved signal, the

beautiful young lady, lifting the salver with its livid burden, threw herself into a pose which, whether it had been previously studied or was spontaneous, so perfectly satisfied my ideas of grace and meaning, that my art-enthusiasm soon superseded all other subjects and emotions.

It was under these circumstances that I commenced my work. As it grew upon the canvas my ardour grew with it. Inspired by the unspeakable loveliness of my model, idea after idea rushed in upon me, each of a higher beauty than the last, but each of the last raising each of the former to its own glorious standard, till, when I threw down my port-crayon, what was as yet a mere outlined space, presented to my eyes a vision of form and expression, of glowing light and colour, whose harmonies made my spirit faint with rapture.

As I stood absorbed contemplating my sketch, the wheezy voice of my hostess broke upon my reverie,—

"Soh you has doon enuph for dis vonce, ferry goot! You finds drough dere," pointing to one of the doors, "your zimner, your pet-room—eferyting comfortable. Dere ist von gallerie, vlenefer you likes to valk, where you can stretch your lecks. S'pose you goes dere now, an' vee has in ten minnits subber for you here."

Supper!—my thoughts reverted to that loathsome object in the salver. "I have ben nervously ill lately," I said; "I ear I should be unable to eat anything with that—that, you know before me." I pointed as I spoke. Her voice was pitched in the highest tones of surprise as she replied,—

"Curi-os! as is ja curi-os! Nefers meint; hen you cooms pack, you finds eer not here. Vee puts eem down inde coldt to make eem keep."

I had scarcely sickened so much at the sight itself as I did now at the way she spoke of it; and with-

out further parley, with one parting look at the Salome, rushed away.

As soon as I had passed out of the studio I found myself in the gallery. From this passage, as it really was, a door opened into my bedroom. There, a cursory glance showed me, everything was perfectly comfortable. I gladly availed myself of the few minutes allowed to try—by plunging my head and hands into cold water, and by brushing the former till it smarted—to freshen up my faculties, and clear somewhat the confusion of my mind, before returning. When I did so I found beautiful lady and bloody salver both gone, and only the duenna there, as I benamed her to myself on the spot, standing beside a table set out with delicacies.

"In de dum-vaier ist de vines—you finds dem dere," she said, pointing to it. "Vee vishes you goot abbetite. You sitz an' you shmokes here, oder you goes to your pet as mo'sh as efer you likes." She appeared to be going, but returned to say, in a most amiable manner: "Eef you ist not kevite gom-fortable, oder you vants someting, you shust tells me in de mornen', an' vee doos eet. Gute nacht, schlafen sie wohl;" and she left me alone.

Instinctively certain of its uselessness, I made no attempt to discover if there were any means of escape; but instead, with a pipe and some remarkable claret for aids—for I could eat nothing—I set myself to serious reflection. Events had occurred so rapidly, each more extraordinary than the others, every one so unprecedented in my experience, and, running through all, were circumstances so incongruous that, after vainly trying to think them over with deliberation and reason out their consequences, I gave up the attempt, and yielded myself to the fascination of one overpowering idea. All other facts and every adjunct connected with them fell

away, retired, and ranged themselves behind and far beyond it—veiled themselves in a haze of remoteness, which I ceased to endeavour to penetrate; while this, coming to the foreground, blazed on my imagination in its own effulgence. Beauty, such as I had seen to-night, I had never seen before; nor had it entered into my heart that it might be. While delineating it, I had, so to speak, absorbed it—face and form, feature and limb—the sorrow-fraught look of the violet-lidded eyes, and tender seriousness of the curved lip—the lines of the rounded cheek, and the dimpled chin crowned as with a rosebud—the pearly hues of its polished skin enriched with traceries of delicate blue—the bright shimmering of the waves of its auburn hair—its grace, in every gesture making "poetry of motion,"—and, as the Eastern drug subdues its votary, I found it master all my other faculties, exciting and leaving in me but one power—to dream.

I made no attempt, at least then, to resist, but, I fear, rather instigated its tyranny, by what, for one of my abstemious habits and depressed state of health, were over-copious draughts of wine, and unusual smokings-out of many pipes. I may as well confess the consequences. I am unable to recollect any succeeding circumstances, till, on the following morning, I started up from heavy sleep, wide awake, with an aching head, a feverish trickling through all my veins, and a feeling of remorse oppressing me as for some vague crime I had committed. The luxury of a cold bath and a rapid walk up and down the outside passage to promote circulation, however, soon restored tension to my relaxed nerves, and set me up again in body and spirit. As I became calmer, the idea of the night before recurred to my mind, but not in such overpowering force as then. Another feeling arose to

share its intensity—curiosity. All my endeavours to gratify it were, however, futile. The door leading to the studio, and both the others in the passage, were locked. The window of my bedroom opened only at the top, and its lower half was blocked by an immovable shutter. Standing on a chair and looking out of the upper part, I could see nothing but the tops of evergreens growing thickly beneath, and the trunks and leafless branches of a close plantation beyond. Suddenly there recurred to me the story of the midwife, who, brought blindfold to the bedside of a lady, was enabled afterwards to identify the scene of a murder, by producing a snip of cloth, which, unobserved, she had cut from the hangings. The idea of the bloodless head, I know not how, had faded from my attention; but now, as I reflected, the possibility of its being the result of a dreadful crime revived with terrible distinctness, and set me in action. I began at once to make private marks on the walls and furniture, by which, in case of need, I could identify the place, as well as produce evidence to conviction to satisfy others. While pursuing this work, a church clock, not very remote, struck eight. I paused to count the beats, and was resuming my furtive task, when a loud rap at my door sent the blood rushing to my heart, as if I had been caught in some horrible nefarious action. The knock was repeated before I could recover self-possession to answer or open. It was my hostess, the duenna, veiled and as imperviously disguised as before. My reflections upon her manners, language, and the character indicated by them, together with the possibility that she might be a murderess, or at least implicated with others in an abominable crime, made this woman intensely odious to me. Nothing, however, could be more kind than the manner, almost

motherly, in which she bade me "Guten morgen," hoped I had slept well, and congratulated me on being an early riser.

"Dere ist your breakfast," she said, when we got into the studio. "You tinks dere ist anytings more as you vants?"

I glanced at the table—heavens! what means for a feast! Tea, coffee, toast, butter, eggs, slices of delicate beef, a fowl, a tongue, anchovies, and—a bottle of maraschino. All I could reply was to thank her for such liberal provision. Then it was arranged that, my meal finished, I should retire for half an hour to walk, and, if I liked, smoke in the gallery; meanwhile, everything would be prepared in the studio for my work.

"You doos de head of de shen'l'mans fust," suggested the lady. "Besser you doos eem fust."

"Yes, yes, certainly—by all means," I replied, with repressed loathing.

"Yah," she wheezed out, "yah, eet is besser."

Although I had eaten nothing since yesterday afternoon, and despite the provocatives to appetite before me, it was with difficulty I managed to make a very poor meal—I had such a choky sensation in my throat. "The part of the gentleman" this time had nothing to do with producing it—it was something very different. Before me was the sketch I had made a few hours ago, and the reflex of the vision that had then enchanted me resumed again, now, all its power of fascination over my fancy. I felt the danger of yielding to it, and manfully overcame the temptation of maraschino, although I was in exactly that state of perilous excitement which stimulates the desire to increase itself. These feelings only made my task, on returning to the studio from my walk, more repugnant. I had not, however, proceeded far in it before my aesthetic perceptions enabled me to regard

the object I was painting *per se*. Through and beyond the mere beauty of the features the face had acquired and retained a nobleness and dignity from the mysterious expression and unfathomable calm of death. As, too, I wrought on the wonders of colour on the sad brow, cheek, and lip—the blendings of brown and purples beneath the sunken eyes, with the play and shimmer of light along the pale forehead and arched nose, over the sable hair and beard, and down among the flashing points of the embossed silver on to the sanguine drops below—revealed themselves, their contrasts and harmonies, against the equally wondrous shadows; in beauty—the power to feel which must, I suppose, be born with one, but which, however it comes, I thank heaven I have.

Once engaged in it, I became thoroughly absorbed in my work, and never paused till, having done all I could do for the present, I stopped to contemplate its effect; when that duenna, who I began to believe was born to shake my nerves, who seemed to live and move and have her being in mystery, startled me, by asking, in her thick choky tones, “Don’t you vants your dinner?”

She was sitting behind me, very composedly, in one chair, with her feet resting upon another.

“You doos eem ferry pe - u - ti-fool! eet. ist vunderfool! Doos you not vant your dinner? You fainst avay agin eef you doos not hafe your dinner.”

“Bless my soul!” I could not help exclaiming, “how long have you been here?”

“A-a-ch! efer so long.”

“Did you come in at the door?” I asked confusedly.

“Gewiss — ya’es — drough der tore. When ist you reaty fore your dinner?”

“Why, madam, I can do no more for the present, so when——”

“Vell, I tinks dat,” she interrupted me by saying, and getting

up to go; “den you goes an’ vashes yourself; an’ in von viertel—das ist, kevarter von hour—you cooms pack, an’ you finds your dinner alle nice.”

What shallow creatures we are! for myself, at least, I may confess as much. For I was immensely pleased by the duenna’s admiration of what I had done; principally, perhaps, because she expressed what was in my own thought, though I had not dared to say as much to myself.

Upon my return to the studio I found a table profusely spread with luxuries, for at least one-half of which I could find no names in my experience. I may as well mention here, that all the time this adventure lasted my board was supplied with such delicious profusion, so exquisitely prepared, that its remembrance has made me a rather fastidious liver ever since. Without being conscious of it while at work, I had become much exhausted. It told upon me now, I suppose; for after dining, before getting through half a cigar, I dropped off into a sound sleep. For how long, I know not; but when I awoke—silence, mystery, and startling surprise again!—the table was cleared, the black-veiled lady was seated before my picture, and there, upon the throne, stood that vision of beauty in all her transcendent loveliness, with those eyes of hers, as full as before of appealing sadness, fixed wistfully upon mine. Greatly abashed, and too much dazed to be perfectly self-possessed, I began to address to her a confused apology for my want of vigilance, when, starting up and interposing between us, the duenna shouted at me in her vulgar German and shrillest tones,—

“Halt des mau! gleich!” She seemed suddenly roused into uncontrollable rage, for she stamped her foot and actually threatened me with her clenched hand. “Vhat fore you dares shpeak zu de Brin-cess?—she no unterstant von vort

you shepinks; when you hafe so bromise, how dares you?"

I could not help being somewhat astounded by the threatening and impertinent way in which I was spoken to, but greatly more by the disclosure of the one lady's rank through the inadvertent wrath of the other. I hastened to humble myself and explain. Fortunately, the duenna was as placable as she was easily excited. And the Princess, in self-possessed dignity, appearing quite unconscious of anything disagreeable passing, I set my palette afresh and began work. Long and late, my whole soul engrossed in the beauty of my subject and the rapture of my art, I wrought. My limbs trembled from exhaustion, but still more through emotion. Singular! during all those hours, calm, still as a statue, gaining relief at long intervals by merely shifting from one small foot to the other—the old distressful expression always predominant on her perfect features—silent, watchful, her deep earnest looks continually on mine, the Princess stood, untiringly, as no model I ever knew could stand. In the ardour of my occupation I totally forgot a proper consideration for her. By no gesture, no impatient breath even, did she suggest weariness. It was only when I felt my own fatigue that it flashed upon me how much more she required relief and rest than I did. It was to express this, with regret for my thoughtlessness, that, as I laid aside palette and brushes, I bowed to her repentantly and low. By heaven! she understood me, for she smiled and blushed—such a blush! such a smile! It was the first time—it was the only time for many a year that I saw them; but for many a year that smile and that blush were as spells upon my destiny.

It is needless, as it would be tedious recapitulation, to describe the days which followed this, the first of my adventure. None of them was marked by variety, or

any circumstance of interest enough to require particular notice, irrelevantly to the great mystery that enveloped all. I finished the Baptist's head, and the mortal model disappeared. Then, morning, noon, and night, I worked on in the light of the lustrous Princess; but ever also in the shadow of her black-veiled duenna, or whatever she was; and she at the conclusion of every day's work regularly praised my performance. My work was rapidly approaching completeness. Together with the beauty of its mysterious subject, it exercised upon me a power of fascination which subjugated all my other feelings. Doubt, suspicion, alarm, even inquisitiveness, became dormant under its influence. I knew I was in a dream—a dream not indeed without pain; but that pain was, for the present, so interwoven with delight, that I dreaded to awaken from it into ordinary life; for then, I knew, not the warp alone, but the woof too with it, must be destroyed.

In all the many days I never heard another voice than the duenna's. She never addressed the Princess, and the Princess, it appeared to me, was disdainfully silent to her. Was she disdainful as well to me? could she be, while hour after hour out of her wondrous eyes she poured her intense soul into mine? Yet she took no notice of my labours. I could not but be conscious that this effort of mine surpassed all my previous efforts—that I was working under inspiration. But the Princess never once glanced at her image on my canvas—not a gesture, not a play of feature, ever showed that she took the slightest interest in it. Feeling that my art was the only possible means by which I could ever hope to approach her, except for a rather sophistical suggestion of, I suppose, my vanity, that the dignity of her rank prescribed a severe self-restraint, an abnegation of any such vulgar emotion as curiosity—and, above all, a most consolatory

idea of her taking opportunity, when I was absent, to inspect my work, as I frequently found my easel displaced from the position in which I had left it—I think her indifference would have broken my heart.

In how many ways has the old story been told! I mean not to tell it once more in mine—suffice it, the old irrepressible story revived itself in me. Could I have helped it? No, and no again! I had as much power to save myself as a wretch tied hand and foot in mid-rapid of a cataract has; once launched, the rest belonged to fate. As it was, confinement, labour, the tension upon my nerves, and overwrought feelings, were all more or less telling upon me. My glass showed me again the haggard cheeks with hectic spots set in ghastly white, which three years before had required as a specific Italy. Every day I ate less; but, parched and burning, I drank more. Every night was more restless than the last. All night, and then all day, growing, broadening, heavy—heavier, dark-darker, a feeling like despair—like!—it was despair sank down upon my heart. But I finished my work.

"You hafe doon?—you hafe doon mit es, alle-zugedder?" the duenna asked, as, fainting, I let palette and brushes fall, and sank into a chair.

"Altogether, madam. I should do harm by doing more."

"Von-derfool! Es ist pe-u-tifool, as I tells you pefore. Nefer meint dat now. You feels not vell—you ist ill?" she inquired, in a tone of great concern and kindness.

"I am ashamed to say," I answered, "that I feel very faint."

"A-ah! den I shust gifs you a lee-dle something as doos you mo'osh goot—ferry mo'osh goot." I was too sunk in lassitude to observe what she did, but passively swallowed the contents of a liqueur-glass which she brought me.

I remember a delicious feeling, like sudden relief from great pain, following immediately after taking the dose—whatever it was. I have another, but subsequent, recollection of a state of exquisite repose, during which, like the fitful creations of a dream, unknown people came, moved about me, and spoke in whispers without conveying to my understanding anything intelligible, or, with one exception, producing surprise at their appearance. The exception was a person whom I seemed distinctly to recognise as a gentleman who had been in the habit of frequently coming to watch me at work while I was studying in the Alcazar at Seville, but with whom I had never exchanged a word. The dull astonishment with which I regarded him for being there grew duller every minute, until I became incapable of thinking about it—of thinking about anything;—rest!—only rest!

I came to myself as awakening from a sleep of many confused dreams. I was at my Newman Street apartments, lying in bed. I took for granted it was night; for a dull light, whose source was carefully screened from my eyes, just enabled one to distinguish objects and recognise the place. A hand, with its fingers upon my wrist, had hold of one of mine, and, peering anxiously at me, was the kind face of my dear friend Morris Blake, M.R.C.S.

"O blessed Moses, and ten times ten!" I heard him whisper softly to himself.

"Hollo, Morris!—is this you?"

"O Philliloo! So you're come up out o' that, eh? An' you know me—do you, Charley?"

"Know you, Morris!—why not?"

"Ah, why not?—that's it. Never mind now, though. Only be still and quiet—that's a good little man. Here's a dhrink for you."

I was parched with thirst, and tried to rise to take the effervescing

draught he was mixing—I could not lift my head from the pillow.

It would be to no purpose describing my condition. Thanks to Blake's skill, under the Almighty's favour, I was past the crisis of brain-fever. Still, the greatest care, with quiet above all things, was necessary for my safety and restoration. Blake was to take me into the country as soon as I was strong enough to bear the journey. Meanwhile he resolutely refused to answer any of my inquiries, as well as permission for me to speak a word, except about common and immediate things.

"Be good, now, Charley, my man," he said, in his way. "By-en'-by we'll want discoorse over our liquer an' dhudeens, when I exhibit 'bacca and punch for tonics. You may fire away thin like a debatin' society."

We had been together nearly a month at the foot of Box Hill, in the pleasant vale of Dorking, before Blake, while "exhibiting" the above tonics for his own behoof, but rigidly forbidding them to me, thought proper to remove all restrictions from our perfect freedom of conversation.

"After puttin' out o' sight, in twelve hours, three pounds o' mut-ton-chops, an' seven imperial pints o' bitter beer, Charley—you gour-mong; besides flinging twice up to the top o' the hill like a shammy kid with a fleec in his ear, I think I may take you Co. in any agreeable sort o' discoorse we likes now. What was the dhrink you'd been havin' the night you was brought home?"

It was only by an effort that I could recall the circumstances. "Drink, Morris!" I replied; "I took nothing but a little claret-and-water."

"Don't you call to mind gettin' dhrunk?"

"I!—drunk?"

"Dhrunk."

"No," I indignantly protested; "Drunk, indeed! I was very ill,

but drank nothing—Oh, I remember now——"

"Ha, ha! What, Charley?"

"Only a liqueur-glass of something that was given me when I was fainting."

"I'd just like to know what company you was kapin'—wid your black famales and princesses—for they hocused you, Charley."

"Good heavens, Blake! What do you mean?"

"Just that. The men that brought you home, an' tucked you away in your crib, said you'd brought on a fit o' blinking at dinner, by lookin' too hard at the decanters—the bla-guards! Was you robbed?"

"Robbed—nonsense!"

"You wasn't? I thought, though, we'd find you cleaned out o' every scurrick, till we seen you'd got money an' your watch upon you. Here's a parcel they left. I'd have giv it you before, only there's something so mighty mysterious on it, that if you hadn't had a brain-fever it ought to give you one anyhow, sure!"

Blake produced a small weighty parcel covered with strong brown paper, and firmly bound round with pack-thread; but before handing it to me, he read from a label pasted across one side—the characters Roman, in red ink,—

"REMEMBER YOUR WORD—HONOUR. FORGET EVERYTHING—SILENCE."

"It's mighty like one of the scrawls they hould up to the audience at Astley's," he added, reflectively. "'He dies at sunrise.' I've seen that same myself."

Meanwhile, in considerable agitation, I cut open the parcel. It contained two rouleaux, with seventy-five bright new sovereigns in each. I could not help muttering, as I remembered my black-veiled patroness, "You finds as vee vont pe vorsser as our pargains."

"Oh, thin, by Jabers!" exclaimed Morris, "there must be a ra'al royal princess in it to the fore, after all."

His astonishment surpassed mine. Naturally enough, he grew intensely inquisitive. In the wanderings of delirium I had revealed so much, that to tell him, from first to last, the whole story, was but to put in order the incidents, with every one of which he was already well acquainted. In his discretion, as well as in the soundness of his judgment, I could put the firmest reliance. Moreover, his keen insight into the characters of men, and his large acquaintance with the world, together with his affectionate friendship for myself, expressly calculated him to be my adviser, now I so urgently wanted counsel. For the mystery of the dead man's head had recurred to, and lay like a crime upon, my conscience—only the

heavier for remembrance of my word pledged to secrecy, when by no possibility could I have anticipated that it was given to conceal a fact so horribly suspicious. My mind was soon made up, and I recounted to him all my adventure. He listened without once interrupting me; but I knew, by the fierce way he pulled at his pipe, that he was not a little excited.

"And now, Morris," I asked, when my tale was done, "what does it behove me to do?"

"Nothing," he answered, emphatically; "Beca'se, Charley, in the first place, as that respectable black female Trojan told you, 'it's no business of yours;' and, in the second, it would be of no use to try."

CHAPTER II.

I am in Rome, and between what I have told and am about to tell there is an interval of ten years. During that time, step by step, slowly at first, then rapidly, I had gone up the hill of public favour, and was now, for an artist, a rich man. Outwardly my fate appeared all prosperity and content; but my inner life was one of hopeless dreary pining, for no blood-boltered spectre of his victim ever haunted the slayer more persistently than all those years the form of the fair creature I had painted in her marvellous beauty—her impossible attainment haunted my imagination—my heart.

I had not, however, reposed all that time in quiescent indifference; but had set in motion, again and again, all the means I could devise and command to penetrate the mystery in which I had been involved; but none had proved effective—all had failed—not the film of a clue could be discovered. It was well for me that I had the irrepressible instinct for art and art-work. I think—I know it saved me. It was a shelter from scorching passion,

a defence against deadly despair; a motive and a solace for which I was content to live on—without which I had been more than content to die.

A more than usually severe attack of my old nervous debility made at the end of the season of '32, a residence, for the ensuing winter, in a more genial climate, a necessity to my restoration. I spent some months in the south of France and at Nice; and in the spring of the following year, just before Lent, came on to Rome.

It was not the first, by several, of my visits to the Eternal City. Here, besides my never-ending delight in its great works of art, I had the pleasure of renewing old and congenial friendships. On all previous occasions I had come to Rome to work; now I was purposely idle, at least as far as brain or hand production went, for it was the only holiday I had ever given myself. The genial climates of France and Italy—the changes of scene—the repose from labour—the subdued excitement, without reaction, of contemplating the noble creations

of art—the view of majestic, if ruined, edifices, of gorgeous religious ceremonies—varied by calm, almost melancholy, meditation in solemn churches, chapels, and the tranquil galleries of ancient palaces, rich not alone in the accumulated outpourings of genius, but with recollections, as well, of great men and greater events,—were influences that stirred to its depths the dead sea of sluggish grief, in which I had suffered all the germs of delight in my heart to lie sunken and buried; which aided my convalescence, and revived in my being capacities of happiness to which I had been insensible since the time of my strange adventure.

One of the alterative effects which the old morbid state had produced in my character was a shrinking and aversion from new acquaintances; above all, a dislike to be one in any promiscuous company. Lately I had so nearly succeeded in vanquishing both of these unreasonable feelings that I became a frequent visitor at the Greco;* and never refused nor hesitated now to use the introductions I had brought, or such as were proffered to me by my resident brother artists and friends. It was another and a new delight to me wandering among the studios, as well as through the churches and galleries. Although it was not very obvious to myself then I can well understand now, how great a change was, with unconscious rapidity, taking place in me. My mind was recovering elasticity enough to rebound against the tyranny of imagination, and often to assert the long-abandoned right of choosing her own subject of thought or fancy.

During a former visit to Rome, when once by chance at the Café Greco, I had become interested, at first through his appearance, and subsequently more deeply on obtaining a sketch of his character and history, in a Swiss, a painter, whom

I saw there. He looked what he was, "a man weary with disaster, tugged with fortune; "one who at the beginning of his life had mistaken his vocation, and fallen into the fatal error of believing that inclination and aspiration were power and genius. Possessed in no small degree of intellect, perseverance, and many talents, he had not a spark of the divine fire which fuses these noble elements into forms that make their creator's name a living word upon the tongue of fame. When I first became acquainted with him he was old, and seemed like one who, having come forth out of the battle of life all scarred and worn, was resigned to dare the strife no more—to embrace content rather than wrestle with ambition—to play with cheerfulness instead of struggling to retain hope.

We had lately become close friends. I had got to love the man, and I think he liked me. One of the results of our friendship was an invitation to visit his studio in an old palazzo, which was a regular burrow of artists, in the Piazza del Popolo. There was no difficulty in finding his atelier; for above it, at the sides, and beneath, were others occupied by men I knew, and the most part of whom I had visited. It was on the first morning after my return from an excursion of a few days among the Alban hills that I made my promised call. To my surprise, my knock elicited no reply from within; but instead, at the door of the adjoining "shop" appeared its tenant, my friend Conway Charters.

"Hollo! you! How goes it!" he said, while shaking my hand in the British manner. "You've been up to Adrian's villa, they tell me. Glorious among the hills at this time of year, isn't it? Want Stappfer?"

"Yes; he has asked me to see his paintings."

* The Café del Greco—the tavern in Rome where artists "most do congregate."

"He's gone off hurry-skurry to Zurich—he comes from Zurich, you know. There's some news—bad or good, we can't make out which from his manner, poor fellow!—there's some news from his sister."

"Well, I hope then it's good. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right, thanks! I've got Stapffy's key here; if you like to go in and look at his lot, I'll come to you in half an hour—my model's time's up soon."

There is no law more absolute than the one which decrees that he who upon no business interrupts an artist engaged with his model, is guilty of impertinence; so, taking the key, I let myself into Stapfer's place. The history of his art-life might be read upon the walls at a glance. Abundant passages were written there, in his work, containing clear evidence of all the qualities but one which make a great artist; but as clearly to be read was the absence of that one—genius: his work was painted fire that warms not. Yet it was here, among his lifeless transcripts from breathing forms, that I found a work which stirred emotion in me to profounder depths than all the genius of past and present concentrated in one force could have done. Where the light fell fairest, in the middle of a compartment, hidden by the folds of a dingy green curtain, hung a picture by itself. Guessing from these circumstances that Stapfer regarded this as his *chef-d'œuvre*, with the desperate hope of finding something which, when I again saw him, I might conscientiously praise, I drew aside the cloth. My God! it was the Princess. Is time an entity? if so, what is memory? All I know is, that before that clay-coloured, expressionless effigy of my idea, my heart leaped back across the gulf in time of ten years, and throbbed with the same feeling it throbbed with then, the last time I stood in its living presence.

Rapt as a seer in his ecstasy, I

had lost all sense of time present or things surrounding, when Charters's entrance recalled me to the perception of both.

"Ah," he said, "you couldn't please poor Stapffy more than by taking notice of that thing of his. He is either precious proud of his work, or else he was spoons upon his model. I rather think the last; for, queer as his painting is, you can make her out to be a splendid creature."

"You don't know, then, who she is?" I asked, holding my breath till he replied.

"No; he did it in Naples, and calls it 'La Principessa.'"

"In Naples! In Naples do you say? Do you know how long ago?"

"I think it has got a date somewhere—oh, here; 1828."

The same year that I painted her!

"And you really think he was in love with her?"

"Why, I only suppose so, because he won't sell the picture at any price; and we can always get a rise out of him by ever so little chaff about 'De BrinCESS,' as he Englishes it: a great shame, though—he's such a good old fellow!"

Conway Charters could tell me nothing more, except that letters *postæ restante*, Zurich, would be sure to reach him.

On leaving the studio, I moved about all day like one in a troubled dream, with some formless purpose before him, some end to be achieved, for which he is doomed to struggle forward, though with conscious disappointment of effort, and utter powerlessness in himself. It was not till after I had dined—under any circumstances one always dines, if he can get a dinner—that, aided by a little wine and a big smoke, the flood of my turmoiled thought subsided within the banks of reason; the current, however, rushed but one way. I would—I must—discover this mysterious Princess; and, but subordinate to that purpose, the other mysteries of the

dead head, and why its picture and hers had been painted under such circumstances of determined secrecy. In my eagerness, had it been possible to start at the instant, I should have rushed off in person to Zurich to question Stapfer; but a little reflection showed me that I might frustrate their object by making my inquiries unduly important, besides betraying feelings which I shrunk from exposing to any one else. I therefore wrote, but in very guarded language; and, taking the hint from what Charters had said, laid the trouble which I was giving him upon the interest with which his picture had inspired me.

The letter despatched, I was again, perforce, left to all the nervous irritability of suspense. Occupy myself as I would, do what I could, while waiting a reply, my imagination never left to be ablaze, trying to light up the obscurity into which the feeble clue, which I had at last laid hold on, seemed to lead, and to suggest romantic circumstances enough to form the groundworks of a whole circulating library. At last Stapfer's answer came. What infinite pains, in his good-nature, he must have taken to translate—evidently by the continuous help of a dictionary—what he had to say, out of his native German into English—English execrably worse than that he usually spoke. I need only transcribe those passages that referred to the subject on which I had addressed him, and which determined my next proceedings. I give them literally:—

"I have myself a delight out of it made 'La Principessa' to paint. I can it me never over the heart bring it to bargain. It do me much sorrow if you a particular wish cherish the picture to possess. I have it in Nape paint. La Principessa is there establish. She live to the Lavinaio nel Quartiere Mercato. Ach! It is long ago since I she see have."

This information was satisfactory only on the point of where she lived when he painted her picture. Why had he not mentioned her name? there might be, probably were, dozens of princesses in Naples. Suppose, she had removed since then—how was I to find this particular princess with no other note of her identity than that she was a princess? "Ah!" sighed I, as poor Stapfer had done, "this princess is distinguished from all other princesses by such beauty! I will try it, however; anything—above all, action—is better a million-fold than such heartaching restless nights and suspense-fretted days."

Suddenly an unthought-of but mighty obstacle rose up between me and my purpose. Beyond the ordinary phrases to be picked out of a vocabulary, I knew no Italian. I saw at once that I must decide between making a confidant of a strange cicerone, or of a friend. In twenty minutes I was at Charters's studio.

"You are strong in Italian, are not you?" I asked.

"Spare my blushes; yes," he replied.

"Do you think they would puzzle you at Naples?"

"What! in talking?—no. In doing they might, confoundedly."

"You've been there?"

"Twice."

"Should you like to go again?"

"I mean to."

"When?"

"When the gods are conformable, and I sell a picture or two."

In ten minutes' additional conversation I prevailed on Conway to become my companion, and succeeded in overbearing all excuses for delay, even that of getting his linen home from the *lavandaia*; and, as a further result, the next morning, at a few minutes after seven, seated opposite each other in a *vetturino*, we were jogging along the Appian Way towards the Pontine Marshes on the old Terracina road.

Naples! The road thereto and the sights thereat; the city, the places nigh; the bay, the coast, the islands, the skies, the mountain;—to do none of these had I come: to journals, guide-books, prints, and panoramas I leave them. Naples had for me a greater interest than itself. Was I, at the Hotel Crocelle, within—perhaps—a stone's cast of the living lady whose image had haunted me so many years! Might not the caressing air which I breathed have passed from her lips to mine! How my querulous heart yearned and grew faint at such fancies!

I had told Charters the object of my sudden journey, and the difficulty I anticipated in attaining it; but at the same time, while freely confessing that it was connected with a story and a mystery, I had explained how a promise bound me to keep both concealed. He had accepted my explanation as frankly as I gave it, like the good fellow and gentleman he was.

"Oh, we won't hear anything about difficulty. Let us begin asking at once. Here!" he shouted to a waiter. "Look in my face; there is a principessa—something—lives in the Lavinaio nel Quartiere Mercato: we have forgotten her name—what is it?"

The query seemed to galvanise the man; his eyebrows went up and his lower jaw down, with an expression of extremest surprise; and, in a way very unlike his usual Neapolitan liveliness, he gasped out,—

"Una principessa?"

"What do you mean?—don't you know anything about her?"

"Signori, it is impossible; only very wretched people live in the Lavinaio."

Charters and I looked at one another. "Ah," I said, "there must be some mistake."

"Sì, signori, certamente."

Stumbling thus at the very threshold of our search was very disheartening; but Conway, with

a promptness to which I could lay no claim, proposed that we should sally forth at once.

"Let us out and scout for ourselves," he said; "we can look any plan in the face afterwards with a chance of guessing what change we ought to get out of it."

I eagerly assented, for nothing could be so intolerable as inaction. The direction given by Stapfer was to a part of the city so little known and so unexplorable by strangers, that, to discover and penetrate its recesses, we had to place ourselves under the guidance of an ancient cicerone, an old acquaintance of Charters, whom, to the palpable disgust of our *garzone* at the Crocelle, he insisted upon having fetched from the Grand Bretagne.

"He is the prince of ciceroni," Conway explained to me; "he is the only southern Italian I ever knew that can hold his tongue—that cuts his story short when you have had enough of it, tells you only what you want to know, and knows it when you want him to tell it."

Pioneered by this accomplished individual, in the diminishing light of a southern evening, we started on our quest for the nameless princess. We were more reserved towards our cicerone Pinto than we had been to the waiter, directing him only to lead us to the Lavinaio nel Quartiere Mercato. Crossing the Piazza Castello and the Marinella, we plunged into a maze of ill-lighted narrow streets, walled in by lofty houses, loftier churches, and monastic buildings; the former of which, as we advanced further, became meaner in character, with signs of indigence,—within, seen through open windows and doors—without, marked by such accessories as dirty, half-naked children, and by more squalid-looking men and women. It was evidently one of the "slums" of Naples into which we had got; when, opposite a passage between the houses ascending to higher ground beyond,

Pinto, who was preceding us, stopped and pointing at this entrance, to our profound mortification, exclaimed,—

"Eccola! zare ees it."

Brought up suddenly thus, Charters and I turned to each other in blank surprise. As we caught one another's looks, our disappointment seemed to strike us both from such a ludicrous point of view that, deep as my feelings really were, excited as I had become—perhaps owing to this excitement casually diverted, I know not—but I joined him in an explosion of laughter which vexed my soul, but only became the more obstreperous for the vexation. The idea of the exquisitely-refined and lovely being I had painted—a graceful, dignified princess, too—existing among the squalor of such a scene—it was too absurd! What could Stapfer mean by sending me to such a spot? it must be a lapse of memory—a mistake in name! Whatever it was, I indicated to my companions the abandonment of all hope to find the object of my search in that locality, by returning at once, without remark or inquiry, the way we had come.

Arrived at our hotel, accompanied by Signor Pinto, I presently had occasion to appreciate the judgment with which Charters had selected him from all other ciceroni. He sat quite silent, though it was soon seen how observant, while we spoke hastily and despondingly of our disappointment. By the time we paused he seemed to have perfectly made out our purpose and difficulty.

"Ah ha! signori," he said, "you look-a fore som-a von-a? You no-a find-a he'em, you tell-a me—I find-a he'em, eef he be in Na'pli."

"Of course you will!" shouted Charters, enthusiastically; "you're just the fellow! I say tell him about the Princess—he knows lots of people that can help him. Only, dash it! you must make it worth his while—say a trifle for his time,

and something handsome if he succeeds: you don't mind stumping up, eh? Is that your view of things, too, Signor Pinto?"

"Ya-es, ya-es, sare; per-hap-a I mose go-a many people, an' I mose stump-a too."

I assented with all my heart to the plan thus suddenly started; indeed no other even glimmered out of the deep obscurity of the subject. The terms for his assistance were soon arranged, infinitely to Signor Pinto's satisfaction. In return—and he undertook this with a confidence which astonished Charters and myself—he was to discover the Princess who sat to Stapfer ten years ago, and obtain her history—actually her parentage, birth, title, education, fortune, and all relating to her while she remained on Neapolitan territory; moreover, if she were still within its bounds, he was to carry me where I might see her, and assure myself that it was the veritable person to whom this information applied.

"I'll tell you what," Conway said when Pinto had left, "I'm blest if he isn't in the police! I never thought of it before. Every two out of three in Naples are spies upon the odd man—that's it!"

Pitting action against irksomeness of suspense, under Charters's guidance, I employed the next day in an excursion to Baïæ. On our return, late at night, we found Pinto at our hotel. There was a look of conscious success about him that at once raised in us the highest hopes, though, to both my simple and Charters's boisterous demands, he steadily refused information.

"Eef you have-a only a lee-tle bozzetto, you call-a a skitz-a, eet sall do mosh-a help-a?"

"A sketch, eh? Will to-morrow morning do?—we are dead tired to-night."

"O ya-es, ya-es, ya-es! eet sall do ver well-a. I come-a to your-a brick-a-fast-a."

Our hopes sprang higher yet, when, next morning, we observed Pinto's eyes glisten and his thin lips curl into an assured smile, as he keenly regarded the sketch I had just made. Still he refused to utter a word for our satisfaction; yet there was something very significant in the way he addressed us on leaving.

"Perhap-a, signori, you go volk-a wis-a me in ze mornin' zu-morrow? Eef-a you-a stay here-a, I sall come-a in ze mornin'."

Conway smacked his hands together with a report like a pistol. "My mother was a frau, and my father a mynheer, if we arn't within a day and a half of a discovery now, eh?" he said.

I could not help agreeing with him, or else Pinto was deluding us with false hopes by false looks; as that, however, could in no way be worth his while, we determined to believe in next day.

That next day I sprang up, hopelessly wide awake, hours before my usual time, and I was usually an early riser. Thoughts, the combination of fear and expectation, seemed to sting rather than soothe me. I gave it up, after the first endeavour to swallow at breakfast. As little could I sit still, or bear companionship—even that of Charters. I felt as if I should choke within walls, and retired with my cigar to the balcony, where, for what appeared a double morning, I paced restlessly to and fro, to the intense amusement, I believe, of several heaps of idlers, who, from carefully-selected positions, speculated upon my actions to the confirmation of their previous general impressions, that "gl' Inglesi sono quasi tutti pazzi."

At last! A *cittadina* stops. Ha! it is Pinto. A moment after he is with us, and invites us to accompany him.

I suppose it is very foolish, but I can't help it. All my life long it has been the same with me: at any sudden excitement, or at its culmi-

nation, however prepared, my heart, after giving one wild bound, seems to stand still, and a deadly faintness ensues. All this occurred now. But Charters, prompt in all things, mastered the situation in a moment, by thrusting a liqueur-bottle, to its shoulders, into my mouth with one hand, and with the other dabbling me with iced water—which ran down inside my neckcloth—till I was gasping from two causes at once. I observed, while recovering, that he prudently put the maraschino-flask in his pocket.

Pinto did not follow us into the carriage, but took a seat upon the perch beside the driver, manifestly to elude the torrent of questions I, or certainly Conway, would have poured upon him. We drove at a fast pace for quite half an hour, when stopping at Mergellina, at the foot of Posilipo, Pinto descended, requested us to do so, and proposed,—

"You please-a volk-a a lee-tle-a vay wees me, a-a-ha, signori."

Resolutely shaking his head in silent reply to Charters's rapid interrogatories, he preceded us up a narrow lane, bordered on each side at intervals by wretched tumble-down patched-up houses—each, however, with a luxuriant garden. I refrain from describing my sensations while, as I believed, approaching the solution of the great mystery of my life, except, that wild astonishment at the possibility of finding it in such a neighbourhood rose high above all others. My heart beat so thickly that I had to pause twice during the ascent and avail myself of Conway's support, as well as of the prudential little item out of his pocket. We had gained a considerable elevation. The lane almost lost the character of one, and had become more like a half-marked path. The huts were more scattered, smaller, and meaner in appearance than those we had passed, and all the people whom we saw were of the *marinari* or *lazzaroni* class. Still, looking

around on each side, and further, further on, nowhere was an indication of any such place as might enshrine my peerless lady visible. At the foot of a sharp pitch that arose in our front, above which on one side we could see the tiles of a hut, I was pausing again, breathless and in bewildered perplexity, and to cool my forehead in a tiny runnel of water that here came singing down beside the bare track to which our path had dwindled: Pinto had not stopped, but, having climbed the hill, was pausing in an attitude of unmistakable, self-complacent, dignified triumph upon the summit, leaning one hand upon a broken wall, with the other gracefully posed upon his breast, his head erect and slightly averted—as if he were standing to have his picture painted.

"What can he mean?" both Charters and I exclaimed at once, rushing up to his side.

"Eccola!" he shouted, very coolly taking a pinch of snuff, facing round towards the hut, waving an arm in the air, and letting it fall in a straight line, pointing in the same direction—"Ecco la principessa!"

Leaning against a stony ridge, over which the little rill tumbled in a tiny cataract and rushed away in a hollow it had worn at the side of the path, there was before us, at a dozen yards from the track where we were standing, a low cabin, with no upper storey, made of wood and clay, and with a few squared but irregular stones built in at the corners and in courses along the base of the walls; these last having projecting offsets thrust out from them at the sides, evidently to enlarge the room within as circumstances made further space necessary; the whole covered with broken tiles. A low wall, like a bank, of earth and stones, seemingly held together by the ivy that grew luxuriantly on both its sides, enclosed one margin of a grassy plot in front; the other being

bounded by the rocky cliff against which the structure rested, and which was evidently part of an old quarry, whose excavation had left the level ground whereon the cabin stood. Approaching we had heard the merry laughter and shrill cries of children romping; and, contrasting those reckless noises, the voice of another child singing with lovely tones a melody like a cradle-song—slow and long drawn out, and sweet and soothing as the wash of a calm sea on its sands. But when we reached the side of Pinto, all had become hushed. The children—two sturdy little fellows of four and six, a small girl of three, another of eight or nine, singing to sleep a drowsy *bambino* lying on the moss of the bank at her side—awed at the sudden appearance of strangers, stopped, spell-struck, in the midst of their play, and gazed at us with wide-open eyes. Beyond, beside the door, in the shade of a rude trellised porch tendrilled with a vine, sat a female, her face turned from us, with busy fingers occupied in weaving a net. Her head and bosom were covered with the ordinary *fazzoletto*, and she wore only the short skirt of the women of Naples, which, as she sat, revealed the bare legs and naked feet. Strange!—neither the cessation of the children's noisy play, Pinto's loud exclamation, nor our presence, seemed to have aroused her attention; for still she continued to push and jerk her shuttle, and keep her head averted, low over her work. While I stood looking and speechless—a good deal of indignation mixing with my astonishment—Signor Pinto maintained such an air of conceited complacency and self-laudation, opposed to my utter disappointment, that I felt much more inclination to kick him than to ask for an explanation. But as I advanced to resolve the faint shade of doubt that must necessarily have remained if the woman's face were unseen, the youngest child, perhaps alarmed

at my approach, sprang to her and clutched her dress. The mother turned her head and gazed at me. One look into those wonderful, wistful eyes—yes, it is the Princess! Utterly forgetting in my agitation all things but that she was before me, I asked,—

“Do you remember me?”

The wistful eyes caught the fact of my speaking, but turned from my face to that of her eldest child, who had come to her side. It was the young girl who, in her Neapolitan dialect, answered,—

“*Mamma non ci sente, e non parla.*”

Why should I not tell? I made a sign to Charters, and rushed away up the hill, till alone and unseen; then I wept, as men with loving hearts weep, when hope seems rudely parted from their lives for ever.

In the evening of that day I received from Pinto a neatly-written document, quite official in character. I append Charters's translation:—

(SERAFINA PAGANO)

“Born at the Piano Sorrento, 1805. Deaf and dumb. Left Sorrento, 1820. Lived subsequently in Naples, Florence, and Rome. Became a model for statuary and painters, by whom she was known as ‘La Principessa.’ Married, 1823, Bartolomeo Starace, *marinaro*, in Naples. Domiciled in Naples since 1823. Of good character.”

On the day but one after, by arrangement through Pinto, she came to our hotel, accompanied by her husband, a thick-set, bandy-legged, but exceedingly good-natured-looking fellow, and her eldest girl. The child was our medium of communication. How, by motion of hands and fingers and lips, and by gestures, she translated, almost as rapidly as uttered, our words into meanings; and how, in a similar manner, they were replied to by her mother and understood by her,

—was something so marvellous that I abstain from any attempt to describe what could only be credited by seeing.

“Yes, she remembered me now. She did not know the name nor the rank of the lady I had seen her with. She had been engaged at Florence by a ‘milord,’ through Signor Andreoli the statuary, to travel with him and ‘miladi:’ ‘miladi’ was the veiled personage I had seen. She was not always veiled—only in the studio. She did not know the reason, and had never thought about it. ‘Milord’ was *un galantuomo*, and fabulously rich. They had crossed the sea; but she did not know it was to England: had never before now heard of a place called London. I was the only artist to whom, during her engagement, she had sat. The dead head? It had not struck her as anything extraordinary; she knew nothing about it but that it was there. She remembered seeing from the window a funeral that left the house soon after her arrival; it had impressed her deeply by its difference in character from a funeral in her own country. Signor Andreoli was dead—he was dying when she left Florence. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which she had been treated, nor the generosity with which she had been remunerated. ‘Miladi’ herself had accompanied her back, not to Florence, but to Naples. It was her own wish to return to Naples, as they had made her rich enough to marry Bartolomeo. She had never seen them since.”

That was all. Obligated to make use, so far, of Charters, I resolved to do more, and I confided to him the whole affair. This discovery of my beautiful model in “La Principessa” knocked its greatest element of romance out of my story; but it left what remained only the more difficult to analyse into motives and objects. What did it all mean? How we guessed and guessed! How

we exasperated ourselves with wild surmises! knowing perfectly well all the time how utterly useless it all was.

"I tell you what, my fine fellow," said Conway to me, at the same time thrusting all his fingers up through his hair, "it won't do to have any more of this. Instead of being driven frantic, it will be a thousand times better to distract ourselves. I vote for San Carlo this evening; to-morrow we'll have Pinto here. Get upon quite another horse, and send this ten-year-old mystery back to Old Nick, who must have been its breeder."

I could do no better than follow Conway's lead. So we went to San Carlo, and next day set to work—as Englishmen usually do—seriously to enjoy ourselves. In a fortnight we went back to Rome. A week later I returned to England, nearly oblivious of my pet mystery, anticipating no further revelations, or—if expectation lurked anywhere out of sight in my mind—certainly not dreaming that I should come upon them where and how I did, nor that they would prove such odd things as they ultimately turned out to be.

CHAPTER III.

That arch of Time's bridge where you, reader, and I last parted was 1833; this, where we meet again, is numbered 1850. My waistcoats now, measured round from the bottom button, are twice as capacious as at the top. It is seventeen years since I was freed from one enchantment, and fifteen years since I fell victim to another. My wife's name is Helen—Nelly in affection, when she is amiable and I in a mood to appreciate it. My eldest boy is at Rugby; and I hope he will prove himself worthy of all I have spent and am about to spend upon him. I mention these things, and, in addition, introduce the fact that there are six others, differing in gender, between him and baby—all pushing themselves up to that stand-point in life from whence, doubtless, they will assert similar claims—to show that there can be little of my early romance left in me: so little, in fact, that I believe I never once thought about that old pet adventure of mine from the time when, one evening, sitting beside my young wife, who was preparing for bed our little Charley—the Rugby boy now—and showing me how beautifully the cherub, supported under his arm-pits by her tender hands, could walk from her knee right up to her

neck—I told her the whole story, my foolish feelings and all, upon the great principle that married folk should have no secrets—no, not in their hearts—from each other—till a little while ago, when the tide of concealment, which had remained at flood for twenty-seven years, ebbed suddenly away, and left my mystery stranded high and dry—its shabby tail exposed to open comparison with its awful head and its front of dreadful fascination.

The London season was just over, when I went with my wife on a visit to her father, the incumbent of a country parish far down in one of our south-western counties. He had lately been presented to his living, on the death of its previous occupier, by an old college friend, the Viscount Bricbrakmont, to whom, when not much older than his pupil, he had been tutor. His lordship's seat was the show-place of the neighbourhood for its magnificent gallery of old masters, his collection of prints, and objects of *certu*. It had, besides, the further recommendation to the two old friends of being within a couple of miles of the Rectory. The Viscount, on the early death of his children, followed immediately by that of

their mother, had found for his great sorrow distraction in making these collections. His having no near relations, and his being the possessor of enormous wealth, seemed justifications of an almost fabulous expenditure to gratify by acquisition these æsthetic tastes—the only ones out of which he had derived consolation, and which, under his bereavement, in the absence of all other objects of interest, had become in him, so to speak, intense passions.

As soon as the Rector came to his new living, the friends—both aged men now—resumed, to the manifest gratification of each, the habits of companionship which had been interrupted only by divergence of their paths in life when they left college for the great world. The leisure of each was spent with the other. The Rector, when he had time, went to "The Place;" the Viscount, when he had nothing to do, came to the Rectory. It thus happened that, the day after our arrival, at luncheon, we had the honour of being presented to his lordship. And it also happened that his lordship, who talked incessantly—in that charming anecdotal way which, I am afraid, we must reckon now among the lost arts—had so much burdening his mind, unsaid, about pictures, artists, and connoisseurs, that he accepted with avidity an invitation to return to dinner, "that he might," as he assured his hostess, "in addition to the usual *agrémens* of her table, enjoy the delightful conversation of her guest."

At and after dinner his lordship's flow of anecdote was unebbing. He had great pride in his success as a collector. Many of his best stories were of the way in which he himself, or some other enthusiast, had hit the scent of some *chef-d'œuvre*, had followed it up, and eventually run it down. He introduced one such by asking me if I had known the late Baron Mordecai.

"I have seen him often," I re-

plied, "but had no acquaintance with him."

"Ah, I who knew him, regret, for your sake, your not having known him. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met—a Napoleon in his way. All the qualities out of which greatness is made he possessed—acuteness, energy, decision, unflinching perseverance. His knowledge of the old masters surpassed that of any other living man. We owe to him the recovery of many lost pictures, some the finest that have ever been painted—as, for instance, the great Murillo in my collection; I obtained it of him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'll tell you all about it. It was formerly in the *sacristia* of the Convento de la Merced at Seville, but disappeared in 1811, during the French occupation under Soult. It was supposed to have been carried with the other art-treasures of Spain to France. But remark!—it never turned up at Paris; and the walls of the Louvre were innocent of being receivers of, at least, that particular piece of sto—; well, spoil. To those who knew the work it was always a subject of profound regret that such a masterpiece of Murillo should be, as so many other great creations of genius were, lost to the world, through the barbarous rapacity of Buonaparte and his generals. No man could entertain deeper feelings upon the subject than Baron Mordecai. When I first knew him, early in 1828, his indignation was as vehement and his grief as acute as if the spoliation and the loss, instead of happening so many years before, had but just occurred, and affected himself personally. But these feelings probably originated in the circumstance, as he told me, of his having come, while in Spain, from whence he was but just returned, upon traces of three or four pictures, and deluding himself for a considerable time with ecstatic hopes that among them was this identical

lost 'Murillo de la Merced.' These traces began in his obtaining a unique, but unfortunately mutilated, etching of the missing picture, and the being assured that in the set of paintings he had mentioned, and which was in the possession of certain parties at Cordova, would be found the original. It was like the man to rush off at once to Cordova, but he arrived there only to encounter a blank disappointment. Of pictures he could hear nothing; and the persons to whom he was directed had gone away, no one knew where, years before. Such was exactly the position for Baron Mordecai's fine qualities to come out to the front. Any one else but he would have abandoned the pursuit; but having reason, as he supposed, to rely upon the information he had received, he became only more determined. Himself obliged to return to England, before leaving Spain he set agencies at work to discover the lost track, which extended operations even to Russia and America.

"A few months subsequently, when his late acquisitions arrived from abroad, he showed me the etching of the lost gem. I had all along felt a real sympathy with him and his object; but now, when I saw this, so to call it, promissory note of the priceless hidden treasure, I confess my interest in its discovery sharpened into an eagerness quite as keen as his own. For three long years, though several times our hopes were greatly excited by intelligence from his agents abroad, or by his own exertions in following up some fancied clue, of which he always wrote me the details, we arrived at nothing but disappointment.

"At length, however, in the summer of '26, a letter came from Gibraltar, informing the Baron that there had been found at Ossunfa some paintings, certainly brought there a long time before from Cordova, which in many

particulars corresponded to those he was in search of. They were at once secured by his agent, who had, moreover, succeeded in getting them down to the frontier, and smuggling them across the lines of San Roche into Gibraltar, whence, at the first opportunity, they would be despatched to London.

"These were not the times of regular steam communication by which we could, as now, calculate almost to an hour when our suspense would be relieved. I dare say you would all laugh at us if I were to describe the worse than fidgety state of excitement we were in; and how, day by day, it grew more exasperating; and how—when at last the vessel arrived and unloaded, and the case of pictures, cleared at the custom-house, was put into a cart, with the Baron's own servant as guard—we ordered our carriage to move close behind it, that we might never lose sight of the precious box; and how, when we got it home, although the Baron's assistants—any number of times more expert—were standing there all ready, yet we must take mallets and chisels, and ourselves prize off the lid, and drag forth to the light the expected long-lost treasure. Well, you are kind enough not to laugh; but I, one of the actors in that scene, cannot help doing so now, although at the time I felt almost as much as the Baron, who actually cried with rage and disappointment when we took from the case the last of the four pictures it contained—all of a quality, 'such as,' the Baron said, throwing his mallet at them, 'I could fill Grosvenor Square with for two guineas apiece.' Thus ended our hopes, and with them all further efforts on our parts, to find the great 'Murillo de la Merced';—but there is a finish to the story!

"As he almost always had some pictures of mine to restore, and I took vast interest in the processes,

I got into a habit of spending a great deal of my leisure in the Baron's atelier. It was about two years after our Murillo disappointment that two pictures in his possession attracted my notice. Upon inquiry, I was astonished to learn that they belonged to those we had, in our aggravation, so hastily condemned. The Baron candidly admitted that the unexpected defeat to his hopes had made him unjust to their merit. Having thrown them aside as worthless, he had refrained, till a little while before, from looking at them again; but upon a calmer investigation, he had discovered that, though by no means of the highest class, they were well worth the pains of restoration. He only hoped the others would turn out as well—they were in hand—his assistant there was at work on one of them now. At that moment this very assistant, rubbing away at the picture indicated, uttered a sudden cry, actually with something so like horror in its tone as to greatly startle us both. At a glance we discovered the cause of his fright. An angular piece of colour, as large as a crown-piece, had broken bodily away from the painting under his fingers. It was perhaps well that I was present, or I fear Baron Mordecai would not have restrained himself to the epithets and expletives he hurled at the poor fellow's head. The man wisely rushed from his incensed master's presence, and vanished. It was some time before the Baron recovered temper enough to scrutinise coolly the injury done.

"*Mein himmel!*" he exclaimed in his native German, as he did so, 'what is here? It is all loose—see!' He was dabbing the surface near the hole with his fingers. 'How—what is this? Ach, Gott!' He uttered a cry, as his man had done; for, as he pressed, another flake larger than the former fractured off. As if struck

with a sudden thought, he stood for a moment to consider; then, in positively a frantic manner, after glaring at and tossing right and left the tools near him, he began shouting, 'Hi! hi! hi! Come here instantly—hi there! Here, come here! Ach!' he went on, as the frightened face of his workman appeared at the door, 'bring a paper-knife,—your mistress—ask her for hers. And, hi!—some hot water in a bucket; and, ha!—a sponge—a large one. Quick—make haste—hi! this moment!' '*Gott in himmel!*' I heard him say to himself, as he pressed his hand to his forehead.

"I really feared his reason was upset. My presence seemed quite forgotten. After a moment he bent down over the fracture, and began rubbing with his forefinger in the hole, muttering all the while to himself something, of which I could only make out detached phrases.

"They often did it—they have done it very often. No concealment so sure! *Mein himmel!* No way so safe!—covered—hid in this way—why I never guessed it. If—only—if it should—Gott!—a million!—worth a million! I—I—I beg your pardon, my lord,' he said, recovering himself, and looking round confusedly, as his assistant brought him a paper-knife and a large bowl of hot water. 'I pray forgive me. I forgot everything but this; what do you imagine I think it is?'

"I cannot guess, of course.'

"I think it is a picture in *tempera*, painted over another picture—and if so, a fine one be sure—to hide it. It has been done many times, especially in Spain. What—what if?—nonsense though!—but if? Ah, I don't dare hope that—but—I will soon see.'

"He appeared to nerve himself as a surgeon does who is about to perform a difficult operation. Indeed he looked not unlike one as, tucking up his sleeves and steadying his hand, he proceeded cautiously to

insert the blade of the knife under the edge of the fractured colour. It peeled up bit by bit. Then he applied the sponge and washed the surface—for there was another surface below—and it revealed brilliant colour. He seemed not able to control himself, but burst out in a short triumphant sort of shout. Again, setting his teeth and compressing his lips, he worked on with knife and sponge; while I, breathless and excited to positive pain, stood by watching the progress he made, till, piece by piece, in little or large flakes, the whole of the superincumbent painting in *tempera* lay like broken plaster on the floor; and fresh, vivid, in all its glorious harmony of colour, design, expression, Murillo's greatest, matchless picture was revealed to us perfect as the day he painted it."

"Grand! grand!" I exclaimed. "And it is now in your lordship's possession?"

"Yes. It was long, though, before I could induce Baron Mordecai to part with it. I obtained it at last as a favour for thirteen thousand guineas. He parted with it with very great reluctance; and three months after wanted it back again for fifteen thousand. When I refused, he bid again and again up to twenty thousand; he wanted to take it to St. Petersburg. Of course no money could buy it—no amount of money. When will you come and see it?"

"Your lordship is very kind—when shall you be at leisure?"

"I? Oh, whenever you will come. In the morning? say, early in the morning; and we can have a long gossip about that and the other things I have got together. And, madam," he said, addressing my gracious mother-in-law, "perhaps you, and all of yours here, will do me the honour to come to luncheon?"

So it was arranged.

I found his lordship next morning pacing the terrace in front of the house eagerly expecting me. He at once led the way to his gallery. There are few things I more delight

in than wandering through a collection—pausing here; glancing there; studying carefully the handling of this master; dodging to get the right point of view, to take in all the effect of that; but, mind you, by myself. There are few things I find more wearisome than being led up to one *chef-d'œuvre*; stationed "just here" to look at a second; dragged away "to tell an opinion" of a third, or to extol "the fine quality of breadth" in a fourth, and—of all objectionable *ciceroni*—by the *dilettante* proprietor himself. He always has in his own mind, with regard to every one of them, foregone conclusions, against which the expression of an independent opinion is nearly sure to clash, and offend, as well, his *amour propre*. Hour after hour was I subjected to such a purgatory on this occasion. Not but that his lordship's collection was really a good one, not but that his lordship was a most delightful guide through it, but—"he was monarch of all I surveyed." Inevitably, under such a condition, the power of ownership makes itself felt, if not expressed; submission seems expected, if not demanded; and admiration is called for as a tax imposed, instead of being yielded of free-will to merit for itself.

By the time we had made the circuit of the great gallery, I was so thoroughly jaded that I should have hailed as the greatest relief the appearance of the party from the Rectory, or the sound of the luncheon-bell; but no, there was yet more to see—the Viscount's cabinet of gems and the Murillo.

"It is here," his lordship said, pausing, and playing with the handle of the door before he opened it. "I built this room on purpose for it. If I were Aladdin, the genius should construct a palace on purpose, and my Murillo should occupy the place of the Roc's egg. Enter."

I entered. There was but one picture on the walls. Placed opposite to it, at the best point of view, was a *fauteuil*. The Viscount

followed me close, as I advanced to the front. Whether he expected me to utter an exclamatory shout of delight, or pour out broken expressions of rapture, or make any other exhibition of intense feeling, I know not. Apparently he quite approved of the effect the first glance of the picture produced upon me, which was, simply, causing me to sink down overpowered, upon the seat so happily placed for one in my condition.

"Ah!" he exclaimed ecstatically, patting me on the shoulder; "I see—I see! I expected no less. I will leave you to yourself. There are states of pleasure when the presence of another is an intrusion, as much as it is in certain states of grief. You will find me in the gallery."

I am afraid I stared wildly at his lordship as he receded on tiptoe through the door, and then stared no less wildly at the picture before me.

As I live, it was my own painting of Salome and John the Baptist's head!

Beneath it, framed and glazed, hung the etching that the Viscount had mentioned, fully lettered.

"Pintado por Murillo." "Grabado por Juan Ant^o Salvador Carmona." "El Quadro original existe en la Sacristia del Convento de la Merced, en Sevilla."

I knew the name of Carmona as being the engraver of many of Murillo's pictures. The paper on which it was printed, like the painting, had been made to undergo processes that had given to both the aspect and mellowness of age.

My life has been so on one side of the wicked world—so apart from, so unreached by, its knaveries, cunning, and frauds—that all my notions of villany are ideal rather than real. Perhaps, too, I am what nowadays is expressively called "jolly green"—meaning, I take it, slow at suspicion; but I could not sit there looking at my own handiwork, with the Viscount's narrative fresh in my mind, and for one mo-

ment doubt that he had been made the victim of a cool, calculating, deliberately contrived, marvellously worked-out, gigantic swindle.

In the time I had for reflection, I could only arrive at a settled conviction of the fact, and at two resolutions: the first one being, to keep for the present my own counsel; the next, not to rest till I had found out the mystery of that blood-drained head; for all the horrible ideas connected with it were now rendered a hundredfold more cogent by my reflections suggesting, that those who had so little hesitation in employing all means needful for or accessory to their purpose, could have had no scruple in resorting even to murder.

When I rejoined the Viscount I had little difficulty in avoiding discussion, simply by looking intelligent and assentive; while he poured forth his own inexhaustible rapture of admiration of the work, and exultation at being its possessor. The next day I went back to London.

I had elicited from his lordship the two or three facts I required—the address of the late Baron Mordecai, that his relict survived, and that she still occupied their residence at Highgate. I had made up my mind to a certainty that in the Baroness I should discover my old patroness, the black-veiled duenna. Immediately upon my arrival in town I called upon my old friend, confidant, and counsellor, Morris Blake. Morris always asserted that unless he had the assistance of "baccy and sthrong waters" he was quite unqualified for the two latter offices. By observing what quantity of smoke he puffed out and how much whisky he took in, it was not difficult to estimate the degree of interest he felt in a story. Judging by these tests, I was highly gratified at the effects my tale produced—they were simply immense. "Having done, he gave me for my pains a world of thanks," and, to use his own phrase, "concurred intirely" in all my conclusions. And

then, promising me his personal assistance and countenance, we arranged our plan of operations.

The following morning we went together to Highgate. We were fortunate; there was no difficulty in finding the house—a handsome mansion in its own grounds; and the Baroness was at home. Lest she should remember my name, we had agreed that Blake was to send in his card. There was no hesitation in admitting us, and we were shown at once into a large apartment, which—although altered by the tapestry I formerly described being transferred to a different side, leaving the windows it before concealed visible—I immediately recognised as the one I had used for a studio. It was occupied by a lady, tall and enormously fat, with grey hair, but dark eyebrows, dressed in deep mourning. She was seated at a table with what appeared to be a ledger and several account-books open before her. As we entered she turned upon us a glance of the keenest black eyes I had ever seen.

"Goot mornin' shen'l'mens," she said; by Jove! with the preliminary wheeze and husky tones recognisable, and to be sworn to, as if heard only yesterday. "Vhat ist your bleasur mit me? Veesh ist Mishter Plake?"

"Yours to command, madam," said Morris, bowing low. "But you'll not remember me. Sure it's my friend here that's wantin' to renew the pleasure of an ould acquaintance with you, Baroness."

"An olt acvaintance mit me!" she exclaimed, turning on me a searching look. "Vhat ist your name?"

"Permit me the honour, madam," I replied, placing my card before her. "Surely you have not forgotten me?" As she read my card, and I spoke, her expression visibly changed to one curiously impenetrable and defiant.

"I nefare knowed you—I hafe nefare seen you in alle mine life. Vhat ist you mean?" she hastily

answered, rising, and at the same time pulling a bell.

"Mean, madam? Oh, nothing but to recall myself to your memory. I know it is many years ago, but you can hardly have forgotten that I painted in this room a picture, in which the deaf-and-dumb model, Serafina Pagano, commonly called 'La Principessa,' whom you brought from Florence, and who is now living at Naples, sat for one of the figures, and which picture the late Baron Mordecai sold as a Murillo to Viscount Bricbrakmont for thirteen thousand guineas, as his lordship told me only the day before yesterday."

As I went on speaking, she turned very pale, and pressed her hand painfully on her bosom; and when I finished, apparently taken quite off her guard, in a hoarse, broken whisper, asked the question that, in reality, acknowledged everything.

"Hafe you tell cem as you vas baint it?"

"No: I have told him nothing yet." My reply seemed to relieve her; but she sank into her seat again, as if unable to support herself.

At the same time, from the door through which I used to go to my bedroom, there entered a man in whom, despite a bald head and other changes which age had made in his appearance, I recognised the individual I had seen under the carriage-lamp, with features, the prototypes of those belonging to the dead head. He seemed sorely startled at beholding the palpable agitation of the Baroness, and demanded in a bullying tone,—

"Was giebt's denn? was giebt's denn?"

"Schweig, schweig, Nathan!" the lady answered, holding up her hand and beckoning him. "Zu mir, gleich, gleich!"

Long and earnestly they conversed in whispered German. My companion and I curiously noticed how Nathan seemed suddenly, from the first words she spoke to him, to be infected by his mistress's fear

and pallor. Gradually, as they continued to converse, we observed stealing over the faces of both the same hard defiant expression assumed at first by the lady. At last the man turned to us, and said quite in a threatening manner,—

"De Baroness Mordecai say she know noting apout de von or de t'oder oaf you; an' noting apout no bicture at all;—no. So you git away mit you, both at vonce."

I was about to reply in a very indignant manner; but Morris, turning upon me a look with the irrepressible devil of an Irishman's fun in it, took upon himself to be spokesman. It was in his very suavest manner that he said,—

"Oh bedad! I was just thinking so, sirr. An' it's sorry I am for any bother we've given the Baroness; an' I hope she'll forgive us, seeing it was only beca'se we consated we'd settle by a little cosy chat among ourselves, ye see, the throuble she's likely to git out o' lawshutes, an' all that, with my Lord Viscount Brickramont" (good heavens! how he mouthed the title); "an' also havin' a lot o' quare stories raked up consarnin' how the Baron—rest his sowle!—used to mannyfacture old pictures out o' new ones. An' there's that quarer story yet, about a kilt man's head—for kilt, somehow, we all know he was—over the likes o' which the rascally po-lice, magistrates, an' editors o' papers 'll just make a shine—oh! such a shine! won't they? But there; if it's only disagreeable we're making ourselves—many apologies, madam and sirr—good mornin';—we'll humbly take our leaves,—good mornin'."

Immense was the effect of this "firework" which Morris threw at the pair: every joint of the cracker as it exploded increased their obvious dismay, especially that of the Baroness.

"Shtop! shtop! eef you blease. You don't go till I vas shpeak mit you," she querulously entreated, recalling us. She had become more deadly pale, and was pressing her

hand with more painful gesture upon her heart. "Nathan, halt des maul," she said, speaking with great sharpness to the man; then she addressed me, moving at the same time to the recess of the farthest window: "You shoost blease to coom here. Let me talk a leetle mit you."

I went to her; but it struck me as rather a hardy thing to do, for, as she faced me, I think I never saw a human face with an aspect of such fierce malevolence.

"Now den," she asked, in a short sharp whisper, "how mo'sh you vant."

"How much I want!" I repeated, taken completely aback.

"Ach, ya-es! say, how mo'sh money?"

"Money!" I exclaimed, laughing, as her view of what we came for dawned upon me. "My good madam, I don't want any money."

"Himmel's donner! was ist es den as you vants?"

"Baroness," I said, speaking aloud, and moving to the centre of the room, "my friend is of counsel with me in this matter. I can have no discussion with you to which he is not a party. What I want is satisfaction to some very uneasy feelings I have. I ask you, and you must—mind me, you *must*,—explain to me the mystery of that man's head which I painted here, how he came by his death?"

"Gott in himmel!" she interrupted me by exclaiming indignantly. "Vhat!—you tinks we 'as mordert eem?"

"I hope not," I replied, firmly.

"Vhy, he vas dis man's bruder—Nathan's zwillings-bruder—vhat you calls eem's tween."

"Good Lord!—his twin-brother!" I could not help exclaiming, as the wonderful similarity of features recurred to my recollection. "And how was he kil—that is, how did he die!"

"Nathan, you say eem how your boor bruder vas kilt."

The Baroness had to repeat her commands twice before Nathan,

who had watched us with a cowed, but malignant aspect, reluctant and sulky, complied.

"He hafe bin in de garten, an' a-cuttin' de grass mit a scyt', fruh in de mornin'. An' vee tinks he puts de scyt' agin de vall; an' den he gits oop a latter dero, an' he toomple, oder de latter toomple, an' ach mine himmel! de messer cuts his leck so schwer—oonter de knee—shoost here." The poor man indicated the place with his hand on his own limb.

"Popliteal artery, by Jabes!" interpolated Blake. Nathan paused, regarding Morris doubtfully; but apparently satisfied by the sympathy his face expressed, he continued,—

"Mine bruder! ach, mine bruder! no potty hear eem, he cannot git oop; an' he plead, an' he plead; an' vhen vee finds eem, he ist deat'; ja, mine boor bruder ist ganz deat'; ja—ja—deat'!" He became more and more affected as he went on relating the sad event, till, at the conclusion, overcome by his feelings, he rushed from the room.

It was only after a considerable pause that the subject was resumed by Blake inquiring: "And pray, madam, was there any public notice taken of the poor man's death?"

"No-dice!—Gott in himmel!—ya'es. Dere coom de goroner an' eem's jury, an' eet vas in all de bapers."

"Oh, thin, thank you, Baroness. Excuse my curiosity; but how came his head to be painted without iver a body to it?"

"Oh, das vas pecause he hafe no blut in eem; an' he make so pe-utifool a Shone der Paptist, mit de Princess. Vee hafe pring her mit us to pe mottel for anoder bictur' oaf de jung-frau Cenci; she hafe such eyes for dat she hear not! aber, vhen dis habben, she doos efer so mo'sh betterer for a Salome mit eem, ya'es. So vee cut eem avay his head."

Morris and I glanced at each other, and then at the singular

creature before us who, in so indifferent a manner, avowed the cutting off of a corpse's head, without the shadow of a doubt in either of our minds that the act had been done by the fat, jewelled, and nervous hands lying there so composedly on her lap. Her manner, during the latter part of our conversation, had completely changed to one which I can only describe as "gossipy." Suddenly, after a pause, she addressed me,—

"Vere doos you leaf, now?"

I told her.

"Doos der Viscount coom dere to you?"

"No; I saw him at his own place in —shire."

She looked furtively, yet keenly, or rather knowingly, at me.

"Vhen you vas coom in, what vas you say apout de bicture you vas baint, as he hafe it?"

"Yes, madam. He told me the whole story, and how, as well as for what, he bought it of Baron Mordecai."

"Ah, I knows noting apout dem tings. What he tink eet vas vhen he buy eet?"

"He bought it for a Murillo, madam, at a cost of thirteen thousand guineas," I replied, severely; but my answer only seemed to amuse her, for she actually laughed.

"Ha, ha, ah! Potztausand! vas for a fool! He ist von as tink he know eferyting apout bictures. He see a bicture, an' he say, Dis ist Polemberg; he see anoder, an' he say, Dis ist Cuyp; an' he say, Dis Ostade; oder, Guido Reni; oder, Murillo; an' eef you contradict eem, you make eem in a great bassion. Hafe you contradict eem?"

"No, I certainly did not. It would be cruel, as he is so entirely satisfied."

"Oh, you ist vise man, gewiss! He vill nefare forgif you—he hate you alleways—if you contradict eem. Vee hafe pay you alle for your bicture what vee hafe bro-mise?"

"More, Baroness, more. I am bound to acknowledge you acted most liberally."

"An' when you coom'd here, I doos alle I says I doos for you?"

"Certainly, in every particular—certainly."

"Ah, eet vas vhat der Baron say; you vas a perfit shen'l'man; dat eef you gif your vort oaf honour you nefare, nefare forgits eem—ya'es. I hafe lofe you den—a goot deal lofe you; an' I lofe you now fery mo'sh."

I was greatly startled by the tender confession, uttered, as it was, in the wheeziest whine I had yet heard her use. But I was in a much greater degree surprised by the adroit manner in which she managed to shift me from being the "master of the situation," into one in which I had to confess myself the obliged party, the recipient of favours, and the subordinate to pledges which, though given so long ago, were reproduced now in their native freshness, as altogether indestructible by time or circumstance. As for Morris Blake, I believe he thoroughly enjoyed the position affairs had assumed.

"An' he desaves it, Baroness," he struck in; "as well as being exactly the one to appreciate the soft kindness, now his conscience isn't haunted any longer by raw heads an' bloody bones. As for your Murillos an' viscounts, as they seem mighty well satisfied with each other, I'll go bail he won't interfere by word or deed. Why should he? when, as you tould him long ago, 'tis no business of his at all."

This assurance seemed highly satisfactory to the lady, especially when it was corroborated by myself. As we had now neither reason nor excuse for prolonging our visit, we took leave of the Baroness, and that with a cordiality which neither of us would have thought probable when we entered her presence an hour before.

"Supayrb cra'tur, that!" Morris remarked, as we got into our han-

som. "I'd just like to bet to any amount that 'tis she wove the net that caught the Vi—— Hollo! hould me, Charley! hould me tight, or I'll be over head an' ears in poethry!"

I could not help laughing, as I assented strongly to his opinion.

"Yes; an' the sentiments the story convarts me to, Charley, is that the pictur'-thrade, bedad! licks horse chauntin' by chalks."

While returning to town, an idea, occurred to us which we carried out at once by driving to the British Museum, where, by the courtesy of Mr. B—— of the reading-room, we were enabled to verify, from the 'Times' of the date, the account of the accidental death of Nathan's brother.

The Baroness lived till a little more than a year ago. I have a great respect for her memory. I really think she was a good sort of woman in her way. She presented to my youngest child, a girl, a very handsome coral with gold bells, besides a necklace and sleeve-loops of the same with massive gold clasps; also, at various times, several articles of jewellery, and some splendid old point-lace to my wife. Through her generosity, too, I am the possessor of that embossed and chased silver dish which, whilom, did duty for King Herod's salver in my picture of Salome and John the Baptist's head. As for the picture, when Lord Bricbrakmont died, several years ago, it was disposed of by his heir, a distant relative, without a scintillation of æsthetic taste, to the great Russian *dilettante* Prince Dglimlgziskoff in private contract for some incredible amount of money previous to the rest of the collection being dispersed by Christie & Manson. It is, I suppose, in Russia; but wherever it may be, as I see no occasion for further secrecy, I here assert my claim to be the painter "OF THE GREAT MURILLO DE LA MERCED."

H. CARL S.

M

NEW BOOKS.

THERE are a great many books in the world the production of which can only be accounted for by presupposing the existence of a special class of readers to whose wants they are adapted. No impulse on the part of the writer, no message to deliver nor knowledge to convey is in them; they are artificially manufactured to suit a certain demand—not spontaneously produced from any necessity of nature. Nothing can be more curious than this application of the laws of supply and demand, and there are few phenomena which are more worthy of consideration. We have too long been in the habit of regarding the spread of so-called education as a simple blessing, without either drawbacks or dangers; and the most clear-sighted observers seem to have taken it for granted that to teach a man or woman—not to say a boy or girl—to read, is at the same time to qualify them to choose good reading, and to open to them a new and higher intellectual world. How little this is really the result it requires no very deep powers of observation to perceive. The existence of a mass of people whose education consists solely of the power to read, has called into being a mass of printed matter which cannot in any way be called literature, which is made up to suit their taste and excite their appetite, just as the drugged and adulterated beer which they drink is made to suit their palate and encourage their thirst. The chances are that, if they could get it, their practical education has gone so much farther than their mental, that even the very lowest class of drinkers would prefer good beer. But the readers on the same level do not prefer good reading. That widening of the horizon which is the result of reading, and which to us includes so many fair and noble and

lovely things, has also its meaning and importance to our poorest neighbours. Instead of the court or street or workshop, which has hitherto bounded their existence, their penny paper, first step in the new world opened to them, surrounds them instantly with a wide circle of police-courts, criminal trials, robberies, murders, exciting villainies, horrible accidents. The world becomes a bigger round, but it is a round of the monstrous, the vicious, the degrading. Their minds are enlightened, but what enlightenment! their horizon is widened, but what widening! Yet it is the natural first impulse of the mind towards fact and history which produces this appalling revelation of matter-of-fact wickedness. The papers and periodicals in which it is recorded are a simple product of those laws of social economy which govern our lives. The press thus formalises, fixes, and opens up the channel in which the thoughts of its audience naturally flow; it supplies them, not with anything provided by better judgment for their benefit, but with what they themselves want—what is in accordance with their appetite, and satisfies the special manifestation of human curiosity, wonder, and longing, which is natural to them. It represents to them the sages, the ballads, the heroic muse. And, like all primitive exertions of literature, it is purely historical, and makes its record without blush or sigh. Every school which we open in court and alley opens to a new circle this world, to them all a thrill with interest and excitement. It is their first step into that universe which lies beyond their personal knowledge, and as surely as they learn to read they are introduced into it. It is impossible to conceive anything more startling. We move heaven and earth to procure the

faculty of reading for them with some strange sense that there is a talisman in it—a charm which, once supplied, will work without any help of ours; and a literature which exaggerates all their worst tendencies and accustoms their minds to nothing but evil, is the immediate result.

This is the extreme point of the question, the lowest depth, and it is much too serious to be lightly discussed; but, at the same time, it is difficult to see how it can be passed over, amid all the discussions about education which are characteristic of the age. We can remember the time when the schoolmaster was first supposed to be abroad, and when he was furnished with all kinds of Penny Magazines and Useful Information for the People. In those days details of different kinds of manufacture, and dry facts about things and places, were supposed to be likely to interest the People—that great wonder and mystery which its teachers never can understand; but we presume they were not found so attractive as the philosophers of the time had hoped, since their philanthropic efforts have slackened in this direction. Religion does not slacken; and, in the absence of everything else, we may be almost glad that so many tracts float about the world, which, though not adapted to please a critical taste, may—who knows?—counteract here and there the influence of 'Reynolds' Miscellany,' and convey a wholesome shock to the jaded reader who has supped upon horrors. But the whole matter is one of the deepest importance, and worthy a much more profound and careful study than we have time or space to give to it. It is tragical, almost awful in its seriousness, and in its possible effects upon the mass of rising population which is to rule us in its day. But there are other results of the same laws not so tragical, though equally apparent, which fall more easily within our province, and may be discussed at

a less cost of thought and feeling. Three parts at least of our popular literature are supplied on exactly the same rule as that which amplifies the police reports in the penny papers. Books are manufactured just as ribbons are manufactured, or—and perhaps the simile is more appropriate—as those *bonbons* are manufactured which fill the windows of all those pretty shops on the Boulevards which we admire when we go to Paris. In England we are not so fond of sweets; but on the Continent the *dragées*, the *pastilles*, the *caramels*, and a thousand other pretty preparations of sugar, and chocolate, and syrup, are in perpetual consumption. Just as the Parisians eat *bonbons*, we read books, and the books and the *bonbons* are equally elevated and elevating productions. We do not even speak of those novels which pour forth in clouds from all the printing-houses, and which, within a few months of their publication, at the best, are but so much waste paper. These harmless foolishnesses are not to be chastised with a heavy hand. They are as innocent as the *bonbons*. Nobody, not even a girl of sixteen, could be supposed capable of remembering their heroes or heroines half a day after perusal, which secures them against any possibility of doing harm; and they give work to printers and bookbinders, just as the pretty *bonbon*-boxes keep up a most laudable and indeed elegant industry. There are works, however, more pretentious than the novels which cannot be dismissed so charitably; and it is one of these, flaunting before us in all the outside importance of crimson and gold—a big book looking as if it meant something, with "Third Edition" emblazoned on the back of it, and all the air and stir of an important publication—which invites our consideration first of all.

But here the question comes in, arresting us, as it were, upon the

threshold. Is it fair to call 'Free Russia' * Mr. Dixon's fault? When a man finds that, by whipping up the impressions of a hasty journey along with a good deal of crude reading into a puffy mass like the trifle at an evening party, all froth above and heaviness below, he can delude not only himself but the public into the conviction that it is a substantial and nourishing dish he has set before them, worth eating and paying for, and even discussing the merits of, is he to be blamed for doing it? Nothing but the existence of an audience, fit and not few, could have brought such a book into being; and the same may be said for the other recent productions of the same author. They presuppose their appropriate readers as distinctly as a pair of boots presuppose the feet that must be put in them. The critic has but to exert his imagination, and conjure up before him a crowd of people who can read, and who have been trained into the habit of reading, and of subscribing to libraries, and feeling a book a necessary adjunct of life, but who, having at the same time no individual intellect to speak of, nor judgment of their own, demand something which is not literature, but simple reading—something which softly stimulates without disturbing, and appears to instruct and amuse and enlighten, without giving them any of that mental trouble which accompanies enlightenment, or instruction, or even pleasure. A mind which is fallow ground, and free from any confusing lights of previous information—which does not judge, but receives, and feels that a book is a thing to be read, not to be questioned,—is the first necessity of these respectable readers. They are not sufficiently interested in the information thus conveyed to be concerned about its perfect accuracy; neither do they trouble themselves

to think whether the state of affairs made known to them is likely or possible. It does not even strike them as strange that a whole great continent should be peopled with fools and fanatics; or that the practical, hard, shrewd, money-making and money-loving America should be represented by a group of religious eccentrics. No doubt they have read other books giving different views of the matter, but comparison is not in their way; and they have, above all, that secret relish which belongs to narrow minds, for so-called disclosures of the nastiness and wickedness, or at least the meanness and pettiness, which lie, as they believe, at the bottom of human society. Perhaps without those revelations of uncleanness, real or imaginary, with which Mr. Dixon opened his 'New America,' it would have been impossible for him to have secured as he has done the attention of this audience. He won their hearts by scandal, which wore the air of enlightened inquiry into the habits of another nation—a kind of inquiry always most seductive to the vulgar mind.

It is sad, however, to be obliged to say, and we feel that it must have disappointed Mr. Dixon's public, that there is nothing improper in 'Free Russia'; but, on the other hand, it is as windy, as frothy, as like a dish of trifle, as heart could desire. Mr. Dixon has really, as a matter of fact, nothing to tell us about Russia, free or otherwise. Perhaps he tossed up before he set out on his journey to decide which country it should be which should have the benefit of his elucidations; or perhaps, having done America and the Tower of London, Russia was the only sphere remaining about which there was sufficient popular ignorance to make his operations possible. We all know, or think we know, a good deal about France and Italy, and

* Free Russia. By William Hepworth Dixon. London: Hurst & Blackett-Third Edition.

even the Teutonic land, although it might be worth Mr. Dixon's while to consider whether "Mysterious Germany" would not be a very fine title for the next work of the series. It is quite certain that our enterprising author might say a great deal about the lesser Duchies, in respect to which only critics or historical students could contradict him—and these classes of the community are not very likely, unless their attention is ostentatiously called to it, to read his book. But the claims of Russia as a field of literary adventure are certainly very great. No excursion parties as yet have been there. Mr. Cook has not thrown it open at eight francs a day to the curious public; and only very few of us have the least idea what a Laura is, or a mujik, or a samovar. Naturally the people who do know make a little fuss when our author mistakes one of these mystic titles; but that does not harm the book, which is important enough to call forth so many discussions. Indeed, one great thing which strikes us in the whole matter is the cleverness with which the author has provoked discussions. It is something to have roused a learned Muscovite professor in the depths of that unknown land to make himself visible through the mists and distance, calling out with a voice that comes thin and shrill as through a speaking-trumpet, a piquant and angry contradiction. One likes to take a glance at the picture which provoked it, and to wonder whether it is all as incorrect as Professor Kapoustin says. And how clever it is of Mr. Dixon to have lashed into fury all the people who know the subject, even the statesmen and the admirals! We believe in their hearts his audience like him all the better for the pother. They feel it is a fine thing to have read and forced into three editions a book which all the papers are raging and raving about. If there could be anything wanted to increase the impression of cleverness produced by all these various facts, it would

be that a holiday run—a little tour such as we all make without any result to ourselves or others but that of an unpleasant derangement of our banking account—should have caused the whole. Two big volumes—and three editions—and all this amusement and instruction to you, dear public; and the grand spectacle far off of yonder Muscovite tearing his venerable hair, and a crowd of English critics hurling wild javelins in the foreground of the picture; all this, with who knows what substantial results besides, got out of an excursion! A feeling of mingled admiration and envy arrests our pen. Would not we all do as much if we could? and Mr. Dixon can.

It seems invidious, after all we have said, to suggest that the picturesque has carried the day in the title of this book at the expense of the true. We do not know why, except for the sake of a striking combination of words on the title-page, it should be called 'Free Russia.' The idea conveyed to the mind of the reader is, that the book is chiefly concerned with the abolition of serfage, and the state of the country since, and in consequence of, that great political change. But the fact is, that there is not a word about serfs in all the first volume; and out of the thirty-three chapters in the second, only about five touch upon this subject. Even those which do, tell us a great deal more about the establishment of serfage than its abolition; and all the information conveyed to us about that wonderful revolution might be safely calculated as quite compressible within half-a-dozen pages. There are, however, several bold generalisations, the sort of sudden, hasty judgment which, as all travellers know, one feels capable of forming after an acquaintance of six weeks or so with a new country and race, which will afford the reader a glimpse of Mr. Dixon's powers. Probably the following is not in the least true—in short, it is

impossible that it can be true universally, or of any but the *élite* of the people; but it is clever and daring, and full of that self-confidence which is one of Mr. Dixon's strong points:—

"The first impulse in a Russian heart is duty to God. It is an impulse of observance and respect, at once moral and ceremonial; an impulse with an inner force and an outer form; present in all ranks of society, and in all situations of life—in an army on the march, in a crowd at a country fair, in a lecture-room full of students; showing itself in a princess dancing at a ball, in a huckster writing at his desk, in a peasant tugging at his cart, in a burglar rioting on his spoil.

"This duty adorns the land with fane and altar, even as it touches the individual man with penitential grace. Every village must have its shrine, as every child must have his guardian angel and baptismal cross. The towns are rich in churches and convents, just as the citizens are rich in spiritual gifts. I counted twenty spires in Kargopol, a city of two thousand souls. Moscow is said to have four hundred and thirty churches and chapels; Kief, in proportion to her people, is no less rich. All public events are celebrated by the building of a church. . . . By night and day, from his cradle to his grave, a Russian lives, as it were, with God; giving up to His service an amount of time and money which no one ever dreams of giving in the West. Like his Arabian brother, the Slavonian is a religious being; and the gulf which separates such men from the Saxon and the Gaul is broader than a reader who has never seen an Eastern town will readily picture to his mind.

"An Oriental is a man of prayer. He seems to live for heaven and not for earth; and even in his commonest acts he pays respect to what he holds to be a celestial law. One hand is clean, the other unclean. One cup is lawful, another cup is unlawful. If he rises from his couch, a prayer is on his lips; if he sits down to rest, a blessing is in his heart. When he buys and when he sells, when he eats and when he drinks, he remembers that the Holy One is nigh. If poor in purse, he may be rich in grace, his cabin a sanctuary, his craft a service, his daily life an act of prayer.

"Enter into a Russian shed—you find a chapel. Every room in that shed is sanctified, for in every room there is a sacred image, a domestic altar, and a household god. The inmate steps into that room with reverence; standing for a moment at the threshold, baring his head, crossing himself, and uttering a saintly verse. Once in the house, he feels himself in the Presence, and every act of his life is dedicated to Him in whom we live and move. 'Slava Bogu!'—Glory to God—is a phrase for ever on his lips; not as a phrase only, to be uttered in a light vein, as a formal act, but with an inward bending and confession of the soul. He fasts very much, and pays a respect beyond our measure to sacred places and to sacred things. He thinks day and night of his Angel; and payments are made by him at church for prayers to be addressed in his name to that Guardian Spirit. He finds a divine enjoyment in the sound of cloister-bells, a foretaste of heaven in kneeling near the bones of saints. The charm of his life is a profound conviction of his own unworthiness in the sight of God; and no mere pride of rank ever robs him of the hope that some one higher in virtue than himself will prove his advocate at the throne of grace. He feels a rapture, strange to a Frank, in the cadence of a psalm; and the taste of consecrated bread is to him a fearful joy. Such things are to him not only things of life and death, but of the everlasting life and the ever-present death."

To sum up this description in a few words, we might say "a Russian is a saint;" the two expressions must be simply synonymous. There are, however, blots in this excessive light; and the picture is gradually toned down to the ordinary pitch of humanity. Mr. Dixon has a certain real faculty for finding out religious eccentricities; and his picture of the wandering pilgrims, the anchorite monks, and the strange sects of Russia, may probably be taken with more confidence than his political and social descriptions. Here is a curious sketch of one strange peculiarity of religious feeling, resembling, and at the same time exceeding, the well-known superstitious veneration for madness held by Eastern races generally:—

"Sacrifice is a cardinal virtue of the Church. To the Russian mind it is the highest form of good—the secret sign of a perfect faith. Sacrifice is the evidence of a soul given up to God.

"A child can only be received into the Church through sacrifice; and one of the forms in which a man gives himself up to heaven is that of becoming insane 'for the sake of Christ.'

"Last year (1868) a poor creature called Ivan Jacovlevitch died in the lunatic asylum in Moscow, after winning for himself a curious kind of fame. One-half the world pronounced him mad; a second half respected him as a holy man. The first half being the stronger, locked him up, and kept him under medical watch and ward until he died.

"This Ivan, a burgher in the small town of Cherkessovo, made a 'sacrifice' of his health and comfort to the Lord. By sacred vows he bound himself never to wash his face and comb his hair, never to change his rage, never to sit on chair or stool, never to eat at table, never to handle knife and fork. In virtue of this sacrifice he lived like a dog—crouching on the floor, and licking up his food with lips and tongue. When brought into the madhouse, he was washed with soap and dressed in calico; but he began to mess himself on purpose, and his keeper soon gave up the task of trying to keep him clean.

"No saint in the calendar draws such crowds to his shrine as Ivan Jacovlevitch drew to his chamber in this lunatic's house. . . . The authorities of the asylum put him in a spacious room, in which to receive his guests. They knew that he was mad; they knew that a crowded room was bad for him; but the public rush was so strong that they could neither stand upon their science nor enforce their rules. The lunatic died amid the tears and groans of half the city. When the news of his death was noised abroad, a stranger would have thought the city was also mad. Men stopped in the street to kneel and pray, women threw themselves on the ground in grief; and a crowd of the lower classes ran about the bazaars and markets, crying: 'Ivan is dead! Ivan is dead! Ah! who will tell us what to do for ourselves now Ivan is dead?'

There is a little story, translated from the Russian of Turguénief by Mr. W. S. R. Ralston, published in a recent number of 'Temple Bar,' which sets forth with still more striking effect this strange, and to us revolting feature of Russian piety. It is the story of a young enthusiast, a girl of noble family, one of those predestined brides of heaven who in Catholic countries are dedicated to the cloister, who leaves her home and family to wander in want and misery over the country in attendance upon one of these inspired idiots—probably the strangest form which was ever taken by self-devotion. We may say at this point, that Mr. Ralston's translation of Kriloff's fables, and of the touching story called 'Liza,' introduces us to Russian life and manners with a vivid truth and reality very different from Mr. Dixon's airy sketches. Mr. Ralston's thorough knowledge and long study of the subject, already so well known to all who are really qualified to judge, and which have made him, we believe, one of the highest authorities in England on everything which concerns the life and literature of Russia, have as yet been modestly employed in opening to us the books of others, rather than in expressing opinions of his own. But it was our good fortune to assist, a few weeks ago, at a semi-private gathering collected by him in St. George's Hall—a true assembly of wits—an audience every second individual of which bore a name known to fame in one way or other. Mr. Ralston convened this select meeting by personal invitation for the purpose of hearing him *tell stories*—a gift which he has already largely exercised for the amusement and consolation of the poor, and which were drawn from the Folklore of the Russian peasants; stories in which every detail bore a character and flavour so original and racy that their mere suggestions carried more meaning than much description. These illus-

trations of the country, coming from its quaintest depths—from the peasant's fireside and the village conclaves, which conserve the true character of the race—are more to be relied upon than a traveller's hasty impressions; but in this case, as in many others, real Knowledge speaks modestly and with reserve, as knowing how much more there is always to be learned; while brisk Ignorance skims the surface, here and there by chance getting a little cream to enrich its own poor whey.

We may quote, however, as an example that some little accidental information may be found in Mr. Dixon's book, the following sketch of the communal system as still existing, though the subject of much debate throughout Russia:—

"The communes have other and not less curious rights. No member of a commune can quit his village without the general leave, without a passport signed by the elder, who can call him home without giving reason for his acts. The absent brother must obey on penalty of being expelled from his commune—that is to say, in a Russian village, as in an Indian caste, being flung out of organized society into infinite space. Nor can the absent member escape from this tribunal by forfeiting his personal rights. An elder grants him leave to travel in very rare cases, and for very short terms—often for a month, now and then a quarter, never for more than a year. That term, whether long or short, is the limit of a man's freedom; when it expires he must return to his commune under penalty of seizure by the police as a vagabond living without a pass.

"A village parliament is holden once a year, when every holder of house and field has a right to be heard. The suffrage is general, the voting by ballot. Any member can bring up a motion, which the elder is compelled to put. An unpopular elder may be deposed and some one else elected in his stead. Subjects of contention are not lacking in these village parliaments; but the fiercest battles are those fought over roads, imperial taxes, conscripts, wood rights, whiskey licenses, and the choice of lots Thus the village system remains a thing apart not only from the outer world, but from the neighbouring

town. The men who live in these sheds, who plough these fields, who angle in this lake, are living by an underived and original right. Their law is an oral law, their charter bears no seal, their franchise bears no date. They vote their own taxes and they frame their own rules. Except in crimes of serious dye they act as an independent court. They fine, they punish, they expel, they send unpopular men to Siberia, and even call up the civil arm in execution of their will."

We are much tempted to add a few specimens of style, and of the very fine, not to say tall, writing in which the book abounds. There is, for instance, a kind of historical dream in which Mr. Dixon indulges—"sitting at my window, gazing into space"—when he visits Novgorod, which begins with: "A wide expanse of wood and waste; forests of fir and silver birch; with tarn and lakes, on which the wild-fowl of the country feed their young;" and goes on through rising mists and startling scenes until a grand tragic climax is reached in the destruction of the city by Ivan the Terrible. We cannot resist the charm of this word-painting, which is majestic, pathetic, the retrospect of a superior being to whom all time is as to-day. Here is a specimen of Mr. Dixon's muse at its highest flight:—

"Again falls the mist of time; and as it rolls away, the city, still as vast, though not as busy as of yore, seems troubled in her splendour by a sudden fear. The bell which tolls her citizens to council seems wild with pain, and men are hurrying to and fro along the streets; none daring, as in olden days, to snatch down lance and sword, and counsel his fellows to go forth and fight. For an enemy is nigh their gates whom they have much offended, without having virtue enough to resist his arms. Ivan the Fourth, returning from a disastrous raid on the Baltic seaboard, hears that in his absence from Moscow the citizens of Novgorod, hating his rule, have sent an embassy to the Prince of Sweden, praying him to take them under his protection; and in his fury the tyrant swears to destroy that city, and to sow the site with salt. An army of Tartars and Kozaks is at the gates, an army sullen from defeat and loss, and only to be rallied by an orgy of drink and

blood. Pale with terror, the citizens run to and fro; the women shriek and swoon; and help for them there is none, until Father Nicolas, an ancient man, with flowing beard and saintly face, stands forward in their midst. A wild creature; an Elisha the prophet, a John the Baptist; he stands up in their meeting, naked from head to feet. Such a man suits the times; and as he offers to go forth and save the city from ruin, they gladly let him try. Nicolas marches forth, in his nakedness, to denounce his prince in the midst of his ravenous hordes; and when he comes into the camp, he walks up boldly to the Tsar. Ivan, himself a fanatic, listens to this naked man with a patience which his guards and ministers observe with wonder. 'Blood-sucker and unbeliever!' cries the hermit, 'thou who art a devourer of Christian flesh, listen to my words. If thou, or any of these thy servants, touch a hair of a child's head in yon city—which God preserves for a great purpose—then, I swear by the angel whom God has given unto me to serve me, thou shalt surely die; die on the instant by a flash from heaven!' As he speaks, the sky grows dark, a storm springs up, and surges through the tents. A pall comes down and covers the earth. 'Spare me, fearful saint!' shrieks the Tsar; 'the city is forgiven; and let me, in remembrance of this day, have thy constant prayers.' On these conditions Nicolas withdraws his curse; and Ivan marching into the city with his captives and his treasures, lodges in the kremlin and the palace, and kneeling before the shrine of St. Sophia, makes himself gracious to the people for the hermit's sake.

"Once more a mist comes down—a thin white veil, which passes like a pout from an infant's face."

It was impossible to resist that last simile—even though space compels us to tear it from the scene to which it is so appropriate a preface. Mr. Dixon is poetical, philosophical, statistical, and religious, all by turns. And he is even more than this. Touches which remind us of that lost potentate of our youth, Mr. G. P. R. James, reappear again and again with affecting familiarity in his pages: "Early in the reign of

Ivan the Fourth, a pilgrim, poor in garb and purse, but of handsome presence, landed from a boat." "About the time when our own Burton and Prynne were being laid in the pillory, . . . a man of middle age and sour expression landed from a boat at Solovetsk." These touching indications that Mr. Dixon recollects and loves the traditions of picturesque writing, endear him to his readers' hearts.

We seem to be making a great leap when we pass from the historico-philosophical narrative of Mr. Dixon to a book which no doubt is intended to be socially philosophical—the little volume called 'Ourselves,'* and written by Mrs. Lynne Linton, the author of several novels of doubted cleverness though doubtful morality; but the passage is not in reality so long as it looks. Mrs. Lynne Linton addresses an audience very similar to that which is entertained by Mr. Dixon's frothy eloquence. She, too, writes for the uneducated public which can read, and which is fond of skimming over the surface of social questions, just as it is fond of having its self-importance titillated by a pretence at profound investigation of foreign difficulties. Hers is a line of philosophy which has come to be very popular in the present day. We do not for a moment attempt to deny that there is a great deal which is very serious in the general question about the position of women. Such a universal disturbance of received ideas on any subject could not arise without some sort of real necessity, and must be more or less than evidence of the workings of that subtle sense of approaching change which always foreruns every alteration of social landmarks. But the folly of such books as this lies on their very front, and the mere production of them is of itself a kind of insult to women. Of all the systems, religious or otherwise, ever propounded in this world—though, we sup-

* *Ourselves; Essays on Women.* By E. Lynne Linton. Routledge: 1869.

pose, all have concurred in giving to woman that secondary place in the economy of the universe which has hitherto been supposed her natural position—none have ever forced her into the insolent isolation attempted by this new theory. By common consent, Humanity has been considered a greater thing than Sex since ever the race has been a race; and not only the great moral laws, but all the fundamental teachings of religion, have been addressed to men and women together, without any indication either from God or from the rulers of the earth of a necessity for two codes, or a different mode of treatment, for one or another. Women themselves are chiefly to blame for the strange and humiliating notion that they are a sect, a party, an oppressed nationality as it were, and not an integral part of the race. If any man were to write a book called 'Ourselves,' and intended to point out the special vices and weaknesses of his "brothers," with what a storm of amazed derision would the publication be received. No one, indeed, but a fool, pure and simple, could be guilty of such an enormous piece of nonsense—though heaven knows it is not for want of special sins, special follies, and a host of characteristic imperfections in man as man. It has never, however, occurred to men to think of themselves as a sect; and why should it occur to women? Womanhood is great, but human nature we may surely allow is greater; and the spiritual resemblance between woman and woman is not so absolute as that which we continually find existing between brother and sister, between parent and child of opposite sexes; nor can the affinity between any two women ever be so close as that which unites husband and wife. The fact is, that the two halves of humanity are far too closely allied to permit any such discrimination as that which is attempted in these pseudo-

philosophies. The very fact of the existence of family qualities, family characteristics, features of mind as well as of body which we cannot ignore, makes an end of this curious sexual theory, which is in its very nature degrading, and especially degrading to the individual who holds the lower economic place. It would be almost as just to slump the whole male and the whole female creation, through all the different classes of being, as two distinct factions, holding together and mutually resembling each other—for, to be sure, there are some particulars in which a man is more akin to a bull and a bear than he is to his own sister. This, however, is simply the point in which humanity differs from all the lower orders of animal existence. The man has a sister as well as a wife—the relations between men and women are not one but many. They do not meet and hang together simply as each other's mates, permanently or temporarily, as do the inferior creatures. But every woman is the child of a man, deriving something from him always, and often much from him—more like him in many cases than she is like her mother; and so is the man the child of a woman—not only bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, but inheriting her impulses, her thoughts, her sentiments, proving himself her descendant in a hundred unmistakable ways. Nothing can be more curious than the way in which those threads of hereditary influence run in and out, in the real existence which is, independent of theory; how now one development comes uppermost and now another, in the glorious impartiality of nature. There is no artificial division in that spontaneous growth and succession of humanity. Sometimes the flower of the flock is the girl, sometimes the boy; the essence of the race will concentrate itself now in one, now in another, at its own will, or rather in obedience to some higher impulse which we can-

not trace or follow. All this is patent to everybody who has eyes to see; and it is also perfectly apparent in many individual cases, that in everything but outward appearance the girl is her father's representative, and the boy his mother's—and that the real succession, which consists of moral and mental qualities, is more often zigzag, from man to woman and from woman to man, than in direct line. This is far too plain and matter of fact to satisfy the makers of theory; and accordingly it has become a fashion to treat men and women on the merely animal ground that they are created to marry, and that no other relationship counts for anything between them. Thus Mrs. Lynne Linton and her like separate the two halves of humanity as they would bulls and cows or cocks and hens, without even perception enough to see that the cow herself is more like the bull her father, than she is like the hen her "sister;" and that sex is not the highest, but only a secondary bond of affinity, as inferior to many other bonds as the flesh is inferior to the intellect and to the heart. Thus primarily, and without looking into it, we object to the production of any such book as the one before us. It is the highest impertinence, at the very offset, to the persons it professes to address.

We do not pretend to decide what truth there may be in the popular notion that we owe most of the very clever and offensive sketches of women, by which one of the cleverest of our weekly contemporaries condescended for some time to catch the market, to the pen of a woman; but there can be no doubt that the most disagreeable books on this subject are written by women. Let nobody suppose, however, that 'Ourselves' is as piquant in its impertinence as the 'Girl of the Period.' The articles of that series are the sharp and clever attacks of an un-

scrupulous but sometimes amusing assailant from without; but the chapters in this volume are spiteful preachments, addressed with that pretence at good intention which is a favourite veil of malice, to the members of the sect within. Mrs. Linton treats women as Mr. Dixon treats Americans or Russians, in the mass. Neither in the one case nor the other is there any margin allowed for individual character. They have certain sweeping general characteristics—love of gossip, for instance, love of finery, the magnifying of petty grievances, and so on. Men, too, have their sins, let us admit. Some of us drink, and smoke, and swear, and make ourselves hugely disagreeable not only to our wives but to everybody concerned; but we are not reproached in the abstract with those weaknesses by any of our mentors, nor bidden to defend ourselves at the risk of being thought as profane or as disorderly as the rest of our kind. Mrs. Lynne Linton, on the contrary, is much too civil to mention any of our peccadilloes. The husband who comes home to have all the troubles of his peevish wife poured out upon him is a large-minded magnanimous creature, who has been suffering and toiling all day, but who has put all his care in his pocket, and the sweetest of smiles on his face, in order that his house and his wife may be kept in comfort. He can deny himself, but she cannot; and though he does not say a word to her about that fall in Turkish bonds, she worries him to death with Fanny's naughtiness and the flighty ways of Mary Ann. This is a very pretty picture, but we have our doubts about that strong, patient, high-souled being who puts his cares in his pocket; and feel altogether that the man in Mrs. Linton's pages, like the man in so many ladies' novels, is a very questionable individual indeed, and one with whom we cannot boast any acquaintance. In short, it is

difficult to enter into the rhapsodies about him which she permits to herself. It is very pleasant to receive such charming tributes; but alas! the most of us are anything but demi-gods, and an uneasy sense of ridicule would, we fear, incapacitate most men for fully enjoying the delightful eminence thus generously accorded to them.

Mrs. Linton's complaints against her "sisters" are, however, many. Some of them are "fine ladies," but her notions of fine-ladyism seem confused enough. To wear Paris gloves, number six and a quarter—to be unable to "hold things with an honest grasp"—to decline to carry a parcel,—seem the particulars in which, to her thinking, they disclose themselves to the common eye. "Imagine a fine lady washing, dressing, or nursing her baby—imagine those soft white hands plunged up to the rounded wrists in flour and milk for the family pudding,"—she cries indignantly, without apparently any notion that the true fine lady would be as much out of her sphere if she carried a parcel or washed a baby as if she were a prime minister. Mrs. Lynne Linton evidently does not recognise, or perhaps realise, that quintessence of humanity, that blossom of ladyhood which is cultivated in the gardens of the great, and which surely may be permitted to exist in the interests of society, and for uses other than those of family puddings, without being called upon to soil its delicate hands with labour. A poor man who happens to be born a duke, for instance (it might not be any fault of his), requires a mate as much as another; and surely for the comfort and delectation of his class there might be a few specimens permitted of women to whom it would never occur to wash babies, nor "to concoct a stew, nor dust a room, nor wash a china ornament, nor carry a parcel." Why should her Grace be compelled to do anything of the kind? What

Mrs. Linton means to find fault with is, of course, the sham fine lady—the poor copyist of those graces and luxuries which can only belong to the very rich. She must mean it so, but she does not make it clearly apparent what she means; and it is hard upon poor women that they should be condemned for no greater offence than wearing gloves, number six and a quarter. For our own part, we have known very capable hands indeed which were guilty of that fault; and if Mrs. Linton will not mind our saying so, there are two pair at least, within our personal knowledge—deft little hands, that can do a great many useful things in this world—for which it has often been our not unhappy fate to buy French gloves, number six! Why these hands should be plunged "into the flour-tub, or even the wash-tub," just for Mrs. Linton's pleasure, and in defiance of the cook and the laundry-woman, we are unable to divine. But these are, it would seem, the only occupations that occur to her as expedient for the mass of womankind. "A perfect knowledge of the chemistry of food and the science of cooking seems to me," she says in another place, "to open up an almost illimitable field for the energies and education of women; and if the preparation seems great for the result, and the best mode of broiling a mutton-chop too mean an object for varied and extensive study, we must remember that the best mode of broiling a mutton-chop is part of the means by which the best kind of race is made, and that food is potential humanity." This is very tall talk indeed, and throws a positive halo around our homeliest cutlet; but the question intrudes itself, If our wives take to preparing dishes of potential humanity, what is to become of us in the mean time? Is Mrs. Jones to ascend from the kitchen or Mary from her brooms and dusters, to alleviate our cares and keep us company till our dinner is ready?

On the whole we think we should prefer to leave Mrs. Jones to her natural duty, and find our wife in the drawing-room; and that the ordinary mutton-chop of the period, however defective, is fully more satisfactory to our mind than any abstruse preparation of potential humanity. There is a cannibal sound about the words which does not convey to us, as it evidently does to the author of 'Ourselves,' a sense of unfeigned delight.

This weak, poor, wordy, impertinent book belongs to a class of modern productions which, we believe, are infinitely disagreeable to most good and sensible women. Whether they please even the vociferous class which demands work and "rights" hitherto not much prized by the sex is doubtful; and any moral effort seems simply impossible. The last suggestion which we have quoted is of itself enough to show the thoroughly superficial way in which the writer looks at a question which she considers one of great social importance; for what sane person could suppose that the "science of cooking" could suffice to solve a great moral problem? If our boys were to complain, as the girls are taught to do, of useless lives and want of occupation, what a din would arise from the multitude of careless lads, who are only too happy at present, in the absence of any habit of their class to the contrary, to consume the pleasantest time of their lives in pleasure and idleness; or if the same cry of want of work were to come from the clubs, from the Row, from the London drawing-rooms, where our "swells" do chiefly resort, with what a clamour would the air be ringing! The fashion has not yet been set to the male portion of the unlabouring classes, and thus we are happily exempted for the time from a louder repetition of that cry for work which is being poured into our ears from the leisure-hating crowd of women. But for all that it is a very serious anticipation. When it

comes to the turn of the young man about town to recollect his responsibilities, what are we to do for him? The ranks of the Church are full, there are swarms of barristers who never have a brief, and soldiers waiting for the privilege of buying their commissions, besides an immense floating mass of young persons of the male sex who are always ready to be plucked at every competitive examination, and naturally have not an idea what to do with themselves. Can they be set to work to prepare potential humanity? or what is to be done with them? The window at which we are seated at this present moment looks out upon one of the chief rivers in England, and swarms with boating-parties. There they go all the long, long summer day, floating down or working their way up in busy idleness, during those working hours in which the general race of man is supposed to be labouring for its daily bread. Who are they? Are these women lying lazily in the little skiff, which is towed up close by the bank in the June sunshine, or floats down in delicious noiseless movement amid the soft splash of the shining water? Nothing of the sort. They are men in the full flush of youthful manhood, men who ought to be working—who have had all that school and university can do for them, and are old enough to have entered upon the responsibilities of life. It is pleasanter, no doubt, to float down under the trees than to sit in a drawing-room and do worsted-work; but is the one more useful than the other? Yet we can but pray—heaven deliver us from the day when these young fellows shall find out their own uselessness, and crowd around us demanding work from earth and heaven!

We have no sooner done with works that address themselves to the superficial and uneducated, than we come upon those almost as much removed from real literature, which appeal to the literary

and *dilettanti*. The poems of Mr. Dante Rossetti* have already called forth an amount of remark totally out of proportion to their intrinsic importance. There is something in the character and temper of a painter, so contemptuous of common public opinion that he refuses to exhibit his pictures—and of a poet, who keeps his productions for some twenty years in the dark before he condescends to unfold them to the common eye—which in the first place attracts the imagination. Such a man, we conclude, is not to be judged by ordinary rules—he does not care for our applause. He walks serene at a height inaccessible to the common din, the comments and criticism of lower earth. Such a man is too far removed from us to desire to be understood upon our level; he addresses himself to the choice souls—the world within a world—the select of humanity. Literary London has heard his poems read, it has given him that delicious breath of private fame which is sweeter than all the applauses of the crowd; and when he does take the trouble to put those poems into common print, it is not as a candidate for our suffrage, but as the bestower of a graceful boon. His fame is made, we have nothing to do with it. All that is left for us is to echo the decision given by our betters, and humbly accept the melodious gift. And so great is the power of example, and the force of a bygone conclusion, that this is what most people have done. Mr. Morris's poems, for instance, came upon us in a burst, giving even to the jaded public, the commonalty, which, after all, is the ultimate judge, a certain shock of delightful surprise; but Mr. Rossetti's poems have had a very different introduction. They are new to the outside world, but they are old to the critic who has been trained into due appreciation of their merits by long acquaint-

ance and much elucidation. Thus our literary guides have made themselves into showmen for the occasion. "Good people," they say, "you do not know those great works of art, but we have known them for years; this is Lilith, you observe, a Talmudical personage, painted from the best authorities, and in the first keeping; and this is Sister Helen, who is Gothic, and in the highest style of art. Observe that our friend is master of all the styles. He can slip in a moment from Eden down to Troy town, and from thence to a medieval litany without turning a hair. It would be difficult to say in which he is best. Heaven itself is not closed to his penetrating glance. Such treasures of poetic insight—such weird acquaintance with the mystic and wonderful—such a fine melodious sense of the music and beauty of words, have seldom been revealed to the vulgar. We have known them all for years; but now the veil is withdrawn, and it is your turn to look and to worship." Thus we have been told on all sides. It is the Illuminati who vouch for the new poet. Like Mr. Dixon, though in a very different way, Mr. Rossetti has written for a class, and he too has found it answer. But how far the verdict will be confirmed by the world, or how long a factitious reputation thus originated will last, is a very different matter. That the reader may not be dazzled by the weight of testimony in favour of these productions, but may be able to form some judgment of his own on the subject, we will quote from some of the poems most lauded by all the critics. The first in the list, entitled "The Blessed Damsel," is supposed to be the musings of a maiden in heaven, still longing for the coming of her lover. Ten years have been to her like a single day; and yet her sense of the lingering of her beloved one is so

* Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Third Edition. London: Ellis. 1870.

great, that the poet hears her tears, and it is clear that heaven itself is not more entertaining to her than would be the most humdrum of earthly afternoons upon which the lover was expected, but did not come. The description is so pretty, that it is only at a second glance we perceive how curiously earthly and commonplace are the details of which it is made up:—

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven.
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the starry depth,
The which is space begun.
So high, that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether like a bridge,
Beneath the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge,
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore among themselves,
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped,
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made,
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep,
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres."

This fleshly imagination of the musing maiden whose breast through her white robe, which is "all ungit from clasp to hem," must have made the bar warm—leaning and gazing out, while the other girls play "loving games," calling to each other by name—which we suppose is what is meant by the "Spake evermore among

themselves"—is, we think, the most stangely prosaic conception of heaven we have ever met with in poetry. The "loving games" and pleasant din, the cries of Mary and Margaret, the musing of the damozel in love, who "hardly heard" (a harsh illiteration) the chatter of her companions, would be perfect if it was a village green that was being described, but has the strangest effect when we consider where the scene is really laid, and find her next moment, as she gazes down, seeing the pulse of time "shake fierce" through the worlds, which are all spinning, we suppose, like fretful midges underneath that pretty rustic assemblage. The blessed damozel has no higher thoughts about her lover than she might have were she watching at a mortal window for his coming. She will bathe with him "in the deep wells of light;" she will sit with him under a certain "living mystic tree;" she will take him to the groves where the Lady Mary sits with her hand-maidens; she will ask of Christ the Lord that he and she should live together "as once on earth." This is all Mr. Dante Rossetti, who has all his life studied the works of his great namesake, can make of his lady in heaven. Beatrice has other thoughts. But the blessed damozel is of the earth, earthy. There is a dreamy music about the verses notwithstanding the fretful midges and fierce shaking pulse of time—and the mechanical drawback of endless parentheses, and some strangely-defective rhymes, such as that, for instance, of "pierce" and "spheres"—which gives a deceptive air of visionariness and spiritual meaning to a thoroughly commonplace conception; but the originality of transferring an ordinary fit of love-longing, set in a bit of evening atmosphere and village landscape, out of earth to heaven, must be fully awarded to the poet. This he has done with unquestionable success.

"Sister Helen" is a very different production; it is the story of a wronged woman who is doing her false lover to death by melting his waxen image before a fire according to the medieval superstition. His friends come and plead with her to spare him, but she is obstinate. The drama is carried on in a kind of weird dialogue between herself and a little brother, who seems to have assisted in her operations:—

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly :'
Little brother, whence come the three,
Little brother ?'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Whence should they come, between hell and heaven ?)

'Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast.'
The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her hour at last, between hell and heaven ?)

'He has made a sign, and called Halloo !
Sister Helen ;
And he says that he would speak with you.'
Oh, tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Why laughs she thus, between hell and heaven ?)

'The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern's like to die.'
And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother.'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
And they and we, between hell and heaven ?)

'For three days now he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torments to be dead.'
The thing may chance if he have prayed,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
If he have prayed, between hell and heaven ?)

'But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame.'
My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother.'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Fire at the heart, between hell and heaven ?)

'There's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white plume on the blast.'

'The hour, the sweet hour, I forecast,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is the hour sweet, between hell and heaven ?)

'He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen ;
But his words are drowned in the wind's
course.'
Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
A word ill heard, between hell and heaven ?)

'Oh, he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die.'
He sees me in earth, in moon, and sky,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Earth, moon, and sky, between hell and heaven ?)

'He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne.'
What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Oh, never more, between hell and heaven ?)

'He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen,
That even dead love must weep to see.'
Hate, born of love, is blind as he,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Love turned to hate, between hell and heaven ?)

'Oh, it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white hair on the blast.'
The short, short hour will soon be past,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Will soon be past, between hell and heaven ?)

'He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh ! his voice is sad and weak !'
What hero should the mighty baron seek,
Little brother ?'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is this the end, between hell and heaven ?)

'Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies, but the soul shall live.'
Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother !'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
As she forgives, between hell and heaven ?)

'See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,
Sister Helen,
And the flames are winning up space !'

' Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother !'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Here for a space, between hell and heaven !)

' Ah ! what white thing at the door has
crossed,
Sister Helen ?
Ah ! what is this that sighs in the frost ?'
' A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother !'
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Lost, lost, all lost, between hell and heaven !)"

In this ballad it cannot be denied that there is great power. The figures stand out upon the grim background—the despairing appeal and stern obduracy of revenge which is not less despairing, set in an "iron chill" of night air and melancholy wind. But the avenger makes no claim upon our sympathy. There is no softening in her, no late thrill of love or sorrow to bring her within the range of tender feeling—an error which is quite fatal so far as the widest range of human appreciation, the big common voice which is the giver of the highest fame, is concerned. And the refrain, though not so objectionable as some other refrains used by Mr. Rossetti, breaks up the tale in an arbitrary way, which is scarcely improved by the alterations which occur in it, and which break its absolute monotony. We are not sure that this is not even an additional drawback—for it compels a certain attention and prevents the reader from skimming it over simply, and trying to forget that it is there, which he does with the others. Neither "Lilith" nor "Troy Town" have any merit to carry them over the great drawback of this refrain. The first is a rhapsody of vengeance and guile, supposed to be uttered by Lilith, a witch-wife of Adam's previous to the creation of Eve, who engages the snake, by promises of her love, to lend her his shape, that she may tempt and ruin her unconscious rival.

" Oh but Adam was slave to Lilith !
(*And oh the bower and the hour !*)
All the threads of my hair are golden,
And there in a net his heart was holden.

VOL. CVIII.—NO. DCLVIII.

Oh and Lilith was queen of Adam !
(*Eden's bower's in flower.*)
All the day and the night together,
My breath could shake his soul like a
feather.

O thou snake, the king-snake of Eden !
(*Eden's bower's in flower.*)
God's strong will our necks are under,
But thou and I may cleave it asunder.

Help, sweet snake, sweet lover of Lilith,
(*And oh the bower and the hour !*)
And let God learn how I loved and hated
Man in the image of God created."

Thus she raves ; and we cannot feel particularly grateful to Mr. Rossetti for the revelation. "Troy Town" is so much more objectionable that it has not any appreciable meaning at all, and indeed would seem to have been written for the mere purpose of bringing in the refrain. It describes how "heaven-born Helen, Sparta's queen," offers a cup, moulded like her own breast, to Venus, in order that her beauty "may be given where it is due." This is how the measure goes :—

" Venus looked on Helen's gift,
(*O Troy town !*)
Looked and saw with subtle drift,
Saw the work of the heart's desire.
' There thou kneel'st for love to lift.'
(*O Troy's down.*)
(*Tall Troy's on fire.*)

Venus looked in Helen's face,
(*O Troy town !*)
Know far off an hour and place,
And fire lit from the heart's desire
Laughed and said, ' Thy gift hath grace !'
(*O Troy's down.*)
(*Tall Troy's on fire.*)"

We must pause to make a strong protest against this evil habit. If the poem above quoted were particularly worth reading (which it is not) this burden would be intolerable. The refrain belongs to the song, the lyric, the poem which is written to be chanted, not read. In every other class of composition it is a mistake, even in the ballad, which, because it once was sung, the minstrels of the present day insist on treating as a song proper. All true songs are short, whereas a ballad, which has a whole romance to tell, is almost inevitably long ; and as soon as the story comes

in the refrain ought to go out. The very essence and beauty of a song is in the brief sentiment, not lost in too many words, which is all that poetry can justly lay upon music, and the continual recurrence of which agrees with the mathematical repetitions which belong to the sister art. But a story declines to lend itself to the character of music; and it is a mere piece of archaicism in any poet to try to represent to himself that his ballad will be sung. He knows very well it will not be sung; and why should he burden the voice of a reader not possessed of any great variety of inflections, with the burden which demands all a musician's skill to make it tolerable? We leave "Troy Town" and "Eden Bower," however, to the people who see either poetry or music or any noble sentiment in them, to get rid of the refrain as they think best. Two such productions will help no man to acquire fame.

The three longest poems in the book are entitled "A Last Confession," "Dante at Verona," and "Jenny." Of these, the last is undoubtedly the most powerful. Perhaps powerful is not the word; but there is a side light in it thrown on one of the most painful subjects which can be discussed, and it is done without offensiveness, with a musing sadness, and comparative absence of feeling, which are remarkable enough. It is the supposed reverie of a man who has accompanied a young unfortunate to her house after some public amusement. They have been about to sup together, when the poor creature, tired out, drops asleep with her head upon his knee. She lies there in her soiled beauty, in that strange passionless passivity of guilt, which is almost like a shadow of innocence; and the man, equally passionless, muses over her. There is a poem of Alfred de Musset in which a similar situation occurs, but where the treatment is naturally more fiery, less soft and

thoughtful. "Jenny," we think, is the most original poem in the volume, but even its originality is not of a forcible kind. Passion of every description is absent from it. There is not even any sense of horror—any tragical perception of the depths of wretchedness and guilt involved, but only a gentle sadness, a soft pity for all the prettiness and softness and childish ways of the lost creature. Asleep—"just as another woman sleeps"—he muses with a thrill of insight; but pauses on the threshold of that awful avenue of thought. "Dante at Verona" is archaic and historical, but tells us nothing about Dante, and throws no further light upon him that we can make out, though the verses are quite respectably melodious, and noways to be objected to. The "Last Confession" might have been something higher, for the story has all the depth of tragedy—but somehow it is not. A certain echo of Mr. Browning is in it, though probably only to the reader and not to the author, who may, for anything we can tell, have written this sketch before Mr. Browning's style and place in his generation were as clearly marked as they are now. It is a story of love and revenge—of a poniard and a sudden blow—and encloses a pretty love-song in (apparently) two versions, Italian and English, without any indication whether both are original, or if the translation only is Mr. Rossetti's. The translation is a kind of paraphrase, and we prefer the Italian. In none of these poems, however, is there the least indication of a new poet arisen to bless us. They are all sufficiently interesting, pleasantly readable, some of them suggestive; but they lay no hold upon the imagination, or even on the ear and memory. It is quite curious, indeed, how so many well-chosen and well-combined words, and so many fine qualities of mind, should have so failed to seize upon our attention. We feel per

fectly capable of laying down the book at any moment, and even of forgetting where we have laid it. Yet there is something more than versification, and we cannot be contemptuous any more than we can be enthusiastic. A confusing sense that he ought to have done better, or that we ought to have felt more deeply, is upon us as we read. Is it our fault, or is it his? Now and then, in some "swallow flight of song" without any pretensions, we feel that Mr. Rossetti's muse is just about to touch us deeply—as, for instance, in the two songs (which are not in the least songs, be it observed) which he entitles the "Woodspurge" and the "Honeysuckle;" but it is but a touch of her garments waving as she goes, and we are never for a moment sufficiently absorbed to be one with the poet. We are always calmly capable of spectatorship, and sensible of but a languid curiosity as to what shall come next.

The same thing, but in stronger words, may be said of the little volume* just published by Mr. Myers. Let nobody say this is an unpoetical age. A generation ago, we doubt whether Mr. Rossetti or Mr. Myers would either of them have obtained a fair hearing. Poetry on the secondary level was then discountenanced by all the world. Mr. Rossetti's poems have only been published for a month or two, and they are already in a third edition; and Mr. Myers informs us that his 'St. Paul' has found equal acceptance with the public—facts which are to ourselves simply unintelligible. The last generation must have been in this, as in other particulars, a middle-aged race, incapable of swallowing the sweet words and gentle cadences of poetical mediocrity, and with leisure enough only for the best; whereas the present generation, it would appear, has plunged

into the heyday of literary youth, and is back ready to devour everything which comes to it in rhyme. It is a curious difference, and one which puzzles the critic, who has been accustomed to say, and to hear it said, that the age is not an age for poetry. When the successful poet Haverillo, in Professor Aytoun's wonderful satire of 'Firmilian,' exasperates his adversary to the highest pitch by answering, "I have a third edition in the press," the intimation is intended for a piece of extravagance. But third editions of poetry seem no longer rare.

It is difficult to form any distinct opinion about the 'St. Paul' of which Mr. Myers informs us that a third edition has been called for. Why, we wonder? It seems to us that any garland of rhymes that could be strung together would be as like St. Paul as the curious succession of semi-Scriptural rhapsodies which are here called by his name, and which are expressed in a rhyme of such bewildering cadence, and embellished with such perpetually-recurring parallelisms, that our brain is in a whirl before it has gone over half-a-dozen pages. Imagine Paul describing himself as pervaded by "a ripple and a radiance;" bringing the message of God as "a triumph and a token;" asking for "a voice, a cry, and a complaining;" or offering to heaven "a patience and a pain!" It is hardly possible to conceive anything more unlike the reasoning apostle, with his subtle Hebrew intellect and steadfast gravity. Nothing could be more hard than to reveal any such lofty character, or tell any serious story in the rhymed stanzas which Mr. Myers has chosen as his favourite vehicle; but the curious mannerism of the verses adds, if it is possible, an additional weakness to the original blunder. There is a fragment of Scotch song (not of sufficient age or beauty certainly to make it a satisfactory

* Poems. By Frederic W. H. Myers. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

model), describing how "bonnie George Gordon" rode "high upon Highlands, and low upon Tay," which comes irresistibly to our mind as we read Mr. Myers's poem. "Lone on the land and homeless on the water," is, St. Paul tells us, his condition. He prays his Lord to "shield from the scorn, and cover from the chiding." He describes the faithful as "scorched in love's fire, or with his freezing frozen" (1) "Quick in a moment, infinite for ever," he desires grace to come upon him; and describes the wandering of waters—"softly thereout, and from thereunder slowly." These are but chance specimens, gleaned as they come, but every second verse shows this bewildering jingle. There could not be a more fatal habit for a young poet; it is a trap which he has set for himself, and which, until he manages to get emancipated, will utterly shut him out from anything beyond the audience to which hymns are poetry and doggerel divine. Take this longer specimen of the vicious peculiarities of this strangely-chosen style. The heroine, as will be perceived, is one very faintly indicated in Scripture,—one of the converts of St. Paul, of whom he doubtless knew more than we can do, but who has left no impression on the record which can account for this picture:—

"Heard ye of her, who, faint beneath the
burthen,
Strained to the cross, and in its shadow
fell?

Love for a love, the angels' for the earthen,
Lord and Redeemer, surely it was well!

She, as one wild, whom very stripes en-
harden,
Leapt many times from torture of a
dream,
Shrank by the loathly olives of the garden.
Groves of a teacher and Ilissus' stream.

Then to their temple Damaris would clam-
ber,
High where an idol till the dawn was
done,
Bright in a light and eminent in amber,
Caught the serene surprises of the sun.

Thence the strong soul, which never power
can pilon
Sprang with a wall into the empty air,

Thence the wide eyes upon a hushed dom-
inion,
Looked in a fierce astonishment of
prayer;

Looked to Hymettus and the purple hea-
ther,
Looked to Piræus and the purple sea;
Blending of waters and of winds together—
Winds that were wild, and waters that
were free.

So from the soft air, infinite and pearly,
Breathed a desire with which she could
not cope:
Could not, methinks, so eager and so
early,
Chant to her loveliness the dirge of hope.

Could not have done with weeping and
with laughter,
Leaving men angry, and sweet love un-
known;
Could not go forth upon the blank here-
after,
Weak and a woman, aimless, and alone.

Therefore with set face and with smiling
bitter,
Took she the anguish, carried it apart—
Ah! to what friend to speak it? It were
fitter
To rust in the aching hollows of her
heart.

Then I preached Christ. And when she
heard the story—
Oh, is such triumph possible to men?
Never, my King, had I beheld Thy glory,
Never had known Thy excellence till
then."

There is a glimmer of meaning in these latter verses which makes the leaping and clambering and springing of the first still more exasperating. Was Damaris a ballet-dancer? the reader wonders; and what does "eminent in amber" mean? Yet this is the sort of stuff of which the public desires a third edition! May not we ask what kind of public is that of Mr. Myers? Every book we have yet mentioned belongs to what we may call class literature; but which is the class addressed by this poet? Is it that wide underground of readers which buys and presumably reads the tons of sermons, the cartloads of religious biographies—"sermons in loads and memoirs by the dozen," to speak like Mr. Myers—which are being daily written and printed,—excellent people, to whom a religious subject is all in all? It is impos-

sible to tell; but until this young poet divests himself of his strangely prosaic jingle-jangle, we cannot promise him that anybody above the mental level of a Sunday-school teacher will be "rapt in a worship, ravished in a wonder" of his poetic gift. He will be to all the rest of the world like one of his own heroes, "dark in a dream, and windy in a wraith."

It is a curious fact, considering the higher rank which every other work of literature is supposed to hold; but it is only when we come to consider a work which is "only a novel" that we feel ourselves once more in the free and broad atmosphere which is common to all the world. No ghost of a class stands between us and the sunshine, when we contemplate, across the thundery air which he has filled full of explosions and floods and perilous accidents, the figure of Mr. Charles Reade arranging his machinery with a certain innocence of belief in the credulity of the public which amuses and propitiates the hardest critic. Mr. Reade is one of the most experienced and accomplished of playwrights, but he presumes sadly upon our ignorance and unbelief. Success has made him over-daring. We can swallow a great deal, when it is provided for us by his bold and skilful hand, but there are limits even to our faith in him. And we cannot but think, that after that desolate island which we took so sweetly, and all the miracles of 'Foul Play,' he might have subdued the exuberance of his invention, and not too wildly burdened our imaginations in his next book. 'Put Yourself in His Place,'* however, is about the wildest of all. There are the Trades in it at full length, and not overdrawn, to judge from other matter-of-fact accounts; and there is the bursting of the reservoir, which carried death and devastation to a whole district; and there are Jael Dence and Henry Lit-

tle; and we ache under the weight of prodigy. Truth is stranger than fiction, says the mustiest of proverbs; and Mr. Reade will probably plead that, as long as he does not go beyond that infallible guide, he cannot do wrong. But yet he does do wrong, and make the hugest blunder—a blunder unworthy of him, and of his unmistakable powers. Fact is no guide at all to art. This is a proposition which the realist will probably resist, but which we are ready to go to the stake for, did stakes exist in this tolerant age. Truth is one thing and fact is another. Truth is that grand general rule of humanity, the harmonious law which runs through everything, which tempers the wind, and varies the circumstances at once of good and evil, and makes it possible for a man to keep steadily along the path of his life, rarely driven to utter desperation by the combinations against him. Fact is the exceptional and contradictory, which breaks rudely into the sweet breadth of use and wont. True, it breaks in often with some of us, piling trouble upon trouble; but yet general nature holds a certain balance, and the world goes on. Thus it is not true of a man that he should be persecuted as Henry Little is; it is not likely—there are a thousand chances against it—it contradicts the habit of humanity; but it may be fact, which is subject to no rules, and is beyond all law. A man who follows fact in art at the expense of truth, is accordingly taking the lawless instead of the harmonious, the exceptional instead of the natural—a mistake which is fatal to a hundred novices, who attempt to copy where they should reproduce, and who are amazed to find that portraits of actual people, and stories "founded on fact," are not accepted by any audience as true to nature. Mr. Reade is not guilty of such a mistake; for even in the wild impetuosity of his

* Put Yourself in His Place. By Charles Reade. Smith, Elder, & Co.

career his hand cannot forget its cunning, nor his mind those instincts of the maker which turn the wildest realities into something like natural truth. But yet he is running a very perilous course. Let us allow that no description of trades-union outrages have moved us so much as the account of those which pursued Henry Little from workshop to workshop. And we are also ready to allow, with still more earnestness, that nothing which can be done to identify and realise so horrible a tyranny and hold it up to the detestation of the country, should be in itself discouraged; but still Art, after all, counts for something. And why, of all men in the world, should Mr. Reade, whose imagination is even wild in its activity, take to him such crudities of fact? No man can need them less; and by what strange perversity is it that no man uses them more? Then that expedient of the false clergyman, whose discovery renders a fatal marriage null and void, is a poor expedient, unworthy Mr. Reade's powers. It is no credit to him that one reads the story with a deep interest; that is no virtue of his—it is inevitable. He could not be dull if he were to try; but as we lay down the book we sigh. If he would but take a little time—if he would but give us something of his own, something which *might* happen by divine fight of truth and genius, not something which *has* happened by vulgar tyranny of fact!

Jael Dence is scarcely less trying to our faith than the trades-unions and the reservoir. She is charming in her natural and original state; but why should she be taught to speak French, and accompany herself on the piano, and wear evening dresses of violet velvet? Does Mr. Reade think that his simple primitive woman is made

greater by these fineries? or has he so vulgar an idea of society as to believe that the village girl artificially transplanted into it is made harmonious with her new sphere by means of these veneerings of so-called education? Surely he knows better. There are little mechanical difficulties involved which perhaps may be more easily pardoned to a writer so running over with natural power and faculty. All these accomplishments—the French speaking, the accompaniment on the piano, the dancing and deportment—are communicated to Jael by her mistress in the space of six months or so, according to the record—which is but a short allowance of time for such wonders. Probably Mr. Reade does not see any difficulty in teaching the powerful fingers which have been occupied for twenty years at least about very different matters to play an accompaniment; but we confess, for our own part, that we feel such a success very problematical, and don't believe she could have kept up a conversation in French. It is curious to make out, by the way, why learning French should have come to be the test of newly-acquired gentility in the ideas of novel-writers. Here is another book* in which the same accomplishment is insisted upon, under circumstances somewhat similar. We do not for a moment assert that 'Kilmeny,' notwithstanding its merits, has any right to be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Reade's work, notwithstanding its defects. But yet there is this odd resemblance between them, that in both a young woman, elevated out of the lower class into the higher, learns to speak French quite promiscuous, for no reason we can make out, except that it seems to be received as a mystic sign—"a triumph and a token"—as Mr. Myers would say, of genteel education. Polly Whist-

* 'Kilmeny.' By William Black.

ler, in the latter work, writes her letters in French, which is a feat not attempted, so far as we are aware, by Jael Dence; but why should she, writing to an Englishman, have taken so much unnecessary trouble? and wherein lies the sanctity of French, can anybody tell us? Is it (to quote again from Mr. Myers) the symbol of "a patience and a pain" which proves the learner to be worthy of advancement? This is a point upon which it would be well to have distinct information, for such a mode of making a lady's maid at once jump into a lady might turn out very handy in many social emergencies.

'Kilmeny' is, however, though in many points curiously wanting in knowledge of the world and limited in perception, a book of promise. The author has written some others which were also books of promise, a fact which is against him; for there is nothing more disappointing or unsatisfactory than promise which is never fulfilled. We take it for granted—if it is ever safe to take such a fact for granted—that a person called by the respectable and highly matter of fact name of William Black must be a man; and we hope, for his own sake, he is a young one. If he is, it will be well for him to enlarge a little his knowledge of the world. He knows Berkshire, and he knows the Black Forest, but he might, we think, risk going a little further afield. It is well, of course, to describe what you have seen, and keep within the bounds of actual knowledge; but still landscape, unless of the very brightest power and brevity, is out of place in a novel, which ought to be a story, and not a succession of descriptions. Mr. Black describes well; but he must learn the painful fact sooner or later, that few readers care about description—and that, though now and then a critic may give him a word of praise on that account, the

public prefer people to trees—and, we think, with some reason. There is some force in his picture of the artist life in London, with its utter freedom from all form and occasional slovenliness; but we fear there are few models like Polly Whistler, though we do not deny the possibility of relations so easy, so friendly, and so perfectly free from evil, as those he describes as existing between her and her patron. That good-fellowship—to use an inadequate yet not unsatisfactory word, *camaraderie*—familiar yet not disrespectful friendship between man and woman, which it is so difficult to find in other classes, is unquestionably a possibility among artists. And we do not altogether refuse to believe in Polly. But we confess that such an apparition as that of Bonnie Lesley is very bewildering, either in a book or out of it; and very contrary, though Mr. Black does not seem aware of it, to the ordinary canons of society. If she was a respectable young woman, her behaviour was the very strangest we ever remember to have heard of. In short, there is a certain confusion throughout this novel as to the habits and manners of ladies and gentlemen. The artist's party in the Black Forest is real enough, and so is Hatherleigh; but Burnham Abbey is very vague, and we do not quite make out the party there assembled. The hero, let us explain, is the son of a gamekeeper; but his mother is the daughter of a clergyman, who ran away with her rustic lover, and was very happy ever after, fitting quite naturally into her lower sphere, and retaining only her refinement and her French, which she taught to her son, and afterwards to Polly, with an apparent familiarity which does equal credit to her mind and memory, seeing she could have had no means of keeping up that accomplishment. This little bit of simplicity and supposed grandeur is very amusing, but it is

a sign of social innocence or ignorance which Mr. Black should get over. If he is going to do anything at all worth talking of, he ought to do a great deal better, and to make himself acquainted with a great many things not reckoned in his philosophy, before he next presents himself to the world.

There is another book before us—a clever and interesting story, as novels go—which shows the same odd want of acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ordinary world,—a circumstance all the more strange now that the old boundaries of class are so much broken down, and the hours and habits once confined to gentlefolks have crept into such general, almost universal, use. To be sure, the 'Heir Expectant'* is a poor clerk, to start with, coming home to his tea, and ready himself to open the door to a chance visitor; and the wealth to which he succeeds is the

accumulation of a miser; but still one expects some slight acquaintance with the usages of society in a man who has had nothing to do for twenty years but to wait for an inheritance of two hundred thousand pounds. These curious imperfections show how widely spread is not only the demand for such books, but the producers of them; and at the same time it makes the fact very plain, how little acquaintance with the world, how little knowledge of life, how limited a training, suffices for authorship. Might we not hint also, as it were in a postscript, that this very visible want shows how well a little study may be applied, and that ladies and gentlemen, if inferior in interest, are still as distinct in their ways as artists or tradesfolk or peasants, and not unworthy a little observation, when the novelist chooses to take his or her heroes from their not uninteresting ranks?

* The Heir Expectant. Hurst and Blackett, London.

EARL'S DENE—PART X.

CHAPTER XIX.

"So that is the Monsieur Créville, is it, of whom I have heard Miss Raymond speak?" asked Warden, when Félix had left the room.

He looked sharply at her as he spoke; but she showed no sign of the confusion that he expected, if not hoped, to see, for the simple reason that she had none to show.

"Yes, that is Félix Créville, poor fellow!"

"He is a great friend of yours, I hear?"

"Yes, indeed, a very great friend; and one, too, whom we have nearly been losing. I wish he had not come out to-day—he looks terribly weak."

"And you, too, are not looking well, Marie."

"Am I not? Then my looks belie me, I assure you. I am quite well. But I get so troubled sometimes with thinking about Angélique, and I miss the children now they are at school. I seem to have no one to live for but myself."

Mark Warden did not observe that he was omitted from the list of those for whom she might be supposed to be living. "Marie," he said, gravely and rather suddenly, "I fear that I have been doing you a very great injury."

"Done me?"

"Yes. I have been thinking much about you of late: I have been thinking how in my selfishness I have done my best to spoil your whole life for you, and have been fearing that I must have succeeded too well."

"Why, Mark—what can you mean?"

"What right had I to take you from your home—to condemn you to this life of solitude of which you complain so justly—to place you in this false position——"

"Mark!"

"Have you not a right to complain of me? I——"

"Not the least—not the least in the world! There—will that satisfy you? And if you ever talk so absurdly again——"

In spite of her assurances to the contrary, she was indeed looking pale and worn; but to him she always strove to be the Marie of old times.

"My dear Marie," he went on, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, "your conduct has been wonderful—admirable. You have been only too good—far more good than I have deserved."

Something in his manner puzzled her, and she looked up inquiringly.

"Oh, Mark!" she exclaimed suddenly, with hope in her eyes and in her voice; "do you mean that our separation is to end—that we are now to be together always? Oh, you need not be afraid that I cannot bear good news! Is it so indeed?"

They were sitting side by side, and now she took one of his hands in both of hers, and looked up into his face with bright eyes and parted lips. He was moved for an instant—how could he help it?—by her excitement; but it was for an instant only. No—it could not be. Hugh or Félix might have yielded to this display of pure emotion, as unselfish in its source and in its nature as any human emotion can ever be, but not Warden. Is it possible that it was this very coldness of his that gave him his power, according to the theory that in all affairs of the heart it is only one of the two who loves while the other only submits to be loved; and that it is the passive nature that rules? Let such a heresy be anathema of course; but there can

at all events be no doubt that a sympathetic heart is to a man what his left heel was to Achilles.

He did not, however, make any attempt to disengage his hand from hers. He even returned the caress, although coldly and sadly. What he had to say must needs be said; but he began to see that the saying of it would turn out to be far more difficult than he had imagined. Imagination was not his *forte*; and, having once in his own mind overcome the practical difficulty of the situation to his own satisfaction, he had not wasted his resolution and his energy by mentally dwelling upon the probable details of the scene that he assumed to be inevitable. And this reserve of energy is also a secret power.

Thus they sat in silence for more than a second; and under such circumstances a second is a very long time indeed. She was waiting for the confirmation of her hope—he was thinking how he should put things least unpleasantly, so that the coming scene might be rendered as mild as possible. It was not that he was afraid of scenes as such, of whatever nature they might be; but it was essential to his purpose that matters should go off quietly—that she should fall in with his views naturally, and that, above all, she should understand them *à demi mot*.

"Are you then so anxious?" he asked. The question was ambiguous; but the tone in which it was asked made its meaning only too clear, even to her.

She did not, however, relax her grasp of his hand; on the contrary, she only pressed it the more closely still. Her eyes saddened and moistened, but she did not lower them. She only said, very gently,—

"Please, Mark, forgive me. Indeed I did not mean to complain."

"I know that—but—"

"Oh, Mark!" she said, suddenly, as though the mouse had found a spirit at last, "why should we not get rid of all waiting at once, and do as other people do?"

"No, Marie; I will not add to my offence towards you. I——"

"Your offence? Did I not say——"

"Well, to my thoughtlessness then; and that is surely an offence. I will not treat you as—as Lester has used your cousin. I will not condemn you to a life of poverty now, after having contrived to save you from it for so long."

"Do you think, then, that I should fear poverty? Do you think that I have waited because I preferred waiting? And—and do you think that I would have spoken as I have if there had been still reason to wait any longer?"

"Still reason! Have you forgotten my Fellowship?"

"Oh, give it up at once! What is it, after all, that should keep coming between us for ever? Supposing you had not got it, we should have been married just the same; and we should have had to do without it altogether."

"Yes—and have starved. I doubt if I could even have become a country curate, with a Catholic wife."

"And supposing you were to lose your Fellowship now—how I hate the word!—what should you have to do?"

"My dear child, how can you ask such a question? What is Lester doing, for instance?"

"And supposing we could do without it?"

"Yes—suppose the skies were to fall!"

"Well—suppose they have fallen! Can you guess how much money I have made within the last two months?"

"How much?"

"A hundred and forty pounds!"

"What! by playing the piano? Is it possible?"

"So it seems. But I thought I should surprise you when you came to find out that your poor stupid Marie could do something after all. I am sure you could not be more surprised than she was herself!"

And now, have not the skies fallen?"

Certainly Warden was astonished. "But do you mean to say that you are likely to earn so much money always?"

"I hope so—if I work hard. People need never go backward, Monsieur Prosper says. And at all events I might—I am sure I could—last for a few years, till you become all that you want to be."

She had certainly cut the ground of the Fellowship from under his feet. But he was by no means driven into a corner.

"But, Marie, do you know what it is you are asking me?"

"Certainly I know: to go on reading for the bar; to go into Parliament; to do all you can in the world; and to let my piano take the place of your Fellowship."

"How I wish it were possible!"

"And why should it not be?"

"Because it is quite out of the question for a gentleman to live upon his wife." To do him justice, without giving him credit for the fine feeling that he claimed, such a proceeding would honestly have been gall and wormwood to a man of his energy and self-reliance. But Marie did not see it in that light; and this time it was for her to be astonished. He did not, however, give her time to reply, but, making the most of his point, went on quickly.

"Do you think that I, for five or six or even seven years to come, could submit to be kept in that way—to become one of the contemptible race of artists' husbands? No—that is one of the things that I would not do, even if I could—even if it were possible."

"What! may not a gentleman be helped by his own wife?"

The words were spoken in all simplicity; but he fancied that they rang a little contemptuously. He was wrong; but his fancy was not altogether without ground.

"You do not understand," he

answered; "women never do. It is a question of honour, you see——"

"*Mon Dieu!*"—she often reverted to French exclamations when excited, as, of late, had not seldom been the case; "*Mon Dieu!* I certainly do not understand that I should go on making money for us both and for the children as well, and to help Angélique too, perhaps, and that you should not be allowed to gain anything by it! I am sure that I would take any quantity of money from you."

"But that is different. The husband is bound to support his wife—and it is bad enough of me to be doing nothing for you. But if, instead of merely doing nothing, I were to rob you, to rob the children, to rob Angélique—that would be a disgrace; and that I will not incur."

But still he had not perceptibly advanced very far with what he really wanted to say; and he felt like a chess-player who has managed to lose none of his pieces without an exchange, but who has not yet succeeded in obtaining the attack. Nevertheless, though he had heard much that might well have given him an excuse for declaring the game drawn and yielding to destiny, he was determined to pursue it to the end. A man who has become fairly intoxicated with some Earl's Dene is not so easily to be sobered. It is true that one wife making money at the rate of eight hundred a-year was actually in his hand; but the wife in the bush was worth a great deal more than two of her. No one would deny, in spite of the proverb, that even one plump pheasant, not to speak of two, though still in the bush, is more than worth a sparrow, though the latter may be actually in the hand. To take Marie, even supposing that her present success was to continue, was to give up more than the chance of becoming master of Earl's Dene. It would be to forfeit Miss Clare's favour and his prospect of his seat

in Parliament, and to be thrown back once more upon the slow path of the bar. Not only so, but all the trouble that he had taken to bring about Hugh's marriage with Angélique would have been altogether thrown away; and although he was not in the least dissatisfied with his proceedings in that matter so far, still, if what he had done should prove useless, he would be obliged consciously to recognise the fact that he had not been actuated by a spirit of the highest honour. If he were to make up his mind to let bygones be bygones and to take Marie, it would have been better, not only for the sake of his self-respect, but of his self-interest also, to have kept his friend Hugh in a position in which he might have been made available as a patron. No—he had certainly committed himself too far to a line of conduct to draw back now in such a manner as to secure either satisfaction or profit.

And then he thought of Alice Raymond herself, and persuaded himself that he was really in love with her, as a man with a woman, and that Marie was an obstacle in the way not only of interest but of love also. For conscience, when, as usual, it finds itself powerless to warn and restrain, invariably goes over to the enemy, and betakes itself to the pleasanter task of excusing and justifying.

"Well," he thought to himself, "why should I hesitate? She is not my wife in any true sense—she is not even my mistress. How any man who is used to this kind of thing would laugh at me!—Marie," he said, rising suddenly from his seat beside her, "I have been thinking a great deal lately, and blaming myself terribly. It is time all this should end. You have now made a career for yourself without me, and have made your own circle of friends. I can do nothing for you. I have been far from being your friend: and I will not, having thus left you to struggle alone, take advantage of

your success. That is quite out of the question. It is not that I care for the opinion of the world; but I will not submit to be obliged to despise myself, and not only so, but to feel that I ought to be despised by you. Your offer to me just now was a cruel kindness. No, Marie—our roads in life—which never lay together—have now diverged wholly. It is no use now to think of what might have been: I must now—for it is the only thing in my power to do for you—set you free. We shall still be friends—we never could have been more."

Had Marie's experience of the world been such as by this time it no doubt ought to have been, she would—as he hoped she would—have caught his drift at once, and have seen that all his periphrasis was but meant to sweeten the draught that sooner or later she would have to take, whether she chose or no. But to her it seemed only that he was influenced by generous self-denial and excessive scrupulousness. Yet even so his want of warmth puzzled her and made her afraid.

"Mark," she said, with a decision of voice and manner that had never appeared in her before, and with all her earnestness in her face, "I too have of late been thinking much about ourselves; and I, like you, have felt that things can be no longer as they are. Do you think I cannot—yes, in fifty ways—help you, and not by making money alone? That is not all I mean by help. I would wait still more long and patiently than I have waited, and be still content. But, Mark, I try so hard to do and think all that is right by you and by myself; and then, you know how very seldom now we ever meet—how very little yet we have even been to one another—we, who ought to be all to each other always!" She looked up at him timidly and questioningly, as though she too wished, if it were possible, to be understood *à demi*

mot—as though she had much to say that she would rather not seek to put in words.

"Oh, you cannot know the nature of my life," she went on; "how very lonely I am in all this whirl—how this new life to me who have lived in silence all my days is almost more than I can bear. We all need some support or other; and I have none on which to lean with safety. Do you know sometimes I fear myself!"

"Fear yourself?"

"I cannot tell all that I mean; but I am sure of this, that, if we do not come together now, we never shall. The world is coming between us; and you are drifting from me, Mark, farther and farther."

"And you from me. Is not that what I said just now?"

"No—not I from you. All that I ask of you is to be allowed to be with you and to help you in your life and to be helped in mine—for that is now what I would say before all other things. I will try to make up to you for all you lose and more, in every way—even in money; and you will save me from myself."

"Really, Marie, I do not understand you in the least. You speak as though you were" in some mysterious danger."

"I mean, a wife should have no friend before her husband."

Mark looked at her quickly—he thought he began to see her drift, and congratulated himself on having proved himself a true prophet.

"Monsieur Créville, for instance," he thought to himself; but of course did not say so.

"Is not that also what I was saying to you?" he asked. "Yes—it is quite true that our lives have wholly diverged, and can never be the same again."

"But they can—indeed they can, believe me! We can still be all to each other, as we hoped for once, and as we ought to be and can be now. If it is only for my sake you wish me still to wait, indeed there is no need. It is for my

sake that I ask you now to wait no longer."

"And, Marie, once more I tell you, for your own sake, that it cannot be. Only think for a moment. I must wait five years yet before I am entitled to hold a brief; and as I mean not only to get a great many briefs but to be able to make the most of them when I get them, I must devote those five years exclusively to preparation. I know that some men go into the profession upon nothing but the light of nature, and that some of them succeed nevertheless; but that is not my way. I shall not only put myself in the way of success; I shall make myself sure of it, as any man may if he goes the right way to work. Thus, meanwhile, I shall not be able to earn a penny; and if I get into Parliament, I shall have no more pennies than I shall be obliged to spend. And live upon you I will not—I say that once for all. And so I must keep my Fellowship. We could not, in any case, look forward to coming together within ten years at the least, unless we agree to ruin each other—and I will not be the one to ruin you, at any rate."

"And do you think that I—oh, Mark! you are by far the wiser; but I know that I am right in this. Ruin each other? No—but help each other! and it will be too late. I did not think so once; but now I fear myself—fear everything."

"Too late? Yes; I fear it not only will be, but is, too late."

"Mark, are you hiding anything from me? Are you afraid to tell me what you think I cannot bear?"

"Not the least—that is—no, Marie, I have nothing to tell you. You must not think I have been speaking selfishly—"

"Oh, I am sure of that!"

"And I heartily wish things were different. But it is time for this farce to be over. I am not your husband, you are not my wife, in any true sense. We have no children; the world knows nothing of our relation

to each other, and is not likely to inquire. Let us then act as though this foolish business had never had a beginning—let me set you free once more. Do not force me to do you an injustice.”

“You mean that we should still keep living on as we are now? Well—if it must be so—but it is hard to bear.”

“No, Marie, not as we are living now. Let us consider that instead of being married we are only engaged. We have only been through an arbitrary ceremony after all; and should such an empty form fetter us? If we still remain in the same mind years hence—if nothing should happen to part us still more—we will marry in the face of the world; but if among your new friends—as you probably will—you should find some one you prefer to me, I will not interfere. Your happiness is all I desire; and I will do nothing to hinder it.”

Let us for once call things by their right names. This atrocious idea had seemed very plausible and easy to him while he had been evolving it, and he had almost entirely persuaded himself that Marie would be glad to see it in the same light as himself. And so far he was right, that her entire trust in him, and her innocence, which was scarcely even yet beginning to transform itself into the higher purity that comes of experience, concealed the true nature of his proposal under a mist of apparent self-sacrifice. But at the same time, it need not be said that though he was right, after a fashion, to this very limited extent, it was simply impossible that he could be right any farther, unless she had been idiotic instead of innocent, or else utterly depraved. She would have refused to understand him even had she been able; and, as it was, she could only looked amazed.

“That we should marry again?” she asked.

“I mean that we must be con-

tent to look forward to that as a possibility. For the present we can be nothing to each other; and why should we thus be careful to suffer all the disadvantages of our position without having any of the benefit of it? No—it is too absurd, too childish a farce. It is that, and nothing more, for two rational beings to make themselves slaves to a mere form of the existence of which no mortal soul need know.”

He did not see that her silence and calmness arose from utter astonishment; and her way of taking what he had said encouraged him to think that he should avoid a scene after all.

“We shall always be friends,” he continued, with greater ease, and in a tone of confidence that astonished and mystified her still more. Certainly, if she seemed to him to be taking the matter very comfortably, he also seemed to her to be taking it with a coolness that was extraordinary indeed.

“Friends?” she again asked, still more bewildered.

“Of course,” he said. “And now, for the present, we must forget our folly. You will find far better friends than I; but I shall still be one. You have behaved admirably——”

“What!” she exclaimed suddenly. “You seem to think I understand you; but indeed I do not—not a word.”

Her bewilderment was too clear to be mistaken. He saw to his mortification that all his words had been thrown away, and that he should have to go over the whole ground again. What in the world was he to do with a woman who could not understand that he wanted to get rid of her?

It was useless to go over the whole ground again. Indeed there was really nothing left to him to say—unless indeed he should say in so many words: “I very much want to commit bigamy; in compensation, I give you full leave either to

follow my example, or to content yourself with breaking the seventh commandment as much as you please; and there will be no harm in the arrangement, because no one will know of it." But, as he could not say this, the utmost he could do was to repress her petition to put an end to their separation.

It may be a source of wonder to some that, together with the petition, he had not succeeded in destroying effectually the desire from which the petition had sprung. But there was that in her heart, though

she did not know its nature, which really alarmed her, and which made her, in spite of the barrier—or perhaps because of it—which had now for so long been growing up between her and him, feel far more deeply than she had been able to express, a sort of desperate longing to throw herself upon her husband's strength for protection from herself and from her own heart. As he had himself suggested, she was indeed in a mysterious danger; and the only way of escape from it was that which he himself had sought to close.

BOOK III.—MOTHER AND SON.

CHAPTER I.

Meanwhile, during the time that these complications were proceeding—while Angélique was incessantly devoting her long days and short nights to the half-weary, half-eager consideration of how she should contrive to turn the tables upon her apparently successful opponent, and while the latter was striving to make sure of the grapes that were hanging so provokingly just beyond his reach—there was one of whom no one appeared to think much, and who was ignorant of the plots and counterplots that were centred round her, but who, nevertheless, felt the influence of them most of all.

Assuredly it was grievous to Hugh Lester to have been deprived of his inheritance in what had to all appearance been so unkind a manner; it was bitter enough, and more than enough, to Angélique to have had to put up with the apples of the Dead Sea instead of with the fruit of Earl's Dene; and it was wellnigh maddening to her rival to have to play the part of the fox in the fable, more especially as he did not seek to persuade himself that the grapes were sour. But more grievous than the loss of an

inheritance, more grievous even than unkindness itself, more bitter than Dead Sea apples, more maddening than grapes out of reach, was to Miss Clare the irreconcilable breach that had been brought about, with but little fault on either side, between herself and him to whom she clung as a mother to an only son. That neither, considering their natures, had been much to blame, only made matters worse; for where there is no fault, there can scarcely ever be reconciliation.

It was not only that a wound dealt through the sensitive and easily-pierced armour of affection is by its very nature far less easy to heal than the worst that can be dealt in any other way, but that her own nature, almost hidden as it was under a wellnigh impenetrable panoply of her own manufacture, was more intense a hundredfold than that of all the others put together; and not only more intense, but more sensitive also, when it was once reached. With her, a feeling never remained under the form of a mere barren impulse; and it needed almost the direct interposition of some *Deus ex machinâ* to make her change a resolu-

tion when she had once formed it. But this morbid intensity of hers necessarily acted two ways. In the case of Hugh, it prevented her from even so much as dreaming of going back from the course that she had deliberately adopted; but, at the same time, it rendered that course inexpressibly hard for her to bear. To have had to lose her adopted son by reason of his own act of folly, as it appeared to her, was in all conscience bad enough; but it was infinitely worse that the death-warrant of their relation to one another should have been signed and issued by her own hand. But, having once been issued, it was just as irrevocable by her or by any one else as if the issuing of it had been a matter of pleasure instead of the bitterest pain. And, indeed, there must in such cases be mingled with the pain, however bitter it may be, a certain amount of savage satisfaction, or it would be simply and utterly impossible that they should ever occur. It is only to be hoped that the spirit which leads people to sacrifice their own affections and their own hearts for the sake of punishing others, bears with it some sort of consolation; for, in spite of its cruelty, it is not altogether evil, seeing that it is the spirit of self-sacrifice after all.

It was in a very different spirit from that in which she had looked forward to the last general election that she now approached the time when she would be called upon to supply a member for Denethorp to take the place of Hugh. Then she was supported by a sense of gratified pride; now, only by the severest sense of duty. There was not the least difficulty in her selection of a candidate, seeing that she had one ready to her hand who would probably beat back Prescott from the field as he had beaten him from it before, and who would do credit to his patroness on the hustings and in the House. But of course she could not take the personal interest in him that she had

taken in Hugh; and, beyond supporting him with her interest—which, by the way, had been a little shaken by the events of the late contest—and supplying him with funds to carry on the battle, she could do, and did, but little.

Her agent shook his head terribly when he heard that there was to be a fresh contest so closely upon the heels of the old. An estate, however good it may be, must require a space of rest wherein to recover itself after such a fight as the last had been; and he earnestly proposed to Miss Clare that she and he between them should look out for a candidate with some capacity for sharing the expense. But she would not hear of such a thing for a moment.

"Mr. Warden has fairly earned his claim," she said. "And if the last tree had to go, we must share Denethorp with no one. As long as I live I will put in whom I please."

Besides, the bleeding of Earl's Dene, even though it should be to death, was not of so very much moment now. If she could but leave life with honour, unbeaten, and with her duty done to the last, she would be only too glad to leave her throne altogether to her new heiress, and to retire to some Yuste where she might wait for the end. Indeed she cared but little into whose hands the sceptre might fall when she herself was gone, since it must needs be lost to her own blood. Like another sovereign, she also was inclined to say, "*Après moi le Déluge*;" in no careless or selfish spirit, but in the sense that she, so long as she lived, would endeavour to the utmost of her power to stay the flood, however inevitable it might be.

She was quite alone now, and worse than alone. During her occupation of it, Earl's Dene had been anything but a lively place, and now it was almost as though it had once more resumed its ancient religious character, and was inhabited

by a solitary abbess without nuns. The servants ought to have had a pleasant and easy time of it, seeing that they had simply nothing to do; but, with the perversity of idle human nature, they were already beginning to find their places insupportable, and to form a large but useless opposition in favour of the young squire.

Their mistress had, in fact, no occupation left but to sit by herself all day long and remember;—that greatest of all the curses, when it is not the greatest of all the blessings, that belong to age. And, as is always the case, it was those days which were farthest away from her that filled the largest and clearest place in her memory. Youth, while present, is so much like a dream that it can scarcely be said to live, until it is past; and her own youth, exceptionally dream-like as it had been, had also been of a nature that rendered it impossible to forget.

It can scarcely be a matter of wonder, however morbid, in one sense, her feelings in this respect had become, that she referred her last great sorrow to what she, in the strict spirit of judgment that she always brought to bear upon all that concerned her, considered to have been her great and many sins of disobedience and rebellion. She had been stung in the very part wherein she had offended; and even though she had spent a lifetime of repentance, she was unable to doubt the justice of what had been laid upon her to bear. It seemed to her that even as she had, according to her exaggerated view of the matter, proved a curse to her own father, she was condemned to suffer in like manner through her own child, who had torn himself from her in a way that of all ways was calculated to wound her most deeply. The morbid consciousness of having sinned, which is always strong in proportion to the slightness of its foundation, caused her to look upon the whole

of her subsequent life as an unending penance, to which the peace that she had enjoyed of late years had only lent an additional sting. And yet, although she looked upon Hugh as in this respect an instrument in the hands of Providence, she did not any the more hold him excused. If she judged herself hardly, she judged others more hardly still. Indeed, it was not so much the offence against herself that she was unable to pardon, as the offence that, in her eyes, he had committed against the traditions of his rank and family, and against what was becoming and honourable.

In the case of any ordinary woman, of a weaker mind and less intense nature, one of two results would have been inevitable. She must either have accepted her situation, and have sought to escape from herself by entering upon that poor imitation of the narrow way that is open to the proud and unforgiving, and by spending the rest of her days, according to her light, either in the practice of pious austerities or in listening to the longest sermons she could find; or else she must, on the other hand, have rebelled against Providence and against destiny, and have gone mad. But Miss Clare was not by nature of a pious temperament; nor was this defect in her character, as most people will consider it, supplied artificially by those tender memories and associations of childhood and early youth in which faith is so often born. It is of course true that natures such as hers, which in youth are the most irresistibly attracted by the barren charms of sentimental scepticism, are precisely those which are the most apt in maturer life to bear fruit in the shape of some extreme form of faith, seeing that between emotional belief and emotional unbelief there is scarcely a pin to choose; but when faith follows scepticism, it will almost invariably be found

that it has preceded it also. Besides, had she been capable of undergoing this pseudo-conversion, she would have been unable to find any outlet by which it might be satisfied. The Church of St. Peter, which provides every sort of disposition with an outlet adapted to it, was to her nothing more than a name, and a disagreeable name; for Methodists and Ranters, as she would have collectively termed all sects of Protestant Dissenters, she entertained the contempt of a great lady and the hatred of a high Tory; while the steady-going Church of England of those days was certainly not, as she knew it, of an emotional character. Nor, on the other hand, was she in the least likely to adopt the other alternative. Without the aid of positive physical disease of the brain, a nature so intense and so energetic as hers is incapable of such a fate. It is dull, quiet natures, to whom emotion, when it comes, comes as something strange and abnormal, that are overwhelmed by it; not those to whom it means life and even existence. A man like Warden might go mad, but not a woman like Miss Clare. If ordinary men and women lose their reason under emotional pressure, those like her lose theirs by its absence, not by its presence. If she had in truth been shut up in a convent; if some spiritual director or tyrannous system of discipline had forced her to think it her duty to crush her nature down,—she would in all probability, as hundreds in such a situation have done, have given way, and her spirit, debarred from finding its free and proper course, would doubtless have burst for itself a way to unnatural action through the channel of mania. But, as things were, she whose spirit, strong with the strength of intenseness and energy, had supported her through so many long years of an imperfect and unsatisfied existence, was not likely to break down now under one more pang however sharp, or one more

disappointment however bitter. The camel's back, indeed, may be so loaded that a single straw the more may cause it to give away; but there is nothing in which a really strong mind differs more from a strong body than in this,—that its strength grows in proportion to the burden that is laid upon it.

Nevertheless it was perhaps an instinctive and unconscious fear of what her fate might be if she continued to remain alone with her pride, her anger, and her grief in the hermitage of Earl's Dene, that caused her to take a step which, trivial and unimportant as it may seem, was, in reality, calculated to operate as a substitute in her case for a plunge into piety on the one hand, and for a lapse into lunacy on the other.

It was not so much that she had become utterly sick to death of Earl's Dene, and of all things about it and belonging to it, that made the very idea of home hateful to her, and made her long to escape from the influence of its very atmosphere. It was not her way in general to seek to escape from anything, whatever it might be, that came within the scope and range of her daily life. But it was a positive, active, and eager longing to do something, no matter what that something might be—perhaps also, so far as her sex and age would permit, to lose herself in the great world—that led her to take a resolution that astonished all Denethorp more than if it had suddenly been entered by an invading army. She, too, felt an overwhelming desire to experience the trance of Hermitimus, and to transform herself from a cloud in the sky into a drop in the ocean.

At all events her coachman, who for some time past had had nothing to do but smoke pipes in the stable, was considerably astonished when he was told by his mistress that she not only intended to leave Earl's Dene for a time, but that she intended to make a journey to London

which she had not seen since the days when her father sat in Parliament as member for the county, and when she herself had been little more than a precocious school-girl. Of definite purpose in this project of hers she had absolutely none. It was simply and literally that she wanted to do something, and that there was simply and literally nothing else for her to do.

And this was really doing something, although there may be scarcely any one living who will think it so. The time has long gone by—whether altogether for good, who shall say?—when the longest journey meant anything more than a few hours' trouble, or when there was anybody in England who did not, as a matter of course, make many long journeys every year of his life. But in Miss Clare's case, the journey from Denethorp to London meant more than it meant to most people even in those days, and called for as many weeks of preparation as if she had been really a queen about to make a royal progress, or a visit of ceremony to a foreign state. Of course so great a lady as she who stood upon her dignity on principle, could not travel but in her own carriage and with her own horses; and, while the former was by no means in the best working order for so important an undertaking, it was doubtful if the latter would be the least capable of comprehending the possibility of the existence of a road beyond the Green Dragon at Redchester—a fact which the coachman must also have by this time forgotten, even if, having been in Miss Clare's service all his days, he had ever had occasion to learn it. But at last all difficulties were overcome, and the Queen of Denethorp, for the first time since she had returned to it some quarter of a century ago, left her home to appear once more in the very centre of the world.

Her journey necessarily extended over several days; not so much because she, with all her impa-

tience, was not capable of making long stages at a time, as for the sake of the horses, which had grown fat and lazy upon the effects of their mistress's sorrow. And so she gradually proceeded by the easiest of easy marches, until at the end of six days she also had arrived in the great city that seems to draw irresistibly all things and all people to itself at last. The slight exertion of travelling, and the excitement of passing through half-forgotten scenes once more, had been already of some little service to her by having made her brood less upon herself and upon her own thoughts than if she had spent the same number of days at Earl's Dene; but still she arrived at the end of her journey almost worn out. After all, "*Celum non animum.*"

She was not able to take possession of the town house that belonged to her, as it was in the occupation of a tenant; nor had she, in her eagerness to leave her country home, taken any steps to provide herself with a substitute. So, for the present, she took up her quarters at an hotel, and forthwith sent notice of her arrival to the only two people in London with whom she was acquainted—that is to say, to Miss Raymond and Mark Warden—neither of whom lost any time in calling upon her.

How strange the world of London was to Miss Clare may be in part imagined by any one whose experience it has been to return to it after an absence of twenty-five years—a period during which everything, even the general aspect of the streets, becomes changed to such an extent that the few remaining things and people with whom old associations are connected crop up from the level surface of modern society in defiant distinctness, like blocks of primeval granite from the alluvial deposit of centuries. It could not be long before a lady of Miss Clare's wealth and position found

herself again in the world after a fashion; but it was in a world that startled the politician of twenty-five years ago. She had, in her seclusion, not neglected to keep herself awake to what was going on by the perusal of books and newspapers; but no one can understand the changes that are constantly being brought about from newspapers and books only, the study of which is as though one should read a gloss without ever having seen the text upon which it comments. Written words always take their meaning from the mind of the reader. The text consists, after all, not of what actually takes place, but of the manner in which things take place, and what people think and say about them at dinner-tables, in drawing-rooms, in the streets and in the clubs; and not what writers think ought to be thought and said about them in studies and newspaper offices. To understand change one must one's self see and hear—one must one's self breathe the atmosphere in which change is produced: and the knowledge of facts is nothing to one who is beyond the circle of their influence. To one who is devoid of imagination they are as meaningless as algebraical symbols scattered about at random; to one who has that quality they take any combination that he may choose to form out of hundreds, of which not more than one can be, and probably none are, right. The fact is, that Miss Clare had become provincialised, and had come to regard the capital as only a larger Denethorp. She had lost the metropolitan idea—that irreconcilable and victorious, opponent of the feudal idea which, in one shape or another, always underlies the *vie de province*. She had become a barbarian, in the proper and original meaning of the word, and was as much out of her element as a prince from beyond the Indus would have found him-

self in Rome—not, of course, in the same degree, but in precisely the same way.

As far as concerned her outer life, she just let things come as they would, making no effort whatever to control the manner of their coming. She had, after all, taken to society in the same spirit as that in which a man—if it had been possible for any man to have found himself in a similar mental condition—would probably have taken to brandy. It may possibly be thought that she entertained some vague notion that their being in the same town together, however widely they were separated in every other respect, might perhaps in some impossible and inconceivable manner bring about, in spite of her firm determination to the contrary, some kind of reconciliation with her nephew. Certainly in such matters the hearts of women are capable of any kind and any degree of inconsistency; and such a notion, wild as it would have been, would have been in no wise unnatural or absurd. It does not by any means follow that because, knowing perfectly well as she did that such reconciliation depended entirely upon a single word from herself, she had practically vowed never to speak that word, she might not vaguely dream that by her presence in London she was aiding chance to defeat her own will. But whether this was so or not, she did not in the least act upon any such idea. She never even mentioned her nephew's name, so that her acquaintance very soon came to see that the subject was a forbidden one. Unfortunately no circumstance could have operated more against Hugh's being able to do anything for himself, or to find friends, than this silence on the part of Miss Clare. Had she talked openly about him and his offence, and given her reasons for the quarrel, it is likely enough that he would have met with sympathy at least, if not with useful help; but the

form which her anger had taken was such as to leave the door open to all manner of injurious reports about both himself and his wife, and to cause him to be condemned not only unheard but unaccused. Miss Raymond alone invariably took the part of her old playfellow; but she was as powerless in the matter as she was zealous. Warden also took his part sometimes, but only when in Miss Raymond's company; and then his interference somehow invariably seemed to make the hopelessness of the breach more complete than if he had merely held his tongue and preserved a judicious silence.

It was now for about the first time in his life that the steady brain of the latter began to be just a little turned. At an age when the healthy mind is content to live in the present, and to confine its foresight to the limits of the day after to-morrow, he had been led by circumstances to obtain a distant and enchanting view of a future full of infinite possibilities, that gave point and coherence to the growth of his ambition.

Now that Miss Clare was in town, he had become, or rather had made himself, absolutely indispensable to her; and, indeed, was it not his duty to render himself useful to his benefactress and patroness in every way that he could? He transacted her business for her—he advised her—he was present whenever she entertained company; he became, in short, her prime minister, over whom, while she respected him, she could yet exercise the authority that it was necessary for her to exercise over some one. But the result was that the more he came to mix in it, the more he came to regard the great world as his true field, and to scorn professional paths as much as he had formerly honoured them as affording the best prospect of success for his special kind of talent and energy. Politics were already exercising upon his mind that strange and perilous fascina-

tion that they so often exercise over minds like his—that fascination which, once felt, scarcely ever fails to become a life-long passion. Of politics in their higher sense he was, it need not be said, incapable of entertaining the least notion; but of politics as they are understood by most who take part in them—of the politics of intrigue, of faction, of place, and of self-interest—he was capable of entertaining a very clear idea indeed, especially as he was now obliged to realise the fact that he was himself a marketable article. Not only through his association with Miss Clare, but by means of his own many merits of conversation and address, he was forming many useful connections on his own account in the society into which, no one could exactly tell how, he was making a place for himself: and, with the borough of Denethorp full in view, it would be strange indeed if he did not manage before long to make a very good bargain of himself. There were not a few men of high position and influence who, although he was still an outsider, were known to regard the Fellow of St. Margaret's as a certain acquisition to the supporters of Government; and there was no one belonging to the set which he now most cultivated who did not consider that to carry out his original idea of taking to the bar would be to throw his talents away. Moreover, he was already beginning to be envied and abused—the best omen for his future success of all, seeing that no one envies or abuses a man of whom he is not afraid. None could deny his talents; but, for the rest, men were beginning to call him, behind his back, prig, snob, legacy-hunter, tuft-hunter, place-hunter, and, worst of all, political adventurer—that terrible and mysterious phrase which, heaven knows why! is supposed to express some ineffable and unpardonable sin. It was plain from all this that, if he should, as

was expected, make his mark in the House, he might certainly look forward to serving his country in no unprofitable manner, perhaps to his party, certainly to himself. The country doctor's son was already beginning to dream of the

Treasury instead of the Woolsack; and, as things seemed, not so very absurdly. In politics, as in other things, adventurers are notoriously fortunate; and why should Mark Warden be less fortunate than others are?

CHAPTER II.

Since the opening of this story the tables have thus been completely turned. Then it was Warden and Marie who were found at the bottom of the ladder, though not altogether without reasonable hope of being able, in course of time, to ascend a few steps; while it was Angélique who lived in present comfort, with a vista of success stretching before her, and Hugh, to whom the present was so complete—so far as life can be held to be complete without love—that the future was rendered secure. Now, on the contrary, Marie had climbed to the height of fame, and Warden had achieved so much of worldly success that his future was in his own hands; while Angélique had fallen to the earth, and Hugh even below it.

It was certainly, whatever view may be taken of his conduct, at all events hard upon the latter that he should be punished so unmercifully as he was for no greater offence than that of marrying for love; but then life is very cruel, and he who chooses to act boldly for himself, instead of sighing and yielding to "good advice," courts suffering. It is true that boldness is the best part of wisdom; but, alas! it is seldom the wise who prosper, unless they are something more than wise. Now Angélique, with all her charming qualities—and they were very charming—was one of those women who are infinitely more delightful before than after marriage—as, indeed, such very charming women are somewhat apt to be. But, though this characteristic of hers is by no means uncommon, her hus-

band is not therefore rendered less worthy of compassion, and certainly not the less because his idol was not yet broken. It is by no means fools alone who are constant to their worship in the teeth of the faults and shortcomings of their god or goddess; and it was a wise man who said that "it is a man's faults that render him amiable." In the case of woman, unfortunately, the axiom might be extended still further; for it is far more often her virtues than her faults that bring a man's love for her to an end. Cleopatra will be the successful rival of Octavia in nine cases out of ten. And so Hugh Lester by no means pitied himself; on the contrary, he flattered himself that though he was certainly damned unlucky, he was in reality the most fortunate fellow alive—that is to say that black was white, and that two and two made five. It is a great question if a lunatic whose monomania is of a pleasant nature is a proper object of compassion on the part of the sane, who are wide awake to all the world's disagreeable realities; and it is at least a still greater question if the man who deifies some perfectly human creature is not to be congratulated. At all events, whatever may come to pass, he will have lived and loved—he will once have been happy, even though the god-like attributes of his own invention fall off before his eyes, and leave the clay which they covered and adorned in all the nakedness of its deformity. But though for the present he was fully able to console himself, it would have been some

consolation to Miss Clare also had she been able to know how much worse even than she had predicted, the marriage which she had so strongly opposed had actually turned out. It is true that she still loved her nephew in her heart, and that she still wished him all happiness and all prosperity; but it is probable that, daughter of Priam as she was, the burning of Troy must have gratified Cassandra just a little.

Let it not, however, be for a moment supposed that any theory about the nature of *mésalliances* in general is intended to be founded upon the personal experience of Hugh Lester. On the contrary, had he chosen to fall in love with Marie, when he met her under the great beech—how long ago that morning seemed now!—and had she been free, and had he married her, there is surely every reason to think that the loss of Earl's Dene would have been a benefit to him; and yet the *mésalliance* would have been equally atrocious in the eyes of Miss Clare and of the world. But then Angélique was Angélique, and Marie was Marie. It is just the experience of one man that is now in question, and not that of humanity at large, which, in its romantic—that is to say, its better and truer side—has accepted the fact that a marriage made in the face of the world is, for that very reason, more likely to be made with a right purpose, and more likely to contain the elements of happiness, than where it is open to the suspicion of being made upon lower grounds. No one is likely, save on the lowest grounds of all, and where his own self-interest is concerned, to approve of the doctrine that any one who has not the misfortune to wear a crown should be made a slave to wealth and station in a matter that concerns himself and his own heart alone—the doctrine, in two words, that *richesse oblige*. Is not, under different names, the story of King Cophetua

the theme of half the ballads and half the songs that have ever been written—that is to say, of the expression of the best and most honest impulses of men and women? For every woman is born noble, by right of sex, so long as she does not render herself ignoble; while the noblest-born woman is not more than woman after all. Such, at least, is the orthodox creed of a gentleman; and such, therefore, had been Hugh Lester's, whose misfortunes, accordingly, must not be attributed to the fact that he had married a girl without means or station, but solely to the fact that the girl in question happened to be Angélique Lefort.

And for her, poor girl! while Warden's future seemed to be opening before him just like the surface of some beautiful plain that grows wider and wider every moment as the traveller, step by step, approaches the edge of the table-land that overlooks it, so hers, which had given promise of such wonderful things, was narrowing and narrowing like the face of the same plain under the approach of a night of hopeless rain. It was not more than a few months since her dreams had been turning her into a countess at the very least. Now, if she dreamed that she was secure of being able to pay the bill for the lodging of herself and her husband at the end of the week, her dream was more pleasant than usual. It was she who held the office of paymaster; for Hugh was an infamously bad economist, and, like mankind in general, as distinguished from womankind, could never be brought, either in theory or practice, to comprehend that triumph of oracular wisdom, which must assuredly have been invented in a moment of inspiration by some queen of *chiffonnières*, that a pin a-day makes a groat a-year. These two now had, as much as any two rag-gatherers, to think most painfully of groats and pins; and Angélique, who was a woman, in spite of her large ideas,

But at last another question arose, and that of a serious kind.

Not even genius can reach the summit of perfection all at once. Enough has been said to show that Mrs. Lester was a very good woman of business, and did not find it very difficult to keep her husband in the dark as to means of supply and ways of expenditure. But her capacity for this kind of business was the result of imagination rather than of experience—she had, in short, genius and the making of an artist in her, but she had not as yet graduated as an artist. It was impossible, for instance, for her to have attained to that intimate and practical knowledge of the law of debtor and creditor which she would doubtless, supposing it to be her fate to continue to tread the paths of pleasantness upon which she had entered, very soon succeed in acquiring. But hers was rather a diplomatic than legal mind: she could gain the favour of tradesmen readily enough; but she did not understand, because she had not yet experienced, the sting that even such worms as tradesmen can put forth when they turn at last. Like most beautiful and charming women, she had far too high an opinion of the influence of beauty and of the charm of manner over men to whom beauty and charm are after all only the attributes of a customer: she thought that butchers and bakers, being, in all essentials, no less men than the idle and complaisant specimens of the sex with whom she had previously come in contact,—no less human than Félix or Hugh—would consider themselves, as Félix or Hugh would have considered themselves, sufficiently repaid for the loss of any number of legs of mutton by a smile. But—alas in the interests of art that it should be so!—butchers have creditors, and bakers have families whose pockets and appetites have to be satisfied with something more than the looks however sweet, of a custom-

er however pretty. For, to speak *en passant*, to this pass had she come that the path upon which she had entered was widening, little by little, into the broadest and easiest path of all. One cannot hold that there is much difference in spirit between her who pays for mutton-chops with smiles and her who pays for an establishment with more than mere smiles. But this is just overstepping the threshold of a sermon, and of a rather commonplace sermon besides, which would be out of place here. It is much more to the purpose to say at once that, in a far less time than may very likely have been suggested by what has been said, Hugh Lester, of all men in the world,—who still, like most men of his stamp who find themselves in his position, fancied that the miracle of the ravens of Cherith was no miracle at all, and had almost been driven, by ocular demonstration and by the faith of his heart, to believe that his wife was literally one of the lilies of the field,—found himself one day suddenly touched upon the shoulder not very many yards from his own door. Unlike the experienced debtor who could not even run up against a post without instinctively asking "At whose suit?" he, absurdly and weakly enough, no doubt, was astonished to find that he was indebted to Madame Jupon, of Bond Street—who, in those days, had not heard of Madame Jupon?—to the extent of a hundred and twenty odd pounds. So far as he was concerned it might just as well have been to the extent of a hundred and twenty odd thousand, for he was just as capable of paying the part as the whole; and, in the teeth of Euclid, the part was fully equal to the whole, if not, according to the doctrine of Hesiod and of Dick Barton, greater still.

Unfortunately this, great as it was to him, was only one of many debts; nor was it long before the unlucky carrion became the sport of a legion of kites who flocked to

avenge themselves upon the bare bones of the fallen carcass for its having proved too lean to provide them with a substantial meal. It was to be noticed, however, that Mrs. Lester was not so very much put out as might reasonably have been expected when she received a note from her husband dated from Cursitor Street. On the contrary, she rose to the occasion grandly. She dashed off an answer full of hope and confidence; and then, instead of acting like a weak woman by hastening to console him who loved her so much by her personal sympathy, acted like a good wife by setting off at once to her old friend Madame Jupon.

Now, in spite of what has been said on the matter, it will probably still be thought that this climax in Hugh's difficulties was, after all, rather premature. Angélique might, indeed, one may fairly think, have contrived to postpone his making the acquaintance of her milliner's long-standing account—for it related principally to the time when she had her conquests still to make—in so disagreeable a manner for just a little longer. But the fact is, that it is difficult to do complete justice to her talents, which, with regard to this matter, she did not only show by leaving Madame much comforted in mind as to the result of a debt which for some time past she had been thinking of setting down as hopelessly bad.

It may be laid down as an axiom in social as well as in political diplomacy that, when something happens which might easily have been avoided with the exercise of a very small amount of skill on the part of the person who is principally affected by it—when the person in question has in general some diplomatic genius, and when the result is clearly for the benefit of the same person—he or she is at all events, to some extent, a not inactive agent in bringing it about.

Now, in the present case, Angé-

lique had tried all the schemes that were open to her, and thought over all that were not, or that could by any possibility suggest themselves to her as means of reopening the communication between her husband and his aunt; and she had come to the inevitable conclusion that all obvious and ordinary means were as vain as they were in reality. Nothing short of at least one miracle would suffice to move Hugh in the matter; nothing short of at least ten would move Miss Clare; and, with all her talents, the power to work such miracles in either case was not hers. But even without so great a power a great deal can be done. If one only has the courage not to be afraid of difficulties, it is not so very hard, simply by watching occasions and opportunities, to convert into instruments of one's purpose the difficulties themselves. So it could not but occur to her, as indeed it would have occurred to almost every one, that to make a show of yielding to Fate was, in truth, the best aggressive policy. Hundreds of chess-matches have been won by the deliberate sacrifice even of a rook, and that not necessarily towards the close of a game. Now this slight accident that had befallen her husband could scarcely be considered as being of so much consequence as the loss of even a pawn. On the contrary, she could manage to get on without him altogether exceedingly well for the present, and to take very good care of her own beautiful self, without feeling the necessity of a knight to help her. But it was in far more than this that she hoped to derive advantage from the apparent catastrophe. It was highly important that Hugh's difficulties should reach a point, at which even the most obdurate of all aunts might think herself enabled to give way without losing her dignity. Miss Clare, if she was not to be moved by affection, was just one to be moved by the fear of notorious disgrace; and as a disgrace she

would be sure to consider the imprisonment for debt and the complete insolvency of Hugh. If, as seemed likely, a regular reconciliation was and must continue to be impossible, it was still by no means unlikely that Miss Clare, for her own sake, would feel herself bound to extricate the young couple from their present embarrassment, and to provide means for enabling them to start afresh under more favourable auspices than had hitherto shone upon them; a matter that would certainly be very possible for the mistress of Earl's Dene, and would not derogate a jot from the pride which she felt in holding to a resolve that was once formed. Indeed it would be nothing more than what the world would expect from her. Thinking thus, it was no more than natural that Angélique should succeed in impressing her husband's creditors with what, from her own point of view, she conceived to be the character of Miss Clare, and with the improbability of their ever being paid anything unless they brought things to a climax at once. In short, Madame Jupon's might be the hand that smote; but the real arresting creditor was Angélique herself.

Nevertheless, grateful as Hugh ought by rights to have been to his wife for the zeal that she had shown on his behalf, he was, in point of fact, only surprised at, and certainly not gratified by, the result of her zeal. Whatever he might become afterwards, and although in spite of his troubles, he still kept a plentiful stock of good spirits wherefrom to draw strength against the ills of life, he had not as yet come to such a pass as to look upon this new experience of his as one of the incidents of life to which a man is daily and hourly liable—in fact, as one of those diseases of poor human nature which are so common and so absurd in their symptoms as to be rather a good joke than anything else, like sea-sickness, toothache, or

the bilious headache that visits a man who has enjoyed himself too much the night before.

The immediate result was that he found himself compelled to breathe the atmosphere, black and fetid as if with a decayed blight of debt, that surrounds Lincoln's Inn; that he had to meditate upon himself and his position no longer, as had been his custom, at freedom upon the flagstones, but in a chair; and that he was deprived of the power of putting any conclusion at which his meditations might happen to arrive into practice, even if any had come of them—a result which, judging from the past, did not seem likely.

As may well be conceived, he was without any superfluity of coin about him when he found himself in this plight; and his host instinctively saw at once that he was not one who would do much credit to the house, or even be a fairly profitable customer. He knew that Hugh was Miss Clare's nephew and had been her reputed heir, for it was his business, and the business of those with whom he had many dealings, to know such things; but he judged by outward signs. It was a bad omen when one who looked so much like a gentleman, and was young enough to be careless and free-handed, did not accompany his inevitable demand for writing materials with an order for a bottle of champagne to oil his pen. So, as the house was full, he did not entertain so much respect for his guest as to respect his privacy; and accordingly, in the course of an hour or two, had the pleasure of introducing him to a still later comer, who, for a wonder, broke the universal rule which makes men invariably, when they find themselves in such circumstances, ask for pen, ink, and paper, whether they want them or no, but who did ask for brandy-and-water—which, though not champagne, was yet more profitable to the house than ink. There was no mistaking the

voice in which the order was given; and Hugh was at once aware that he was doomed for the present to enjoy the society of Mark Warden's friend and enemy, Dick Barton himself.

The latter had entered in his usual rough fashion, and without saying a word beyond what was just necessary to ask for what he wanted, with the addition of an expletive or two of the kind which he most affected. Then he threw himself into a chair and stared hard at Hugh. Poverty certainly has the merit of bringing people together who else would never meet. At Cambridge both had been too well known, each in his own way, not to have known each other by sight;

but even there they had never actually met, for there had been absolutely nothing in common between them—not even acquaintances, as any one will understand who is old enough to remember the time when undergraduate society was not, as it is now, of the nature of a social and democratic republic tempered by plutocracy, but that of an aristocracy pure and simple. Since then they had met that once in Warden's chambers, when it had not seemed likely that they would ever meet again. Now, however, there had come to exist between them the strongest of all social bonds—the fact that neither of them was the possessor of as much as ten shillings in the world.

CHAPTER III.

It is written, saith André the Chaplain, in the nineteenth article of that Code of Love which, delivered to a knight of Bretagne by the falcon that was perched by Arthur's throne, hath been observed by all men even unto this day, *Si amor minuatur, cito deficit et raro conalescit*; which, being interpreted, is to say, "If love grow less, it quickly falls away and seldom recovers."

Now it was with the strongest and strangest feeling of mental disquiet that she had ever known that Marie attempted, as usual, to set about her daily routine of work when her husband once more left her alone at the end of their last conversation. It has been said that she had not in the least comprehended the meaning of what he had said to her any more than if he had spoken to her in the language of the said André himself instead of his own, and this is literally true; but there is a way of instinctively feeling the drift of a person's meaning which falls very far short of comprehension, but is, for that very deficiency, all the more suggestive. Once more,

the half is far, very far, greater than the whole.

Of course almost any one but herself would have come to know for certain, long ago, that she had ceased to be to her husband what he had intended honestly to make her when he so prematurely persuaded her to become his wife—honestly, that is, so far as honesty may lie in fancy and passion unsupported by any of the better things that go to make love what love should be. Any one but herself would have seen, to put the matter shortly, that he was tired of her and of her love—a *dénouement* which any wise man would have seen from the beginning. But the special circumstances of her position prevented her from seeing this, however strong—strong in proportion to their vagueness and dimness—might be the warnings of her heart. She had never at any time known the fullness of the love which on both sides alike gives all and takes all without stint and without fear; and such semblance of its fullness as she had known had fallen upon her when she was a child in spirit as well as in years.

Since then love had never, even for a season, been to her the daily food from which she drew her life and strength; on the contrary, her marriage, such as it was, had been to her only a kind of abstract idea, derived, not from her own experience, but from the slight and partial knowledge of marriage which she was able to obtain from her observation of the experience of others, to the use of which she did not possess the key. Of late, indeed, she had turned to other food altogether, and had come to support the life of her soul by her art and her friendship, without in any absorbing degree feeling any overpowering longing for the love of her youth, except so far as it represented and typified to her the dreams of love, unconnected with any special person, for the fulfilment of which her woman's heart could not avoid longing. In this respect her dreams were those of a girl; and her very purity caused them to be such as a wife ought not to entertain, even unconsciously. But it must be admitted that she was not without excuse, and that the chain by which she was bound could not in any case have proved strong enough to confine the dreams of a girl to their legally proper object. Even love, unsubstantial as it is, must have something whereon to feed; and though it may be proof against absence, and even thrive upon cruelty, it must inevitably fade away before positive indifference.

But still, though indeed love may be starved to death more or less quickly, it cannot be killed utterly all at once—it knows not of the accident of sudden death; and when its place has been taken by acknowledged duty, its ghost—in all appearance more substantial than the unburied corpse—will still perseveringly haunt the heart from which the rightful tenant has long since departed. Marie could have no more told herself, in plain thought, that she neither loved nor

was loved in any true sense any longer than she could have told a deliberate lie, even though this would have been but the naked truth. Love itself had really died, but its soul had passed into the form of duty, on whose miserable reed she was now leaning with all her strength, as if it had been a crowbar.

Duty is at best but a weak support to a weak heart, and it is never so treacherous as when it assumes the guise of some one of its enemies; and this was her case, now that she had come to call her sense of duty love for her husband, while she called by the name of friendship what not only the keen eyes of Monsieur Prosper but the blind eyes of the indifferent world had already seen to be friendship of a very dangerous order indeed. Is it then true, after all, that the best kind of friendship—that between a man and a woman—is only a beautiful idea; that it is only love under a false and treacherous name? Is it possible that the men of “common sense” may be right for once, after all? Well, let them be right for once! It does not happen very often. Only this may be said, that whether they are right or wrong, facts are facts, and no theories will include all cases. If Marie's friendship for Félix was fated to turn into something more, it does not follow that she thereby illustrated any theory whatever, or overthrew any.

“*Nemo duplici potest amore ligari*,” says the third article of the Code aforesaid—that is to say, no one can love two people at the same time. If friendship was to grow into love, then, according to the quoted authority, her old love must grow into friendship at the very most. But still, dying love, while it is undergoing the actual process of transformation into friendship or duty, as the case may be, is apt to die hard—to make a far more active resistance to any new-born inclination than living love—simply because it cannot help having an un-

conscious consciousness, if one may use so transcendental an expression, of its coming fate. And so Marie's heart fought hard—so hard that it began to ache with the struggle. Indeed she was just one of those women of gentle soul who never know when they are beaten, and will die rather than yield. Had she been free, her love would now have been hard to gain, and, of all men, Mark Warden would have had the least chance of gaining it; but, as she had once bestowed it, it was harder still for him to whom she had given it to force her to resume her free gift.

Fame and artistic success are all very well, but where is the woman to whom they can be all? It is possible for a man to become an artist and nothing more; and then, if he does so, he remains but half a man. He has mutilated his soul, whatever he and the world may gain by the process. He is like one who has made himself a king: he has forfeited the right and the power to be happy as nature bids him and all men and all creatures. He has done even worse for himself than the man who bestows the whole of his soul's youth in crushing the flowers that grow about and around it with his pickaxe, in order that he may grope for the mere earthly gold that lies below them. The latter crushes with the flowers the desire to enjoy their beauty and fragrance; but the former, the more he gathers merely in order that he may paint or sing them, only adds a pang the more to that struggling nature of his that he subdues. When the pith is drawn from his heart, and the poor, dry, empty thing is notched in holes in order that the sun may forget to die, that the lilies may revive, and that the dragon-fly may come back to dream, yet still—does not the story end?—

“The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
For the reed that grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.”

But if this be the case with a man, how can a woman bear the conversion into a musical instrument at the hands of the beast-god and live at all? None ever did—none ever can. With her, nature—not artistic or intellectual, but sheer womanly nature—will have its course; and if not in one way, then in another. Marie's was not only deprived of its legitimate outlet, but was debarred by the heavenly force of honesty and purity from consciously seeking out for itself any that were not legitimate. Nothing seemed left to her but her art; and, true artist although she was, art with her could be no substitute for nature any more than it can be with any other woman.

Had there been any to observe her with anxious eyes—and, Félix excepted, there was none so to observe her—they would have seen her face growing pale, the orbits of her eyes growing larger and darker, her lips growing graver. But, at the same time, those who regarded her indifferently saw no changes in her but for the better. If the cheeks were growing more pale, they were, in compensation, losing their *dourgeois* contour in order to gain a more refined and purer outline; if the grey eyes were retreating under the brows, they were at the same time growing in brightness and in depth of colour and of expression; if the curve of her lips was graver, it was also at once both more sweet and more firm than in the Denethorp days. She was in fact developing from the chrysalis state of the country girl, the worshipper of Mark Warden, the friend of Miss Laura, into the Psyche—the woman, with all a true woman's capacities for joy and sorrow, not of the mind but of the heart. Artist as she was almost by accident, it was not till now that the true crisis of her deeper nature had come. She, too, was being plucked from among her fellow-reeds; she, too, was having her heart drawn from her; and, though she knew it not, she, too,

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Duty is at best but a weak support to a weak heart, and it is never so treacherous as when it assumes the guise of some one of its enemies; and this was her case, now that she had come to call her sense of duty love for her husband, while she called by the name of friendship what not only the keen eyes of Monsieur Prosper but the blind eyes of the indifferent world had already seen to be friendship of a very dangerous order indeed. Is it then true, after all, that the best kind of friendship—that between a man and a woman—is only a beautiful idea; that it is only love under a false and treacherous name? Is it possible that the men of “common sense” may be right for once, after all? Well, let them be right for once! It does not happen very often. Only this may be said, that whether they are right or wrong, facts are facts, and no theories will include all cases. If Marie's friendship for Félix was fated to turn into something more, it does not follow that she thereby illustrated any theory whatever, or overthrew any.

“*Nemo duplici potest amore ligari*,” says the third article of the Code aforesaid—that is to say, no one can love two people at the same time. If friendship was to grow into love, then, according to the quoted authority, her old love must grow into friendship at the very most. But still, dying love, while it is undergoing the actual process of transformation into friendship or duty, as the case may be, is apt to die hard—to make a far more active resistance to any new-born inclination than living love—simply because it cannot help having an un-

conscious consciousness, if one may use so transcendental an expression, of its coming fate. And so Marie's heart fought hard—so hard that it began to ache with the struggle. Indeed she was just one of those women of gentle soul who never know when they are beaten, and will die rather than yield. Had she been free, her love would now have been hard to gain, and, of all men, Mark Warden would have had the least chance of gaining it; but, as she had once bestowed it, it was harder still for him to whom she had given it to force her to resume her free gift.

Fame and artistic success are all very well, but where is the woman to whom they can be all? It is possible for a man to become an artist and nothing more; and then, if he does so, he remains but half a man. He has mutilated his soul, whatever he and the world may gain by the process. He is like one who has made himself a king: he has forfeited the right and the power to be happy as nature bids him and all men and all creatures. He has done even worse for himself than the man who bestows the whole of his soul's youth in crushing the flowers that grow about and around it with his pickaxe, in order that he may grope for the mere earthly gold that lies below them. The latter crushes with the flowers the desire to enjoy their beauty and fragrance; but the former, the more he gathers merely in order that he may paint or sing them, only adds a pang the more to that struggling nature of his that he subdues. When the pith is drawn from his heart, and the poor, dry, empty thing is notched in holes in order that the sun may forget to die, that the lilies may revive, and that the dragon-fly may come back to dream, yet still—does not the story end?—

But if this be the case with a man, how can a woman bear the conversion into a musical instrument at the hands of the beast-god and live at all? None ever did—none ever can. With her, nature—not artistic or intellectual, but sheer womanly nature—will have its course; and if not in one way, then in another. Marie's was not only deprived of its legitimate outlet, but was debarred by the heavenly force of honesty and purity from consciously seeking out for itself any that were not legitimate. Nothing seemed left to her but her art; and, true artist although she was, art with her could be no substitute for nature any more than it can be with any other woman.

Had there been any to observe her with anxious eyes—and, Félix excepted, there was none so to observe her—they would have seen her face growing pale, the orbits of her eyes growing larger and darker, her lips growing graver. But, at the same time, those who regarded her indifferently saw no changes in her but for the better. If the cheeks were growing more pale, they were, in compensation, losing their *bourgeois* contour in order to gain a more refined and purer outline; if the grey eyes were retreating under the brows, they were at the same time growing in brightness and in depth of colour and of expression; if the curve of her lips was graver, it was also at once both more sweet and more firm than in the Denethorp days. She was in fact developing from the chrysalis state of the country girl, the worshipper of Mark Warden, the friend of Miss Laura, into the Psyche—the woman, with all a true woman's capacities for joy and sorrow, not of the mind but of the heart. Artist as she was almost by accident, it was not till now that the true crisis of her deeper nature had come. She, too, was being plucked from among her fellow-reeds; she, too, was having her heart drawn from her; and, though she knew it not, she, too,

"The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
For the reed that grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds of the river."

was feeling the sharpness of the steel as it entered through her side.

But, however it might be with her, it was becoming far different with her friend—since one must needs call him so; for, seeing that she was the wife of another man, and he the professed lover of another woman, what more should they be than friends? But still, contemptuously, or rather angrily, as he had treated Barton's not unreasonable accusation against her, he was wrong if he thought that the anger of which he was fully conscious was produced by thorough-going trust in her purity—a virtue in which no man who has lived as he had lived and experienced what he had experienced is capable of believing implicitly and unquestioningly. It is strange that a woman, even the most versed in the ways of the world, will trust one whom she knows to be a *roué*, while the least impure among men can scarcely ever bring himself wholly to trust even an angel. And so, if Marie was growing unhappy, Félix was growing positively miserable, whatever his outward life might be; and the misery which he was now beginning to experience was one with which disappointment and even jealousy itself are scarcely to be compared in point of depth and sharpness. There is a time in the life of every dreamer—that is to say, of every man who does not live by sense alone—when all his beliefs and ideas appear to him to have been mere empty illusions, and to have vanished one by one; when his mind and his heart alike seem to have grown prematurely old; when, in a word, the man not only fancies himself, but is in reality, *blasé*. The illusions, if such they be, come back again, it is true; for though it is the lot of a dreamer to grow old many times in the course of his life, he has the compensating faculty, denied to those who pass their time in waking energy, of being able to renew his youth after every fit of old age. Even as it is

his to know what is meant by old age even in his youth, so it is his also to know what is meant by youth even at the extreme limit of his days. But the first time that he has to pass through the furnace of lost illusions is very hard to bear, and he clings to the last that is left as a drowning man clings to the last spar that floats within his reach. He does not know that he has only to put down his feet and hold up his head in order to touch the firm ground: he believes himself to be vainly struggling to keep himself afloat on the face of the unfathomable sea, and that if the piece of timber to which he clings in his despair should slide from his grasp, he must inevitably sink down to keep company with the remnants of so many wrecked lives. To Félix this one last solitary spar was Marie; and this, too, seemed to be slipping away from his grasp like other things. If she was what Barton had called her—and why should she not be?—then there was indeed no good thing left. He was not, of course, by any means strait-laced, and would willingly have made any woman his friend, whoever and whatever she might be, had sympathy, the one thing needful in friendship, existed between him and her; it was that like every man he clung, and all the more the less he believed in it, to the idea of purity in woman, and liked to think that it existed somewhere in the actual world, though but in one instance alone, and that that instance was known to him. His life had not been such as to permit of his seeing much of it, either in appearance or in reality; and he had in consequence been raising Marie to be the tutelary goddess of his own special altar to Venus Urania. Hugh Lester had been loyally content to worship his image of clay; but Félix had come to lose faith in his image of gold. And so, if the former was worthy of compassion, the latter was worthy of it a hundred-fold. It was now that he was

worthy of it—not when his *grande passion* had come to its final chapter. For, however much Hugh may have gained from Angélique to compensate him for what she had caused him to lose, to Félix—even supposing that he had had anything to lose besides illusions—she would most certainly have proved to be all loss and no gain.

It was wonderful how this new disturbance of mind drove out the old. But it was something like the substitution of seven devils for one. It was not only that his faith, as it seemed, had now received its death-wound, but that he seemed besides to have lost his last friend; that he was, in truth, once more left alone in the world, and that for ever. His quarrel with Barton may seem but a small matter, and not of a nature to be grieved about over-much; but coming as it did immediately after the latter had struck his cruel blow at the great friendship of all, he felt like that king Psammenitus, who, though he himself was defeated and a prisoner—though he beheld with his eyes his own daughter forced to draw water for his victorious foes—though all his friends and followers were weeping and lamenting around him, less for themselves than for him,—remained calm and silent, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; who, though his son was led to death before his face, maintained the same attitude of stoical resignation; but who, seeing one whom he recognised as having been one of his own slaves, and whose situation was therefore unchanged, led before him among the rest of the captives, fell to weeping and beating his breast with anguish. So had Félix given way at last; in truth because of his loss of faith in Marie, but, as it seemed to him, because of his quarrel with Barton. But though it is thus true that—

“Light griefs are vocal, mighty woes are dumb,”

still, when the two kinds of sorrow come together, it is in reality

the heavy grief that speaks: and it only uses the language of the lighter because it has no adequate language of its own.

But dumb as the heaviest griefs of all are bound to be, they no less turn all things to bitterness. And, in the case of Félix, there was that also which in itself was more than enough to make the world taste bitter without any further aid.

Jealousy is the very Proteus of the passions. Moreover, even as love may drive out love, so may jealousy drive out jealousy. The loss of his faith was of course the grand blow that had fallen upon him; but there must have been some reason for his caring so much about the way in which, and the person in respect of whom, it had been dealt. Like Marie herself he also was becoming conscious, after a fashion, of an experience that was altogether new; and also like Marie, he was doomed to feel himself obliged to crush his nature under foot. What he had loved in Marie above all things, independently of sympathy, was her goodness and her purity; and though it seemed as though these were to be loved no more, still a feeling that is caused in the first place by a woman's attributes is not so easily dissociated from herself, and is very apt to fasten there, in spite of a man's will, even when the attributes are lost, or discovered to have been without existence altogether.

In short, in spite of his professed loyalty to his *grande passion*, which had now grown so hollow, he was drifting into that horrible condition in which a man finds himself when he is at one and the same time forced to love and forced to despise; to love, that is, not after the manner of the body merely, which is perfectly consistent with any amount of contempt, but in the true way—the way in which contempt enters, when it does enter, like a serpent into a garden of pure flowers.

There is very little use indeed in attempting to describe what people say and do under the pressure of extreme moral pain when the pain must of necessity strike inwards. It is easy enough to give an account of the heroic condition of outward rebellion into which a man falls when he loses some Rosaline or other, or when she proves cruel; but these are "anythings, born of nothing." When his *grande passion* had come to its untimely end, Félix had avoided his friends, thrown his dreams of love and art to the winds, and fallen into a brain-fever; but to describe his life now would be simply to say that he ate and drank and slept—after a fashion—and went about such business as he had to go about like other men. There is no passion, after all, so deep, no affection so strong, that it will not yield to the omnipotent tyranny of pride, or at all events carry itself as though it had yielded. Miss Clare's affection for Hugh had undergone this process; and it will certainly have been seen by this time that Félix, if in the matter of pride he was inferior to her, was certainly not more deficient in that quality than other men. At all events he was too proud to confess himself the lover of one who his jealousy, in spite of himself, forced him to fear was unworthy of the only kind of love that is worth bestowing; and far too proud to

willingly render himself liable to the charge of inconstancy—a sin for which he entertained to the full the old-fashioned romantic contempt that is supposed by men like him to have existed once upon a time in practice as well as in poetic theory. He still tried his best, as a matter of conscience, to cling to the empty shadow of his old passion, and to believe in its reality, even though he must in his soul have known well that the old curse was upon him,—

"That they who change old love for new—
Pray God they change for worse!"

and that, if what Barton had said was in any degree true, it looked as though the curse was in a due way of being fulfilled.

Thus he had now to struggle, and as it seemed vainly, to carry on the losing battle of a dying love; and not only so, but to carry it on against the overwhelming force of a foe that he both feared and hated, but to which he began to feel that he was wellnigh inevitably doomed to yield at last, even if he had not yielded to it already. The night indeed was departing, and day was at hand; but the day that had begun gradually to rise was attended and covered by dark clouds of ill omen that made it look even more threatening and full of gloom than those of the midnight that had in its own time seemed so terrible to bear.

CHAPTER IV.

In some important respects, therefore, Marie was better off than Félix with regard to the relations in which they stood towards one another; and in others, no less important, worse. But in no respect was she better off than he than in this, that every day she had her daily work upon which to fall back and to expend a great part of the thoughts and feelings that would otherwise have necessarily

run to disease. He might also, of course, in a similar manner, have thrown himself into work after the heroic manner prescribed as a remedy for all mental and moral diseases under the sun by the prophets of these latter days; but this is what experience, regardless of prophets and doctors, tells us not even the strongest man ever does unless he finds the hard work ready made to his hands, and un

less it is peremptory. It is that the man who has absorbing and peremptory work to do is fortunate; it is not that the man who, when disturbed in heart or mind, cannot make work for himself, is weak. Félix had a very little to do in a very poor way—enough in quantity to keep him afloat upon the sea of poverty—but it was not of a kind to interest him. The man who starts with an ambition to rival some Moretti, and who cannot bring himself, in spite of circumstances, to treat a sublime art as a mere bread-making profession, cannot be supposed to take kindly to spending his evenings in helping a number of professed swine-feeders to provide the animals who looked to them for a provision of tune and time, with the popular compositions which he and his companions in the old Latin days had been used irreverently to term "*Lavure*." Among many of his companions this way of talking had of course been nothing but student cant; and when their student days were over, they had taken very kindly to the purveying of this said *lavure* to the creatures that turn up their snouts at pearls. But Félix had been thoroughly in earnest; and, without being a racer of the highest form, he was still able to scorn himself for being forced to apply himself to the cart-horse work to which he seemed now and henceforth to be doomed. Besides, where a man has been nourished through the channel of the imagination all his days, he finds it impossible, whatever people may say, to find consolation in work for its own sake, simply because it is work, when it is utterly uncongenial to himself. A certain amount of insuperable fastidiousness is the penalty that a man must pay for the privilege of being allowed to see visions and to dream dreams. It is true that he might have found congenial occupation in endeavouring to express himself by composition, and so have let out, in the best and most

healthy way, much that was turning sour within him; but the artist, at all events, will understand why this was now impossible for him. It is not under the influence of immediate external excitement that men compose; it is a sign of reaction, a proof that the excitement itself is over, when they sit down to express it in words, or colours, or chords. Marie, on the other hand, had never had to seek her food through the imagination: during the period of life when one becomes what one must essentially remain, she had had to draw her nourishment from practical life in the midst of commonplace and terribly realistic surroundings, so that work, simply as work, had with her become a habit, and she would have put her whole soul, or at all events her whole energy, into it whether it had been congenial to her or not. And then, most unlike Félix in this, she had to work for others—if not for her husband, at all events for the children; while he had none to think of or care for but himself alone—a person of whom he still thought a great deal, but for whom he was beginning to care very little. Besides, her task was not to express her own feelings and thoughts, and she was very probably incapable of doing so had she tried; hers was but to express the ideas of others; and to do this well and adequately there is nothing equal to moral excitement—unless it be champagne.

But, better off on the whole as she undoubtedly was, this, was, after all, but burning the candle at both ends; and at every pause in her daily occupations, and whenever she had to rest for a while, she became subject to violent reactions—so violent as to affect her physically. There is a kind of moral delirium which, in some of its worst effects, and even in some of its symptoms, closely resembles the delirium of drink itself, and which, equally with the latter, makes the patient conversant with what

is meant by *nerves*—a visitation from which Marie's hitherto healthy nature had till now kept her free. Now this kind of extreme nervous excitement would be an invaluable aid to an artist if a continuance of it did not necessarily end in killing him or driving him mad; and it would make any man capable of attempting if not of doing great things, if it did not distort his judgment—if it did not render him almost incapable of recognising and appreciating facts so as to distinguish between the real and the unreal—if it did not lead him to act upon reason when it would be wiser to follow impulse, and on impulse when impulse is peculiarly fatal or absurd.

It was under the influence of one of these seasons of reaction with which she was now so often visited, especially when, as was now the case, she had been performing the preceding evening with even greater success than usual, that she was found by Angélique within a day or two of Hugh's arrest.

The contrast between the two cousins was now greater than ever, but certainly not in the same way as of old. There are not a few persons who would now have been tempted to say, on seeing them for the first time, that Marie was even the more beautiful of the two.

The essential part of beauty is of so subtle a character, and depends upon such apparent trifles, that it may well happen that the loss or even variation of a single unappreciable light or shadow upon the most beautiful of faces may cause nothing short of an absolute and total loss of beauty; while a like variation in a different direction may change a plain face into one that is positively beautiful. Now so much as this had not been brought about as yet in the present instance, for the features of Angélique were too far perfect in themselves, to lose for a long time to come the charm that results from the perfection of sculpture even if they lost every other charm, and loss or want

of natural colour and tone may always be artificially supplied with a very fair amount of success. Angélique had never, even in her best days, entertained a Quakerish horror of the use of the hare's foot, and now she was beginning to find it in a faithful, if not an honest, friend. But there is, after all, one matter in which the virtue of honesty of life and purpose—not only in respect of pearl-powder and rouge—does, for a wonder, obtain something more than itself for its reward. What that matter is, there is no need to say; it belongs to an experience so old and so wide as to have obtained the sanction of even the proverb-mongers, who, for the most part, seem to scorn to tell the world anything that all the world has not known for five thousand eight hundred and seventy-four years at the very least. In the attempt which was made to describe Angélique Lefort in the fifth chapter of the first book of this story, mention was made of a certain want of that harmony about her which is in itself the cause of beauty when beauty is otherwise wanting. Now, this negative want of harmony had almost deepened into positive discord. The change is too subtle to be expressed easily, but is not difficult to be rendered intelligible. That small, almost too small mouth, had surely never been intended by nature to become so drawn in its lines as to appear smaller still; nor were the large languid eyes meant to express the quick and peculiar energy that was now becoming habitual to them, and that uncomfortably contradicted the increased listlessness of her figure and carriage. These are the most appreciable instances only; but they were enough to show that the spots upon the sun were not unlikely to prove an eclipse in time. And yet it was not that her style of beauty had lost any of its spirituality; on the contrary, in this respect it had gained—only in a wrong and not very pleasant direction. Marie, however, though she did not by

any means see her cousin from day to day, was blind to every change; she still believed in her heroine's irresistible beauty as much as in all her heroine's thousand other perfections; and so, it seemed, would she to the end. She, unlike Félix once more, could not cease to believe until belief should be positively slain altogether. She believed in her husband still, and she believed in her cousin, *sicut erat in principio*; and, to all appearance, in spite of the efforts of one of them at least to render her an infidel, *et semper et in sæcula sæculorum*.

The cousins embraced tenderly as usual. It was some little time since they had last met; and though Marie perceived no change in Angélique, the latter, with her sharper and less believing eyes, saw a very considerable alteration in Marie; and a change, moreover, which she was unable to understand. Nor did she take any pains to speculate about its signification, seeing that she had really important business in hand.

"Marie, *mon ange*, you are not looking yourself. What is the matter? Have you a headache?"

It was days since Marie had heard a word of kindness spoken to her; and though her cousin's voice never at any time had the ring of true sympathy in it, still the voice was Angélique's, and the words were kind. To the surprise of the latter she did what she had scarcely been known to do in her life before—she threw herself into her arms, and burst into a flood of tears.

It may be remembered that if there was anything or any person save her own beautiful self for whom Angélique cared it was Marie; and to see her overcome in so unprecedented and apparently so causeless a way distressed her in reality and honestly. She knew how hard Marie had been working of late, and how unused she was to excitement, and feared she was going to be ill. So, for a little

while she petted her, and let her have her cry out.

"And now, my darling, what is it?"

Marie, having thus given way, was now heartily ashamed of herself with all the shame of a reserved nature that cannot bear to uncover its nakedness even before its own eyes.

"Oh, I am dreadfully silly—that is all: I was up late last night, and it was so hot, and I got a headache I suppose—and I'm not used to headaches, you know. There—I'm better now, and won't do it again, I promise. I am so glad to see you again. Have you any good news? Has Hugh found anything to do?"

"Marie, dearest, I am in the greatest distress you can conceive. Things have come to the worst at last, I really do think. And how they're to end, heaven knows!" Her style of dress did not give the idea of very deep pecuniary distress, at all events—but that was her own affair. "I'm sure I don't," she continued. "No—Hugh has found nothing, and isn't likely to now, unless that old cat will come round."

"What? He is not ill?"

"Oh no—worse than that."

"Oh, Angélique! Worse than ill?"

"Well, of course I don't mean that—"

"What is it then?"

"Why, I scarcely like to say, even to you. You see we have been *obliged* to run into debt; we couldn't keep on robbing you for ever—"

"Angélique!"

"Of course not; and so I suppose we went a little too far. Anyhow, Hugh has been arrested for what we owe."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Marie, starting up suddenly and forgetting herself and her own less tangible troubles at once. The word "arrested" did not mean to her an ordinary accident to which all men were more or less liable, as they were in those days to taking the

small-pox or fighting a duel: to her it conveyed the idea of constables, cells, chains, judges in scarlet and ermine, and transportation at least for the *dénouement*. Such was her own agitation at the ideas conjured up before her mind's eye by that in itself extremely innocent word, that she did not notice how calmly so serious a matter was taken by her whom it most concerned.

The latter, not comprehending Marie's nervous condition, could scarcely help smiling, so much more conversant was she with the ways of the world.

"And so what in the world we are to do now, I cannot imagine," she went on quietly. "The sum is not very large, it is true; but when one has nothing at all, it doesn't matter whether one owes much or little—I am not sure it is not better to owe much on the whole. And if Hugh couldn't pay before, poor fellow, how do they think he can pay now that he is shut up?"

"How much is it?" asked Marie, eagerly.

Now it must not be supposed for a moment that Angélique, having played so good a card as that which consisted in getting her husband caged, was going to lose the advantage of such an appeal to Miss Clare by getting him let out again. If she was to be in debt, she might as well turn her debts into trump cards, and not throw them away, and the benefits that they were likely to bring, for such a trifle as Marie might be able to spare her. Nor had she foreseen that the first thought of her cousin would have been how Hugh might be restored to freedom. It would certainly not have been her own first thought under similar circumstances, inasmuch as she had by this time learned the value of money; and so it did not occur to her that it would have been that of any one else. But still, under the influence of the new light that Marie's last eager question had given her with regard to the extent to which impulsive generosity might go, she

considered for a moment before she answered,—

"Oh, it is not a very large sum—at least Miss Clare or Miss Raymond would not call it so. It is only large to paupers like us. It is not more than fifty pounds or so."

Marie's face fell. To a woman whose financial operations consist in dealings with shillings, and who has no debts to owe, fifty pounds all at once without having the means and ability to pay them, seems something very dreadful indeed. And in point of fact, fifty pounds was a sum that she herself could very ill afford to spare immediately. One may be in the enjoyment of a great deal of fame, and be getting on in more substantial respects very well and very securely, and yet not be in constant possession of a balance to the good of even so much as the sum of which Angélique had spoken, so slightly.

"Fifty pounds!" she said, "And will paying that get him out of—"

"Yes; I should think so. Of course there is what are called costs, and things. But I have no doubt that would do, if one only knew where to get it."

"Prosper owes me some money," replied Marie, hesitatingly; "and he has sometimes made me advances. Perhaps—"

"But, my darling, I could not think—"

"But surely—when Hugh is in prison! We will go and see Prosper at once—"

"No; that would hardly do. My husband's misfortune—"

"But we need not tell him what it is for."

"In that case; but are you sure you can spare it?"

"My dear Angélique! what a question!"

"Well, you are *mon ange* indeed. What can I say to you? By the way, have you seen anything of your old friend Mark Warden lately?"

Marie flushed, and then grew pale, as though her ears had suddenly caught the name of a lover; and for the same reason. For her mind was confused with regard to her feelings towards him, and to his towards her.

"No—not for some time."

"Ah, I suppose he will forget us all now. What luck some people have! And yet he had no better chances than others."

"Forget us! Why? What has happened?"

"Why, Marie, you look quite frightened! One would think you were back in the days of the old flirtation at Denethorp. But you are not, are you? Well, you have both had better fortune apart, I must say, than if you had come together, as we used to joke about. My angel has become a great artist; and he, who was never fit to look at her—as if any man in the world was fit to look at her!—"

"Well?"

"It certainly is a piece of news. It will astonish Denethorp with a vengeance, and quite throw into the shade my own little escapade. He is now going to be master of New Court—there!"

Nothing could have been more bitter than the tone in which she, as it were, threw these words at Marie. But the latter could not be expected to understand them. She could only repeat her cousin's bitter words in the form of a blank question.

"Going to be master of New Court?"

"You may well ask like that! Yes; old Dr. Warden's son, Lorry's brother, the grandson of a country shopkeeper, is going to marry Miss Raymond of New Court. Well, we women are strange creatures!"

Well indeed might Marie, being what she was, and knowing what she knew, be taken aback by such news. Had her last conversation with Warden never taken place, she would have treated such a report as false on the face of it. But,

with that conversation still fresh in her recollection, the very suggestion of such a report, unproved as it was, and false as it must almost of necessity be, was at all events sufficient to open eyes that were even as blind as hers were. And it did open them—or rather tore them open, for they insisted on keeping themselves closed even still; so much is constancy difficult to convince of inconstancy. Yes; in spite of Félix, in spite of all things, she was constant still, though the constancy had but little to do with the source from which constancy should spring. No one can rule his heart in such matters; but women like Marie can refuse to be ruled by it—and that is constancy of a nobler sort than mere incapability of changing. The latter is, after all, but the constancy of the needle to the pole, which remains unvarying and unvariable, because it is involuntary; the former is that of the martyr to his faith, who remains true to it because of his will.

She spoke, however, very calmly and quietly—much more like her old self than had of late been the case—as she replied,—

"That cannot be, Angélique."

"Perhaps not; but it is true, all the same."

"Who told you?"

"Did you ever hear of a great friend of Mark Warden's called Barton?"

"I have heard of him."

"He is with Hugh now where they are keeping him at a place near Holborn—so you see I have the story on the best authority. And if I had it on worse I should believe it, for I have guessed as much all along."

There was so little confidence between the husband and wife, that for ought Marie knew, Barton might be the most intimate friend that Mark had in the world. But she made no further answer, for her heart gave a leap at the sound of a knock at the door, which she recognised only too well.

ABOUT WHAT THE OLD EGYPTIANS KNEW.

PERHAPS it is true that, ever since man first found himself at large upon the earth, and commissioned to replenish and subdue it, he has been improving in wisdom and accomplishments. Interruptions more or less partial we know that there have been, when the world seemed to be going back; but these may have been only the reflux of the waves in a tide which, notwithstanding undulations, was clearly gaining ground, and majestically overspreading the strands of simplicity and ignorance. Thus the history of the world, like the history of a nation, is a record of the advance of man from the first dawn of knowledge, by a rather unsteady progression, to modern philosophy and arts and sciences; and an examination of any considerable period of time is sure to show us mankind more instructed and more capable at the end of it than at the beginning.

The above was a universal creed fifty or sixty years since, and it is apprehended that, even to-day, any other belief may be counted heretical. But what are we to think when the antiquary, grubbing in the dust and silt of five thousand years ago to discover some traces of infant effort—some rude specimens of the ages of Magog and Mizraim, in which we may admire the germ that has since developed into a wonderful art—breaks his shins against an article so perfect that it equals, if it does not excel, the supreme stretch of modern ability? How shall we support the theory if it come to our knowledge that before Noah was cold in his grave his descendants were adepts in construction and in the fine arts, and that their achievements were for magnitude such as, if we possess the requisite skill, we never attempt to emulate? It is not intended to answer these questions here; they

are proposed only because modern inquiry is bringing to light so many methods of measuring the achievements of the men of old, and so many facts belonging to their days, that bold comparisons have been made already, and schools will certainly take sides as to the continuity or the rise and fall of intellectual advancement. The object of this paper is rather to recapitulate some of the things which one very old nation knew in early days; and this is attempted not because there is lack of accurate and most interesting information within reach of the general reader, but because the information is imbedded in thick volumes, so teeming every one with new facts, new speculations, and new connections, that the results which they exhibit cannot be reached but with labour and research; for the learned expositors are in this respect but pioneers advancing cautiously with tablets in their hands but swords dangling at their wrists, pausing at every stage to survey their position, and to do or obviate battle for the ground gained. Thus their works are necessarily diffuse; and thus it is that the student, rather than he who drinks of knowledge by the wayside, appropriates the lore which they present.

Egyptology, though, like geology, a strictly modern science, yet busies itself with things anterior to all history; and as the authority for all geological doctrine must be the book of nature, so sound Egyptology must rest on that marvellous book, the works which the remote Egyptians have left for our perusal. But there is this difference between the two sciences; namely, that whereas there is not reason to think that any one before the end of last century ever recorded a fact with a view to unfold the early growth of the earth,

we know now (and we have not known it long) that there were men in the dark, dubious, but no longer unfathomable past, who took effectual means for preserving some points and outlines, if no more, of early Egyptian chronicles. Yes; they wrought enduring hieroglyphics which for ages since the Christian era were to the reader foolishness, which were at length, by the power of strong indefatigable minds, made to yield up some portion of their hid treasures, and the full import of which may yet be unravelled, abounding more and more to perfect knowledge; for the inscriptions are innumerable, and the art of deciphering them is steadily advancing. But while profound investigators are with much travail slowly accumulating their facts and establishing their theorems, lo, Egypt herself suddenly starts into activity, and once more challenges the attention of the world! No longer a worm-eaten, musty theme, relegated to Dryasdusts and profound thinkers, she interests now the active, the enterprising, the politic, the mighty of the age. The days are fast coming when to know nothing accurately of her past will argue an indifference to her future, and when indifference to her future will be a reproach. Every one of us who knows anything at all has a pretty correct implicit knowledge of Egypt—can talk of the Pharaohs and Sesostris, of the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the obelisks—and knows that “ancient,” “marvellous,” “colossal,” “wise,” are epithets applicable to her monuments and her people; but when it comes to measuring or defining the antiquity, knowledge, power, achievements, &c., there is not such prompt utterance. It is good for us, then, to talk over the things which have been established regarding ancient Egypt, and to evolve clear ideas of her character-

istics, avoiding discussions and controversies which Time, the unraveller, will probably determine for us, and keeping as clear as we may of extreme views and wild speculations.

As we have not yet discovered any trace of the rude savage Egypt, but have seen her in her very earliest manifestations already skilful, erudite, and strong, it is impossible to determine the order of her inventions. Light may yet be thrown upon her rise and progress, but our deepest researches have hitherto shown her to us as only the mother of a most accomplished race. How they came by their knowledge is matter for speculation—that they possessed it is matter of fact. We never find them without the ability to organise labour, or shrinking from the very boldest efforts in digging canals and irrigating, in quarrying rock, in building and in sculpture; and as it was through these arts that attention was, during long, dark, sleepy ages, kept drowsily fixed upon Egypt, until at last the world woke up to some appreciation of her, there is reason for considering them first.

In the first historical reign—the reign of Menes—there was a little dabbling in water-works, but merely this, that the whole stream of the Nile, or of one of its main branches, was diverted from its course to favour the planting of the city of Memphis. The engineer who undertook the job—and tradition credits the monarch himself with the execution—must have possessed the soul of Mrs. Partington, with something more than that lady’s scientific acquirements. Menes took accurately the measure of the power which he resolved to oppose, and constructed a dyke “whose lofty mounds and strong embankments,” says Wilkinson, “turned the water to the eastward, and effectually confined the river to its new bed.”* The dyke was

* Sir J. G. Wilkinson’s ‘Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.’

doubtless shown to Abraham, in whose day the diversion of the river was as old a story as the account of Joan of Arc or Jack Cade is to us. This is taking the very mildest calculation of the antiquity of Menes. And in the reign of Mœris, farther on, was formed an artificial lake, measuring, according to Herodotus, four hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and three hundred feet in depth. This huge lake was fed by the Nile through artificial channels; it received and stored a portion of the annual overflow, and when that subsided, regurgitated upon the river by all the channels, prolonging the times of refreshing, and extending the fertilising influence to land that, without the aid of art, would be absolutely barren, and no doubt was barren before the days of Mœris. Herodotus, and those who exactly followed him, were wrong, it is now thought, in supposing that this immense lake was wholly a work of art. There was probably a natural basin to suggest the scheme, but this was greatly increased; and all the feeding streams, the arteries and veins of the system, were undoubtedly artificial. These last had their floodgates, dams, and locks, and were managed with the greatest skill. The retention of the waters seems to be all that is wanted to make the wilderness blossom; and yet for centuries and centuries younger Egyptians, although they had been shown the way, were unequal to the pursuit of such mighty designs, and in that most essential science were as dead men by comparison with the subjects of Menes and Mœris. In citing these two great works as instances, it is intended to show how generally the power of controlling streams and floods was possessed of old in the Delta and in Middle Egypt, and how thoroughly the value of it was understood by those primitive men. If

he who has made one stalk of corn to grow where nothing grew before, is a benefactor of his kind, where, in the catalogue of philanthropists, shall we place old Mœris, to whom, under Providence, it was owing that once dry Egypt had corn enough and to spare when Syria and Arabia fainted from lack of sustenance? There can be little doubt that Modern Egypt, now that her soul is returning to her, will ere long address herself to the reclamation of her soil. At first it is perhaps a necessity that she labours to attract the wealth of the stranger; but, her treasury once replenished, she will surely search for and find the riches that may be drawn from her own bosom.

The mass of masonry in the Great Pyramid, according to Bunsen, measures 82,111,000 feet, and would weigh 6,316,000 tons. The dimensions of the separate stones are not very great, but the quantity raised shows with what readiness these old workmen did their quarrying. And they not only got this stone out, but tooled and laid it with some skill. Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver-paper; and the cement so tenacious, that fragments of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. All the fine work of the interior passages, where granite is not expressly mentioned, is of the same stone,* and finished with the same beautiful exactness." But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the extracting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were

* To wit, the limestone of the Mokattam quarries.

not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and smashing, but clean slices separated *secundum artem* from the native rock, after being selected and accurately defined. And how was this done—by driving in huge iron wedges? No, indeed; that would probably have split the stone: by infinite labour, then, in chiselling and sawing? Pooh! the old Egyptians knew a trick somewhat cleverer than that: they cut a small groove along the whole length of, say, 100 feet, and in this inserted a number of dry wooden wedges; then they poured water into the groove, and the wedges, expanding simultaneously and with great force, broke away the huge fragment as neatly as a strip of glass is taken off by a diamond. They had a way, too, of moving about these vast monoliths which we, with all appliances and means to boot, would find it hard to imitate.

Now such work would have been very astonishing even if it had ended in Cyclopean savagery like Stonehenge; but we know very well that it ended in nothing of the kind. The separation from the native rock was but the beginning of artistic treatment. Every fragment, great or small, had its billet, and was taken off to undergo a series of transformations; the least that could happen to any one being to be plain wrought, and then set with consummate skill in a building. And now that we come to buildings, it is not desirable to spend time in speaking of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, which, perhaps, are better understood generally than any work of art in Egypt. It is proposed, therefore, to pass on to some of the structures which have been less spoken of, and the history of which is still confined, or nearly so, to learned pages. And, writing twenty years ago, it would have been wise to say little or nothing of the Labyrinth, notwithstanding that Herodotus considered it to be a wonder not second to even the Pyramids. For

such have been the destructions and inhumations of this splendid work, that nobody believed in the probability of recovering even its site, and not a few were inclined to look upon the whole account as an invention. The French, however, at the end of last century, affirmed that they had found the ruins, and forty years later antiquaries began to test and verify the French work. Gradually it came to be acknowledged that the foundations at least of the Labyrinth might yet be traced, and the labours of the Prussian Commission effected a complete recognition of the remains of this vast building. But there is still much dispute about the purpose and the form of it; and what has been realised is as yet valuable, more, perhaps, because it tends to confirm the account of Herodotus than for any other result. It is certain that the old Greek was not romancing when he wrote of it; and although criticism still amuses itself with finding flaws in his description, so much of that description is certified by an examination of the ruins that it is only fair to credit him with accuracy throughout, and to accept his details, which we cannot disprove. He tells us that it had 8000 chambers, half of them above the ground and half below, and he goes on to say:—"The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation. Of the underground chambers I can only speak from report; for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions; for the passages through the houses, and the varied wind-

ings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls, and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the Labyrinth stands a pyramid forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage."* This is perhaps enough to say here concerning a structure of which there is so little now to be seen; but there is another marvellous palace, or temple, or both, at Karnac—a part of what was once Thebes—the grandeur of which a visitor may see for himself. The ground covered by this mass of buildings is nearly square, and the sides measures about 1800 English feet. Travellers one and all appear to have been unable to find words to express the feelings with which these sublime remains inspired them. They have been astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the prodigality of workmanship here to be admired. Courts, halls, gateways, pillars, obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are massed in such profusion that the sight is too much for modern comprehension. Champollion, the great French Egyptologist, said of it: "Aucun peuple ancien ni moderne n'a conçu l'art d'architecture sur une échelle aussi sublime, aussi grandiose, que le firent les vieux Egyptiens; et l'imagination qu'en Europe s'élance bien au-dessus de nos portiques, s'arrête et tombe impuissante au pied des 140 colonnes de la salle hypostyle de Karnak."† In one

of its halls, we are told, the cathedral of Nôtre-Dame at Paris might stand and not touch the walls. Denon, another Frenchman, says: "It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, in the reality of the existence of so many buildings collected on a single point, in their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and in the incalculable expenses of so much magnificence." And again: "It is necessary that the reader should fancy what is before him to be a dream, as he who views the objects themselves occasionally yields to the doubt whether he be perfectly awake." There were lakes and mountains within the periphery of the sanctuary. These two edifices have been selected as examples from a list which is next to inexhaustible. The whole valley and Delta of the Nile, from the Cataracts to the sea, was covered with temples, palaces, tombs, pyramids, and pillars.

The magnitude of some of the sculptures has been already spoken of, but they were worthy of the highest praise for their execution also. Critics are not agreed as to the spirit of their chiselling, but as to the mechanical perfection to which the artists wrought in granite, serpentine, breccia, and basalt, there is not, cannot be, disagreements. Animals, plants, chariots, and almost all natural and artificial objects, were freely sculptured; and battles by sea and land, as well as an infinite variety of peaceful scenes, are found on the *bas-reliefs*. Those who could perceive a soul in these productions were unmeasured in their approval. Dr. Richardson, speaking of the temple of Dendera, says: "The female figures are so extremely well executed that they do all but speak, and have a mildness of feature and expression that never was surpassed." It need not

* Rawlinson's translation.

† Here quoted from a note to Kenrick's 'Ancient Egypt.'

be added that there was hardly a wrought stone in Egypt that was not sculptured with hieroglyphics. Most of these—the older ones especially—were accurately and beautifully chiselled. It is stated of the obelisks of Luxor that the Arabs climb them by sticking their feet into the excavated hieroglyphics, which are two inches or more in depth, and cut with the highest degree of perfection.

The works that have been cited were all executed before the exodus of Israel, some of them before the visit of Abraham; and the Egyptians were capable of executing them at the remotest epoch at which we can show that there were Egyptians. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says that their first introduction to us is as a people already possessing the same settled habits as in later times. He can trace no primitive mode of life, no barbarous custom, not even the habit, so slowly abandoned by all people, of wearing arms when not on military service, nor any archaic art. Can it, then, be otherwise than an interesting study to trace downwards the achievements in mechanism, science, and art of the different accomplished nations of the earth since the days of Moses, and to ascertain by what steps, and to what extent, they have outdone the subjects of the early Pharaohs?

But the works above alluded to are only those which, from their magnitude, compel attention. There are others equally astonishing which research has brought to light. First among these (as being an indispensable preparation for free and rapid writing), we may consider the art of papermaking. This the Egyptians practised—we will not say discovered, for we know nothing about the invention—as early as they practised anything that we know of. They took out the pith of the papyrus, dissected it with a pointed instrument, and then flattened it into strips, which they

glued together, also glued together, and the surface so prepared was fit to receive writing. Such surfaces did receive writing, and some of those written on in the days of the early Pharaohs are yet in existence. Howbeit, *our* knowledge of these precious records is entirely new. Till lately, it was believed that the use of the papyrus for writing was introduced about the time of Alexander the Great; then Lepsius found the hieroglyphic sign of the papyrus-roll on monuments of the twelfth dynasty; afterwards he found the same sign on monuments of the fourth dynasty, which is getting back pretty close to Menes the protomonarch; and, indeed, little doubt is entertained that the art of writing on papyrus was understood as early as the days of Menes himself. The fruits of investigation in this, as in many other subjects, are truly most marvellous. Instead of exhibiting the rise and progress of any branches of knowledge, they tend to prove that nothing had any rise or progress, but that everything is referable to the very earliest dates. The experience of the Egyptologist must teach him to reverse the observation of Topsy, and to "spect that nothing growed," but that as soon as men were planted on the banks of the Nile, they were already the cleverest men that ever lived, endowed with more knowledge and more power than their successors for centuries and centuries could attain to. Their system of writing, also, is found to have been complete from the very first. They not only wrote, but they had a passion for writing, as the learned of these latter days have, to their great delight, found out. Every surface that would receive hieroglyphics was covered with inscriptions. Rocks, stones, walls, furniture, implements, coffins, tombs, as well as the papyri, were all left in a condition to tell their wondrous tales; and, *mirabile dictu!* we did not know till about fifty years ago that

they had any tale to tell! Yes: for about fifty years only we have known that they had an accessible meaning; and they have been there, some of them, for fifty centuries, challenging the regard of races, which nevertheless grew more and more darkened, until at last the vision was sealed up, the oracles were dumb, and in the very midst of copious flashing light men walked in a vain shadow. By surpassing patience and penetration the key to the enigmas was at last rediscovered; then the pursuit of hieroglyphic literature was entered upon with ardour, and with such success that now year by year the mists are clearing away, and such tableaux are unfolding themselves of life under the Pharaohs as it cannot have entered into the mind of any modern to conceive.

The well-known exploits of Sesostris go to prove that he and his people were well versed in the science and practice of war. Their armies marched from home, subdued Asia, Asia Minor, and part of Europe, and then returned. They maintained great wars too in their own land, sometimes Egyptian being arrayed against Egyptian, and sometimes against troublesome neighbours. If we may entirely believe the inscriptions and pictures, they were a very formidable people indeed, terribly rough customers to meet in anger. But there is much reason to suppose that the language of the inscriptions is unwarrantably *tall*, and that the *tableaux* exhibit a decidedly partial view of operations. And this exaggeration has so damaged their reputation that some writers doubt whether the great Sesostris's expeditions be not fables, and whether the exploits of the professing conqueror were not confined to the

neighbourhood of the Nile. That this people constructed war-chariots there can be no doubt. Homer says that through each of the hundred gates of Thebes issued two hundred men with horses and chariots; and we know that there were six hundred chariots with the army that pursued after Israel. These war-chariots appear to have been of a magnificent construction, though they were very light—the smooth, level roads of Egypt not demanding clumsy strength. Mr. Kenrick says in general terms: "In short, as all the essential principles which regulate the construction and draft of carriages are exemplified in the war-chariots of the Pharaohs, so there is nothing which modern taste and luxury have devised for their decoration to which we do not find a prototype in the monuments of the eighteenth dynasty." It is presumed that springs* are included in this ascription of refinements. The warriors in chariots were, as far as is known, the only cavalry; and students have as yet come upon no record of the strategical principles observed in war. The battle-pieces in the *bas-reliefs* and pictures exhibit only the *mêlées* in which acts of individual prowess are being performed by the king. The heavy-armed men fought in coats of mail, but the infantry in general had quilted tunics, and helmets without metallic coverings. The bow was a favourite weapon, but the soldiers wore double-edged swords and daggers, and carried shields more or less cumbrous according to the class of troops. They used also javelins, spears, and pikes. The light troops had darts and slings. The charioteers wield maces and battle-axes. Siege operations were sometimes executed: the assailants advanced by a passage covered with boards,

* Mr. Kenrick should, it is thought, have made an exception in regard to springs, as we understand that appliance. Some means certainly were used for mitigating the jolting of the chariot; but the elaborate description of chariots by Sir G. Wilkinson, which has been examined since the observation in the text was written, gives no countenance to the supposition that the vehicles were set on metallic springs.

and pushed huge spears, worked each by a squad of men from the approaches, against the defenders on the walls. The covered passages had trap-doors in the roofs to enable the besiegers to reconnoitre, or possibly to muster on the top and shoot from a vantage-point. Scaling-ladders and all the arts of escalade were perfectly understood. The battering-ram was a common expedient; and the Egyptians, being such adepts in quarrying, were not slow to attach the miner to an obstructive wall, and bring it scientifically down. There is only one representation of a naval combat, where the fight is by soldiers on board ship; in this each mast-head has a basket with an archer in it run up.

According to the present state of Egyptian science, the great flourishes about victories were not borne out by corresponding attention to, or knowledge of, the art of war; but it is much safer to mention what the Pharaohs and their people did, than what they did *not*, for research is so fruitful that the discovery of to-morrow may contradict the negative of to-day. If we were to find that they had been using Armstrong guns, the circumstance would not be more astonishing than many that have already come to light.

The proficiency of the Egyptians in mathematical science has not yet been defined. In proof of their having been foremost in this as in most, we have the testimony of the Greek authors, and the fact that the ancient mathematicians whom *we* revere as the fathers of geometry went to Egypt to be instructed therein. May it not indeed be now admitted that the regions which we have been fond of designating as the cradles of the arts and sciences were second-hand cradles? Our former belief and doctrine were that "the arts of War and Peace" had risen in the Isles of Greece, as

Byron sang. Some rudimentary knowledge was ascribed to Egypt; but Greece was credited with the first cultivation of art and science from their very elements. Yet before Greece was, the arts were ripe and old. Though the nations at large were in darkness, though Greece was at its horn-book, there sat on the other side of the Levant sea a power already at her meridian—in wisdom pre-eminent, in works a giant!

Land-surveying, an art resting on geometry, the Egyptians undoubtedly understood, since Joshua took away with him sufficient skill to divide the Holy Land after he had conquered it. It is on record that they made maps. They were also most observant astronomers, watching the periods of planets and constellations, and calculating eclipses. The rotundity of the earth, the sun's central place in our system, the obliquity of the ecliptic, the starry composition of the Milky Way, and the borrowed light of the moon, are thought by Wilkinson* to have been no secrets to them. In dividing time they were very accurate. The true length of the year appears to have been known by them at a very early period, and Mr. Kenrick thinks that the precession of the equinoxes was also a fact understood by them. Records were made every day of the rising and setting of stars, and particular influences were believed to proceed from these positions and conjunctions of the heavenly bodies: moreover, the priests claimed the power of prophecy through astral motions. The true meridian had been correctly ascertained before the first pyramid was built, and there were clocks and dials for measuring time. The cubit was the established unit of linear measure—being 1.707 feet of English measure; but the unit of weight is not known, although, of course, they had weights. Arith-

* See Appendix II. chap. vii. of Rawlinson's Herodotus.

metical notation and calculation they managed less cleverly than the Arabians,* and (what is certainly astonishing among so many refinements), their money was in gold and silver rings estimated by weight. They had both the decimal and duodecimal modes of calculation from the earliest times, but there is no appearance of algebra; and notwithstanding the immense mechanical power which they could bring into operation, it cannot be ascertained that they understood the philosophy of what are called the mechanical powers.

What has been written concerning irrigation is sufficient to show how interested the Egyptians were about agriculture. Corn and Egypt are so associated in the minds of most of us, that the connection is proverbial. Nature did astonishingly for Egypt, giving her a fruitful soil and the swelling Nile; and yet her gift would have been useless if she had not raised there a highly intelligent, enterprising people. The Nile left to its natural channels and its natural ebb and flow, would fertilise but a fraction of what had become corn-bearing Egypt in patriarchal times. The elements of plenty are always there, but they want the regulating hand of man to fructify them. The means of making the land bear were very different from those which are approved in Europe; hoeing almost sufficed for turning the soil, instead of ploughing: once the river had risen, nature had done her part toward production; and art and skill were applied to the retention and dispersion of the waters. No manuring, no management of the soil, was necessary; husbandry was almost entirely proved in regulating irrigation, and it was practised with surpassing effect.

After corn, flax seems to have been the chief crop; and with

this the Egyptians wrought not by halves nor rudely, but, according to their wont, in the highest style. When Joseph first found favour in the eyes of Pharaoh, he had the monarch's own ring put on his hand, a chain of gold thrown over his neck, and a vesture of *fine linen* given to array his person. Now, what one age may call fine another may call coarse; the epithet alone, therefore, does not carry much weight; but it is a fact that the linen of Egypt was celebrated all over the world; and, what is more, it may be seen and handled to this day, for the mummies were nearly all wrapped in it, and the wrappings are in excellent preservation. Mummy-cloths do not, of course, represent the finest linen, but we have a clear idea conveyed by Pliny of what was considered *fine* in the days of King Amasis; that is, six hundred years B.C. Each single thread of a certain garment sent to Lindus by King Amasis was composed of 365 minor threads twisted together, so that Egyptian fineness was fine indeed. Not only was linen spun, but it was dyed and richly embroidered in the very earliest times. So far as we can trace, however, this work was all done by hand. And here it may be well to note that all the workmanship of which the Israelites in their wanderings between Egypt and Canaan showed themselves capable was due to the teaching of the Egyptians; and any one who will refer to the embellishment of the holy tabernacle, and to the vestments of the high priests in the sacred books, will see in how many ornamental arts Egypt must have been accomplished. The spoil which Israel got from the natives in their flight consisted of jewels of silver and jewels of gold; and these jewels, it turns out, were very unlike what the country was in the habit of

* There have been writers who asserted that the Arabians learned their notation from the Egyptians; but this belief is getting old-fashioned. Twenty years make a striking difference in Egyptology.

producing if they were not beautifully wrought. Cutting, polishing, and setting precious stones was done in excellent style by Egyptian lapidaries.

Emeralds were found in the neighbouring deserts. These they cut and polished beautifully, and learned to imitate with great success in glass. But all the foreign gems of the East were known, and quantities of them acquired. Egypt had its gold and silver mines. The revenue derived from them was immense. The gold was dug and separated with very great labour and skill; the silver would seem to have been more simply procured. Besides these precious metals, they also found copper, lead, and iron near the Red Sea. It is uncertain whether they could temper steel, but Wilkinson thinks that they could; and he very fairly says that, whether they could steel iron or not, they certainly had some secret equally profound and equally useful, by means of which their exquisite chiselling was achieved. There is enough of negative proof that they were familiar with steel, since they wrought sculpture which, as far as we know, nothing but steel could effect.

The most curious, if not the most useful, of the arts of Egypt, was that by which they disposed of their dead. Let us not tarry now to inquire into the belief or fancy which urged them to the practice, nor into the remarkable ceremonies with which funerals were solemnised, but let us regard mummification simply as an art. It was, then, the will of the Egyptians to have their bodies, or the principal portions of them, preserved as long as possible from decay; and this was effected so successfully, that the sight-seer of to-day may examine the corpses of men and women over whom thousands upon thousands of years have rolled without bringing to them corruption, or depriving them of the human form. Indeed, we know of

no limit to the endurance of the mummy if left in Egypt, the climate for which it was prepared. The processes (for there were three processes) of embalming required from two to three months to complete them. The body was never embalmed whole. Some portions were always removed, and not always, there is reason to suppose, preserved; but commonly the separated portions were preserved by themselves and placed in jars. The exterior body was then filled with myrrh, cassia, and other gums, and after that saturated with natron. Then there was a marvellous swathing of the embalmed form, so artistically executed that professional bandagers of the present day are lost in admiration of its excellence. "According to Dr. Granville, there is not a single form of bandage known to modern surgery, of which examples are not seen in the swathings of the Egyptian mummies. The strips of linen have been found extending to 1000 yards in length. Rossellini gives a similar testimony to the wonderful variety and skill with which the bandages have been applied and interlaced."* The exclusion of the air from the surface of the body was the object of this patient labour, and every proper expedient was resorted to to make the ceremonies fit tightly. Not the large limbs only, but the fingers and toes, have been separately bandaged in the more elaborate mummies. The body was generally labelled, having its card, so to speak, placed within the linen folds, and generally on the breast. The identification was usually a plate of metal engraved, but sometimes it was a small image of a god, or an animal with the name of the mummy on it, and this has been found sometimes within the body. Beads, earrings, necklaces are frequently turned out from among the wrappings. The bandaging effected, the next thing

*Kenrick's 'Ancient Egypt.'

was to fit the mummy's *surtout*, which was made of layers of cloth pasted or glued together till they formed a pasteboard. Before it could be called a board, however—that is to say, while it was yet moist and pliable—it was placed about the wearer, whose shape it was made to take accurately. As soon as the artist was satisfied with the fit, the garment was sown up at the back, and then allowed to harden. A mask, representing the features of the deceased, was put over the head, and continued some way over the shoulders. Male mummies wore a reddish-brown, and female a yellowish-green mask as a rule; but the faces of some mummies, and sometimes even their whole surfaces, were gilded over. Commonly the pasteboard case was painted in bright colours, whose brilliancy was as lasting as the mummy itself. Hieroglyphics were emblazoned on it, and it was in some instances stuck over with beads and spangles. The legend would describe the departed, or include a prayer or invocation. The mummy was thus complete, but it was boxed up afterwards in three coffins made to follow its shape as nearly as could be.

From the particular chemistry adopted for the pickling of ancestors to chemistry at large is a natural transition; and it will be found on inquiry that the successful embalming was not a chance discovery, or an art known by rule of thumb only, but that it was as fairly brought out from definitions and maxims as was any induction of Faraday's. The word "chemistry" comes from *Chemi*, and *Chemi* means Egypt. The science was rightly named after the country; for Egypt, through all her vicissitudes, kept alive the knowledge of chemistry, and had it all to herself up to the time of the Arabian conquest, when it became generally understood through Europe and Asia. The decorative borders found on Greek vases, and whose invention is ascribed to the Greeks, were, Mr. Kenrick says, only copies

from the Egyptian vases. The figures of them are to be seen on the walls of a tomb of the age of Amunoph I., a period when Greece did not yet exist. Metallurgy the Egyptians understood before the earliest period of their history known to us. Colonel Howard Vyse found a piece of iron in a joint of the Great Pyramid, placed there, without doubt, when the pyramid was built. The mines of iron and copper were in the sandstone at Sinai, where to this day may be seen in large heaps the scorix produced by smelting. It may fairly be presumed that the chemistry and metallurgy, as understood by the philosophers, were at the bottom of the magic.

The Egyptians paddled about a good deal on the Nile, whether expanded or shrunken, but they are not known to have had any great liking for, or acquaintance with, the salt sea. Some of their monarchs, about the time of the exodus, built fleets and made incursions into foreign lands, but these were only forced movements; the nation never took kindly to "the briny," if one may take the liberty of using Mr. Swiveller's expression. Sea-going nations have generally been, in their early times, such as could find very little to attract them in their own lands, and a good deal that was attractive in the lands of others. It must be confessed, although the avowal reflects somewhat pointedly on many of our own respected progenitors, that ancient mariners were, for the most part, ancient robbers, who found that ships were convenient means of descending upon a neighbour's coast, and of carrying away the plunder there to be procured. After sowing their wild oats in a course of freebooting, piracy, usurpation, and roystering, such races have occasionally settled down into loudly-professing moralists and sticklers for the rights of humanity, with a holy yearning for peace at any price; though, happily, a leaven of the old buccaneer's spirit may

be left ready to rise through the lump at times, and confound canting Puritans. But old Egyptians, it is clear, had learned before the times of which we have knowledge to see in Egypt herself all that could be desired, and to devote all their energies to the improvement and embellishment of their native land. They developed so much wealth, and were so industrious at home, that they did not care to go filibustering, and so failed to foster that roving spirit which might have made them afterwards energetic traders. When they did take to the ocean, though, they did it, as they did everything else, to some purpose. Neco II. fitted out a fleet on the Red Sea, and sent it out to explore the shores of their native continent. The fleet was two years absent, and then came back, not through the Strait of Babelmandeb, but through the Strait of Gibraltar. Herodotus, the enlightened Greek, speaks compassionately of this fable of the Egyptians. It might do for less acute nations, who stood intellectually in the same relation to the Greeks that marines do to sailors, but for philosophic Greeks — no, no! The silly Egyptian fellows proved a little too much, and so convicted themselves of drawing the long-bow. Didn't they say that returning homeward they had the sunrise on their right hands? — "a thing," says the old historian, "which to me appears incredible." And yet this assertion, which was to the Greeks foolishness, is to us Britons, who have traversed the same waters once or twice ourselves, incontestable proof that the Egyptians did verily double the Cape of Good Hope. They anchored successively at two convenient places, landed, and sowed corn, and remained to reap the same; then set sail again, and finally steered in triumph through the Pillars of Hercules, and eastward along the Mediterranean. Any one looking at our maps of ancient geography may see one of them subscribed *orbis ceteribus notus*, on

which is shown the northern shore of Africa and Egypt — all the rest of the continent without form and void. If there had been no ancients except the Greeks and Romans, such a map would do justice to ancient knowledge; but there was a people much more deserving of the term "veteres" than Romans or Greeks, who knew what the form of Africa was. The Greeks, young in knowledge, sounded a trumpet before them, and called upon all the world to admire their ability. Old Egypt, grown grey in wisdom, was so secure of her acquirements that she did not invite admiration, and cared no more for the opinion of a flippant Greek than we do to-day for that of a Feejee islander. Egypt did not seek to teach the Greeks; the Greeks went to Egypt to pick up what they could.

Inland navigation, as we have said, was much less strange to Egyptians than the passage of the ocean. Their famous river was their great highway. Traffic, ceremonies, processions, funerals, pilgrimages, friendly intercourse, were principally effected by traversing its waters; and the sights to be seen there must have been glorious "in the brave days of old." The monarch and his princess floated in barges with deck pavilions, — hull and cabins, masts and rudder being richly gilt, and the sails being painted in the most brilliant colours. Great arks freighted with merchandise were towed up and down the stream: smaller and more manageable boats of all sizes — the largest moved by thirty or forty oars, or by the wind on sails of papyrus or canvas — in numbers traversed the scene; while the solitary passengers, through all, paddled their own canoes of *earthenware*, or a coarse sort of *pasteboard*. The Egyptians, then, were not a roaming nation. "Their characteristic has been patient, sedentary industry, employed in agriculture and manufactures. The productions of the East have been deposited in Egypt, and from

thence distributed over the West; but strangers have brought them, and strangers have carried them away."*

Wine was so commonly made in all countries where the vine would bear, that there is nothing remarkable in Egypt having pressed her own grapes. But it is remarkable that she brewed beer in large quantities, her working population appearing to have been as fond as ours of this beverage. The exact strength or quality we do not know, but no man can say that our knowledge on this head may not soon increase; for we may come down some day on the private cellar of Cheops, or the establishment of a Coptic Allsopp, and find the original of the X's to have been hieroglyphics emblazoned on the barrels. One *must* credit these people, too, with having done their brewing as well as they did everything else. Nothing but potent stuff can have sufficed for the fellows who built the Pyramids; and if ever we do come upon one of their ale-vats, we shall find the liquor has body in it still. There would be something sensational in tasting home-brewed, that has been in wood since the Deluge! Misraim's Entire.

Glass was manufactured in all its varieties. We find sculptures of glass-blowing; and the bottles, vases, &c., may yet be seen. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says that the Egyptians cut, ground, and engraved glass, and had even the art of introducing gold between two surfaces of the substance. He also says that they imitated, with glass, pearls and precious stones.

It was supposed until recently that the Egyptians were not very musical; but Time, which is continually raising this people in estimation, has shown that they were fond of music, and that they understood its influence on the spirit. A farther acquaintance with the monuments has discovered them

playing in concert, the leader beating time by clapping his hands. It is thus clear that they understood the laws of harmony. They had their sacred music, domestic music, and military music. The lyre, harp, and flutes were played when the high priest offered incense, and the priests at the same time sang a song called the *Paan*, which word, Wilkinson says, is Egyptian. For festive music, guitars, single and double pipes, and castanets, were added to the above. Trumpets, drums, and tambourines, with cymbals and other noisy contrivances, made a crash in the presence of troops. The harp seems to have been the instrument most in repute. There were various kinds of them, as the lyre, sambuc, ashur; but some resembled the modern harp, and were very complete, having as many as twenty-two strings. We may not claim for Egypt the invention of this instrument, since we know that Jubal, a descendant of Cain, "is the father of all those who handle the harp and organ;" but there can be no doubt that she perfected the instrument, and that the harps which were afterwards hanging upon a tree when the minstrels faltered at singing the Lord's song in a strange land, were of a pattern derived from Egypt, memorials of another captivity. The superiority of the Egyptian lyre to the Greek is quite admitted; indeed the Egyptian instruments generally were superior, and they were made with that daintiness which shows them to have been favourite toys with the rich, not simply professional implements. The woods were often rare and costly, sought out in distant countries; some were painted, some inlaid, some covered with coloured or ornamental leather. Parts of them are elaborately carved. The use of catgut for strings was well understood.

Pythagoras and many other studious Greeks learned the science of

* Kenrick.

music in Egypt, and refugees from Egypt were encouraged in Greece as teachers of music. The Alexandrians had the character of being the most skilful and scientific players. Philosophic students of music hold that in any country great progress has been made in the science when, having passed through the ruder stages of drumming, clashing, and blowing, performers have come to understand the extraction of harmonious sounds from an instrument of many strings, and the multiplication of notes by shortening the strings upon the neck of an instrument. Now this the Egyptians thoroughly understood. The harp, lyre, and guitar are found represented in every conceivable form, adapted to stand on the floor, to be suspended from the neck, to be carried over the shoulder, to be held up by the hands which are to play it, to be rested on a single leg, to be raised on a table, to be held under the left arm like a bagpipe. In Bruce's Travels,* he, speaking of harps in a tomb at Thebes, says: "They overturn all the accounts hitherto given of the earliest state of music and musical instruments in the East, and are, altogether, in their form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music were at the greatest perfection when this instrument was made; and that the period from which we date the invention of these arts was only the beginning of the era of their restoration." The Spanish castanet had its origin in Egypt, where, however, it was made of metal instead of the chestnut-tree.

Nothing has yet been said of the science of medicine. This was assiduously studied in Egypt; but there is no proof that any of the great discoveries of modern times were forestalled there — nothing leads to the suspicion that the circulation of the blood or the

nervous system was understood. Such as it was, however, the practice of medicine was established, and very strictly subdivided. Every practitioner kept to his own branch. There was the dentist and the oculist; if your digestion was affected, there was a doctor to treat you; if you suffered in the head, there was a physician whose punishments were exclusively capital. Even if you were ill and didn't know the seat of your disease, there was a healer for you, one who addicted himself wholly to dealing with obscure complaints. They had very just ideas concerning diet, and they set more store by temperance than by medicine. It is known that they were an exceptionally healthy race, the even climate, pure water of the Nile, abundance of food and of clothing, being eminently in their favour; possibly, therefore, their healing art was high in proportion to their requirements.

Of arts and sciences which the Egyptians possessed in common with other ancient peoples, it is not necessary to speak here. They could do all that their neighbours could, and a very great deal more than no other nation on the earth could then accomplish—nay, they did, as we know, some works which have never been equalled in either ancient or modern times.

A consideration of the above outline must throw, it is thought, much light on the character of Moses. Though he was largely favoured with immediate inspiration on grand occasions, he was nevertheless, like St. Paul, carefully prepared for all the ordinary calls of his great position. He was *learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*—this was to be learned indeed!! Moses, however, seems to have seen that the Egyptian theory of government was unsuited to the Israelites. Possibly their bondage under royal rule made the name of king odious to the sons of

* Here quoted from Sir G. Wilkinson.

Jacob; but it is certain that to Pharaoh's hereditary subjects his sceptre represented a mild and civilised sway. The training of the monarch, enforced by law, was such as to make him fit to rule a wise people; and his power was hedged about with every guard that could bring dignity and credit. If there be anything that we English plume ourselves on having invented in relation to the kingly office, it is the vicarious responsibility of the ministers of state expressed in the maxim, "The king can do no wrong."* This is a lofty and refined conception undoubtedly, but if we fancy that it is original with us, we are mistaken. A people quite as clever and shrewd as we are, imagined and acted upon it thousands of years before our era, and the Egyptians were that people. Thus it is clear that in two of our sublimest ideas, which seemed to belong to us first and solely—namely, the personal innocence of the sovereign, and the merits of malt liquors—we were forestalled by the children of Ham. Perhaps, if we could get back at all to their experimental nascent ages, we might even find them using trial by jury; but, as has been already said more than once, we know nothing about them till after they had discarded all manner of barbarisms.

Besides the curious question concerning progressive improvement noticed at the commencement of this paper, there is another which may equally interest the speculative. How did Egypt contrive to become what she was by her own lights and her own material resources alone? It is a doctrine of the present day, that intercommunication of minds and workers is necessary to effectual progress in the sciences and arts. But what intercommunication had

old Egypt, or what could she have learned from any contemporary nation? By her own mind and energy she was what she was. Resting on the noble river which had won her from the waters, and had raised and nourished her since the Almighty fiat went forth and the dry land appeared, she sat serene, and thought and wrought and throve. The barbarism of the external world gave her no anxiety, raised no interest in her, did not retard her progress. She knew that she possessed the true secret of subduing the earth, and, fully believing in herself, she did not call in all her neighbours to confirm her in her belief. She sent out no evangelist, she asked no help. She sufficed for all her mighty designs; it may be said that she rose and flourished and fell alone: almost, it may be added, that wisdom died with her. The time that has elapsed since her grandest age, has not availed to bring all the arts back again to where they were in her day; and yet she was separated from Europe and from Asia by no very formidable barriers. Greece, when she began to understand her mission, found no difficulty in sending a sprinkling of her sons to the banks of the Nile to pick up information. But this was after Egypt had become great and old; this had nothing to do with the rise of Egypt. Unassisted, unappreciated from without, Egypt wrought out her own magnificence, solitary, self-relying. That little eruption of Sesostri's just sufficed to show what she could do when the humour took her. But the humour didn't often take her. She found nothing outside comparable to what she was familiar with at home; the worlds beyond the Nile's overflow were not such that

* "That the king could do no wrong is a much older notion than we generally imagine—*vide* Diod., i. 70: *τον μὲν βασιλεα των εγκληματων εξαιρουμενους*, &c. The title given to them, 'living for ever,' seems also to bear analogy to the idea of the king *never dying*."—Footnote from Wilkinson's 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.'

she should weep for them to conquer. Like the dove, she found no rest for the sole of her foot, and returned into the ark which, washed on every side by the waters of barbarism, enclosed all that was great and subtle and able on the surface of the earth.

Great and splendid as are the things which we know about oldest Egypt, she is made a thousand times more sublime by our uncertainty as to the limits of her accomplishments. She presents not a great definite idea, which, though hard to receive, is, when once acquired, comprehensible and clear. Under the soil of the modern country are hid away thousands and thousands of relics which may astonish the world for ages to come, and change continually its conception of what Egypt was. The effect of research seems to be to prove the objects of it to be much older than we thought them to be; something thought to be wholly modern having been proved to be repetitions of things Egyptian, and other things known to have been Egyptian being by every advance in knowledge carried back more and more towards the very beginning of things. She shakes our most rooted ideas concerning the world's history: she has not ceased to be a puzzle and a lure: there is a spell over her still.

Besides her early maturity, and the solitariness of her career, there is another mystery concerning Egypt; and that is the thick darkness that so long shut her out from sight. We are wont to call those ages dark wherein the wisdom of Greece and of Rome became dim to the world at large, and was treasured by the few; but what was this darkness in comparison of the utter obscurity which settled with a weird persistence over Egypt herself, over all her wisdom and all her works? As year by year the deposit of the river was entombing her material works, so was the cloud

of oblivion enveloping and surely obliterating the memory of her glory and her ability; and this in spite of the most determined resistance that any nation has ever offered to time and his effacing power. The monuments would not, could not, perish for ever; but they were ineffectual to avert an eclipse that lasted for ages. It is little less than a miracle that such a country could quietly sink out of sight, and the world begin life again, fancying that it was originating thought and art, while close to the tyros lay a nation that had proved ages before every mode of human ability, and whose credentials did not rest on tradition or history, but were shining on the earth—splendid, gigantic, palpable—obvious to the regard of the aspiring and the inquisitive. As one ponders on these things, it is impossible to be regardless of the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet * who foretold this obscurity. "The pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, *a cloud shall cover her*: and her daughters shall go into captivity." The period of forty years during which no foot of man or foot of beast was to pass through Egypt is not plain, but the condition to which Egypt fell is only too distinctly painted. "I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste shall be desolate forty years: and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries." The "cloud," we may suppose, began to break at the beginning of this century: from without came the regard of nations, from within arose reanimation and the desire to be known once more. The nations of the world resort thither again, and find this kingdom truly "a base kingdom," but things look as though she had resolved to acquiesce no longer in her baseness. Already one sees how

* Ezekiel.

the highway from Egypt to Assyria, foretold by the prophet Isaiah, may be accomplished. The Canal of the Isthmus will undoubtedly lead to the contraction of the desert, so that the way into Assyria will be comparatively easy. And when life and vigour and civilisation shall return, what great results may be expected to accompany them! To a nation waking up to consciousness after centuries of coma, everything about her present self must be unsatisfactory and distasteful—a condition to be reformed as soon as possible, and banished from sight and memory. Her consolatory thoughts all centre in the past. As she looks back with pride and glory at what she was, the hope of what she may again be is lively within her, and she can feel a trust in herself. Her reviving ambition will feed upon the mighty deeds of old, and her sons will gain strength from the knowledge of the glorious dead. When this spirit shall come upon Egypt—when, instead of leaving research to the stranger that may come from a far land, Egyptians themselves shall make it a pleasant labour to ascertain the wonderful past of their native country—then, perhaps, the world will truly understand what the *wisdom of the Egyptians* was.

And now, to come back to the idea named at the beginning of this paper—viz., the continuous progression of mankind in knowledge and power. From him who believes that his puny efforts are tending to the establishment of a golden age and leading the human race to perfection, there can be no corrective more effectual than the study of ancient Egypt. From thence he may learn the truth that human wisdom and human knowledge cannot perpetuate themselves. Great, strong, wise as she was, the glory of Egypt came to naught, her science perished, her engraved characters became riddles. Progress was arrested, and thick darkness overspread the earth—not for

a short interval, but during a very large fraction of the world's existence—darkness which has never yet been dispersed. It is true that, if we cannot build pyramids or hew out colossal statues, or divert the course of a river like the Nile, we can use the printing-press and control the forces of electricity and steam. But when we have summed up gains and losses, what is the amount of advancement since the days of Moses that we can fairly credit ourselves with? Truly it is very little, and that little due to a *renaissance* in the last two or three centuries.

But if we, creatures whose life is half an 'age, may not influence the destinies of the world on which we live, or of our remote successors, that consideration need not damp our spirits; it does not show us that our labour for the benefit of humanity is in vain. We may design and build, though we may not attempt a tower whose top shall reach to heaven. Plenty of legitimate work is given us to do; we are commissioned to subdue the earth, but we are not commissioned to determine its future. That future will be as little affected, probably, by our acts and labours, as our present has been by the wisdom and works of the Egyptians. A great nation,—a community of great nations—may die like a mighty man, and then all their thoughts perish. The earth is not ours. Nevertheless we have a field for labour—greater labour than we shall ever accomplish. Let us benefit, if we may, our own generation and that which is to follow us, trusting to the providence of an ever-living Power to determine whether any part of our work shall survive and be a heritage for our descendants; or whether it shall perish utterly; or whether, like the glorious deeds of old Egypt, it shall lie for millenniums under a mysterious cloud, and live again hereafter to a race such as it has not entered into our hearts to conceive.

THE WISHES OF A DUMB-WAITER.*

To circle round the "social board,"
'Mid wit and wine, I am not able ;
Nor, with rich fruits and dainties stored,
To wait upon your dinner-table.

Domestic in my tastes and ways,
On humbler errand am I come ;
The breakfast-hour my gifts displays,
The servant of a quiet home.

Of my new masters I've no fears ;
For he, who recommends the place,
Has known the worth of one for years,
And reads the other's—in her face.

And so, a willing drudge, I'll turn,
Upon my rounds without ado,
And wonder at the hissing urn
For waiting noisily on you.

Centre of gravity sedate,
I watch o'er household griefs and blisses,
But hold my tongue, and never prate,
Either of quarrels or of kisses.

Like some good commonplace M.P.,
I to my betters "pass the butter ;"
And, in my way as wise as he,
Turn round and round, but never utter.

My trusty counsel I can keep
Whene'er my lady has the vapours ;
Or, fidgety from want of sleep,
My master damns the morning papers.

But happier that I never tire
Of listening to the cozy chat
And simmer by the new-lit fire—
The pleasant talk of this and that—

The morning's plan, for work or play—
The homely cares—these homely joys—
And, on the welcome holiday,
The laughter of the girls and boys.

* Given to an old friend on his wedding-day.

The choicest blessings of the hearth
 For you, through me, the sender prays,
 With all the good things upon earth,
 As health, and wealth, and length of days.

Long may the "whirligig of time"
 For you lay its "revenges" by,
 And point the moral of my rhyme,
 By turning smoothly, as will I.

God speed you then : *locutus sum*,
 And, having once the silence broken,
 I shall for evermore be dumb :
 Excuse me, please, for having spoken.

H. C. MERIVALE.

LADY FAIR.

UNDERNEATH the beech-tree sitting,
 With that everlasting knitting,
 And the soft sun-shadows flitting
 Through your wavy hair ;
 All my thoughts and plans confusing,
 All my resolution loosing,
 Say, what matter's in your musing,
 Lady fair !

Oh, the charm that in your face is !
 All the loves and all the graces !
 To be clasped in your embraces
 Monarch's guerdon were :
 Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
 But would give his life to please you,
 Yet you say—that lovers tease you !
 Lady fair !

One by one, to their undoing,
 Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
 Baffled still, but still pursuing,
 Tangled in the snare :
 In your ever-changing smile hid,
 Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
 Many a heart it hath beguiled,
 Lady fair !

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Dian's manner,
Doth my goddess wear :
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair ?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the cheek's rich colours heighten,
What would I not dare ?
To improve their scornful splendour
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair !

By the loves that thou hast broken,
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee ;
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair !

H. C. MERIVALE.

THE GREEK MASSACRE.

FROM OUR OWN COMMISSIONER'S REPORT.

FROM the day of the terrible massacre at Oropus I felt unable to turn my mind to any other subject. One of the victims was personally known to me, and for poor Herbert I felt the sorrow that all who knew him could not but feel for one of the gentlest, most kind-hearted, and most genial of men. The whole story was made up of such incidents as might enter into the simple details of ordinary life, with features of terrible and most tragic meaning. From the moment of their capture to their death, we are able to trace these poor fellows through every day and every hour; and each pang we feel for their fate is intensified by thinking what noble spirits we have lost, what gallant Englishmen have been sacrificed to the merciless code of a bloodthirsty and inhuman race. But besides these there are some dreadful and mysterious influences at work whose machinations widen our sense of horror, and compel us to include in our indignation others besides Takos and his blood-stained followers.

Familiar as the world has been with stories of brigandage, never before was there an incident brought to light which showed that the cruelty of the assassin was less horrible and less revolting than the infamous machinations of those who in cold blood could calculate on the carnage, and weigh all the alternatives of gain or loss that might come of each separate issue to this tragedy.

So deep was my interest in every step of this dreadful story, that when you proposed to me that I should go out to Athens, learn what I might of the secret history of the catastrophe, and visit the scene itself, I readily accepted the mission, and started at once for Greece.

It was on a bright, moonlight

night we dropped anchor in the harbour of the Piræus; and as our boat rowed to shore over the placid water, a wild strain came borne on the land-breeze, rising and falling in a sort of measured cadence, inexpressibly touching, when it suddenly changed to a ringing yell of defiance, whose discords were actually devilish. These sounds came from a vessel at anchor in the roadway, and the singers were five convicts on their way to Corinth, where they were beheaded the following morning. Such was the incident which heralded my landing, and by its terrible colour tinged all I saw of a land where crime and cruelty and courage seem so blended, that in all our horror at their atrocities there is no stifling the sorrow for noble natures brutalised and degraded.

If I venture to recount incidents with which our newspapers have so accurately familiarised us, it is because on certain of these events, and on the precise order in which they succeeded each other, now rest the mysterious circumstances which envelop the sad story, and which have widened this deed of blood to an extent that it has become the scandal of a nation. Mr. Erskine thus writes to Lord Clarendon on the 12th April:—

“MR. ERSKINE TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.—(Received, April 22.)”

“ATHENS, April 12, 1870.

MY LORD,—It is my painful duty to acquaint your lordship with the capture by brigands of a party of English ladies and gentlemen who left this early yesterday morning to visit the Plain of Marathon.

“The party consisted of Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Herbert (one of the Secretaries of this Legation), Mr. Vyner, a brother of Lady De Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and their child, and

the Count de Boyl, [the Secretary of the Italian Legation, with an Italian servant, and a Greek courier. They were in two carriages, escorted by four mounted gendarmes. After spending two or three hours at Marathon, they set out on their return at about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. A detachment of twenty-five foot-soldiers, as is alleged by the Minister of War, started from Marathon at the same time, but was unable to keep up with the carriages. They also fell in with a patrol of six men on foot, who managed to follow the carriages to within a short distance of the spot where they were attacked; whilst two mounted gendarmes were ahead and two behind. Just before they were to change horses, and as they were approaching the bridge of Pikermes, at about twelve or fourteen miles from Athens, they were suddenly fired at from the brushwood bordering the road, and at the first discharge the two gendarmes in front fell, badly wounded, from their horses. The carriages then stopped and the whole party were compelled to alight, and with the two remaining mounted gendarmes were hurried up the side of the mountain. As far as I have been able to ascertain what subsequently occurred, it would appear that shortly afterwards the patrol of six infantry soldiers came up and commenced an attack on the brigands, of whom Mr. Herbert counted at least twenty-one. By this time, however, they had formed their captives into a compact group, which they surrounded. A hot fire was then opened by the soldiers upon the retreating party, at not more than fifty yards' distance, and for some minutes their lives must have been in the most imminent danger. Eventually the soldiers, finding that they were not in sufficient strength to make any impression on the brigands, and that they ran the risk of injuring the captives by their fire, appear to have discontinued the engagement, and the brigands (of whom only one was slightly wounded) effected their retreat to the mountains without further interruption. As soon as they had reached the top of the mountain the ladies were told that they were at liberty to depart, and writing materials were supplied to Mr. Herbert and the gentlemen of the party, whose ransom, after some discussion, was fixed at the sum of £32,000 sterling.

"Mr. Herbert's note to me is in the following terms:—'Do what you can to stop the troops from pursuing us. The captain says he requires £32,000. Our "friends" say they can be heard of in town, and request that a proper person may be sent to treat with them. Please telegraph to Carnarvon.' Notes of a somewhat similar tenor were written by the Count de Boyl to the Italian Minister, and by the other gentlemen to their friends in England.

"At eight P.M. the first report of this sad event was brought to me, and I at once went off to the house of General Soutzo, the Minister of War, who informed me that the tidings I had received were but too true. Soon after ten o'clock Lady Muncaster and Mrs. Lloyd drove up to her Majesty's Legation, and gave me the details which I have now furnished to your lordship. I returned immediately to General Soutzo, and urged him to issue the most stringent orders against any further pursuit of the brigands by the troops, which he promised me should be done. I called also on the Minister for Foreign Affairs for the same purpose—the President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, M. Zaimis, being absent with the King.

"This morning I was informed by General Soutzo that one of the mounted gendarmes who was liberated at the same time as the ladies had brought him a note from the chief of the brigands, saying that if in three days a sum of £50,000 was not forthcoming for the ransom of the 'Lordi,' and if all pursuit throughout the kingdom was not suspended, their prisoners would be put to death; but General Soutzo seemed to think that this was a mere threat, and that even the amount of the ransom might be greatly reduced. I told him that I should be quite prepared to pay at once any reasonable sum without discussion; and he assures me that men have been sent in all directions to discover the traces of the band, and to treat with them if possible. I have also, at the suggestion of General Soutzo, telegraphed to Mr. Noel in Eubœa, to ask him to send up a man named Constantino or 'Dino,' in his service, who is one of seven brothers known as the 'Arvanitaki,' several of whom are the chiefs of the formidable band into whose hands our unfortunate countrymen have fallen, and who, it is

thought, will be the best person successfully to negotiate their deliverance.

"I have addressed a note to M. Valaority, of which a copy is enclosed herewith, placing on record the circumstances of this capture, and calling upon the Government to discontinue pursuit until the captives are out of danger. I have also reserved to your lordship the right of calling upon the Hellenic Government to pay the ransom which may ultimately be accepted by the brigands should her Majesty's Government think fit to do so; and I do trust that as this is the case of two persons belonging to the diplomatic body who had apprised the authorities of their intention to visit Marathon, who had obtained an escort which they were entitled to consider sufficient, and who received no intimation whatever of danger, your lordship may see fit to hold the Greek Government answerable for what has occurred. The Italian Minister has addressed a similar representation to M. Valaority; and I feel persuaded that were it to be well understood that the nation would have to make good any loss inflicted upon foreigners, owing to the neglect or mismanagement of Government, the latter would soon discover the means of putting a stop to a state of things which is mainly due to the supposed exigencies of party warfare, and which is a disgrace to any community calling itself civilised.—I have, &c.

(Signed) "E. M. ERSKINE."

There are several points of importance in this despatch. Some of them have been made matter of controversy, and one—that which is included in the final paragraph—still remains as the substance of one of the gravest charges ever made against a political party in a State.

As to the notice given with respect to the escort, it is not attempted to be denied that on Saturday the 9th the Chancellor of the Legation applied to the Prefect of Police, and received the assurance that the necessary orders should be given; and he also learned on the following day that the Mirarch of Gendarmerie had received his instructions, and he quitted the Prefecture without any intimation whatever that any danger was to be apprehended.

The Minister of War, however, in a letter which announces his retirement from office, disputes the regularity of this procedure, and attempts to show that to a party of which persons endowed with a diplomatic character belonged, the application for an escort should have been made to him as Minister at War, and that the omission forfeited that great security which would have been obtained for persons of importance. He utterly fails, however, to show any precedent for such a distinction, while he makes the fatal admission, that though the Chancellor was assured the orders for the escort had been issued immediately, the first intimation to the outlying patrols was only given on Sunday night, at an hour too late to be certain that the officers would be able to hear of the intended excursion.

It was, however, from this same Minister of War that Mr. Erskine had heard a few days previously that the band of the Arvanitaki, one of the most formidable in Greece, had last been heard of at Kineta, in the district of Megara—that is to say, at several days' march from Athens—at the very time that they occupied the pass of Pikermi, within eight miles of the capital!

The last point of controversy is the most important of all, in which Mr. Erskine declares that the Prime Minister, M. Zaimis, assured him that the brigands were in communication with, receiving counsel and support from, "certain chiefs of the Opposition," thus warranting the remarkable words which close his despatch, "the supposed exigencies of party warfare;" and which he most rightfully characterised as "a disgrace to any community calling itself civilised." M. Zaimis has endeavoured, if not to deny altogether this assertion, to qualify what he intended to convey; and his friends, who see all the perils to which his candour has exposed him, proudly point to Count Minerva's correspondence to show that Mr. Erskine had mistaken what was said, and incorrectly represented the words used.

It is quite true, in the official

correspondence published by the Italian Government, the phrase alleged by Mr. Erskine to have been used by M. Zaimis is not reported; but there ^{is} a very remarkable expression in the despatch addressed by Count Minerva to the Italian Government on the 16th April. In this he says:—

“The communications maintained by the brigands with persons adverse and possibly hostile to the Government, have induced certain measures of precaution as to all passengers on the road.” Why such an expression, if no character of party had impressed itself on these proceedings? Why should the persons in the confidence of the brigands be supposed to be imbued with any political type whatever? Does it not seem strange to any one out of Greece, that the measures to restrict the intercourse of the brigands should have been suggested by the fact that this intercourse was maintained “*con persone estranee e forse ostili al governo*”? Is not this representation by Count Minerva a perfect corroboration of Mr. Erskine’s accuracy, when he speaks of the “supposed exigencies of party warfare,” since it is to be inferred that it was to their partisan character the Ministry objected in these emissaries, and not to the obvious abuse of the brigands holding any intercourse with Athens at all? Mr. Erskine never asserted that M. Zaimis particularised those in the confidence of the brigands as “the chiefs of the Opposition,” as M. Zaimis affects to suppose. He simply declared that they were persons of the party opposed to the present Government—what in M. Minerva’s phrase are comprised as “*estranée e forse ostili al governo*.” If this corroborative evidence, however, is not sufficient, I am able to assert that Count Minerva’s memory of what was said by M. Zaimis is precisely that of Mr. Erskine; and if the words themselves are not printed in the Italian Blue-book, it is because the Flo-

rentine Cabinet—more delicate towards their envoy than Downing Street is towards theirs—would not imperil his utility and compromise his influence, by needlessly exposing what none could fail to see must be regarded as strictly confidential and private.

The point is far more important than a mere question of the personal honour of Messrs. Erskine or Zaimis, for it goes to the very root of that imputation which gives the worst feature of all in this terrible story. Brigandage is, God knows, bad enough. The demoralisation of a people where it prevails can scarcely be exaggerated. The remorseless cruelties, the oppression, and the reckless tyrannies of the brigand, with the craven terror, the falsehood, and the treachery of the wretched peasant his slave, make up an amount of baseness to whose degradation there is no limit; but all these are as nothing in comparison to the infamy of making brigandage the weapon of party, and employing the bloody code of the Klepht as an agent of political warfare.

In the late disaster there never was a moment’s hesitation as regarded the ransom. Enormous as the amount was—so great indeed, that in mere physical weight it would have been impossible to carry it away without the aid of a cart and horse—there was not a word of dispute, nor would there in any ordinary case have been any delay in completing the bargain. The brigands would have got what they asked, and gone their way, as was their wont. Here, however, intervene the counsels of those who were by no means satisfied with this mode of finishing the transaction, and who saw clearly enough that the ransom paid by Englishmen could never be brought to bear as an accusation against the Greek Cabinet. By these advisers, whatever their rank and station—Opposition chiefs, lawyers, or ex-brigands, as

they might be—was suggested the idea of the “amnesty,” at first for the band of Arvanitaki, and ultimately for all who had once belonged to it and were now in prison. This demand, so palpably impossible to concede, and so inoperative if conceded, since the first gendarme that liked to dispute its legality might have shot down the first brigand of the band he met with—this demand was made to place the Ministry in the terrible alternative of treachery to the Constitution, or, by refusing to do this, rejecting the demands of two powerful nations, and possibly sacrificing lives which these countries would not suffer to be unavenged.

M. Takos, rude ruffian that he was, was thoroughly instructed in the difficulties his demand comprised, but he simply said: “Let the men who have made this Constitution unmake it. I am in no hurry. I can wait a year if need be. God has given us these men for our safety,” said he, with an infamous blasphemy, “and we mean to avail ourselves of the grace.”

M. Zaimis had his choice, therefore, of refusing the conditions of the brigands, and thereby risking the lives of the captives, or, by complying with their demands, violating the Constitution and compelling the King to break a pledge he had given his oath to maintain. It was quite true that, as Lord Clarendon said, the sanctity of that Constitution had long since been violated. The Cretan insurrection was too recent to claim complete oblivion, not to speak of other breaches quite as damnable. The great question, however, was to place the Cabinet in such a position as would imply an unworthy and abject submission to foreign dictation—an attitude which Greek pride was sure to resent, and which would evince itself in such a rush of unpopularity as must drive the Ministry from power.

Had the advisers been quite certain that England and Italy were determined that the ransom

should ultimately be claimed from Greece, it is just possible they would have rested satisfied with establishing that single count of the indictment against the Cabinet; but it so happened that both Mr. Erskine and Count Minerva merely reserved this point, while the representatives of France, Prussia, and Austria boldly declared what their claim would be on the Greek Government if any subject of their respective nations should be captured. Indeed I have very great misgivings as to the prudence of that declaration on their part at such a conjuncture. And an English friend of mine, long resident in Greece, quaintly said to me, “If I should have the misfortune ever to be captured by the brigands, I sincerely trust that my Minister will wait till I am released before he informs the Greek Cabinet that he will hold them responsible for my ransom.”

If Englishmen, whose experiences are limited to England, will say that such aspersions as these on the character of public men are both unfair and ungenerous, I shall not be surprised; but it must not be forgotten that Parliamentary Government, with all its virtues, by no means secures the honesty and integrity of those who compose it; nor is the Greek Chamber all that the friends of Constitutionalism could wish it.

In the first place the number of deputies is excessive. A district with ten thousand inhabitants returns a member. If the number amounts to eleven thousand or upwards, it returns two members. The suffrage is universal, and this amidst the most unlettered of all peoples.

In election struggles brigandage plays a very important part, and the “Lambs” of Nottingham are represented by the in no wise inferior agency of the folds of Takos and his fellows. These men thus establish a claim upon the member for “protection,” which, be it remembered, is

the only coin in which he can acquit his debt. The modes in which such "protection" can be exercised are manifold. The Colonel Coroneos has told us, in a letter published in all the newspapers of Athens, what rewards his activity in suppressing brigandage met with at the hands of the late Minister of War! He was discouraged and thwarted at every step, his recommendations neglected if not actually sneered at, and his retirement from the service ultimately imposed upon him as the penalty of his zeal.

He gives the name of an officer who returned hastily from a shooting excursion in the mountains to announce the presence of the brigands in the neighbourhood, and whose indiscreet eagerness was punished by degradation from his rank. In that system of black-mail by which proprietors bargain for immunity from pillage, and in which men of the very highest station are to be found amongst the contracting parties, such an amount of intercourse and familiarity grows up between the landed gentry and the brigand chiefs that it would be more than difficult, for many of the former to treat these men with measures of severity. The Church itself is a sacred link between them, and in its sacraments there are bonds which tie these people of very dissimilar lives into one common league of interest and good feeling.

Nothing more common than the kindred of foster-brother between the estated proprietor and the robber—nothing more usual than the presence of the landed gentleman at the christening or the marriage of the brigand's family. There is just that amount of discipline, that observance of certain laws and respect for certain usages, among these robber bands, which in a semi-civilised community elevate them to a station of command and influence; and men of education, and men who have

travelled, are to be found claiming for these fellows a sort of consideration which, to say the least of it, is somewhat shocking, if not actually revolting.

In the conduct of these men before the tribunals, it was easy to see, not only that no sense of shame was attached to their infamous lives, but that they actually counted on a certain share of public admiration and sympathy; nor was it to be denied that the fidelity with which they held to their compacts, the strict loyalty of all their dealings "on honour," contrasted strongly enough with the dubious integrity of others in high places, and the slippery evasions of men in power. It is necessary to bear this in mind when we would connect brigandage with the schemes of party; for if the political intrigant could not have counted on a certain amount of honour in its dealings, he never would have connected himself with its agency. Mr. Erskine never pretended that M. Zaimis charged the leaders of the Opposition with being the advisers and abettors of Takos; what he declares him to have said was, that certain "*Capi*," or leaders, were so compromised; and it is well to remember that governments are oftenest overthrown by those who have little to gain by their downfall. That there was nothing inconsistent with the game of party, as played in Greece, in such agency, will not be denied, since, to make the result effective, it was by no means necessary that the catastrophe should have that tragic ending we have witnessed. It would have been ample for all the objects of the Opposition to have reduced the Government to the alternative of being embroiled with the Cabinets of London and Florence, or, by a concession to their demands, have incurred the weightier difficulty of treachery to the Constitution.

"Refuse the amnesty, and see what answer you will give to the charge of culpable ignorance as to the vi-

cinity of the brigands to Athens, and the still more glaring culpability as to your mock measures of protection—your escort that never escorted—your officers to whom no orders were issued, and who showed themselves utterly ignorant of the duty they were engaged in. Concede the amnesty, and prepare to meet a chamber indignant at the dishonour of a violated constitution, and a king compelled to break a pledge he had sworn to maintain." General Soutzos, with all the resources of his official position, as Minister of War, to enlighten him, assures Mr. Erskine that "there is not a brigand in the province of Attica, and that this band of the Arvanitaki has been heard of in Eubœa." The Prefect of Police smiles at the excessive measures of precaution foreign timidity asks for; and from the President of the Cabinet to the lowest official of public safety not one word of caution is uttered to warn the travellers that the band of Takos are at the very moment looking down upon Athens from the slopes of Pentelicus, and the agents of the band are tracking each step of the tourists in the capital. The bandit Pericles Lori, examined by the Judge of Instruction in the presence of Mr. Erskine and Count Minerva, declares that the band were on the Plain of Marathon fifteen days before the capture of the party at Pikermi—that they had missed some American tourists; but well knowing it was the season when travellers came to visit Marathon, they persisted in remaining in that neighbourhood.

Alexis Igounis, in his examination, corroborates this evidence; and yet, the brigadier of the gendarmerie, after eight days passed in exploring the country, returns to Athens to assure the Minister of War that "there are no traces of a brigand in the neighbourhood"—and this within forty-eight hours of the capture of the English party at Pikermi.

It is true Alexis Tossini—who has since suffered death, and was believed to be the murderer of Herbert—alleges that the band marched from near Villia on the night before the capture, and arrived at Marathon on the morning. That they occupied the bridge on the Marathon road, and saw the captives as they passed on the morning.

This would imply that they had marched about forty-eight miles during one night—a statement not at all borne out by any evidences of fatigue on the day after; and I do not find that the general opinion goes with the man's evidence.

This is a matter which demands the strictest inquiry, and which involves something of far greater importance than the character of a Minister of War.

The next question on which we find a mass of discrepant and indeed contradictory evidence is, Whether the officer in command of the infantry detachment intimated to the party that they must drive slowly, to allow of the escort to accompany them. General Soutzos says it was most unfortunate that the guide Alessandro Anemogani did not communicate to the travellers this injunction of the officer; and then proceeds to quote from that officer's evidence in the examination before the Judge of Instruction:—

"I was on duty at Marathon, and learned about noon that some tourists were expected, for whose safeguard I was to provide. This order was communicated to the sous-lieutenant Argelis, in charge of the detachment. He ordered us to march, and on arriving at the village of Boy, he commanded the Corporal Pierre, with three men, to watch the road from Plexiza to Gherocaonti. To another corporal with three soldiers he confided the road between Gherocaonti and Rafena, and as far as Pikermi, ordering an officer and three men to

follow the carriages, not knowing at the time that they were already at Marathon. We had just caught sight of the party near the Tumulus, when two mounted gendarmes rode up to us to see what we were, and I then told the Sergeant Boulgaris, who was the senior in command, that the tourists should be cautioned to drive slowly, and in such manner as would enable us to keep up with them. The travellers arrived while we were speaking; and one of them, Mr. Herbert, presented me with a note for twenty-five francs, to give my men something to drink. I thereupon asked Alessandro to translate to the party that we were part of the escort accorded them, and begged them to drive at a foot's pace, to admit of our accompanying them.

"I went on with seven men in front of the carriages, but they soon came up and passed me; and when I remonstrated with the gendarmes Panagotti and Boulgaris at the pace they were going, they said, 'We do not expect you to keep up with us—you are not birds.' And thus they hurried forward, and we did our utmost to follow. On reaching the sheepfold at Prapa we heard the firing, and soon after saw Varsataki lying wounded, and his horse dead beside him."

Against this testimony we have the direct assurance of Alessandro that no such caution as to slow driving was ever given; and Mr. Herbert, who remembered well to have given the money to the soldiery for drink, and who understood and spoke Greek well, also said that he heard no injunction about proceeding slowly whatever, nor does he believe any such was given. The same is the testimony of the other tourists. So far as I can learn, the weight of public opinion is on this side; and the general impression prevails, that if the warning was given at all, it was given in some way and in some quarter that de-

prived it of all impressiveness, and that it certainly never reached the ears of those for whose safety it was meant to provide.

It is, however, to be remembered that Alessandro is by no means above all suspicion, nor has the mode in which he gave his testimony predisposed many in his favour. He is still in prison, and will probably be further and more searchingly examined.

The party left Marathon about two in the afternoon, and reached the bridge of Pikermi at four (where the change of horses was to take place), and it was here the capture was effected. It is a deep cleft between the hills, shaded with wild olive-trees and arbutus, these and the brushwood on the mountain-side affording a safe shelter for the brigands, who had lain there since the morning. The events which followed are well known, and need not be recapitulated.

Soon after ten o'clock on the same evening Lady Muncaster arrived at Athens, and communicated to Mr. Erskine the details of the disaster. The ransom had then been fixed at £32,000, as Mr. Herbert's note mentions—the note beginning thus: "Do what you can to prevent the troops from pursuing us." This was the first as it was the last entreaty of the captives. Whatever shape the negotiations took—whatever changes came over the intentions of the brigands—whatever modifications the Government suggested in the conditions—the one great danger remained the same. If the troops should move, the prisoners' lives should pay for it! And now that the terrible story is finished, it is strange to think how few of us could believe in the imminence of the peril, which it is evident the prisoners themselves foresaw so plainly and confronted so courageously. Both Mr. Erskine and Count Minerva believed at first that the release of the captives was all but certain. General Soutzos

said, when the enormous demand was discussed, that the amount would be considerably reduced, and spoke of their speedy liberation with confidence; and I have very little doubt, that had the incident terminated fortunately, it would not have been easy to persuade most Englishmen living in England that the lives of the prisoners were ever in great peril.

Of all the Ministers, only one took a gloomy view from the first. This was the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He, though an Ionian, and from the part of Greece where brigandage has never prevailed, had made the system and the habits of these men a careful study; he knew the principles that guided and the instincts that swayed them; he thoroughly understood that Klepht law which consigns mercy to the rank of cowardice, and regards the man who fears to inflict death as craven and dishonoured! M. Valaority is a Corfiote, and a man of fortune; he had served as a senator during the English Protectorate, and earned the respect and regard of the various persons who held the first authority in the island. All his antecedents were creditable and honourable; his character was stainless, his capacity recognised; and his acquaintance with the forms of Parliamentary Government was acquired by a long residence in England, and the intimacy which he enjoyed with most of our eminent public men.

Nothing but the unworthy jealousy which prevails in Greece respecting the Ionian islanders could have prevented the full recognition of this gentleman's claim to be the head of an administration; but his very services to England—the school in which he received his political education—are fatal to him; and he whose integrity and ability so admirably fit him to guide his country through her difficulties, will in all likelihood

never attain to the leadership of a Cabinet.

From the hour of the capture of the party, M. Valaority took the very gravest view of the peril of the situation, and there is every reason to suppose that his fears were not based solely on what he knew of brigand law and practice, but were farther strengthened by the conviction that these men were acting under the counsels of others, who cared little for the course of the negotiations as regarded the captives or their captors, but were solely minded to see by what turn of affairs they could best disparage the actual Ministry, and jeopardise the characters of the men who were at the head of the nation.

I do not mean to say, nor have I found one in Greece who believed, that any political party would have been base enough to found a party triumph on the cruel massacre of our unfortunate countrymen; but this termination of the incident was never imagined. It was on the difficulties the Ministry should encounter by the negotiation, the indiscretions they should be led into, the actual illegalities they would be led to commit—these were all calculated on in the zeal of a struggle for power, making men very callous as to the means, and little scrupulous as to consequences.

One must have seen Greece, one must have conversed with a variety of men in different walks in life, and of various shades of opinion, to form any idea of the acrimony that tinges political rivalry in this country, and to what extent personal hatred can be carried in the struggle for place. Such an atmosphere of calumny as one breathes in Athens is not easily to be imagined; and every public man must consent to live a life of daily misrepresentation, turning over the morning papers to see what falsehood he is to rebut here, what scandal he has to contradict there. In a country

where political warfare is waged in this manner, the inferior adherents of party become far more daring and adventurous than the tempered zeal of more responsible men would approve of, and employ means and agencies of a kind that leaders would—if not scorn to employ—be at least very reluctant to recognise or acknowledge.

Were the “*teste forti*”—the clever heads—which Count Minerva alludes to in his despatch, of this kind? Were the advisers of the brigands at Athens—on whose counsel and guidance Takos professed himself to lean, and “without whose sanction he would resolve on nothing”—men of this order? This is the grave question which we should now endeavour to solve, and learn if we can how far brigandage has its origin in the lawless instincts of a very degraded and brutalised race, or to what extent it is encouraged and protected by bad men of ambitious desires and unscrupulous lives.

In Count Minerva's despatch of the 16th April to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Florence, he says: “One of the emissaries despatched by the Government on yesterday morning has returned, and reports that the brigands insist on the amnesty, alleging that” a person of considerable ability “has given it as his opinion that it could be conceded.”

Of course it is alleged by all who desire to disavow any distinct connection between brigandage and men of political station, that these persons of whom Takos speaks were in nothing above his own condition in life; but certainly the way in which the question of the amnesty is argued, and the shrewd and acute sifting of the difficulties which surround the various projects submitted to the brigands, are indications of intellectual power very different indeed from what one would attribute to a robber horde.

We may disbelieve if we like

what Takos says of the large share of the ransom that should be paid away to those in Athens—we may distrust all he says of the “three lawyers” by whose opinion he alleges himself to be guided; but how shall we account for the casuistry in which the demand for the amnesty is insisted on? how for the crafty ingenuity in which it is argued that the pressure of two powerful nations like England and Italy will always be sufficient to warrant Greece in a submission not exactly in accordance with her Constitution? The conditions of the brigands constantly varying as intelligence reached them from Athens, and enabling them to hold a prouder attitude and demand more exorbitant terms as the terror they traded on became greater, all show that other and more skillful heads than those of Takos and his followers were engaged in these negotiations, and with a knowledge of events which certainly could not have been procured on the slopes of Pentelicus.

Now it was £25,000 they demanded, now £82,000; then it became that sum or an amnesty, and later on they insisted on both, and once they raised their demand to £50,000. They who were well conversant with brigand ways and dealings, all declared that these hesitations and frequent changes of conditions are not by any means customary. That it is their pride to state their terms in the most prompt and peremptory manner, and to make no changes nor concessions from them afterwards—that, in fact, this immobility is an essential to the full as important as the merciless cruelty with which they resent rejection of their demands; and as these men live by terrorism, the system is intelligible at once. Later on, when Takos was reproached by his followers for the disaster his obstinacy had brought upon them, he defended himself by throwing the blame “on those ad-

visers who had counselled him to his ruin." Over and over again the various members of the band declared that they wanted nothing but the ransom—that they needed none of the subtleties for which the chief was contending, if, indeed, they had the very slightest belief that any good faith would be held with them by men in power.

Nor is it to be forgotten that Takos himself, who treats so eagerly for the amnesty, evidently shows what trust he reposes in its conditions, rejects indignantly the offer of a mock trial and a pardon at Athens, because it is accompanied by the stipulation that he must surrender himself as a prisoner and go to jail. Not for a day—no, not for an hour! was his reply; thus showing that there were moments in which his individual will assumed the mastery over all his counsellors, and in which his dread of treachery overcame every process of reasoning. "Move your assizes and your judges out here among the mountains—try me where I am, and pardon me where I stand," is his haughty condition when told that the King's grace can only be extended after condemnation, and not to one sentenced in default. How explain the implicit reliance on an amnesty to which England and Italy were to be attesting parties, and the distrust towards a process of law for which Greece alone was to be the guarantee, if not on the hypothesis that in the former case the "wise heads" in whom he trusted, advised and suggested the one, and that his own suspicious and crafty nature distrusted the other? To me it is clear enough that they were Politicians who stipulated for the amnesty—the Brigands limited their thought to the ransom.

The same men whose treachery Takos dreaded in the conduct of the law proceedings, were equally to be feared in the matter of the

amnesty; and yet, while he would not yield them the slightest trustfulness in the one, he was quite ready to accept their bare word for the other. How is this, then, if not that Takos relied upon his own cunning to guide him in the former case, while he was led by his advisers in the whole conduct of the latter? The "teste forti" say that the Constitution can be repealed. They who have made can unmake it, is the ground on which he takes his stand, and from which he will not be removed. Is it very likely that these rude savages of the mountain—men so unlettered that not one amongst them can either read or write—men whose crimes ostracise them from the very faintest contact with civilisation, to whom the life of cities is utterly unknown,—is it likely that these men understand the position of England as one of the protecting powers over Greece, and can weigh the weight of influence that position confers, or the amount of power she possesses to enforce her commands? Is it to be believed that they could calculate on the concessions to which an administration might descend by compulsion, and for which they might appeal to necessity as their excuse, if not instructed by those who carefully watch the course of political events and study the changeable fortunes of party?

All the frequent changes of mind that Takos underwent, his vacillations and hesitations, his blunt refusals at one moment to hear of anything short of his own conditions, and then his eagerness to learn whither he was to be conveyed, in case he consented, to exile, under the protection of a British ship of war—all these clearly indicate that he had no fixed purpose, and that his determinations were under the guidance of those "clever heads" to whom he trusted for direction and safety.

On ordinary occasions, nothing can be more simple and uniform

than the course of one of these events. The sum fixed on for ransom is to be paid at a certain place on a certain day; and though the brigands take good care, through their spies, to watch all the details of those who come, long before they themselves appear, and guardedly take every precaution against surprise or betrayal—some one, usually a shepherd, is ready to inform the bearers of the ransom that the other contracting parties are not far off, and, when once assured that no treachery is to be apprehended, will appear to complete the bargain. Even they who have written most strongly against brigandage, who have denounced it as the curse and scandal of the country, and who have unsparingly counselled the severest measures for its repression, have never denied that a sort of barbaric honour pervades all the dealings of the brigands; that they are true to their pledged word, and, when the conditions they have imposed are complied with, never hesitate about the fulfilment of the compact; nor are they ever known to impose new conditions at the last moment—to equivocate or higgie in any way. They behave, in short, in a way that, had the traffic been other than one of lawlessness and bloodshed, would have given them the repute of honest dealers, and men to be trusted and relied on. It may be that in all this they consult a wise policy. Much of these negotiations must of necessity be conducted on trust; and time, above all things, is a condition that cannot be overlooked.

Had there then been in this case no other question than the ordinary one of so much money to be paid in exchange for the liberty of so many captives, it is not too much to assume that Takos would have done what he and others of his stamp always do—secured the heaviest mulct he could impose, and gone his way. The question of an amnesty

was about one of the last that would have occurred to the brigand mind to stipulate for, and for this reason: the brigand would never have trusted “for a day, no, not for an hour,” to the plighted word of a Greek Minister. Takos scouted with contempt the proposition of a pardon which was to come as the condition of his surrendering himself a prisoner and submitting to the formality of a trial. He laughed at the bare thought of such simple trustfulness, and declared at once his rejection of it. England and Italy must look to it, said he, that I and mine are amnestied—*my* dealings are with *them*. They are powerful nations, and have a heavy interest at stake in the lives of their citizens; they can, if they choose to exert it, use such a pressure as will make the Greek Cabinet concede my conditions. Now I assert that this is not the language, and these are not the modes of dealing, to be expected from ordinary brigandage. All this casuistical discussion as to the forms by which a mock court could be constituted, and pretended details of law observed, are not the sort of ingenious speculation that would occur to the intellect of an unlettered and ignorant ruffian, whose life of lawless isolation excluded him from even chance contact with the habits and usages of civilization. Still less likely was it that this rude denizen of the cave or the jungle should know how such countries as England or Italy could wield an influence over Greece, and how the mere word of their representatives could exercise a degree of power over the Cabinet at Athens.

Let it be borne in mind that the question of the ransom was never disputed; there was not even, as some advised, the smallest attempt made to diminish its amount or delay its payment. Lord Muncaster's exertions on returning to Athens were active and unremitting; the

frank readiness with which he gave his personal guarantee for the whole amount, and the untiring solicitude with which he pressed the completion of the compact, are all on record. The able manner in which the Director of the Ionian Bank, Mr. Merlin, seconded these efforts, and the promptitude with which he collected what for Greece was a large sum in gold within a few hours, are well known. And, as I have said before, had the case been an ordinary one, and the demand complied with, the transfer of the prisoners would have followed at once, and the transaction would have been ended. But this was no ordinary case; there was more in it than the capture of so many travellers and the mulct of so many thousands of pounds sterling: there was the scheme of men who prompted the brigand chief to frequent change of conditions; who asked now one sum, now another; who equivocated whether he should insist upon a "ransom" or an amnesty, and at last decided that he would exact both! There was the scheme of men who urged Takos to demand conditions, the very discussion of which by a responsible Government would have rendered them liable to an impeachment, and to yield to which would have been an act of treason to the Constitution. If Takos could not be instructed at so short notice in all the subtleties of the situation, he was at least so far "educated" as to be able to say, "Let those who have made this Constitution unmake it." There was the scheme of men who openly had declared, months before this sad tragedy, that "*something would happen; that some event, no matter what or whence coming, would befall,*" which should bring about a crisis in Greece; and that the nation should then see if their present advisers were capable of directing the storm and controlling the hurricane.

The Cabinet of M. Zaimis was evidently what is called a "safe"

administration. They succeeded to power at a moment of national trouble and humiliation, immediately after the Congress at Paris, and their hold on national favour, such as it was, depended mainly on a do-nothing policy, and that sort of prudent abstention that might be supposed to induce calm and quietness after all the late trouble and excitement. In the common course of things these men need not be expected to make any great or irreparable mistakes; there was no great question pending. The protecting Powers were, for the moment at least, apparently without disagreement on the subject of Greece. The national party, sulking under what they thought a desertion of them by Russia, would not easily be stimulated to any new effort of disturbance; and there was, so to say, a species of torpor that gave very little hope for those who only see their way to success in times of national commotion and anarchy.

Brigandage alone could afford the means of attacking a Government which, whether it neglected measures for its suppression, or permitted its ravages and its cruelties without hindrance, was equally sure to incur failure and disgrace, as when, by ineffectual efforts, it merely recorded bootless pursuit, if not actual defeat. Brigandage, that scandal to the nation, but that resource of party, remained to be employed whenever occasion should serve and the moment prove favourable, to be made the stepping-stone to power. That when Mr. Erskine spoke of the "supposed exigencies of party warfare," he employed no idle nor inconsiderate words, I am fully persuaded. He has lived long enough in Greece to appreciate the sort of warfare waged by the rival pretenders to political power. He has seen too well the amount of vindictiveness and hatred that can be imported into a party contest; he has witnessed too often the libel-

lous attacks on private character, the newspaper scandals, and the infamous accusations that enter into the contest of public life, in this unhappy country, not to be well aware that in a struggle for pre-eminence there would be no scruple as to the means that should promise victory.

To have embroiled the Zaimis Cabinet with England and Italy by the cruel massacre of certain of their subjects, would as surely have doomed the Administration as any unconstitutional efforts to save them would have placed the Ministry in such a position that they dared not face the Chamber; while to either alternative there remained the heavy catastrophe of either paying the ransom for the captives, or such an indemnity as England and Italy might determine to exact as the price of their blood.

So much for the motives of those who are charged with using brigandage as a weapon of party. Whatever the issue out of the difficulty, the Ministry must be compromised. If the captives should be ransomed, it was for Greece to pay the ransom. Should they be murdered, it was the same; Greece should answer for the crime. It would be unnecessary to insist so strongly on a point so clear and palpable, if it were not that it affords us a clue to what, without its consideration, might appear almost inexplicable; and that is, the determination of the Ministry to employ the troops,—a step against which every letter from the captives remonstrated in terms the strongest and most impressive, but which the Cabinet evidently resolved on with more reference to their own exigencies than to those of the prisoners. On the day after the capture, Mr. Lloyd writes in his diary—"Alarm of parties near; brigands surround us ready to shoot." And the very last entry in his note-book says,—"*Know troops are in force—danger impending.*" Mr. Vyner, writing to Lord Muncaster on the same 21st

April, says,—"*Would it be possible to prevent the soldiers molesting us in Attica, or some line drawn a little further north?*" While Mr. Noel, in communicating the fatal news of the death of the captives, writes,—"*Their death, as I previously wrote, was certain the moment the troops came into collision with the brigands.*"

It is needless to insist on what all knew, and what none have ever pretended to dispute, that to employ the troops against the brigands was to compromise the lives of the prisoners, and that with the first actual collision their massacre was assured. Much has been written and spoken about Colonel Théagenis and his inaptitude. It is perfectly possible that the selection of him was a capital mistake, and his own defence of his conduct does not tend to diminish that impression. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more ill-devised than his expedition. It is true, Colonel Théagenis alleges that he was not seconded by those who were to act in concert with him; and a late discovery has shown that an officer of gendarmerie, who was moving in a line parallel to the brigands in their retreat, with a large mounted party under his command, neither molested nor attacked them, but limited his efforts to rifling the killed and wounded, and in this way amassed several hundreds of gold napoleons, and the well-filled purse of Christos, the brother of Takos the chief.

It is more than surmised now that it was this belief widely spread through the soldiery, that the brigands carried large sums of gold on their persons, which led to that disastrous onset of the troops; for I believe there are few now to be found who entertain a doubt that the attack was made by the soldiery, and that the murder of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lloyd followed, and did not precede, that attack. According to the written instruc-

tions of M. Zaimis, the brigands were to have been surrounded; and instead of this they were attacked in front, and their retreat left open to them. If there were troops at Dhilissi, they never acted. We have already glanced at what part was taken by the mounted gendarmerie on the flanks. That under any circumstances what Colonel Théagenis was sent out to do could have led to the liberation or safety of our countrymen, or could have induced the band to take any other course than that of selling their lives dearly, after first killing their captives, is not easy to understand.

Takos declares over and over again he will trust no Greek Minister's word—that he will deal with Mr. Erskine, and rely on what *he* tells him. The prisoners strengthen this assurance, and entreat above all things that force should not be employed. Mr. Noel, who knows and estimates brigand modes of action in a way that few are privileged to contest with him, says, If you call out the soldiery the captives are doomed; and in defiance of all these reasonings and convictions, Colonel Théagenis is sent out to establish a blockade of Oropus, and compel the brigands to surrender. That such a line of action could have contributed to the safety of our poor countrymen I distinctly deny; that it was the most plausible procedure that could be adopted for the safety of the Cabinet, I most readily admit.

In doing this M. Zaimis was acting legally and constitutionally. He was dealing with brigandage and with the armed force of the nation. He was neither chaffering about a ransom nor higgling over an indemnity. If the prisoners could be rescued, well, so much the better on all accounts. If not, it was the known habit of these wretches to massacre their captives; and Takos was only doing what others had done before him, and for which the laws would hold him account-

able. At all events, the Government would be walking in the ways of the Constitution; and nothing in that course could be made matter of attack upon them in the Chamber.

While I write these lines I read in one of the London papers a very able article, deploring how that very lukewarmness of which Lord Carnarvon so feelingly warned us respecting this terrible event has already supervened, and that, partly from the lapse of time and partly from the rush of new and interesting incidents in public life, men's minds in England have already turned from the fearful story of Oropus; and in the dreamy spirit of that philosophy that teaches endurance as to the irrevocable, would rather forget the terrific incident than bethink us what we owe to the shades of our murdered countrymen—what we owe to the honour of England!

One word, and only one, as to the part performed by the English Envoy at Athens, and I have done. Some have blamed Mr. Erskine for having done too little, others have censured him for having interfered too much; and the probability is, that in the very opposition of these statements lies the assurance that his line of action was all that it should have been, and not more nor less. When the first news of the capture reached him, his eagerness to effect the liberation was prompted by considerations totally apart from all dread of their being murdered, for at first this fear did not present itself in a strong light; but he knew that two at least of the prisoners were in delicate health, and that neither Count de Boyl nor Mr. Herbert could be expected to resist the hardships of continued exposure to night air in the severe weather which at that time prevailed. So eager was he on this point, that in his reply to the demand of Takos he passes from the assurance that there "will

be no difficulty as to the ransom," to add,—“Make your prisoners as comfortable as you can; put them under cover,” &c. Count Minerva shared this apprehension as to the danger that camping out in the mountain would inflict on poor M. de Boyl, for whose health his fellow-prisoners expressed on more than one occasion considerable anxiety. Mr. Erskine's eagerness, therefore, at first, was stimulated by conditions not generally known. If the ardour which carried him along through the first steps of the negotiations sustained and inspirited him throughout its whole course, the countrymen of the victims can assuredly have no reason to be complainers. From the moment of the capture he steadfastly adhered to one point; and however baffled by the difficulties of the law, and the necessities of the Cabinet to avoid compromising themselves with the Chamber, Mr. Erskine unvaryingly maintained that the safety of the prisoners was paramount to all else; and that he held the Greek Government responsible for the lives of his countrymen, at first endangered by the culpable ignorance of the authorities, and now more seriously imperilled by the conditions of the law.

The unrelenting labour of days and nights, in which he scarcely could snatch a few hours' sleep, the intense anxiety, the ceaseless care to provide for every new exigency of the situation, almost proved too much for him at last; and the catastrophe, when it came, almost seemed destined to include the negotiator amongst the victims of the negotiation.

The cordial approbation of his chief, Lord Clarendon, and the graceful eulogy of the Prime Minister on his conduct, delivered in the House, must still be less grateful to his heart than the words of gratitude in the fragments of the previous letters, and the broken phrases that imply “Erskine is

doing all that he can for us; and if our liberation is to be effected, he will do it.”

It is very possible, indeed, that at the beginning of this terrible episode Mr. Erskine did not anticipate the bloody catastrophe that should close it. We have good reason to believe that even Takos and his followers did not look to such a termination as the most probable; and the Minister of War, in his first interview with Mr. Erskine after the capture, speaks so lightly of the danger, that the English Envoy would be fully justified in supposing that peril not to be imminent.

We cannot, however, read over the last few records of these poor fellows, and not perceive that they at least saw the full measure of their danger. They were treated, it is true, with a sort of rude fellowship; they chatted with the brigands, ate and drank at the same table, went down to the village church together, and knelt at the same altar, and, as the loose jottings tell us, were subjected to no other ills than those around them; and yet it is clear that the characters of the brigands had so impressed them by the light of that nearer intimacy they lived in—they read these terrible natures so truly with the strong convictions of hourly intercourse, that they at least had no delusions as to what awaited them; and I do not believe it possible to conceive of any courage, or more exalted and noble example, than that of these young men, who, with a dreadful death impending over them, never utter a word or write a line that betokens fear or trepidation! They scorn any project of safety that does not include them all; they even, with a fastidious delicacy of honour, seek to assure one of the Ministers, that to a certain letter written by one of their servants they are no parties; nor does allusion to the fate that awaited them escape them, save in

the touching and noble words, that "they hope they may die as became Englishmen."

If it is a very proud thought for us that these were our countrymen, it adds unutterable bitterness to our sorrow over the noble natures we have lost. Never were the traits of that manliness we love to call British more gloriously illustrated. We may search the records of our most gallant achievements, and not find one more conspicuous for unswerving fortitude, for unvarying dignity, and a calm composure in the face of a terrible death.

In our demand for satisfaction from Greece let us not forget for what we claim it! The blood of such men cannot, as one of their relatives passionately declared, "be poured out like water into the puddle." And if the era we lived in was the ripest and richest that England ever enjoyed in noble and splendid natures, could we afford to lose men like these, or believe their doom to be avenged by the fate of the degraded murderers, if their infamy was prompted by others even baser than themselves?

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CHAPTER V.

It was the very first time that Félix had come across Angélique since her marriage; and he had of late been so much in the habit of visiting her cousin without seeing herself, that he was never prepared to meet her now, and had quite forgotten that the frequency of his visits had originated in his desire to see her and not Marie.

The situation was therefore more than sufficiently embarrassing for a man who like him had never graduated in the school of society that teaches its scholars never to find any situation in the world embarrassing, from the extrication of an army from an enemy's country, up to the extrication of one's foot from a lady's dress in a ball-room. Certainly there was no reason on earth, in the nature of things, why he should feel dissatisfied with himself. He had been the victim, she the betrayer; and he had therefore every right, if he was so minded, to claim the dignity that is the privilege of the injured party in such matters. And so, had he been Angélique and had she been Félix, he

would have both felt and acted. But being as they were—he the man and she the woman—it was he who somehow felt as though it had been he and not she who had been the one to blame. A woman who is no longer a child is always mistress of such a situation, and if she has only a very little tact may always shine in it to advantage, however much she may in reality be in the wrong; while, on the other hand, a man requires to have both experience and genius in such matters to come out of it with even as much as decent credit, however much he may be in the right. Perhaps Félix was also weighted with the feeling that, when all was said and done, he had sinned against the gospel of romance by not having been altogether so true to the memory of his old passion as he had once vowed to be; for inconstancy on the one side is not, in the creed of such as he, held to be a set-off against inconstancy on the other. On sounder grounds there was plenty of excuse for him, no doubt; but then, "*Qui s'excuse —*."

Not that Angélique's large eyes supported any such self-accusation by the faintest touch of upbraiding. She did change colour for one imperceptible moment; for there are some things which the least worldly and practical-minded of women is incapable of forgetting, or at least of remembering without some shadow of regret. The less of true romance that there is in the composition of any one, the more apt is the voice of false sentiment to make itself heard; and of false sentiment Madame Lester had always had her full share—no less now that her reading consisted of little that was more sentimental than butchers' bills, than when she used to identify herself with Byronic heroines. Moreover, it did not by any means seem to follow in her eyes that because she chanced to be so unfortunate—as it had turned out—to be married, she should lose her sway over any of her adorers, even though, as in the case of Félix, she should gain from them nothing more valuable than a little adoration. And then she felt kind to him for old recollections' sake, and as a woman cannot help feeling towards one who has once loved her and whom she supposes to love her still. But still she was far from allowing any trace of her emotion to be visible; and indeed it was far too slight, such as it was, for her to be conscious of having felt any whatever. On the contrary, she at once frankly held out her hand with the air of welcoming an old friend, and said,—

"*Mais*, Monsieur Créville, you come in time to convince this doubter. Is it not true that Miss Raymond is to be married?"

"What! my old pupil? I had not heard it."

Her manner had put him at his ease, so far as she was concerned; and so it could not be that his pre-occupied air had been caused by embarrassment alone. Angélique noticed his worn appearance; and, taking it as a compliment to her-

self, felt more kindly towards him still.

"And you do not ask to whom? But I forgot—you would not know him. We provincials forget that there are people in the world to whom our little celebrities are unknown. And yet you might know him, though—you are a friend of Mr. Barton?"

"Of Barton?"

"Yes; and so is he."

"I should scarcely have thought that any friend of Barton would have fallen in Miss Raymond's way."

"Oh, I don't know. Marriages are made in heaven, they say. Mark Warden is the favoured mortal. Do you know him?"

For what purpose Félix, full of involuntary suspicion of Marie as he was, had still once more come to see her, is not difficult to guess, as long as moths will insist upon flying into the flame in spite of the warning that ought to be taken from the fate of millions of ancestral generations. It may, however, be assumed that, as he himself supposed, he had come to bid adieu to the last of his illusions before he cast the dust of England from his feet for ever.

Now Angélique had been able to take great credit to herself for her passing gleam of sentiment. She was proud of it, and of herself for having been capable of feeling it. But Félix, except for the feeling of embarrassment when he first perceived her, and of which he now felt almost ashamed, had felt not even a passing gleam. No sooner had he met her eyes, no sooner had she spoken, than it was plain to him that the Angélique whom he now saw before him was the Angélique of his *grande passion* no more; if, indeed, the Angélique of his *grande passion* had ever really existed in the flesh. In that moment he felt that something else besides his own heart had changed; or rather, that his heart had been false to her because it had never

ceased to be true to the ideal that he had sought in her and had found—where?

Where indeed? It was clear enough even to him, in the light of the flood of joy that rushed into his heart when he heard the last words of Angélique, and looked up suddenly at Marie. His doubts of her had then, after all, been as absurd as he had been trying vainly to persuade himself that they were, and Barton had in truth been slandering her as grossly as he had been trying, with equal ill-success, to force himself to assume. Had any sort of connection really existed between her and Warden, it was not thus and in her presence that Angélique—who must have known of it—would have spoken.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a sigh of something more than relief. "Do you know Barton, then? How long has he known this?"

"Not long. It is only just settled, it seems. It is a curious match, is it not?"

"Any way the bridegroom is to be congratulated. And how is Barton? I did not know you knew him."

"No more we did, till yesterday. Is it true that he writes the dramatic criticism for the 'Trumpet'? and that you actually allowed him to insert that odious review of poor Miss Marchmont? For shame! Ah, you cared a little more about her than that once upon a time,—did you not? What a couple of silly children we were; but they were pleasant days, all the same—those delightful days when we were so miserable. We shall never have such pleasant ones again—no, not when you have all the world at your feet, and when I—well, I shall have dropped out of your life then, *n'est ce pas*, Monsieur? Marie, my angel, now I must go and carry the news of your generosity to poor Hugh. *Au revoir, donc, mon ange—et vous, Monsieur, s'il vous plait*—and then we will talk about the old times once more,—and you will not laugh

at me if I cannot quite laugh at them, will you?"

And so, with a parting embrace to her angel and another presentation of her hand to the lover for whose death she had so nearly and so lately been answerable, she once more carried into the street her last purchase from Madame Jupon.

But although Félix had received an unmistakable lesson from the unspeakably joyful relief that the words of Angélique had given him, he was certainly no nearer reading what was in the heart of Marie. All that he could think of now was that she was in reality all that he had supposed her to be; that she had once more been restored to her pedestal above the altar. How could he ever have committed the treason, the blasphemy, of having even for a single moment cast her down? Surely, it now seemed to him, he could never really have done so—he must always, in his heart of hearts, have remained loyal; the disturbance could only have been in his fancy—in his mind.

But Marie!—

Whether she still loved her husband or no, there is but one word to describe her state: and that word is desolation. Whatever her feelings toward Félix might be, they did not subtract from the force of the word.

The state of nervous excitement, or rather exhaustion, in which she was, and in which the activity of the memory and of the imagination fully made up for the loss of calm reason, caused her to comprehend at once and to the letter every word that had passed between Mark Warden and herself in the course of her last interview with him, and that had then been so unintelligible. So plain had the meaning of it grown now, that the amount of truth that might lie in the report which she had just heard was altogether immaterial. Whatever might be the explanation of that report, the fact remained and stared her in the face—not, perhaps, the

fact that he was actually about to leave her for another—that must be as she willed, to say the least of it; but certainly the fact that he wished to do so, and that he had actually proposed it to her almost in so many words. At present, though she realised this, she was incapable of realising how it affected her. It is weaker women than she whose feelings in such matters are sufficiently simple to find at once a way into action, whether by the road of anger or by that of tears. Besides, the mind of Mario was always a little slow to bring itself into action whenever it was necessary to blame others, or even to think them in the wrong, while her eyes were not apt to weep for her own sorrows. So, for the present, she was simply turned to stone; and the last words of Angélique had fallen upon deaf ears.

Félix.—"So my first pupil is to be married! How odd it makes one feel! And the bridegroom—is he the Mr. Warden whom I once met here, and to whom you introduced me?"

Marie (starting from her stupor, and suddenly.)—"I beg your pardon—"

Félix.—"Are you not well, dear Marie?"

Marie (dreamily.)—"Oh, I am quite well—only a little tired, I suppose. I am not used to late hours yet, you see."

Félix.—"And your head aches, does it not?"

Marie.—"A little—but it is nothing."

Félix.—"And I am boring you to death, I suppose."

Marie.—"Oh, no; why should you be?"

Félix.—"I am sure I must be, though. And I really came for no purpose in the world—so—"

Marie.—"Oh, you need not hurry to go: and yet—yes, I really am quite well; I am only very stupid, as usual. There,"—drawing herself up with an effort, but with a smile—" *Io son Guglielmo*

Tell!—What was it you asked me just now and that I was rude enough not to answer?"

Félix.—"Oh, only about my old pupil's *futur*."

Marie (bravely).—"Mr. Warden. You met him once here. They will make an admirable match, though Angélique does not seem to think so. She has a great fortune, and is good enough for any body, and so amiable!—and he has great talent and great ambition, and will make her the wife of a great man, as she deserves."

Félix (coldly).—"Indeed!"

Marie.—"Yes. He only wanted the means, and now he will have them."

Félix.—"You seem to have great faith in him."

Marie.—"I go by what I hear—nothing more."

Félix.—"But you know him?"

Marie.—"What can girls like me know about the lives and careers of men? We see them as they condescend to show themselves to us—the outside; but as they are to each other and to themselves—never."

Félix.—"Never?"

Marie.—"Or when we do see them as they are, it is only to find out that we stand in their way."

Félix (unable to help observing the scarcely perceptible tinge of bitterness in her tone, and the involuntary comparison that she had suggested between herself and Miss Raymond).—"And you think, then, that Miss Raymond will not stand in the way of this friend of yours?"

Marie (alarmed for her husband's secret, and exaggeratedly alarmed about what her words, which she had forgotten, might have led Félix to suspect).—"I hope not. I wish him well, like all my friends. But have you no news of yourself?"

Félix.—"I? Not a word. I never have. I manage to keep body and soul together—or at least the body without the soul—which can scarcely be called news. That

is about all—and the process is not very interesting to lookers-on.”

Marie.—“But it is interesting to me, *mon ami*. I can read the stars, and like to watch how my prophecies come true.”

Félix.—“I am afraid that is not a very profitable knowledge. I thought I could once; but it was only to find them as ambiguous as earthly oracles, and even more treacherous.”

Marie.—“I want you to promise me something. Will you?”

Félix.—“If it is to do any thing for you, I owe you so much, and have never done any thing for you yet.”

Marie.—“Yes, it is for me, if that is any satisfaction to you. But it is not because it is for me that you must do it.”

Félix.—“Why not? I am sick of trying to do things for myself—and you, I think—I hope—are the only person likely to care about what I do.”

Marie.—“Will you promise? I am speaking seriously.”

Félix.—“Of course I promise.”

Marie.—“Félix, my friend, I cannot help seeing that for some reason or other you are bent upon making a wreck of your whole life. Yes—it is perfectly true. You have plenty of talent; and I have not known you all this long time so well not to know that you might easily in due time take the position that, as you have often told me, you were once ambitious of taking. Besides, is it not due to Prosper, to your old benefactors, to Moretti himself, to justify them in the interest they have taken in you, and the sacrifices they have made for you?—I may speak plainly to you, I hope?”

Félix.—“Always.”

Marie.—“Do you remember telling me of your childhood, and of your first insight into the existence of an art-world outside and above the mere world of nature into which you had been born? Ah, you were fortunate, more fortunate than you

can tell, in waking to it so early! Art was thus able to become to you a second nature; it did not come to you, as it came to me, too late for me to find in it another and nobler world. Do not throw away this good fortune of yours, which comes to so few! Would you throw away your art, your power of doing something for it and for the world, your duty, your true soul, the life that nature and art and God have given you, for the sake of the shadow of a memory? No, my friend—leave such weakness to women; but let me believe that there is at all events one true man in the world.”

Félix.—“Marie!”

Marie.—“Oh, I know what you mean—I do not mean true to a woman. That is something—but I do not mean that now. And truth to a woman is worth nothing when it prevents a man from being true to himself; and you are not being true to yourself, if you can forgive me for saying so. Romance is an ornament of life—the gilding to hide its hardness, its coldness, its grossness, its littleness, if you will; but it is not true gold, and one must take life as it is, after all, and not as we would have it seem. We are not in the world to make love and make each other—well, miserable; for that must be the end of all falsehood.”

Félix.—“But there is such a thing as love that is not falsehood and not misery. I understand what you mean; but I have learned a great deal lately. Marie, you are only too right in one thing. I have indeed been weak, blind, ungrateful, false to myself and to all that is good and true even more than you think; but I will be so no longer. I promise you with all my heart that, with your help, with your sympathy, I will go forward in the right path so far as I may. I may never be a great artist—Prosper is right: the great artist must be something more than a man, and must use emotions, not suffer

or enjoy them. But to be a man is better than to be an artist—and that, if you will help me, I will be."

Marie.—"Man and artist too. I do not ask you to lose your sympathy with the world and exchange your heart for a musical machine—God forbid! But art is work; and it is work worth a man's doing, without respect to what he may enjoy or suffer by it."

Félix.—"But——"

Marie.—"Ah, it is a grand thing to be a man and not a woman! No wonder we women despise a weak man—for no man need ever be weak. We are wrong, perhaps in thinking so, for the battle of the world is no doubt harder than we think for, who know it not in all its strength. But we are right in thinking that combat should give strength, not destroy it."

Félix.—"Marie—can it be that you too have suffered that you speak thus?"

Marie.—"I?"

Félix.—"Forgive me——"

Marie.—"My friend—who has not suffered? who does not suffer? Yes—I do suffer when I see you still a slave to a woman. Shall I tell you something? Well, then, learn from a woman that no woman is worth the loss of a man's whole life—no, nor even of a part of it. Is it not true that every man has a career into which no woman may enter? Is she not a hindrance and a stumbling-block to him in his true life? Is he capable of entering into the little trivial matters that make up hers? Is not the kindest thing she can do for him to leave him free? Oh, my friend, be warned: recognise your career, for you have one; do not be a slave to a fancy, for it is nothing more. I know you can be strong, if you only will. Do you know what I would do were I a man? I would pray God every day to save me from women's love—not only for my own sake, but—for theirs."

Félix.—"No, Marie—I am no

slave to woman. Those chains are broken for ever—if indeed they were ever whole. And you are wrong—wrong a thousand times. There *are* women in the world who are worth the loss of any man's life; for they supply him with a nobler and a better. There are women who are not only no hindrance but an aid and a motive to the noblest career. Yes, and there are men who can appreciate the perfection of sympathy. Where—how—can you have learned so bitter a creed as yours?"

Marie.—"Ah, if I could but think so!"

Félix.—"You do not know what love means, you who have never loved."

Marie.—"And you?"

Félix.—"I have found out what it means. I am wiser than you."

Marie.—"Then——"

Félix (warmly).—"Do not be afraid—such love as mine is of that kind which you deny. 'If I could but think so,' you say—you, the truest-hearted of all women! What is sympathy but that very kind of love in which you do not believe?"

Marie.—"I do not think so. And now give me your promise. I am right—I know more than you do, after all. But I do believe in sympathy; and if any feeling on your part that there is one who sympathises with you so far as a woman may can help you to keep that promise, that feeling may be yours."

Félix.—"Oh, Marie—if this is so, then I can keep it indeed! For your sake I will strive to be all things. Will you indeed help me?"

The conversation up to this point had been almost studiously calm in its tone, as of two persons who had suffered and experienced, and were now discussing in abstract fashion the ways of the world rather than their own needs. But the barrier had been growing less substantial every moment, until, to Félix at least, it had passed away

altogether, and left, as he thought, the soul of Marie as unveiled before his eyes as he felt that his must needs be before hers. He approached her more closely, and went on with increasing energy,—

"I am not inconstant; it is now that I prove my constancy to what I have loved always—to the truth and to the divine ideal for whose sake I have been chasing shadows till now. It is the shadows that have passed away and left the true light, which there is no mistaking. Marie, you blaspheme yourself when you say what you said just now. If I have lost my life, do you restore it; and I swear to you, even for your own sake, that you shall not restore it to me in vain. You are already great, I know, and I am less than nothing; but you are free, thank God! and if you will give me hope, you shall see how worthy of you I shall, I must, become. Dearest Marie! I will live for you, who represent to me all that is true and beautiful; and life for you must needs be such as you would have me live. You know me too well, Marie, for you not to understand me. Have we not been, are we not, friends? And I will make no farther claim till I have proved that I am able to be what you would have me be. But hope you must give me. That will be everything—and if it fails, one can but die at last; and meanwhile—but you will, will you not? It is for your sake—not only for my own—"

Marie (thunderstruck).—"Mon Dieu!"

Like the first trembling gleam of lightning that announces at once to the fevered earth the reason of the vague and heavy restlessness that has been weighing upon its life during the sultry hours that the sun should by right have made full of energy and gladness, so, all at once, rushed through Marie the sudden consciousness of the real nature of the fever that had been wearing her for so long. The storm

that had been more and more closely, day by day and hour by hour, gathering within and about her for so many weeks, had at last broken, and had torn away the mist that had hitherto hidden her even from her own eyes. The clouds, pregnant with the fulness of a first passion, had been long ripe for bursting, and had needed but a touch, a word, to set free the storm with which they were charged. And now, without a warning, that word had come. For one instant her whole soul rushed out to meet the soul which, like her own, had been so long seeking in vain for its fellow-spirit, and deluding itself, in the eagerness of search, with mocking phantasms of the reality. But the tumultuous joy of the sudden revelation which to a pure soul is nothing less than a new birth, was as evanescent as it was intense; and, like the lightning which it had resembled in its sudden brightness, left the night that it had momentarily illuminated darker than before. Hitherto she had been asleep; and there is but little difference between the effect of light and of darkness to sleeping eyes. But now she had at last awoken; and it is to waking eyes that the darkness of the night is darkness indeed.

But Félix felt only the sympathy of joy, and was beyond the pale of the reaction.

"Marie," he went on earnestly, "I cannot speak now in the common words of common love. It is my heart that is speaking to you—my real heart, that has never spoken until now. What is the need of words? You can understand all that I would say—if you will."

"O God!" she cried out, far less to him than into the night that had once more fallen upon her; "and must I ruin this man also? And yet—he loves me—he loves me!"

"Yes, he does love you! Thanks, dearest Marie—you have read my

heart indeed. Yes—he loves you with perfect love—”

Something in her face made him pause. How long he waited in eager silence, perceiving but not comprehending the blank despair that held her incapable of struggling against destiny by a word or gesture, it would be impossible to say. To him his single, uncomplicated impulse made the time seem like a single moment; to her, with her crowd of recollections, of regrets, and of present emotions, it seemed like an hour. A drowning man, it is said, finds time in the instant of despair which precedes unconsciousness to live his whole life over again, year by year, day by day, detail by detail; and so it was now with her. But at last, with a visible effort, she found strength to speak.

“Go,” she said, “I cannot answer you. Go at once—for ever.” And then, after another long pause, and suddenly holding out her hand, “*Adieu*, dearest friend!”

He took her hand with both his own, and held it there. “You cannot answer me?”

She tried to recover it, but he would not let it go. “*Adieu!*” she repeated; but this, he felt, was not the answer of her heart.

“No, Marie,” he said; “you must either give me hope, or you must tell me that I have been trusting to nothing more than another dream.”

“I can tell you nothing, except—go!”

“You cannot love me? You cannot save me?”

“No—I cannot—”

“Marie,” he interrupted her passionately, “this is not how you would answer me if you cared nothing about me. I have been blind enough in some things, God knows; but love such as mine is for you makes one see. If you cannot read my heart I can read yours; and in yours I read anything but your words. Why cannot you love me? One whose whole life, and more

than life, is at stake has a right to know.”

She forced herself to speak with a spirit that she was far from feeling—that, indeed, was far from natural to her. He was right when he told her that had she cared nothing about him it was not so that she would have answered him. “There are some things that cannot be told. I cannot be more to you than I am—if I cannot, what is that to you?”

If I love thee, what is that to thee? Yes; but that is the self-contained love of angels—not of a human soul that hungers after the love that it bestows.

“What is that to me? Do you refuse me my life when I implore it of you, and refuse to tell me why? is that nothing? Do you show me the light and refuse to let me enter in? Do you make me promise and refuse to allow me to perform?”

“If you knew—”

“Ah!” he went on, with a sudden bitterness, “I will believe you. I will believe that you cannot love me—so be it, if it must be so. But—”

“I implore you, ask me no more.”

“On one condition. Swear to me that our friendship has been a mere pastime—that sympathy is but a word—that you are careless whether I live or die—”

“Félix!”

“Yes—whether I live or die. It is nothing less. Have you not yourself taught me what life means? Swear at least that you do not love me—”

“And you will believe me?”

“You will swear it? Marie—you dare not.”

“I swear to you that I can never, never be more to you than I am now—than I have been always.”

“Then I am absolved from my promise. You have not sworn that you do not love me. I *do* ask you more.”

All her false courage, all her pretence of strength, were swept away at last in a passion of sincerity. The lightning was followed by the storm.

"Ah, Félix, have mercy! You know not what you are doing."

"Marie, you cannot deceive me! You *do* love me, say what you will! Do I not read your heart as plainly, ten times as plainly, as you read mine! And if you love me, why are you ashamed, as though love were a sin?"

"O God, why cannot I feign—why cannot I be strong—why must I sin! Félix—if you love me——"

"If I love you!"

"If you love me—leave me."

"In God's name, Marie, what mystery is this? Why should you wish to feign? Why should you be weak? What sin lies in loving honestly and truly? Do you not trust me? Are you afraid of your own heart?"

Afraid of her own heart! It was true, and she knew her own fear and her own weakness only too well. It was so weak that it had already yielded; it was so weak that she, with all her strength, great as it was, felt that she was unfit, unaided, to guard it for a moment more. She flung herself on her knees before him and grasped his hand in a passion of supplication.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Do you believe me now when I say Go?"

The voice and face of Félix grew stern. "Do you love me, Marie? That is the only question between us. I have a right to know. And if you love me I will not go."

"You do not, cannot love me as I— Do you not see how you make me humiliate myself? Ah, if you really loved me you would understand! Do you think it is out of caprice that I implore you to save me from my own heart——"

He stepped back suddenly, and regarded her intently. "Marie," he began.

But he could not continue in such a tone. With equal suddenness he raised her from where she knelt and pressed her passionately to his breast. He at least had nothing to conceal, and was free to obey what his heart bade him. "Ah, I understand!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "But you love me! That is all I care to know." The two souls had met at last.

For long she rested upon the place that by right, though not by law, was now hers without making an effort to move. But, omnipotent as the passion of a strong nature may appear, there is one citadel in every truly pure nature that it is powerless to conquer. The effort, though it came late, came at last.

She broke from him with all her strength. "Oh, for my sake, for God's sake, go! May He pardon me—may He protect you. Félix, you must leave me—there, you know my heart now!"

"Leave you, my dearest? Yes—but to return!"

"No—never to return! Thank God for your love, Félix—there is no sin in being loved! And you shall never be the worse for mine. For I do love you, though not in the way you would have me. Do all things that are worthy of you—do them for my sake if you will, if that will aid you. Your love has made me very happy, and one day we will be friends again. Till then—adieu! I will pray for you always. And do not you forget to pray to One who can aid you more than I."

"Marie—you have some secret that you fear to tell me. Do you trust me so little as to think I would not trust you—that I would seek to know anything that it would give you pain to tell unless that I might remove the pain? Let the past be the past to you as well as to me. What is the past to either of us now?"

"And suppose," she began, with difficulty.

"Suppose nothing—but that we love each other."

"When to love you is a sin?"

"A sin? In God's name what can you mean?"

"I *must* not tell."

"And why?"

"Félix! It is true that I have a secret—that I have been living a lie. And the secret is not my own."

"And have I no claim? Marie, I am waiting for my answer—for my sentence of life or death. I *must* know what is the barrier that stands between you and me."

What was she to do? One thing only—to sacrifice all things, at any cost, for him she loved. If that be in reality sometimes a sin, there is

surely no true woman to whom it would, under any circumstances, wear a sinful guise. However she might suffer, however much he who had a legal right to her self-sacrifice might have reason to condemn her, Félix had a right to her consideration founded upon a higher law than that made by men. It is true that she hesitated for long, and that when she did speak it was from no mere impulse.

"You are right," she said at last, suddenly. "I must not let you suffer." And then, more slowly, and with a last effort of weakness, she added, "Now, Félix—dearest friend!—you will help to save me now, I know. Yes—I love you, Félix!—and I am a wife."

CHAPTER VI.

When we read of the grosser and less subtle forms of crime and sin in distant ages and in distant lands, they seem to us in no wise extraordinary, or even so much out of the probable course of things as to need being accounted for. But when, as they occasionally will, they make their appearance in our midst, in our own civilised country and time, we are astonished as if in sight of the impossible. We go on for the most part in so even a groove that we talk and think as though hate and envy and unscrupulous selfishness were extinct; or, at least, as though they were so curbed and restrained by our modern social system as to be rendered, among persons of position and education, incapable of taking their old-fashioned course freely and blindly. When we are bound to recognise facts—when we are forced by them to see that the world, the flesh, and the devil still contrive to hold their own in spite of the feeble circle of dykes and dams with which we strive to keep our level plains safe from the untamable sea outside—we have to resort to theories of lunacy; or if

these, as is often the case, will not hold, to confess, if we are in an unusually modest mood, that our psychology is baffled.

But no: even as those who cross the sea change only the sky above them and not their own souls, so it is not human nature that changes; it is only places and times. All that man has done, man may do, in a far truer sense than that in which the proverb is usually employed: and as long as the passions of men endure, so long will endure the forms taken by their passions. It is not only in the Litany that malice will follow hard upon the heels of hatred, even in the hearts of sane men.

Warden had met Alice Raymond only the night before, and had made, as it seemed to him, good way. Whether he had or not, is another matter. He had never mixed much with women, and was not one of the initiated in the mysteries of ball-rooms; and so his vanity was easily gratified by nothings. He himself never did or said anything without a motive; and so he was not one to understand barren likings and flirtations that were honestly

meant to be understood as pastime. Besides, he was not so genuinely in love with Miss Raymond for her own sake as to possess in himself and in his own feelings that infallible test whereby a man knows by instinct whether he is loved or no. He only knew that, for his own part, it was not a mere flirtation that he was carrying on with her. She must, he was assured, see what his feelings were towards her, and what with gratified vanity, ambition, self-interest, and desire of possession, it was not in his heart to draw back. He had set his heart upon this thing, even as he had formerly set it upon his fellowship; and it had always been his way where he had set his heart to set his hand. Any way, the fox could not tear himself away from the sight of the grapes, for all that they were to all appearance so far out of his reach; nor did he even console himself by calling them sour. But were they really out of his reach? What was the good of having brains and of knowing how to turn them to good account if he was to be balked by the mere passive existence of a girl like Marie, who had now succeeded in proving her stupidity to the full, if indeed anything had been wanting to prove it before? If he had but lived in the good old times of the water of Saint Nicholas! He was conscious of the very thought, and did not shrink from it.

Such a line of speculation may possibly be unusual; but it did not, at all events to him, seem to be so very horrible or so very unnatural when it first took the shape of an actual possibility. On the contrary, it carried with it that sort of pleasure which the first suggestion of something that may be done as well as dreamed of must always carry to a man of strong will, weak imagination, and few scruples: to a man, that is to say, whose nature leads him to take the shortest and most obvious road to the attainment of any given purpose, and whose eyes can see clearly but one thing at a

time. It was at first a thought for Warden to caress and to play with as he sat over his breakfast preparing leisurely for the calls of the new day that, like every day, came to fix indelibly the results of the hours of candle-light and of darkness that had gone before. What was there in itself horrible in the thought? It was that of Marie lying, as sooner or later she must come to lie, silent and unconscious beneath the ground, out of the way of all evil, of all sorrow, of all trouble, and—of Mark Warden. He recalled to mind, with a sort of approving appreciation, that hopeless summing up of all human things that he had read in the *‘Œdipus Coloneus,’* “Surely the best thing for a man is not to be born; but, being born, the next best thing for him is to die as soon as he may.” He had got into a very dangerous region of speculation indeed, in which consequences seem confused and unreal in the overwhelming shadow thrown upon them by the immediate desire of self-gratification. He saw in Marie an evil spirit whom he had raised in a moment of folly, and who must be got rid of somehow, if not anyhow; and the purely moral means, now tried without result, had, in his practical mind, more than begun to blend with the physical, as is the way with men like him.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to define the limit between desire and determination—the point at which one ends and the other begins. And yet there must be some moment when the murderer in heart becomes so conscious of his desire that he consciously takes means to bring about its fulfilment. Were it not that one knows it to be the case, it would be impossible to conceive of the possibility of murder—to call things by their right names—so taking possession of a man's soul that the first actual step taken in accordance with such an idea—however unconsciously taken—should fail to drive away the

thought at once, utterly and for ever. But that it does sometimes fail is only too certain; and the crisis of this undefinable limit had now been reached by Mark Warden. Nor are chances and omens ever absent in such cases. The first book upon which he laid his hand, apparently by instinct, was an old work upon medical jurisprudence that happened to form part of his legal library. He opened it mechanically, and turned its leaves. He did not intend to do anything—let that be understood clearly; but he none the less began to call to mind all that in the course of his life he had happened to hear of the nature of poisons and of the difference of their several effects: how they acted upon the frame, and to what extent they left their traces upon it. There was matter and to spare for his meditation in that cold-blooded judicial treatise which changed into a collection of dry bones the fearful list of tragedies that had closed with the gallows. The gallows! yes, that had been the end of all these. But the tragedies upon which no sudden curtain had fallen—where were they? What had been their *dénouement*? That there were such he was convinced. Everybody in the world is not ignorant or stupid; and it is notorious that it is invariably through the ignorance or stupidity of the slayer that foul deaths are brought to light. He, at least, if it should become necessary to direct chance in the way it should go, would not fail by reason of stupidity or ignorance. Nor did what met his eye as he turned the pages tend to diminish his self-confidence.

To him, in the state of mind in which he now was, such reading had the interest of nothing short of fascination. He felt, as his eyes began to dwell longer and more systematically upon his book, as though he were entering into a new world in which it is the one object of human life to kill one's

fellow-creatures without being found out, even as to a layman who reads a more purely medical treatise the disease of which it treats assumes at last such prodigious proportions as to seem as if it were the normal and proper condition of the human race, in which he also must of necessity be a sharer. And the more Warden read, the more lost in amazement he became at the bungling fashion in which all who had been discovered had, as it were with their own hands, knotted the rope round their own necks. "Murder will out," people say; but he could not help seeing that in point of fact it is the murderer himself who will out with it; that a man who quietly took the ordinary pains which he would take in any ordinary action of his life need scarcely be suspected unless he pleased. And then he thought, as a natural consequence, how many of those who are not suspected, whom the world honours, who are without scruples and who profit by death every day—how many of these have taken the control of chance into their own hands? And why should I be more scrupulous than other men, when it is all so easy? It was not even as though a life like that of Marie would be missed or thought of, or would make a void in the ocean of society of the smallest appreciable kind for an appreciable instant. Besides himself, to whom could it matter whether she lived or died?

But where, it may be asked, was conscience all this while? Well, conscience was in the condition in which it usually is when there is most need for it to act—that is to say, fast asleep. For at the birth of Cain, says a certain Rabbi, the two angels, one good and one evil, that attended upon him as upon every man, wearied beforehand of the prospect of the long watch which they would have to keep over one another, and which would

prevent them from enjoying a moment's repose for little short of a thousand years, entered into a solemn compact with each other that they would divide the watch—that one should wake before deeds were committed, the other after them. But the question arose which watch should belong wholly to the good and which wholly to the evil. The latter, having the craft of the serpent, obtained the first by the bribe of allowing his rival double power after deeds were done; and hence it is that, in the generation of Cain, conscience warns in the shape of a dim and doubtful dream, and wakes, not to warn as conscience, but to punish as remorse.

Warden had never, as some people do who would not without sentimental remorse injure so much as a flea, amused himself with speculating as to how he should go to work were he bent upon taking human life without a chance of discovery. He never amused himself with speculations at all: those in which he indulged had always some practical end, nor could he otherwise conceive of any one's indulging his fancy in so useless a way. With him, to entertain an idea meant to carry it out; and mental habits of this nature are almost omnipotent. Was there not, was then the next stage in his present course of speculation, in all that world in which his mind was now roaming at large, some one drug which would answer the purpose? Was it true, as he had heard his father say, that aconitine, for instance, if that was the name, would kill with certainty and with speed—would imitate the natural symptoms of probable disease, and leave no trace of itself behind? As a matter of curiosity he searched the pages of his book, but could find no mention of it. Was it then merely a piece of medical superstition, or was it that it had never found its way into courts of justice simply because it was so safe and so sure? If there were such a drug, whatever

its name might be, it must have been used; it was not likely to be known to Dr. Warden of Denethorp alone. This very effort of memory—for when he had heard the name he had let it slip by as a piece of useless knowledge unprofitable to him in the schools—had the effect of still more closely fixing and intensifying his thoughts and of giving them a still more certain direction in their dangerous path.

He was thus engaged, like some necromancer searching his books for some more potent spell to lay the fiend whom he had raised in the innocent form of Marie, when his ears were startled by the fall of a letter from the slit in the outer door of his chambers upon the floor of the passage. He hastily closed the volume, put it back in its place with a hurry for which he did not seek to account, and then picked up the letter, which was directed to him in a handwriting which he knew only too well, and which made him tear it open nervously. After all it was not even for Mark Warden to lay aside such a dream-book as he had chosen with a steady hand.

"MY DEAR FRIEND"—it began—"When I last saw you—the last time I shall ever see you—you must have thought me very stupid. I confess it; and am sorry that I did not understand better what you meant. Do not be afraid. When you receive this I shall be where I shall trouble you and be in your way no more. Why, indeed, should I care to live when my life is of service to none, and is only an injury to you?"

"My dear Mark—forgive my calling you so for the last time—for you have been very dear to me—how can I ever pardon myself, even if you can pardon me, for having been a drag upon you for so long? Believe me it was unknowingly. I always lived and worked for you and you only ever since that morning when I came to you at B——; what a child I was

then!—and my only thought has been how I could aid you and be as good a wife as I could to you till the time came which is never to come. And how could I tell that I was in your way unless you told me so? Thank you for having told me so now—it is a kindness more than I can say. It would have been dreadful indeed to have found it out too late.

“Do not think I am complaining; I am only trying to do what is right by you, as I have always tried to do. What your career may be henceforth when you are freed from me I shall never know. I pray from my soul that it may be prosperous—that you may be happy. Only—let me implore you with my last words—let your life be true and honest, as I know that it will be brave and strong. It was not your fault, dear Mark, that we were obliged to deceive the world: but even so our deception, innocent and necessary as it was, has been the cause of all the unhappiness that I have caused you. Perhaps had we been brave enough to despise the world as it ought to be despised, and to have followed our own hearts, we might even by now have been to each other what we once wished to be—for you wished it once, I know, and I am sure that had you thought fit to trust me and had been able I should not have been unworthy of your trust. And—though I do not wish to stand in your way any more—I may at least ask you—if you do not understand me so much the better—to climb the hill that is before you as a man should: not to stoop to aid which is unworthy of any man, and above all, of you. A strong and true heart is worth all the wealth in the world.

“I should like to be able to say more to you—but I cannot; and there is no need, now that I am nothing to you any more. Good-bye, my dear friend—for such I know you would still be if you could; and you have always been

kind to me—far more kind and considerate than I deserved. I have never heard from you a harsh word; and it was not your fault that the end had to come. You never had the chance of learning to love me: and so perhaps it has been best. Good-bye, once more: do not quite forget me—think sometimes of your dead first love, who would have been so good to you if she had only known how, and who will pray for you always.

“For the last time, good-bye.—God bless you always, and bring us both to meet again in Him.

“MARIE.”

Whether the train of thought in which he had been absorbed for the last hour or two had been nothing more than a vague and passing dream, or whether it was of a nature to ripen into actual deed, cannot be told. Such fancies are seeds which, though noxious, are oftenest barren; and so they might have proved with him. But they were so far in a way to promise blossom, if not fruit, that the reading of this letter gave him a shock such as a growing weed may, for the sake of comparison, be supposed to undergo when suddenly torn up by roots which it has extended far and firmly into the ground. Barren as such dreams for the most part prove, their fruit is after all not seldom gathered; and its harvest must always have been preceded by some such dreams as these. But, seeing that he had stopped at the sowing, let him have the benefit of any possible doubt. The fulfilment of his wish—for to the formation of a wish, at all events, he had come—is almost too horrible to conceive; and it would be too horrible, not almost, but altogether, did not the history of the most desperate of all crimes amply prove that such wishes have been fulfilled very often indeed—that the father of the thought is very likely to be the father of the deed also. Of course, with regard to such a question, every one must be

left to form his own opinion according to his own experience of human nature. Only it is very certain that had Warden been born in some Italian city some very few hundreds of years ago, Messer Marco would not have been troubled long with Donna Marie; and that, however much place and time may vary, human nature is a thing that does not change.

He read and re-read the letter, however, precisely in the way that one would expect from a man of his nature, for men like him do not afford psychological surprises. He had not the imagination that was required to read the deep pathos that lay beneath the surface of the forced and lifeless words, or to connect himself, the Mark Warden of the present, with the boy of five years ago. One must be something of a poet to remember not only one's childhood, but one's youth also; and Mark, when he married, had been under his one short spell of real youth which had been over long ago, and he was no poet to recall its shadow when its substance had gone for ever. So it was not to be expected of him that he should realise in his memory the time when he had loved the girl who had developed into a woman even more rapidly than he into a man.

But though the heart of such a man is proof against subtle touches, it need not be callous to gross blows; and it is due to him to say that the first effect of the letter was to wake him from his dream, as if from a nightmare. He felt now like a necromancer indeed, or rather like the servant of a necromancer, who, ignorantly playing with his master's tools, has crossed the step that divides guilt imagined from guilt done. The letter could have but one interpretation. Marie might at that very moment be lying dead—dead for him, and, as he seemed to feel, dead by him. Could evil wishes travel with such lightning speed? Were they, indeed, so fatal? Conscience, when

it does wake, scorns coincidences, and turns into a superstitious self-accuser the most practical of men. Had he actually slain her with his own hand he would not have felt otherwise than he felt now.

But this was in the actual moment of waking, before reason, which always wakes the last, had woken also.

He read the letter again; and its meaning stared him full in the face, incredible as it still seemed to him. It could but have that one meaning, which he feared to recognise. Or was it after all only a ruse to alarm him—a woman's trick—a last resource to test him, if not to draw him back? But even he, devoid of imagination as he was, knew Marie well enough to reject such a suggestion as being more incredible than the other.

But there might be time to save her. It is far more easy for people to talk of death than to act as they talk. At all events he must satisfy himself as to what she did really mean. He placed the letter in his pocket, and had put on his hat, and was turning the handle of the door, when something restrained him.

Suppose she were dead or dying, what then? He could not save her. And it was very possible that he should only succeed in mixing himself up with a very disagreeable affair, without the least necessity for so doing. No one knew of his connection with her; and that being the case, the best thing that he could do would be to ignore it altogether. Suppose, on the other hand, she were still living? In that case it was clear that the letter contained but an idle threat after all; and it would never do for him, by allowing her ruse to succeed, to put himself hopelessly in the wrong. She must be made to see that he was in earnest, and that she could not bring him back to her side by so vulgar an artifice as a threat of suicide.

Whether this were so or not, a

very little while would show. On the whole, however, he was of opinion that the letter contained no mere threat, but was evidence of an impulse that had settled into a fixed determination. Its whole tone, the absence of studied effect, brought him to the same conclusion. At all events, he might safely feel that she would trouble him no more; and if so, was he answerable for anything that she might choose to do? Supposing that she had never written to him, not a shadow of responsibility would have been upon him, and why should he place himself deliberately in a worse position now? It would be ungrateful to his star, which had now, as it seemed, so wonderfully freed him from the one burden of his life without obliging him to take the control of destiny into his own hands. The feeling of horror which the first perusal of the letter had given, gradually, as his spirits rose under the influence of relief, melted into one of positive satisfaction with himself for having resisted temptation. It was not long before he felt like a man who upon the eve of marriage has unexpectedly been disburdened of an inconvenient mistress. If he could only feel quite sure that she was actually no more, he would have been able, he flattered himself, to dismiss her from his mind altogether. For the first time the bugbear thought of "If it were not for Marie!" might pass out of his mind. It was so great a relief as to amount to the same kind of discomfort as that which a man feels, when he suddenly misses some dull chronic pain that has become so much a part of himself that when it first leaves him he cannot at first quite recognise himself without it.

For, after all, whether alive or dead, it was plain that she would trouble him no more—that was certain. There was really no need for him to fly to the idea of suicide, obvious as it was upon the face of the letter. He might fairly assume

another theory by way of excuse for inactivity.

"Well," he chose to think to himself—and, from his own point of view, the idea was not by any means very wild—"people never do what they don't want to do. I thought she could not have been so stupid as she seemed; and so she has pleased herself and saved her credit as well. I daresay wherever she may be her friend the fiddler is not far off."

But though he thus spoke to himself, he knew very well what he really believed in the matter, and what he wished in his soul to be true.

If he could but have seen her when those few commonplace words were wrung from depths of heart too deep to express themselves in any words that were not weak and poor!

When her lover, whom she now knew only too certainly that she loved with what was in truth her first real love, and with as much purity as if she had been as little a wife in law as in fact had left her in a condition such as, seeing that the blossom of passion in such cases is always luxuriant in proportion to the hopelessness of its ever coming to its natural fruit, it would be better not to attempt to describe, the state of reaction in which he had found her returned with tenfold intensity. Unfortunately—for it was unfortunate for once—Marie was anything but a hysterical subject, while her heart itself was far too sound and healthy to give her the relief of temporary unconsciousness. But some relief her spirit must have; and though she had wept already in the presence of her cousin, the relief came once more in tears. But the tears evoked by words of kindness are very different to those that came to her now.

Dry-eyed sorrow is said to be the worst of any; and so it is of all sorrows save one. The "summer tempest" of tears may save from death or worse, while a drought

may do worse than slay. But with the summer tempest must not be confounded the storm in which the tears do not freshen and soothe the fevered ground, but scorch and scald; with which is not mingled the heaving of sobs, but the tense pain which seems as though it must end in strangulation; by which the brain does not seem eased of a load, but is changed into one leaden, aching pain, which excludes thought and reason and hope and memory,

and all things but passive despair. It is with such tears as these that Niobe wept herself to stone.

But he did not see her, so that to him this true agony of soul, made up as much of self-accusation as of anything else, was inconceivable. And so alone, and utterly incapable of the exercise of volition or conscious thought, she was left to seek for herself the safety for which she instinctively longed.

CHAPTER VII.

Warden carefully folded up the letter and placed it in his pocket. He was fond of ruling circumstances; but at present there was nothing for him to do but to remain passive, and to let circumstances take care of themselves. Satisfied with the present aspect of things, he must carefully avoid consciously drawing from them the conclusions that in his heart he was glad and relieved to be able to draw, for his own conscience' sake. So that he might, as far as possible, separate himself from his hopes, and make them seem, even to himself, altogether external matters with which he had nothing to do, he sat down resolutely to read, and actually succeeded in holding his book resolutely before him. It seemed to him, as it has seemed to so many, besides the ostrich, under like circumstances, that, by shutting his eyes to Marie's fate, he thereby wholly disconnected himself from it and from all responsibility in connection with it; that by ignoring her letter he put himself in the position in which he would have been had it never been written at all. But yet, for the first time in his life, his thoughts were really engaged in one thing while he was outwardly engaged with something entirely different. Every sound that he heard upon the stairs of the busy staircase on which he lived seemed to him to mean something—to be the forerunner of news,

impossible as he knew it to be that he could hear any news indirectly, and even at third hand.

He was thus absorbed in making believe to be at ease, while he was, in fact, stretched upon the rack of suspense—that is to say, he was in a state of mind that he especially despised, holding, as he did fully, that all purposeless and unprofitable thinking, especially when it took the form of doubting and dreaming, was sheer waste of time—when he was disturbed and startled by the thunder that he recognised as that which was wont to herald the entrance of Dick Barton.

But this with him was altogether a morning of self-contradiction. The usually unwelcome sound was for once not unwelcome; it was a relief to be disturbed, no matter who the visitor might be. What he really wanted was to forget Marie altogether until her fate should prove itself beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Barton was looking not quite so much out at elbows as usual; for such men as he flourish in Cursitor Street as in their native air, and thrive upon what is altogether prostrating to men like Hugh Lester.

"Why, Barton—good morning," he said, more genially than usual, as he laid down his book.

"*'Erre es coracas!'*" Good morning indeed! Why, I've just dropped in to wish you good-night. I

say," he went on, throwing himself luxuriously into the arm-chair just vacated by Warden, which groaned a protest under the unaccustomed weight, "guess where I'm come from this time—a place you'll never see the inside of, any more than you will of Elysium; not that they're the same thing by any means—rather the other way. Old Slo is not exactly a Jupiter, except in having his own way; though Miss Rachel has a very fair notion of playing Hebe—except in the matter of perpetual youth. You never heard of old Slo or Miss Rachel? Well, you don't know what you lose, you respectable men. You have never seen the hookedest proboscis or the Iscariot-est locks in all creation."

"I am quite content to be without that pleasure, I assure you."

"Well—they have their faults."

For one thing, they are much more apt to welcome the coming—as long as he has a stray half-crown—than to speed the parting guest—when he hasn't; and for my society they have always shown a peculiar partiality. However, I am eating the crust of liberty once more, as you see. '*Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes*'—and now I'm yours. Don't look so frightened, though. I've got enough to buy my own crust to-day; and to-morrow one can but return to durance vile, tempered by champagne still viler. But to go back to our flocks, as a friend of ours would put it pastorally. I'm not going to ask you even for half-a-crown—but have you such a thing about you as a stray fifty guineas?"

"The devil!"

"What!—the immaculate Mark Warden swearing?"

"Why, my good fellow——"

"Why, what's fifty guineas to you? Besides you'll be glad enough when I tell you with whom I have been conversing in the Elysian plains. Yes, I've been keeping the best of company, I assure you,

where I come from—no less a being than an ex-M.P."

"What! with Lester? You don't mean to say——"

"Yes. I tumble across most people in time. But I don't wonder you stare, all the same. I don't; but then I've seen too many things to stare at any of them, and have arrived at a state of *ataraxia*, which, by the way, proves the advice to Numicius to be wrong. Still, if any of the men of our time could have seen Lester in the same boat with Dick Barton! It's wonderful, though, how being down in the world brings out a man's good points. He really isn't a bad fellow, only he's profoundly green, and knows the world about as well as he knows his Horace—just enough not to make a false quantity or do a dirty thing."

"And is it from him—do you mean he asked you to apply to me?"

"He? No. Didn't I as much as say just now that he was a gentleman, and therefore an ass, in all but thickness of skin?"

"Then—what is it you expect me to do?"

"The devil! What does a man expect himself to do when the tables are turned and his friend is in want of a note or two?"

"I'm very sorry indeed to hear this about Lester."

"And the fifty guineas?"

"Why, you talk as if fifty guineas were the same as fifty pence."

"You haven't got so much, you mean?"

"I certainly have not."

"Well, that doesn't matter. You can join in a bill, I suppose?"

"I never join in bills, on principle. Besides, you don't seem to know the circumstances."

"Oh, circumstances be damned—and principle too. Who cares for circumstances? Here's a young fellow dropped by his natural relations, and not, I should say, a good hand at falling on his natural legs."

Well, granted he's been ass enough to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, better men do that every day."

"Barton, I'm very sorry, as I said. But you must know that I haven't a penny more than I know what to do with—besides, I have"—"other claims," he was going to add, but stopped. "And if I could do anything," he went on, "still a man must accept the position into which he has put himself by his own fault and with his eyes wide open, as Lester has done. Besides, I and he have never been the friends you seem to think. We scarcely knew each other at Cambridge, and since then I have been useful to him, as a matter of business, and that is all. Still, of course, if I could help him I would—but this way of helping him would be childish; and not only childish, but wrong on every principle."

"What!—you won't, then?"

"Once more, I'm very sorry. But it is always best to say what one means at once. No."

Barton started from his seat. "Then—I'm damned if I ever speak to you again."

Warden knew how to be angry on occasions. "The punishment will not be greater than I can bear, I assure you," he said in answer.

"Cad!" exclaimed Barton, with angry contempt, and stalked out of the room.

"Thank heaven for that riddance, at all events," thought Warden to himself. Of course he had been quite right not to throw away his money upon Lester, or to be tempted from his wholesome principle of not putting his name to bills: his refusal to do either did not trouble him in the least, and to say No was always so easy a thing to him that he did not even feel vain, as many men with less moral courage would have done, of his firmness in the matter. And if the thought had troubled him, the fact of his having at last fairly succeeded in quarrelling with his Old Man of the Sea

would have been ample compensation. His mind having been thus not unpleasantly excited, he turned once more to the page in the perusal of which he had been interrupted, and this time worked away with only very little less energy than usual till it was time to prepare himself for the party in the evening at which he was engaged to be present, and where, of course, he expected to meet the lady of his love once more. Then, with no less care and attention than he bestowed upon what are usually, but most often wrongly, considered the more important concerns of life, he dressed himself to resume the thread of his own second and certainly more important life, and dismissed from his mind all thought of the branch of the law of contracts, which had been the ostensible subject of his day's study. He was by no means one of that class of students who are haunted during a waltz by the ghosts of the Six Carpenters, or whose one idea of beginning a conversation is contained in the words "A agrees with B."

And not only was Miss Raymond present, with her smile and her blue eyes, and the hair that was beginning to draw him into its innocent net for the sake of the unconscious angler herself, as well as for that of the metal of which it was woven, but Miss Clare also, to whom society was every day becoming more and more a necessary stimulant. It may seem strange that a series of evening parties should have the effect of a stimulant upon any one; but the sight of even the affectation of pleasure is exciting to one who has never made acquaintance with its reality in any form.

It was not so that Warden regarded it. He could scarcely be said to have enjoyed the details of the society into which he was now making such good way, any more than he could be said to enjoy the differential calculus or the law of con-

tracts itself. But it was all in his day's work, and so he never suffered himself to be bored: the result of which was that he bored no one. On what precise footing he stood it would be hard to say, seeing that he was neither a man of great fortune, nor a famous traveller, nor a man of title, nor a dancing man, nor a singing man, nor a wit. But then, whatever his footing was, it was thus rendered all the more secure by the fact of his having nothing to lose. He could not well become poorer; he could not be expected to dance or sing, so that he was superior to the risks of gout and hoarseness; he was not likely to make enemies by his tongue, as wits do, and he was in no fear of being cast into the shade by the next new-comer from Lake Tchad or Cape Lopatka. The truth is, that to enter what is called society, and to hold one's own in it successfully, demands on the part of a man who stands alone only three things: a good coat, a pair of gloves, and the power of holding his tongue. The great and safe rule is *audi, vide, tace*; and a man is called agreeable not by reason of what he says, but by reason of what he does not say. But if in addition to these three requisites he has the power of talking unobtrusively when there is occasion, then, so long as he carefully refrains from saying a single word that the hearer can remember for a single second after it is spoken, he can go where he will and do almost anything that he pleases. He will not often be talked about, indeed, but he will be missed; and when he is mentioned, it will be with the sincere praise of those who are grateful beyond measure to any one who will just abstain from boring them, as wits and lions are apt to do. After all, a prolonged roar is scarcely less fatiguing and wearisome than a bray, and is much more alarming. Such a man will not of course obtain a success of the very first order; but he will be accepted as a per-

fectly gentlemanly and agreeable fellow, and will be credited with all the good qualities which, because he does not show them, interfere with the *métier* of no one. The great mistake by which men with far better introductions and social qualities than Mark Warden lose their chances, is that of trying to make themselves agreeable; for to try and to fail is to be lost for ever, while to try and to succeed is only to make more foes than friends.

But still, though the requisites are few, to make proper use of them is by no means such an easy matter. It demands a watchful eye, a steady hand, a cool head, and a genius for self-restraint, in order that the aspirant for social honour may make no false step and lose no opportunity. In a word, it demands Tact—a comprehensive quality in which Warden showed signs of ere long becoming a perfect proficient. He showed great tact, for instance, on this occasion, by not at once devoting himself to Miss Raymond, while he was what some uncharitable people might call obsequiously attentive to Miss Clare. To make a point of preferring the old to the young is in itself sufficiently graceful; and not only is it graceful in itself, especially on the part of a young man, in whom it may be supposed to imply some exercise of self-denial, but it is very likely indeed to have its reward. To pay court to the mother is by no means a bad way of paying court to the daughter; and it is a still better way of paying court to the daughter's fortune. It is true that such a relation did not exist in this case; but then Miss Raymond was so unselfish and so grateful for attentions paid to her old friend, that Warden by this means probably made much better way in her good graces than if he had hung about her for the whole of an evening. Had she only had, indeed, a little more selfishness in her, in the shape of a little more

intensity of nature, she would have been a heroine with whom not Mark Warden only, but the reader of this also, would have been in love. As it was, however, she was far too good to take rank as a heroine.

But these two were by no means the only noteworthy people present when Warden arrived. It was a very grand party indeed—one of those which would supply a list of guests to the 'Morning Post' of at least half a column in length. Such half columns, however, are not interesting reading, except to a few strangely constituted minds; and though the 'Trumpet' may afford an occasional quotation, the 'Court Circular' can scarcely be held to be worth transcribing at the best of times. Of course the presence of a royal duke cannot be passed over in silence; but otherwise from such a mob of titles as was there it is impossible to choose. It was just such a gathering as the ordinary human creature would cheerfully give the whole length of both his ears to have seen but once in a lifetime; and it would have sent poor Lorry wild with excitement and wonder could she have supposed it possible that the "Mr. Warden" whose name crept in just before the "&c., &c." with which the list closed, was her own brother Mark. She would have hung up the sheet of the paper in a frame in the drawing-room, and have made her ninety-nine prostrations before it every day.

Indeed it would have been the height of presumption on her brother's part had he at once made his way to Miss Raymond's side instead of patiently waiting his turn. She was at that moment the most envied of her sex in the room, for she had actually, without an effort, done what had hitherto been regarded as impossible. She had succeeded in making the young Earl of Farleigh, the great catch of that and of many other seasons, engage in something approaching to con-

versation with one who was neither a ballet-girl, an actress, or even a foreigner. Even Warden, sensible man as he was, felt an uncomfortable feeling, which in a less sensible man would have been jealousy, when he saw her thus engaged. Tory as he professed to be in his politics, he was at that moment as real a Radical as Mr. Prescott himself.

Once more the great *prima donna* was singing, whom Angélique had not succeeded in driving from her throne. Miss Raymond was listening with all her ears: her companion, a feeble and rather worn-out-looking young man, with an affectedly foreign air, was looking languidly at the ceiling.

"Oh, is not that glorious?" exclaimed Miss Raymond, with real enthusiasm, and not as a bait for the titled connoisseur.

"Hm!" he answered, letting his eyes drop upon her from the ceiling for a moment. "Yes, *très-bien*. But you should have heard what's her name sing it in Venice. Were you ever in Venice?"

"Never. It must be very interesting."

"It is the most interesting place in the world. Why, when I was there last, there was a girl there who does the *pas de Boréas* better than Pucini, on my honour: and as for what's her name—ah, I wish you had heard her sing; but then English people are such asses. Don't you hate England, Miss Raymond?"

"It would be very ungrateful in me if I did."

"Why? Because you were born in it? I should say it was England ought to be grateful to you, then, not you to England. By Jove, I don't feel grateful to England at all. I never could see why a man should be bound to like a fog just because he happened to be born in November."

"And yet you are kind enough to come and look after us sometimes? I wonder at that, after you have

seen the *pas de Boréas* and heard what's her name."

"Ah, Miss Raymond, do not taunt me with my misfortunes. I never was meant for an English peer. Nature intended me to be an Italian *impresario*—I am sure of it. *Corpo d'un cane!* One might live one's own life if it weren't for one's confounded title and one's stake in the country, as they call it. Don't you hate the country, Miss Raymond? For my part, I like my steak in town."

"It is a pity one cannot make exchanges. I daresay my friend Monsieur Prosper there would exchange places with your lordship with pleasure."

"He'd make a great mistake if he did. Ah, here he is—the lucky dog! What have you got in England now, Prosper? I'm fresh from *la bella Italia*, you know, where one drops before the age about what you call your theatres—pig-styes by Jove! And how are you? It's a long time since that big evening at Paris—when we came to such jolly grief, don't you remember? And how's Coralie and Delphine, and that other little thing, you know?"

Miss Raymond who was not interested in the health of Coralie or of Delphine, or even of the other little thing, hastily turned to speak to some one else. Monsieur Prosper bowed low.

"I am much honoured by my lord's recollections. I am afraid there is not much going on. Your lordship sees——"

"Oh, damn my lordship! Why the devil can't you call me Signor Farlini! And why isn't there much going on? There ought to be. Your fellows are not half up to your work! Papageno of Venice—he's the man! He's got the Ranuzza: of course you know Ranuzza?"

"Ranuzza?"

"What!—you don't? By Jove! she's the finest singer in Europe—shakes on F sharp in *altissimo*,

and has a compass of six octaves, at least. She'd astonish you rather. And then you talk of Catalani! I thought of bringing her over with me here, and I would have, too, only we quarrelled the night before I left. I wish you could hear her swear, Prosper—it's positively charming! But I think I must really take a house one of these days. I'd have Corbaccione and Barbagianni and the Ranuzza, of course; and one might have Catalani for the small *rôles*—Papageno should conduct, and you should lead the orchestra. What do you think? We should rather astonish the town, shouldn't we?"

"Rather, my lord," said Prosper dryly.

"And haven't you really got anything new?"

"Shall I tell your lordship a secret? I have found a pearl of pearls—only she does not sing."

"Dance, does she? Well, she won't do the *pas de Boréas* like the Babbuina—that's the name!—or I'll eat my head—not if she swears like Ranuzza."

"She's only a pianist, my lord. But it will be quite safe to believe in her. I mean her to be the first artist in the world before I have done with her, and to make people rave about fingers as much as they do about toes."

"Oh, damn your key-boards! I know—short and fat, isn't she, with a German name all consonants, and spectacles?"

"Not at all, my lord. She is young and pretty, is *ma petite Marie* and one *raffoles* about her even now."

"Young and pretty? Ah, that's different. *Chi nasce bella nasce* anything she pleases. But she isn't English, I hope?"

"She is French, my lord."

"Then she might do—if she takes an Italian name. Is she here to-night?"

"Not yet, my lord. But she will be immediately. It is past

her time already—she ought to play the very next.”

Marie had established that most dangerous of characters—a reputation for punctuality. If any other public performer had not appeared for an hour, or even for three hours after her time, or had even not appeared at all, no one would have wondered, far less been alarmed about her. But Marie was a subdivider of minutes; and if her fixed second passed without her appearing, something must inevitably have happened for which not even her milliner was of sufficient consequence to be held responsible. It had by this time become the fashion for people to expect to hear Marie Lefort, and her presence was almost necessary to give distinction to any party in which music professed to be a conspicuous element; so that her absence was missed, at all events, to the extent of making people comment upon it, which is perhaps the greatest extent to which any one can expect to be missed at all.

Prosper, for reasons of his own, perhaps not altogether unconnected with the presence of so distinguished a patron of the fine arts as Lord Farleigh, was particularly bent

upon Marie's appearance on this particular evening; and when first half an hour and then an hour had passed by, and there was no sign of Mademoiselle Lefort, he went and spoke to Félix.

“How is it that Marie is not here?”

The heart of Félix gave a jump. “Was she to have come?”

“Of course. More than an hour ago. Have you seen her to-day?”

“Yes; for a little while.”

“And she said nothing about this evening?”

“Nothing.”

“She cannot have forgotten it—she never forgets. It is not far—I wish you would take a coach and go to Berners Street. It will put me out terribly if she does not arrive.”

This was his euphemism for “I hope there is nothing the matter with her.”

Félix had his own reasons for a similar fear of a much stronger nature. It was anything but an agreeable commission for him to undertake in itself, but his anxiety was sufficiently powerful to prevent his thinking about himself. So he left the house at once and hastened eastward.

CHAPTER VIII.

—He reached Berners Street with all the speed that the first coach he found could carry him. The horse was not quite worn out, and the driver, with the prospect of a double fare before him, did his best to make the whip supply the place of youth. But to Félix it seemed as though he were being drawn by a snail, and a hundred times he was on the point of stopping the carriage and of making the energy of exercise compensate for the tediousness of time. Even steam seems to creep along at the rate of something less than two miles an hour when the desire to

be doing something is the last resource of the impatience of anxiety. Oxford Street seemed to have transformed itself into a sort of *Teufels-Kreis*, or diabolic circle, of which the apparent straightness was caused by the immeasurable length of its diameter. At last, however, his journey was at an end. He knocked loudly and rapidly at the door which he had left that morning in a state of mind that had then seemed to him the very climax of bitterness, but which now, if by so doing he could be relieved from his present suspense, he would have voluntarily recalled.

Anxiously, and with an undefined expectation of hearing all manner of ill of a nature that he dared not put into shape, he asked the landlady of the house, who opened to him and who knew him well, if Miss Lefort was at home. During his ride his presentiment of evil had grown into almost monstrous proportions; and it seemed to have already borne fruit, when he was still further plunged into the sea of suspense by hearing that she had left the house that afternoon and had not yet returned.

Knowing what he knew, and fearing what he feared, the news, trivial in itself, seemed to portend the worst; and he was not long in betraying his alarm to the landlady. He was not too apt to be cool at the best of times, and it was scarcely likely that he should be able to conceal his anxiety now.

"Did you see her before she went out?" he asked. "Did she say where she was going?"

"Yes; she just said as she was going out for a bit. You don't think anything the matter, sir, do you? She wasn't like your play-acting folks in a general way—no offence to you, Mr. Grevil—as nobody knows which is their head nor which is their tail, as one may say; she were always so quiet, and always paid so regular."

"Did she seem disturbed—unhappy?"

"I don't know about disturbed exactly, Mr. Grevil. She seemed in a dream like—but she'd often be so. But I've thought a good while she didn't be like she ought to. She didn't eat half enough for a mouse's life, let alone a young woman's, as ought to have their meals regular or they pays for it in the end; and she were always at practice, practice, practice, from week's end to week's end——"

"And she said nothing to you of where she was going?"

"No, Mr. Grevil. She just went out, like as she might any day, though I did say to her——"

"She was to have been in Park Lane this evening, and she has not come. I daresay she has forgotten it, but——"

"Lord, Mr. Grevil," interrupted the landlady, like an echo of Monsieur Prosper, "she never forgets nothing. And if anything *was* for to happen, as there's females knocked down before their very eyes by them coaches, as I well know, not to speak of that nasty orange-peel—oh dear, oh dear——"

"And——"

"There — that'll be her!" suddenly exclaimed the landlady, as a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Thank goodness — that's what I say." And she ran to open it, Félix following her.

"Is my cousin at home?" asked a voice from the dark door-step: and the heart of Félix, that had been buoyed up by momentary hope, sank again within him as he recognised the voice of Angélique; and that voice which would once have been sufficient to raise him from an even deeper depth of anxiety, and to fill him with courage, now served only to make his depth of anxiety deeper still. But still all things were possible: and she might know something of Marie's movements during the afternoon.

But this chance also proved to be vain. "What—Monsieur Créville!" she exclaimed. "Can you tell me where I can go to look for Marie, if she is not at home? She had some business to do for me with Monsieur Prosper——"

"Ah, perhaps then she is gone to Golden Square," exclaimed Félix abruptly, trying all he could to battle with the fear that had now almost developed into certainty. "I will go and see. Wait for me here—I will not be gone an instant."

The idea was a mere straw, and he knew it. If she had wished to see Prosper she would not have gone where, knowing he would be in Park Lane, she knew he would not be. But still, before Angélique

had time to ask a question, he was gone, and she was left to gather from the vague apprehensions of the landlady his fears for the safety of Marie, which were too genuine not to have proved contagious.

This time he did not take a coach—indeed his pocket was once more in its habitual state of emptiness. It was fortunate for him, however, that his pace did not call down upon him the cry of "Stop thief!" and at the end of about twenty minutes he returned.

"Miss Lefort," he began rapidly, all out of breath, and with the sweat streaming from his forehead, "I have the gravest fears about your cousin. And I am afraid I am the most to blame. You may not think there is much in her going out and not being yet returned. But you know her regular ways and her punctuality, and——"

"You fear an accident—an accident to Marie? *O mon Dieu!*"

"This morning I saw her, as you know; and I heard from her something—do you know her secret, Angélique?"

Of course Angélique knew nothing about it; but even then she was sufficiently true to herself not to permit such a thing as a secret to escape her, if she could help it. So she went on,—

"Of course I know all about Marie—everything. We are sisters, and there is nothing but confidence between us in all things."

"Do you know what I mean?"

"I can guess. And you may speak freely to me, whatever it may be."

Though she did not in the least know what he meant, she was perfectly honest in her belief that she possessed Marie's whole confidence; that there in fact existed between her and her cousin a partnership in confidences which was none the less complete because it resembled what the civilians used to call a *societas leonina*—that is to say, a partnership in which all the profit was on one side.

"In any case this is no time for secrets now," said Félix. "What is the name of her husband? where is he to be found?"

"Of her husband!" Angélique exclaimed, in genuine astonishment. "She told you she had a husband!"

"What! you did not know it?"

"*Mon Dieu!* But it is impossible!"

"When she herself told me so?"

"Ah, then it is true. And yet that I did not know it!"

To do her justice, she was really wounded by the thought that so important a confidence should have been withheld from her by the open-hearted Marie and given to a stranger. But a light suddenly broke upon her. In spite of her anxiety about the only creature whom she loved, and in whom she had, at all events till now, thoroughly believed, a presage of triumph as complete as it was unexpected suddenly filled her heart with what was almost the eagerness of joy. Had she indeed caught her enemy upon the hip at last?

"Félix," she exclaimed rapidly, with all its usual hard listlessness gone out of her face, and supplied by an energy that was as fierce as it was hard—"Félix, you are right; the time for secrets has gone by. You love me no longer, then? Well, in that you are right too. Were I a man I would love where you love now. Oh, my poor Marie! Yes, I do know the name of her husband. It is that of the vilest villain upon earth—it is Mark Warden. You hate him, do you not? But you cannot hate him more than I."

He looked at her for a moment amazed, and then the ground of Barton's suspicion grew clear.

"What!" he said; "Warden, the friend of Barton—Warden, who is to marry Miss Raymond?"

"Yes, that is the man. Who can tell what he has done with her when he has so much to gain by——"

It was not this that he feared; and, in fact, the idea was almost too monstrous to be entertained—too horrible even to be thought of.

"You mean ——" he began. "But no—that cannot be."

"Ah, you do not know this man! Oh Marie! if you had but told me——"

Félix was far too excited, far too worn out to think, or indeed to dream of anything but blindly obeying whatever impulse might seize him at the moment. Indeed, when he had plunged into the chamber of fire to save the husband of her whom he now loved so passionately, he was acting far more under the dictates of calm reason than he was capable of acting now. He was simply drunk with despair, and the words of Angélique acted upon him like fresh draughts of fiery wine.†

"My God!" he exclaimed, "then there is but one chance left. There is a chance that he may know—and, if it is too late to save her, yet——"

Without another word he was gone.

"Félix!" cried out Angélique, in real alarm, "what are you going to do? Wait—do not be rash——"

But her words were lost in the closing of the street-door, and she was left to unravel this new complication alone.

It was scarcely yet more than half-past eleven by the time that Félix again reached Park Lane, where Prosper, not without more anxiety of heart than he cared to own to himself—for what, after all, is really worth the anxiety of an artist but art, and of a speculator but money?—had to make the best excuses he could for the non-appearance of his favorite *lionne*. The rooms were thus at their fullest when the most obscure of their guests, all disordered by running, re-entered them. The star was once more displaying her brilliancy, amid a running accompaniment of conversation, which is so apt to languish

when people are met to talk, but invariably grows lively when people are met to listen. Lord Farleigh had found his favourite position—the door; and Mark Warden had at last been rewarded by finding his, which was by the side of Alice Raymond.

But, in spite of the incessant buzz of what people are pleased to call conversation that filled the room, a semi-chorus of "Hush!" as Félix entered it without too much regard to the quality of those whom he was disturbing, recalled him for a few moments to himself. It was not that he was afraid of anything or of anybody; but the immediate plunge of a man heated by excitement into a room full of company who for the most part are rather bored than otherwise, is the sudden contact of red-hot iron with iced water.

But such contact hardens, if it cools. As soon as the *cavatina* had reached its final chord he took the opportunity, and the liberty, of disregarding the sacred line that was drawn between the amusers and the unamused by going up straight to Warden, whom by sight and repute he knew well enough.

"Mr. Warden," he said, in a tone that could certainly be heard by Miss Raymond if by no one else, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I bring you grave news, if you do not know it already. Madame, your wife, is missing from home; and I fear—it is feared, that something may have happened to her. Do you know where she is? If not——"

And so the message had come at last that Warden had ever since the morning been longing yet dreading to hear. But so many hours had now elapsed since he had received Marie's last words that he had begun to feel at ease, and as though what he had been expecting had been indefinitely postponed. So, now that it had come, he, for the first time in his life, felt his heart sink with apprehension, and almost with a guilty fear. But, as he had

been steeling himself all day long to receive the message when it came, he was not taken by surprise. He did not even start; and when he saw the bearer of it, his resolution was taken in a moment. Not even the most scrupulous, he felt, could blame him for protecting himself now that she who might have claimed some self-sacrifice on his part needed it no more. As for grief or remorse he felt neither. It was part of his nature to be incapable of entertaining more than one idea at once; and for these he had no space for the present.

"Pardon me," he said, quietly and politely, "are you sure that you are not mistaking me for some one else?"

"Are you not Mr. Warden?"

"That is my name. But you spoke of my wife; and as I do not happen to have one——"

If this was not the tone of a murderer, neither was it that of a husband. And yet that he was, or rather had been, the husband of Marie, could not be doubted for a moment. He had heard that Marie was a wife from her own lips; and Angélique's certainty, confirmed by what he had heard from Barton, had become of necessity his own.

"You are not married to Marie Lefort?" he asked.

"No."

There was nothing now for Warden to do, now that fate had shown itself so clearly to be on his side, but to accept its kindness. It would at all events be an act of the grossest folly and weakness on his part to have taken such pains to keep his secret while Marie was living only to let it go now that it was past finding out.

Just then Prosper, seeing Félix in the room came up to him. "Well?" he asked.

Félix, however, replied to Warden. "I do not pretend to understand you," he said. "Do you mean to say that you were never married to Mademoiselle Lefort?"

Warden looked at him with an

affectation of carelessness, pointedly taking note of his appearance from his boots, white with dust, to his disordered hair.

"Prosper," he said, "if this is a friend of yours, had you not better get him away? He seems to have been at the sideboard once too often."

The eyes and the attention of several in the room were drawn to where they were standing. "Come, Félix," said Prosper, "come away. What is all this business? What about Marie?"

But Félix did not stir.

"You accuse me of being drunk," he said in a loud voice, so that all the room might hear. "That is all very well, though you know that I am no more drunk than you are. You are a liar at the very least, if not something worse than a liar."

The blood rushed back into Warden's face, which ordinarily only showed emotion by pallor. He, too, had his ideas of honour, which rebelled at a public insult, though, to serve his purposes, he had habitually borne the insulting speeches of Barton when there was none by to hear. Besides, his situation, however safe it might be, was at all events becoming ridiculous, and it was necessary, if possible, to avoid a scene about which people might talk afterwards.

"You drunken rascal," he said, half fiercely, half scornfully, "if you were a gentleman I would knock you down. As it is, you may congratulate yourself that I do not have you kicked from the room. Go home quietly, and let us have no more of this nonsense, unless you want to be put out by main force."

"You submit then to be called a liar? Am I to call you coward also?"

Such a mode of resenting Warden's insult as this was of course as absurd and as impolitic as could be conceived. Morally convinced as Félix was of being in the right,

his conviction rested upon evidence that was nothing more than hearsay and circumstantial, and was devoid of anything like proof. But he would have been more or less than human had he been capable of acting otherwise than absurdly now. It was not, after all, his own insult that he was thus resenting—though that, too, stung through his republican armour into the most sensitive part of his nature—so much as the wrongs of Marie, however convinced he might be that she was now beyond the reach of all wrong for evermore. In short, had he kept his temper, he would have proved himself to be either a match for Mark Warden or else a stone—and he was neither.

The latter laughed. "Do you expect me to call out a tipsy fiddler?"

"Some might think themselves bound to do that, if he called you both liar and coward. A fiddler may not impossibly be a gentleman, and a gentleman may most certainly get drunk. But, in any case, I fancy that a Mr. Warden is scarcely in a position to stand upon his *noblesse* with a Marquis de Créville."

The whole scene had been so far precisely like a regular comedy, of

which this formed the climax. A laugh ran through the room, of which such of the occupants as had formed the audience, who, thanks to the unsubdued tones of Félix, were not a few, had, according to their sex, been fluttered or amused, and now were amused outright. But, though what naturally seemed a crazy or drunken vaunt fell with the effect of a blank cartridge upon him and upon those for whom it had been intended, there was one present of whose very existence Félix had scarcely heard, through whose heart the name that for more than thirty years had not been spoken by man passed with the sudden sharpness of lead.

A short, quick cry called the attention of the whole room from its immediate attraction. Miss Clare had risen from her seat, and was standing with her eyes fixed upon Félix in a rigid attitude, as though she were prevented from rushing forward by some unseen force, stronger than her own, that held her back. In truth she was both deaf and blind to what was about her. Her ears were filled by the roaring of water, and her eyes by the round summits of snowy hills.

NEWMAN'S POEMS.

THERE are two especial causes of the interest excited in us by the labours of a great mind in a sphere different to the one in which it is accustomed to work. In the first place, such *πίπτειν* are valuable for their own sake. Even where left confessedly imperfect, a sketch by the hand of genius teaches us more than the most elaborate performance which exhibits no higher quality than skill. The Sonnets of Michael Angelo, for instance, were the recreations of a man whose serious business it was to paint a Sistine Chapel, or to sculpture Medicean sepulchres. But the verse of the leisure hour breathes the same serious and noble spirit that animates the forms over which the Titanic workman laboured. It is stamped more carelessly, perhaps, than they are; but with the same ineffaceable impress of grandeur.

And there is a second reason why we like to read a sculptor's sonnets, a statesman's romance, a philosopher's poetic fancies, or the fugitive pieces of a dramatist; and it is one quite independent of their intrinsic merits. It is this: Through them we find admission into that charmed circle—a great man's inmost mind. We appear to share with his intimate friends his hours of relaxation, while we read the thoughts which made those hours pass swiftly. Nay, at times we seem, through our survey of these confidential moments, to see further into his inmost soul than the very friends perhaps could do who joined in his diversion from business.

Is not this especially the case in our study of the greatest of all poets? That unegotistic genius which is the peculiar splendour of Shakespeare, veils his own personality in its excess of light; and renders him unapproachable in pro-

portion as it renders him admirable. The wondrous mirror of the Shakespearean drama, which reflects so impartially every type of character, gives us no glimpse of the mighty master's features as he stands behind it; and we are forced to abandon every hope of penetrating Shakespeare's inner life through his plays. But not so when we turn to some of his Sonnets. There the curtain is lifted; there the heart, which seemed to throb with no other pulse than the current of universal humanity, discloses to us its own bitterness. And we mark, with no common emotion, how the eagle eye, which scanned untroubled (as we thought) the heights and depths of man's being, can grow dim with tears. We listen, and awe overcomes us as we hear the voice, which stirred all hearts with its trumpet's call, faltering forth the sadly-changed accents,—

"Wearied with thee, for restful death I
sigh."

Now, it is to the class of works which we have described—the occupations of genius in its "horæ subsecivæ"—that the small volume before us belongs. The greater portion of it has appeared before in the 'Lyra Apostolica'; but it now comes forth, with some significant omissions, and one most important addition, for the first time with the writer's name. The appended dates show us how many of the most beautiful poems which it contains we owe to the enforced leisure of travel; and a glance at the contents of any theological library will tell how small a part of Dr. Newman's time can have been bestowed on poetic studies. It is, then, on both the grounds which have been already mentioned that his 'Verses on Various Occasions' claim to arrest

our attention; and they have yet a third, more peculiarly their own. For while they are the work of a powerful intellect, unbent for a season from sterner tasks; and while they offer us glimpses of a mind which friend and foe have often scanned with a perplexed curiosity; they also, in the third place, present themselves as contributions to contemporary ecclesiastical history: as witnesses in the great cause which the nineteenth century is being forced to try over again--the justice and necessity of the religious Reformation of the sixteenth. The book which contains them will therefore certainly be read and pondered by many who do not belong to that small company--the disinterested lovers of poetry. It has attractions for all who know, even only by hearsay, how great was its writer's share in that movement which is still largely affecting, both for good and for evil, the spiritual life of our day. While his old hearers at Oxford--the men who (whether at the time the preacher's peculiar doctrines pleased or displeased them) confess now that, after a quarter of a century's lapse, his voice yet echoes in their hearts*--must needs open this book with no common feelings. They must find pleasure, though perhaps sorrowful pleasure, in reviving, by its aid, their remembrance of their former

teacher. They will see in the hidden life here unveiled to them the source of that strong influence which they acknowledge; they will here seek to trace out that path which he trod alone, even while his outward road ran as yet parallel with theirs. Most of all will they come prepared to look sadly on the scars which may bear witness to that great conflict in which they lost their leader; and to ask what have been the results of "loss and gain" to this gifted being, from the act of spiritual suicide by which ties still dear to memory were so violently rent asunder.

We do not ourselves profess to be insensible to such considerations. Our first concern, however, is with Dr. Newman as a poet; our first inquiry, how far the "subtle and fine science of logic," as Milton styles it, has yielded up her place in these pages to her "more simple, sensuous, and passionate" sister, poetry? And a few extracts from the earlier poems may enable us to discern at once the presence of these three indispensable requisites in the poet. We shall find these verses marked by an antique singleness of thought and simplicity of diction; we shall see in them (for the most part) a due preference for the concrete to the abstract; nor, though their themes exclude the ordinary sources of

* We quote the eloquent words of an unimpeachable witness:--"His [Newman's] power showed itself chiefly in the new and unlooked-for way in which he touched into life old truths, moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel. . . . As he spoke, how the old truth became new! How it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger how gently, yet how powerfully!--on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. . . . To call these sermons eloquent would not be the word for them.

High poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer; or the outpouring as of a prophet, rapt, yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the stillness of that high Gothic building [St. Mary's] the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness; if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul."--Shairp's *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*.

passion in poetry, and though their writer's severe self-restraint may look cold to a superficial glance, shall we find them otherwise than the expression of genuine and strong feeling. The lamp which burns in this alabaster shrine is no painted fire; only it was not kindled at any earthly hearth.

For instance, with what unfeigned and fervent indignation the poem entitled "Progress of Unbelief" glows! What other poets have sung under the influence of strong personal feeling of their own wrongs is said here at the sight of the Faith dishonoured by an unbelieving generation:—

"Now is the autumn of the Tree of Life;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds' strife.
Heartless to store them for the month of death
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful hearth,
Self-trusting still; and in his comely gear
Of precept and of right a household Baal rear.

"But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf.
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and, in fading, stirs the angels' grief,
Unanswered here; for she, once pattern chief
Of faith, my Country, now gross-hearted grown,
Waits but to burn the stem before her Idol's throne."

An unjust picture, doubtless; as much too favourable to the past as too harsh a portraiture of the present; though scarcely justifying Dr. Arnold's charge against its painter of "hating the nineteenth century for its own sake;" but an example of the simplicity of strong feeling, when, in the overwhelming sense of injury to what is dearer than life, all considerations but one vanish, and the mind has room for nothing but its grief. Now contrast with this poem of indignation a poem of deep and quiet feeling, most simple in its tenderness as the former in its wrath—

an answer supplied beforehand to the longing cry—

"Oh, Christ, that it were possible
After long years to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!"

It is entitled "A Voice from Afar:"—

"Weep not for me:—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!—
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends!"

"I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
Now too I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.

"A sea before
The Throne is spread—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest."

There is a tranquil beauty in this little poem, like the shining of moonlight in some woodland glade. Its depths of feeling are still and unruffled; but they are more profound than many more ambitious waters.

When, turning once again to Milton's celebrated definition, we find that it is essential to poetry to be not only "simple and passionate," but "sensuous," we naturally reflect for a moment on the exact sense of the expression. And we find it to import that poetry should no more consist of soul without body than of body without soul. There must be the fire of passion to vivify; but there must likewise be the material frame at hand to receive the gift of life. Poetry may presuppose and ground herself on the deepest philosophy; she should rarely discourse it. She may have metaphysics for her allies; she must not suffer them to be her rulers. Now, when we apply this definition to the book before us, we find it to condemn some of the poems which it contains. For there are several of them in which the poet is lost in the preacher,

and of which instruction is plainly rather the object than delight. Of this class the three brief stanzas entitled "St. Paul at Melita," and the little poem called "Flowers without Fruit," may serve as examples. The first is a sermon compressed into the limits of a short epigram; but the verse only gives it force and polish, it is not the necessary expression of an essentially poetic thought. The second, since we have read in Newman's 'Apologia' of his early friendship with Archbishop Whately, we shall always regard as its memorial; expressing as it does a favourite thought of that logical but unimaginative mind, in a manner which must have met with its entire approval. But for the most part it is otherwise with these poems. Their writer, if he sometimes presents the truths by which his soul has been stirred, too much as bare abstractions, yet oftener sees and presents them to us as real existences which reveal themselves under graceful and symbolic forms. Now it is some well-known event in sacred or in classic story, now it is some occurrence of daily life or some incident of travel, which furnishes a local habitation for the winged thought that flitted round the lonely student. He does not much seek for metaphors; they, unsought, seek him: for to him the invisible world is the real world, and the visible only precious as its exponent.

In the picture gallery which we have just entered, warmth and colour do not predominate; its noblest characteristic is rather that fine severity of perfect light, which is so admirable in Ary Scheffer's best pictures. And if the roseate hue of youth and health is lacking in the saints and martyrs on its walls—if their robe of flesh has grown too thin and transparent for one kind of beauty—yet, for that very reason, an hour spent in their company may prove a welcome change to eyes wearied by seeing

the spirit overpowered by the flesh, in more than one gallery of our present poets. The resemblance of Newman's poetry to Dante's in its high spiritualism, may have attracted notice the sooner on account of the outward traits of likeness between the two men; each blinded to the good of his own times by a too keen and scornful perception of their evil; each severed from community of purpose with his countrymen, yet yearning to regain their sympathy; each, moreover, making war for an idea, sacrificing cherished local immunities to the phantom of a venerable central authority, and fearlessly incurring the reproach of treason for that dear object's sake. Still, in his readiness to decorate the tabernacle with the spoils of Egypt, in his mastery over his own language, in a vivid realism which depicts scenes remote from human experience as might an eyewitness,—above all, in his habit of taking the invisible for the basis of his operations on the visible, instead of, like other men, approaching the unseen by the seen,—Dr. Newman is a kindred spirit of that great poet's, to whom, in wide range of power and magnitude of grasp, it would be an idle task to compare him. We shall presently see how his latest poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," suggests several interesting points of contact between them. Meantime, there is already something Dantesque in this early sonnet on Corcyra, that classic type of revolutions. Notice how speedily the antiquary's, the historian's interest, is swallowed up in solemn reflection on the continued existence of each long-vanished actor in those once stirring scenes:—

"I sat beneath an olive's branches grey,
And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
By sage and poet raised to long renown:
Where dwelt a race that on the sea held
away.
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a thousand states to drown,
That multitudinous stream we now, note
down."

As though one life, in birth and in decay.
 But is their being's history spent and run,
 Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
 Each in its self-formed sphere of light or
 gloom;
 Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds
 then done,
 Such reverence on me shall its seal im-
 press
 As though I corpses saw, and walked the
 tomb."

Here it is the past which sum-
 mons up the ghostly present. In
 the next sonnet we shall quote
 (faithful like the first in structure
 to the pattern of Petrarch and of
 Milton), it is the present which is
 the prophet of the future; the
 power of memory, felt while jour-
 neying, is the pledge of its might
 in days to come; when the tra-
 veller shall have at last gone the
 way whence he may not return.
 In both, the light which plays on
 the picture is a gleam from the
 world of spirits; the dead yet
 live, the living is hastening on to
 join their ranks.

"MEMORY."

"My home is now a thousand miles away;
 Yet in my thoughts its every image fair
 Rises as keen, as I still lingered there,
 And, turning me, could all I loved survey.
 And so, upon Death's unaverted day,
 As I speed upwards, I shall on me bear,
 And in no breathless whirl, the things that
 were,
 And duties given, and ends I did obey.
 And when at length I reach the Throne of
 Power,
 Ah! still unscared I shall in fulness see
 The vision of my past innumerable deeds.
 My deep heart-courses, and their motive
 seeds,
 So to gaze on till the red-dooming hour.
 Lord, in that strait, the Judge! remember
 me!"

The strict laws of the sonnet suit
 Dr. Newman's genius better than
 do bold Pindaric flights. Of his
 two "Tragic Choruses," the best,
 "Judaism," has the defect of con-
 sisting merely of strophe and two
 antistrophes—i.e., of three pre-
 cisely similar stanzas. The first of
 the three is, however, very fine. It
 makes a worthy use of the grand
 form of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, as
 the symbol of God's rejected people
 in their woeful dignity; bearing,

VOL. CVIII.—NO. DCLIX.

yet bringing, a curse; everywhere,
 yet nowhere at home; with their
 sad present, but mysterious hope
 for the future:—

"O piteous race!
 Fearful to look upon,
 Once standing in high place,
 Heaven's eldest son.
 O aged blind
 Unvenerable! as thou fittest by.
 I liken thee to him in Pagan song,
 In thy gaunt majesty,
 The vagrant king, of haughty-purposed
 mind,
 Whom prayer nor plague could bend;
 Wronged, at the cost of him who did the
 wrong.
 Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
 And honoured in his end."

Whenever we think of either of
 those two pre-eminent tragedies
 which have *Œdipus* for their hero,
 these last five lines recur to our
 mind as the best possible summary
 of the strange contrasts in which
 the "Sophoclean irony" delights:
 the king of all men the most
 wretched while he seems the hap-
 piest, most full of might when low-
 est in estate. There is another
 fine lyric in this collection called
 "Reverses," which blends with good
 effect, in its first two stanzas, the
 images of nature with symbols
 taken from history; summing up
 the particular exemplifications of
 the decay of splendour at its height,
 familiar to the student of sacred
 and profane story, by an appeal to
 the universal type with which all
 men are acquainted:—

"When mirth is full and free,
 Some sudden gloom shall be;
 When haughty power mounts high,
 The Watcher's axe is nigh.
 All growth has bound, when greatest found,
 It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
 Has lain its huts among,
 Uprears its pageants vast,
 And vaunts—it shall not last!
 Bright tints that shine, are but a sign
 Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
 With fond adoring gaze,
 And yearning heart, thy friend—
 Love to its grave doth tend.
 All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
 Towards an end."

This climax is very touching. It
 sets before us friendship as at once

U

the most precious and the most fragile of earthly goods; as affecting a noble heart by its evanescence far more than "temple and tower" in their overthrow can do; because when it dies a spiritual thing perishes, which had a right to immortality. Indeed the view of friendship given us in these poems is a very mournful one. To their writer's mind the happiest friends are those severed in good time by the hand of death, so as to escape worse partings. The life-long sorrow which throbs and pulses on the many-chorded lyre of "In Memoriam," is to his mind an enviable thing, since it is unmixed by any bitterness or self-reproach. It is in this spirit that he approaches the most famous friendship on record.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"O heart of fire! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan

Last greeted face to face!
He doomed to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well:—for so, 'mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride;
With battle-scene and pageant, prompt to blend

The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.

Ah! had he lived before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high,
Sure it had snapped in twain love's slender band,
So dear in memory;
Paul, of his comrade left, the warning gives,—
He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives."

Who can deem this last stanza otherwise than most unjust to the love of David for Jonathan? And as to the second, would it be too

hazardous to conjecture that, whatever good dreams, haunted like those of Achilles by Patroclus, may have brought the Hebrew monarch, he would have derived far more from his living friend? nay, that even from the most grievous sin of his life, he might have found a defence in the shield that was cast away with Saul's on the mountains of Gilboa, had its lofty-minded bearer but survived to take the part of his better self against his worse?

This mournful poem does not stand alone in its profound sadness. Here is the view of life which is its logical complement:—

OUR FUTURE.

"Did we but see,
When life first opened, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as we one time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;
Willing me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound."

It would be hard to find a fault in these two stanzas; except the excessive alliteration (or rather awkward proximity of two similar sounds, *pale* and *Paul*), in its last line. Otherwise they are very perfect in themselves, and inexpressibly touching by their tone of resigned sorrow. We have often wished to ask their author whether the resemblance in sentiment between the first of them and one of the most pathetic passages* in

* "O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration

Shakspeare is a designed, or undesigned, coincidence. We have ourselves always supposed it to be the latter; well knowing how much more familiarly the banks of the distant Ilissus are haunted by Oxford men, than those of the nearer Avon. In that case its date of near forty years ago is worth noticing; as showing how a blameless divine could pluck, e'er the *mezzo cammin* was passed, the same bitter fruit of knowledge, which our great dramatist represents as the result of a whole life of care and crime.

In the close of this poem, as in so many of Newman's, a scene familiar to Bible readers is set before them as exemplifying laws which are still at work; and which may therefore reproduce the same scene in substance, although with changed accessories, in any man's experience. The apostle, going to Jerusalem to meet, he knows not what evil, but evil too surely of some sort, is the type of every sorrowing yet steadfast pilgrim; who has not parted with his firm determination for the right course, along with the joyful illusions which hailed his first entrance on it, but bore him company but a little way. In this constant illustrative use of the scripture story, Newman treads the same ground with his early friend, Keble. It is in their poetic treatment of kindred or identical themes, that their paths are wide apart. Keble delights far more in the play of the fancy; often straying to gather its flowers, till he finds it hard to recover his road. Newman centres his attention on getting at the heart of some one object, and developing all that is

really in it to his hearer. The very wealth of their poetic imagery gives some of Keble's poems a blurred outline, a hazy light, confusing like some of Turner's latest pictures: when Newman errs it is in the other extreme, by stimulating the imagination too little;—his definite, sharp-cut outline stands sometimes in need of atmospheric softening. Readers of the 'Christian Year' will understand at once what we mean by comparing the poem there for St. James's Day, and that for Easter Monday (on St. Peter at Joppa), with two upon the same subjects, far briefer and less poetical, in Newman's volume. If, on the other hand, we place Keble's beautiful poem on the recognition of Joseph by his brethren, side by side with Newman's stately sonnet* on that patriarch's character, the comparison will give us a good view of the distinguishing excellences of each author. Best of what we may call the scripture pieces in this book, we like the poem mis-named 'Desolation.' Its severity of outline is illuminated by the gush of golden light in its third stanza; and no mean skill has concentrated around that vision of the Master in Glory four distinct scenes of His earthly life, all contributing without any confusion of thought to the main idea of this poem.

"O say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read: this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

"He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathaniel con His sacred lore;
Shouldst thou thy chamber seek, unseen,
He enters through the unopened door.

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."

—(King Henry IV. Act III. Scene 1.

* Keble was preaching at Torquay, a year or two before he died, on the history of Joseph. His well-known verses were in the mind of most of his hearers; who, (forgetting for a moment who the preacher was), expected to hear them from his lips, as he began to cite a poem illustrative of his subject. When, instead, he repeated his long-lamented friend's fine sonnet, all present felt deeply touched by the memories so evoked.

And when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although He holds their eyes :
Or shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free."

Poems like this one look very easy to write, and are in truth very hard to imitate. It is always possible to be trivial and vulgar; but to unite, as here, great simplicity of thought and great plainness of speech, to dignity, is a difficult task. But some of Newman's poems are more imaginative, and less severely concise. Of this class, the following is (or rather was) a most beautiful example. We shall take the liberty to restore it to its earlier and better form.

REST.

"They are at rest :
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer address
In waywardness to those
Who in the mountain-grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.*

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
But they at rocky bed, or current deep,
Shall never more grow pale ;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream
shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they
glide ;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and
grove
The verses of that hymn which seraphs
chant above."

Here Milton's Eden in its "bowery loneliness" stands forth the fitting emblem for all that pious minds love to imagine concerning the repose of the true paradise. We can well remember how, when the 'Lyra Apostolica' first appeared, there were three poems in it,—
"A Voice from Afar," one now omitted which commenced, "Do not their souls, who 'neath the altar wait," and this, just quoted, of "Rest,"—which found a way, with their soothing sense of repose and hope to many a mourner's breast; and opened hearts which closed, grieving, against the unsparing denunciations of national guilt and gloomy prognostications of the future which were bound up with them.†

* Theological (assuredly not poetic) considerations have caused the following change of this fine stanza in the present volume :—

"They are at rest :
The fire has eaten out all but our stain,
And, *convalescent*, they enjoy a blest
Refreshment after pain ;
Thus to the End in Eden's grots they lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by."

Each of these alterations is an unhappy one. Especially is it a pity to see the "well of English undefiled" perturbed just here by the drop of ecclesiastical Latin in "*convalescent*."

† Would, however, that some warning voice had repeated these lines on "Sacilege" in our statesmen's ears last year! May the suffering Church of Ireland experience the good which they predict, as she has already the evil which they foreshadow!

"The Church shone brightly in her youthful days
Ere the work on her smiled ;
So now, an outcast, she would pour her rays
Keen, free, and undefiled ;
Yet would I not that arm of force were mine,
Which thrusts her from her awful ancient shrine."

Independently of their own merits, all poems which aspire to lift the veil from the life to come appeal to the strongest instincts of our minds: to their own personal hopes and fears; to their memories of the loved and their longings for reunion. When the lyre which had sounded the exploits of Achilles and Agamemnon in life, prepared with altered notes to follow their wraiths into the Cimmerian gloom, who can doubt that the listeners held their breath and redoubled their attention? And when the strain was done, did not the blue sky of Greece look yet more blue, the rose-chaplets round the feasters' brows still redder, to eyes as yet privileged to go on beholding what these famous men of old might see no more for ever? And the great poem of medieval Christendom has doubtless been often studied less as a poem than as a revelation. Mourners and dying men have listened, and felt consoled, as Dante told of that company of rescued souls whom he saw disembark chanting their "In Exitu Israel," and set forth up the mount of purgatory to the bliss beyond. But only a master's hand, like that of the first or second father of poetry, can be trusted to treat this great theme in detail. It imperatively rejects the commonplace and the sentimental. And to modern thought, suggestive poems like the short lyric just quoted — statements veiled by befitting imagery, which leaves the mind very considerable latitude in its interpretation, are more agreeable than those precise descriptions which were the delight of child-like and unreasoning minds in earlier days. Nevertheless it is description of this distinct and exact nature which forms the staple of Dr. Newman's latest and longest poem, the "Dream of Gerontius." No longer content with the fugitive pieces of his youth, he elaborates for us a drama in his age. Not satisfied, as heretofore, with guessing dimly at what Scripture leaves unrevealed, he has hearkened to a voice which professes to declare the secret which the risen Lazarus kept, and he now undertakes to disclose it to us. Under his guidance, if we will, we may learn, an hour before the time, the great mystery of how the spirit feels when its fleshly tie to earth is severed; and soar with it into those unknown and untried regions, which half a century's meditation has cleared the poet's inner vision to descry. We are invited to follow a soul through its last agony and in its upward flight; to leave it, where its guardian angel must leave it for a while, in the place of its final purification. And each stage of the amazing progress is set before us with a realism which makes this drama a psychological marvel; and with a power of divination so singular as to bespeak for the seer of this one department in Hades, a measure of that reverence which the people of his own time accorded to the man who had seen it all.

Such, too, is the poetic strength put forth in it, that the "Dream of Gerontius" is a conspicuous example that the after-gathering may yield richer fruit than the vintage; an evi-

"Twas duty bound each convert-king to rear
 His Mother from the dust,
 And pious, was it to enrich, nor fear
 Christ for the rest to trust;
 And who shall dare make common or unclean
 What once has on the Holy Altar been?

Dear brothers! — hence, while ye for ill prepare,
 Triumph is still your own;
 Blest is a pilgrim Church! yet shrink to share
 The curse of throwing down.
 So will we toil in our old place to stand,
 Watching, not dreading, the despoiler's hand."

dent proof that the Muse of Zion is Ruth-like in her dispositions, and is more ready to visit and to bless in age than in youth. And what gives this remarkable poem its distinguishing character is this,—that while, to a superficial glance, it seems to tread a well-known and beaten track, it is, in truth, a vigorous flight of the imagination into a region scarcely entered before; for it occupies that subjective side of their common theme, which the fathers of poetry and their great followers let alone, to give to it an almost exclusively objective treatment. The ghost of Agamemnon in the *Odyssey*, the two Counts of Montefeltro in the Hell and in the Purgatory, the spirit of Hamlet's father, tell us each the occasion and consequences of his death; but they are silent as to what dying itself felt like. The departed soul of Faust remains mute while good and evil angels contend for its possession. But Gerontius unveils to us all the processes of his mind, in its embarkation and its voyage over the untrod sea, with an air of sober reality which carries conviction of truth along with it. By a strong effort of thought the poet has so placed himself under new conditions of existence, so projected himself into his own future, that we do not dream of questioning the accuracy of his description. It is otherwise with the forms by which his principal personage is surrounded. The high marks of genius which stamp the utterances of Gerontius are far less apparent in his respectable but verbose angelic guardian; in the demons, grotesque rather than fearful, which beset his path; or in the choirs of angels who people the joyless heaven into which he finds a momentary entrance—where they seem to pass their time, harmlessly but drearily, in singing improved editions of Watts' Hymns. Nevertheless here Dr. Newman fails in very great company. Who is satisfied with the heaven or with the

seraphs of Milton? Or who fails to see that if Dante's angels are grander and more impressive than those of the '*Paradise Lost*,' this effect is mainly due to their dignified reserve—to that silence which is so seldom broken by them, except in the very words of Scripture? Moreover, in the "*Dream of Gerontius*," as much as in the Prometheus of Eschylus, the principal character is everything, the attendant figures comparatively nothing. Gerontius himself interests us so much that we hardly notice the accessories of the picture. For, as we have already said, he is the type of Man face to face with what mediæval preaching styled the Four Last Things: in him we behold the image which is one day to be our own; and it is curiosity about the region which lies at once so near to us and so far, that sharpens our ear to catch his every word. Nor is this all. Besides representing man in general, Gerontius is, in particular, the representative of that noblest style of man, the saint. Holy resignation to the Divine will, and ardent love to God, compose his character, so far as we are made acquainted with it. And thus, raised high in the moral order above the common spectator, while in the natural he occupies the same level, he is enabled to claim his admiration no less than his sympathy. Yet it is this self-same spiritual elevation that makes the catastrophe of the poem shock our moral sense. Gerontius is declared sinless, yea, incapable of sin, after his death, by his guardian angel. He exhibits as has been said, the most pious dispositions. Can the sentence, then, which dooms such a holy being to endure ages of purgatorial fire, fail to strike the mind (apart from theological subtleties) as unjust? We may try to resist the impression by recollecting how imperfect is our best idea of goodness; by the reflection that what seems holiness to us may to purer eyes be sin. But then unluckily

for the validity of such an explanation, there is a standard of comparison at hand. Angels must be presumed good, and fit to inhabit the regions of bliss: now to the angels of this poem Gerontius is in no respect inferior in goodness; nay, he is evidently their superior, inasmuch as his trust in God withstands a painful trial to which they are not exposed. Hence it is that our sense of justice—which is not disturbed when the too daring Prometheus feels at last the thunderbolt which he has challenged, which approves when the gate of Paradise closes after Milton's Adam and Eve—rises up here to protest against the sentence which excludes the righteous soul of Gerontius from the bliss which beings whose holiness is not more sublime than his are suffered to partake.

We will try to enable our readers to judge of this, and of the justice of our other remarks, for themselves.

When the drama opens, Gerontius is lying on his death-bed. His soul is shaken by the last enemy's approach. He discerns his presence, not by the extremity of his sickness alone:—

" 'Tis this new feeling, never felt before
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to
Thee).
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to
be.
Pray for me, O my friends! a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my
door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to
daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;
'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!
'tis he!
As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance
now,
And could fall back on nought to be my
stay.
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole re-
fuge, Thou).
And turn no whither, but must needs de-
cay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness of which I came:

This is it that has come to pass in me;
O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray.

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than
pain.
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I
bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss."

It is amidst this shaking and passing away of all transitory things—this vanishing of every external prop, and the last fierce onset of the powers of darkness—that the voice of faith is heard; the hand of faith is seen stretched out to grasp the things invisible and eternal. Gerontius gathers his remaining strength together, and rouses himself to make his last profession of faith. The friends who kneel around repeat their Litany, and call earnestly on the Deliverer of all His faithful of old in their time of trouble, to give health and comfort to His dying servant now. Strengthened by their intercession, Gerontius commends his departing spirit to his Lord, and yields it up in peace; while the assistant priest pronounces the "Depart, Christian soul," and begins with the others present, the solemn prayers for the dead.

In the second division of the poem we accompany the now freed spirit into the unseen world.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

"I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed;
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense of
Freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor strug-
gling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so
sweet,

Hath something too of sternness and of
 pain;
 For it drives back my thoughts upon their
 spring
 By a strange introversion, and perforce
 I now begin to feed upon myself,
 Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
 But in the body still; for I possess
 A sort of confidence, which clings to me.
 That each particular organ holds its place
 As heretofore.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
 That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
 Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
 Or I or it is rushing on the wings
 Of light or lightning on an onward course,
 And we e'en now are million miles apart.

And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the
 tones.
 Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!"

The two sections from which we quote these lines are the highest effort of Dr. Newman's genius. The subtle analysis of the mind's workings, the strange power of divining the unknown by the known which they display, exercise a stronger fascination each time they are read. All who care for psychological problems (and in this particular problem who does not feel an interest?) must watch the sure hand, as it here searches out depths for which science furnishes no sounding-line, with an awe like to that which fell on the Hebrew monarch, as he watched the sorceress when she arose to call his departed reprover from the grave.

There is much that is fine in the succeeding sections, though scarcely anything so striking. The soul is no longer alone. The mystic music has revealed to it the presence of its guardian angel, and from him it learns something of the marvels of its present state. It discovers that it is hastening to its Judge's presence with a flight not ruled by space or time; yet rendered slow to its own impatient desire, through being measured by the succession of thought. Though separated from the body, the spirit still fancies itself surrounded by its

fleshy frame; just as in the living man the lost limb long seems, to the severed nerves and muscles, to hold its place.

"Hast thou not heard of those who after
 loss
 Of hand or foot, still cried that they had
 pains
 In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
 So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
 Thy hand or foot, but all which made up
 man.
 So will it be, until the joyous day
 Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
 All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified."

And now, as the soul speeds onward to the goal of its long desire, it encounters those good and evil spirits whose lyric strains form, in our judgment, the less satisfactory portion of the drama. There are the thankful songs of angels to salute its advance: there are the spiteful mockeries of the baffled powers of evil, heard only to be despised. But the first lack all the bright, jubilant exultation which we should have expected them to possess: the second make us smile when we ought to shudder. These wicked spirits, who accuse God's servants of obeying Him only for interested motives (as their chief did holy Job), are as curiously like some sceptics of the present day in their affectation of refinement as in their arrogant presumption. The following lines would suit a conceited philosopher, while still in the flesh, much better than they do incorporeal spirits:—

DEMONS.

"What's a saint?
 One whose breath
 Doth the air taint
 Before his death;
 A bundle of bones
 Which fools adore,
 Ha! ha!
 When life is o'er;
 Which rattle and stink,
 E'en in the flesh."

Well may Gerontius pass with silent contempt by beings, fallen beneath the dignity of *spirit* far enough to have acquired noses to turn up at the poor, unwashed saint of Romish hagiology, when he chances to stray "betwixt the

wind and their nobility!" And if the evil angels of the poem are thus plainly un-Miltonic, the good angels, who form its chorus, are Miltonic only in their faults. The didactic seraphs of the 'Paradise Lost' have at least the excuse of discoursing to a human auditor. But what reason have those happy powers, who sing in the courts of the Most High, to recite verses so historical, so explanatory, so altogether suggestive of the long-renowned Tate and Brady, as the following?—

"The foe blasphemed the holy Lord,
As if he reckoned ill,
In that He placed His puppet man
The frontier place to fill.

For even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endued,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts
Who had angelic life.

And when by blandishment of Eve,
That earth-born Adam fell,
He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,
'A sorry sentinel;

The Maker by His word is bound,
Escape or cure is none;
He must abandon to his doom
And slay His darling son."

Or why, with no perplexed modern theologian within hearing, should that tiresome personage, pre-historic man, occupy the attention of the seraphs, in these finer, but not more dramatically appropriate, verses?—

"Woe to thee, man! for he was found
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to old, from sire to son,
He lived and toiled and died.

He dreed his penance age by age:
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath
And chastened by his rod,
And taught by angel-visitations,
At length he sought his God;

And learned to call upon His Name,
And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state."

But far superior in lyric beauty to the best portions of the Chorus, is the song of Gerontius himself in the crisis of his fate: a sweet and tender strain, impassioned with divine love. It is in the sixth section of the poem that, amid the intercessions which ascend from earth "as dew in summer even," the pleading of "the great Angel of the Agony" obtains for Gerontius the sight of Him whom his soul loves: that one moment of the Beatific Vision which is to soothe by its sweet remembrance the coming ages of anguish.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Praise to His Name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity
Which, with its effluence, like a glory,
clothes
And circles round the crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now
it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe.
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance
of God."

SOUL.

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be;
And there in hope the long night-watches
keep.
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken
breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till
scot
Of its sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love;
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of ever-
lasting day."

Then Purgatory opens. The souls within it are heard chanting their solemn psalm; and the Guardian Angel thus consigns his beloved charge to its healing sorrows:—

"Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee;
And o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake:
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou sleepest;
And masses on the earth, and prayers, in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell! but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

So ends a poem, in our judgment as satisfactory in its subjective as it is the reverse in its objective, portions. Of its writer we may say, far more truly than did Coleridge of his great predecessor Dante, that "he does not so much elevate our thoughts as send them down deeper." For his subtle speculations on man's complex being, his daring researches into the "abysmal depth of personality," carry us along with them far more completely than do his upward flights. And as it is with the thoughts on which the poem rests, so it is with the verse which forms the superstructure. The iambs and the graver lyrics of the poem (two of which form our last quotations) have a peculiar and serious harmony of sound—

"Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
Quand' Eolo scirocco fuor discioglie;"

so that we may apply to Dr. Newman's best passages his own melodious words:—

"The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the lofty pines;
Swellin' and dying, echoing round about;
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful:
While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
Descend ecstatic odours."

But the Choruses to which Gerontius pays this beautiful compliment do not justify it. Would either of those which we have extracted, the best or the worst, so affect any one? Who could judge them worthy to be chanted to the sound of heavenly harps, and to the rush of angelic pinions? Thus, when we compare Dr. Newman, with the last great traveller before him on the same road, with Goethe, we find that his Gerontius has nothing to fear from the competition of that silent spirit, so arbitrarily rescued from his just doom by the German poet; we also see that the inestimable advantage of a strong faith has given to the less artistically perfect poem an impress of reality which is wanting to the last two scenes of 'Faust'; but, on the other hand, set beside Goethe's swift dactylic flights and his glorious "Easter Hymn," the Five Choirs of Angelicals in Gerontius make but a sorry show. Nor is the final catastrophe more satisfactory, though for a widely different reason than that of 'Faust.' Each tramples on a deep-seated conviction of the human breast, on a strong foundation of natural piety. And though, in Dr. Newman's case, we consent to hold his creed, rather than his art, responsible for what revolts our moral sense in the conclusion of his drama, yet would it not have procured his exclusion, and with right, from the Republic of even a heathen philosopher? Can a poem which implies, as does the "Dream of Gerontius," that creatures can be more loving and more merciful than their Creator, stand the test of Plato's celebrated rule?

From this reflection we pass by a natural transition to our last subject of inquiry; from the considera-

tion of the poetic value of Dr. Newman's verse to the yet more interesting endeavour to learn from it, as a crucial instance, what it profits a soul to turn, as inadequate to its needs, from the voice which, once for all, went forth from the holy hill of Zion; and to seek to supplement its utterances by the oracle of the seven hills. Let us briefly sum up the evidence here presented of the consequences of such a course, and dwell for a moment upon them.

The writer (in 1835) of the poem on "Rest" evidently believed with the elder Church (whose teaching on this point is adopted for her own by the English Church, and recommended to her children upon every All-Saints' Festival), that "the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall *no torment* touch them." The author of the "Dream of Gerontius" has learned, instead, to look forward, with an heroic but sad composure, to death as the beginning of sorrows even to the holy—sorrows of unknown intensity as to their sharpness, and as to their duration indefinite. Can he point to one single verse of Scripture which will justify his new teacher in thus making sad a heart which the Lord has not made sad?

In "Rest," and in other poems (now wholly suppressed) of the 'Lyra Apostolica,' their author rejected the invocation of saints to place exclusive confidence in the One Intercessor; he altogether refused to follow their example, who

"Seek to charms of man, or saints
above,
To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of
grace and love!"

He exclaimed, in accents of genuine and fervent affection—

"Ah, Saviour, Lord! with Thee my heart
Angel nor saint shall share:
To Thee 'tis known, for man Thou art,
To soothe each tumult there."

Is it well to have learned to divide this confidence? to look forward to a death-bed which others than He who died for us are to be called to "soothe"? For Gerontius calls on two names besides His in that "last agony when the soul instinctively falls back upon its deepest certainties." His pious friends, and the good priest who kneels beside him, commend him to other advocates, to other mediators; as though to supply by their intercession the deficiencies or the indifference of the True One. The "Angel of the Agony" pleads on behalf of souls in purgatory with Him who endured that very agony for their sake; and meantime the great Intercessor remains mute—the Redeemer seems unmindful of His own sure promise* to admit all spirits faithfully commended to Him "that day" into paradise. Is not the loss to a Christian heart, implied in this lowered conception of the chief object of its faith, an inconceivably great one? Can any gain in inferior departments of the spiritual life be otherwise than trifling when set beside it? Is the gayer tone of the ballads in honour of the Blessed Virgin and of the saintly founder of the oratory, which find a place in this new volume, a really more satisfactory symptom than the stern and sorrowful notes which came from the same lyre in earlier days? If the latter pointed to a deficiency as yet unsupplied, to a fear not yet "cast out," do not the former mark a descent to a lower level, a relinquishing of high truths once held, which it is painful to contemplate?

Nay, more: is not the theology of the latter poems, after all, but the natural outgrowth of that root of bitterness which a close inspection might discern springing up amid all the promise of the earlier? For in those, despite of the occasional

* How this promise was interpreted by the primitive Church, Prudentius, "the poet of the martyrs," bears witness to us in his grand hymn, "In Exequiis Defunctorum."

flashes of a more childlike confidence, was not there very discernible a prevailing tendency to interpose an awful interval (which the Gospel interposes not) between the sinner and the Saviour? to bid those still "stand afar off" whom a gracious voice commands to draw near? That grand hymn of the universal Church, the "Te Deum," claims for the Christian the high privilege of beholding his Redeemer in his Judge. Do not even the early poems tend to reverse the process, to renounce the blessing; and train the mind, instead, to see with Gerontius,

"The Judge severe, e'en in the Crucifix"?

Then, as in the original corruption of the religion of Christendom, so to the individual also comes the Nemesis of faith; to claim for the many the trust refused to the One; to extend into another life the term for the accomplishment of a work which it is felt to be impossible to complete in this.

Nevertheless, the defects of Dr. Newman's theology must not render us insensible to what is great and good in it. In what he would (on far other grounds to ours) agree with us in calling its imperfection thirty years ago, it stirred mightily the men of that generation, because its teacher held the truth that was in it firmly, and preached it boldly—nay, perhaps its partial truth found a way into some hearts which would have closed against the truth orb'd in completeness. Is it too much to hope that the light which burns behind strange medieval shapes in the "Dream of Gerontius," may attract some wanderer now, who might have found that same light too dazzling presented through a purer medium?

In these days of materialism every expression of faith in the Unseen has its value. Now that the reality of moral evil is denied on every side, each testimony to

man's need of deliverance from sin is precious. Nor can we read the "Dream of Gerontius" without envying its gifted author his clear perception that holiness is worth any sacrifice and any suffering; and that to "see the Lord" is an unspeakable joy, which would be cheaply purchased by millenniums of anguish.

For a mind more earthly, for a heart less faithful than his own to venture to reprove him for the dishonour (great, but unintentional) which he has done to his Master and ours, would be presumptuous. Let a voice from the grave speak for us. Let Dr. Newman's friend in earlier and happier times,—with whom, while it could yet be said of that little band,

"*Unâ docta cohors arma tenet manu,
Muros construit alterâ,*"

he stood shoulder to shoulder in the work of defence and construction, where he has since attacked and thrown down,—the saintly author of the 'Christian Year,' make answer on our behalf. Let him reply for us that it was the baseless dream of a diseased imagination,

"That showed the righteous suffering still,
Upon the eternal shore." *

Let him answer the strongest argument for purgatory—the seeming impossibility of attaining here the holiness needful for the enjoyment of heaven—by declaring, that to doubt the accomplishment on earth of the work of sanctification in the saved, is to doubt the Word of Him who is Himself the Truth.

"Fear not, for He hath sworn;
Faithful and true His name.

Surely the time is short:
Endless the task and art,
To brighten for the ethereal court,
A soiled earth-drudging heart.
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love, as to Thy foes in power.

* 'Christian Year.'

His shoulders bear the key;
 He opens—who can close?
 Closes—and who dare open?—He
 Thy soul's misgiving knows.
 If He come quick, the mightier sure will
prove
His Spirit in each heart that timely strives to
 love."^{*}

When the poem which contains these stanzas first appeared, its place in the 'Lyra Apostolica' was just before Newman's "David and Jonathan." How must its neighbour's well-remembered line—

"He bides with us who dies; he is but lost who lives,"

have rung in the deserted friend's mind, as Keble sat down alone on the spot (ever after sacred to that bitter recollection) to read the letter which, as he said,[†] "told me that Newman had left us"! Of those two friends' first and last meeting afterwards, we have the deeply interesting record from Newman's own pen.[‡] He has described how, after the lapse of many years, he entered Keble's door, and sat in converse with him, and with a third whose name has been often associated with theirs. Keble's playful exclamation at parting, "When shall we three meet again?" has a solemn sound now, as we remember that it was the last meeting of those three in this world. Yet "when" is infinitely less important, as applied to the final assembling, than "how?" And thinking of the faith, obscured by later accretions, but not destroyed, in the book we have been examining, let us anticipate the manner of the meeting for the two wearied and scarred veterans who remain, in the words of their fellow-champion who has already entered into his rest:—

"O then the glory and the bliss,
 When all that pained or seemed amiss,
 Shall melt with earth and sin away!
 When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,

Filled with each other's company,
 Shall spend in love th' eternal day!"
 —St. Mark's Day: 'Christian Year.'

So may the touching lines which will fitly close our remarks on their great writer find fulfilment in his own case. It was while he was girding himself up for the "great work which he had to do in England"§ that Newman invoked that Light (by warning fears of sinning against which he was then haunted), in a strain probably familiar to many readers who are strangers to his other works. Nevertheless we cannot omit what still, after the lapse of near forty years, constitutes its author's surest title to a place in the ranks of that goodly company, the hymn-writers of the universal Church. In every prayer of this their "lost leader," his fellow-Churchmen once, his fellow-Christians still, may not dare to join. But this one no man can refuse. May it be accomplished, as for those who now repeat, so for him who first framed, it, when the darkness shall at length be past, and the shadows flee away!

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

* Keble's Minor Poems.

† Ibid.

‡ Coleridge's 'Life of Keble.'

§ Newman's 'Apologia.'

ABOUT HOW THE OLD EGYPTIANS LIVED AND DIED.

It may be said concerning most of the races of men which have passed away, that our knowledge of them does not extend to their ordinary lives and customs. Some few strongly-scored facts there may be, as that our Briton ancestors wore mustaches, and were so devoted to art that they never moved about except in company with some representation of heavenly or earthly bodies: but such facts give us only isolated points; the Briton as he really existed can never be revived to our apprehension. A conventional idea of a Briton may be published and accepted, but it can be only a fiction. Let us try to form a correct notion of the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Carthaginians, as they were in their best days, or in any age, and we shall soon find ourselves without a true image and without a guide. Gifted men, by joining together traces of outline more or less marked, and by furnishing the connecting lines from their shrewd guesses or their vivid dreams, have sometimes amused us by revivals of scenes in the Acropolis or in the Coliseum, or by the Sea of Galilee, but they have not been able to show that their witness is true. Nay, to come nearer home and nearer our own age, is it not admitted that we have lost beyond recovery the impression of what life in England was under the Norman kings? We have lively perceptions, it is true, of Cedric and the Templar and the Friar, but we perceive the phantasms of the enchanter, not the real impress of the men of old. Neither is it possible, the learned say, to produce now a true presentment of those times; they have left little more than a rack behind.

If, then, the generations who left the scene two or three centuries ago have become so indistinct that we fail to recognise what manner of

men they were in their lives, habits, and appearance, what chance have we of recovering and becoming intimately acquainted with the beings from whom we are separated by tens of centuries? By the foregoing theorems there is no chance at all,—the attempt would be mere vanity and presumption. If we solve the question mathematically or logically, this is the inevitable answer. But it is not by reasoning that we will arrive at our truth; it is not proportion that shall convict this paper's superscription of folly. An irrepressible, wayward fact, defying speculation, inverting axioms, shows itself; and philosophers are confounded, a new book is opened, the extremes of time are brought together. For, as if in very derision of mundane belief, the oldest race of which history can speak is an exception to the rule of oblivion. Crusaders may have perished for ever—the sons of Romulus and of Cecrops may have become dreams and fables; but some of them who saw Babel, and of the first generations who thence inherited the Coptic tongue, are living yet on the tableaux of Egypt!

Was, then, the prescience of those primitive men as wonderful as their workmanship and their invention? Did their vision pierce through barbarous misty centuries, and anticipate the time when far posterity should yearn to them with awakening reverence, and seek for their remains as for hid treasures? It would seem that it did. But whatever their intention may have been, they have certainly left clear elaborate records of themselves as they were once to be seen in their worship, processions, ceremonies, in battles and sieges, and in all the situations of domestic life. We may see for ourselves how they sacrificed, with what weapons they fought—how they sowed, reaped,

bought and sold, slaughtered, cooked, wrought at trades, feasted, danced, gamed, rejoiced, mourned, died, were embalmed and buried; nay, more,—we know exactly in what manner they fancied that their souls were disposed of after death. We can study their features, dresses, implements; and so mightily has nature wrought with them to preserve the memorials, that “their domestic habits, their social institutions, their very modes of thought, are disclosed to us,—and so minutely, that we know more of the men among whom Abram dwelt and conversed in Egypt than of our own British and Saxon ancestors.”*

Carving and inscribing seem to have been the besetting infirmity of the ancient Egyptians. The desire of the diminutive, bandy-legged, noseless, Plantagenet Montmorency Smith, to be photographed, front and profile, and in all conceivable ungraceful attitudes, in every city of Europe, is not stronger than was the inclination of an old Memphite or Theban to carve out in detail, to paint, or to describe in writing his form and semblance, as on different occasions he went through the employments of his life. His processes did not admit of seizing sudden expressions or effects; but if he did not catch Cynthias of the minute, he gave typical Cynthias and types of every class of human beings—of the animals or things with which they occupied themselves, and examples of the manner in which they operated. If they consecrated a temple or stuck a pig—if they held a symposium or pickled a mummy—if they danced or hunted, ate or fought—the style in which the thing was done was stamped imperishably. When the time comes for speaking of their burials and tombs, reasons will be given for much of this zeal in chiselling and limning. But there is much to say, and space is not *à discretion*, therefore order must be observed, or

we have no chance of fulfilling our design. So we will assign a place to each division of the subject, and the first place is due to the great Pharaoh; let us therefore contemplate THE KING.

Absolute power as executive—entire personal submission to the laws—this was the strange combination which characterised the office of a Pharaoh. All the vigour of despotism in the governor, all possible safeguards for the governed; the monarch irresponsible to any, and yet so thoroughly restrained and advised that no man doubted his piety, justice, and discretion. And how was this brought about? Not by finely-spun theories inoperative in practice; not by intricate constitutional checks which in one age might enable the ruler to set at nought the rights and wishes of his people, and in another might transfer the whole power of the state to the lowest stratum of the populace, and so reduce the sovereign to a mere puppet; not by the institution of an antagonism, according to which it was the instinct of either side, governor or governed, to encroach on the liberties or prerogatives of the other; but by a far more refined and yet simpler method—simpler in itself, but possible for only a refined, highly-civilised people. The nation, in times beyond our ken, had made up its mind about the qualities of its ruler, and took its measures for securing such a one as should realize its idea. The leaders knew the fallibility of checks and constitutions—perhaps they knew it by experience—and went nearer to the root of the matter, and looked for their security in the mind and disposition and life of the king. Their requirements call up the words of Cowper—

“I venerate the man whose heart is warm.
Whose words are pure, whose doctrine and
whose life
Coincident exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.”

* Osburn's 'Monumental History,' end of vol. i.

Let not any ardent purist, however, suppose that this hints in the darkest manner at competitive examinations: let us keep in mind that the aim of the Egyptians was far higher than simply to counter-check evil; they aspired to, and laboured for, positive good. They specially educated their ruler for his great career—from early youth if they could; but, young or old, they would have him submit himself to a training and a routine of life such as were prescribed for no other. They made him comprehend the dignity which attached to his position; the (literally in his case) *divinity* which does hedge a king. He could not be as other men were, but in all the acts of his daily life he conducted himself after a royal pattern, never forgetting that he belonged to the State. His toilette, exercise, meals, were settled by law; his amusements, both as to times and kinds, might be only such as became so distinguished a person, the very quantity of his wine being regulated to guard against the possibility of excess. His associates and attendants were all of the first families, and of high education. These were blamed and punished if their august master should ever allow his passions to influence him in the exercise of his office. As was said in a former paper,* the king could do no wrong, but his ministers were held strictly responsible if any wrong was done, it being held that impropriety or injustice could scarcely be a solitary failing, but a sign of general circumspection having been relaxed. From the very birth of an heir-apparent to the throne, his future companions, nurslings of the same age as himself, were set apart and trained.

The king must have been bred a priest or a soldier. If he happened to be the latter, he was forced to become a priest on ascending the throne; and his priesthood was not

a nominal or *ex officio* headship, but he had to study all the mysteries of religion, the services of the temples, the laws and the moral code of the country, and to be in all respects a capable and officiating pontiff. On days of high ceremonial the king himself publicly made offerings to the gods; but in ordinary routine he was only present at religious services during particular hours.

The viands of the royal table were limited to certain kinds of food. The king might not exceed a certain quantity of wine; he might not consort with whomsoever he would; neither could he pass his time according to his own fancy. Hard conditions these, one is apt to think; but yet if any nonsense had been talked about the monarch being denied the freedom that was permitted to the meanest of his subjects—if it had been said that, provided his public duty was accurately performed, he might surely turn his hours of relaxation to whatever account he might choose—it would have been answered that what might be very good for a humble Egyptian was not at all suitable for Pharaoh; that the man they wanted must exist for the State, not the State for him; and that if he could not bear restraints himself, he was manifestly incompetent to restrain and guide a whole nation! We do not find that political trouble ever arose from attempts of his Majesty to kick over the traces; indeed opinion was so strong and so invariable on the point, that the wise and well-trained monarch must have seen the ruin involved in such a course, supposing that he wished to pursue it, which probably he did not.

The secret of how this was accomplished—of how a mighty and absolute sovereign could be induced, without any apparent control, to walk within the very strictest limits, and to merge his personality

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for August 1870.

in his glorious office—is one that cannot be thoroughly penetrated until some modern nation, as perspicacious as the Egyptian was, shall comprehend the general good as they understood it, and exhibit again the perfection of government. We do, however, sometimes get glimpses of such finished organisation when highly-cultivated dispositions, by happy chance, come together in a family or other association. We are charmed by the devotion with which each member postpones his selfish inclinations for the general benefit, by the noiseless accuracy with which the machinery turns, by the absence of all visible moving or regulating power, and yet by the consummate working of the whole. We know, nevertheless, that there must be a power somewhere, and that it is outwardly invisible, because it is applied to the highest perceptions of our nature. So, also, there was a power, and an admirable one, cementing and guiding the powers of the State in Egypt—very subtle, applicable only to the most generous spirits, but in them more potent than the sternest tyranny. The horse that may be guided with a silken thread is alone perfectly broken; the one moving straight under thongs and iron, and evermore looking askance at the whip, does little credit to his trainer. The government of the Pharaohs was doubtless invented by the priests; the power which, like the force of gravity in nature, kept every member in his place, was in the national religion, into whose mysteries the monarch, as we have seen, was invariably initiated, and whose dictates were unquestioned by a surpassingly devout people. When we come to discuss their religion, we shall see how hard it is to recognise this inward and spiritual power in it, and how much more we have to learn before we discover the mainspring of their wonderful system.

In times of war the king gener-

ally took the field, and commanded the army. He often took the heir with him (thus Sesostris, while very young, made his first campaign with his father, and had his *baptême de feu*); but he could appoint a general to the chief command when reasons of State should show that course to be advisable. All triumphs, decrees, and national works were ascribed to him, and the relations between sovereign and people appear to have been so good that his fame and theirs were identical; they were satisfied that he was really and truly the impersonation of the State.

Greek writers used to speak of the crown as elective; but the monuments—which now supersede all other chronicles—show that the succession was hereditary, except in case of the country being conquered, or the very rare occurrence of a successful rebellion. An election took place only when there was no heir, male or female—for a princess could inherit the sceptre. Although frequently the same sovereign ruled both Upper and Lower Egypt, these were always regarded as two distinct kingdoms. Sometimes each kingdom had its own separate king, and the two were at variance. The head-dress of the Upper country was white, a high conical cap terminating in a knob at the top; that of the Lower country was red; it encircled the head to the height of the poll, and the back was prolonged to double the height of the cap. The king who might govern both countries wore both crowns together, that of Lower Egypt outside the other, and the composite head-dress of the two crowns was named the *pschent*. There were other royal head-dresses according to the particular office which the king might be discharging; but what will probably be most astonishing to an inexperienced reader is, that he often wore a wig. Modern speakers, chancellors, judges, and State

coachmen may find comfort for their souls by a study of some of the monuments—nay, of the relics; for specimens of the wigs are, it is believed, preserved.

There would seem to be a popular belief that the Pharaohs were unfeeling and tyrannical, a belief derived probably from the circumstances of the exodus; but it should be remembered that the disposition of the Pharaoh who would not let Israel go was supernaturally vitiated. Some infatuation made him treacherous and cruel; but the fact that his heart was hardened specially to make him act unworthily, goes to prove that in his normal condition he would have been incapable of such conduct. The Pharaohs who knew not Joseph pursued an illiberal policy towards the children of Jacob, and the book of Moses shows them in no very favourable light; yet they do not appear to have been personally odious, neither is there a hint of their government having been oppressive or hateful to the Egyptians. And then, when we come to regard the kings who did know and respect Joseph and his memory, their characters should form a counterpoise, and help us to an even judgment of these celebrated rulers. Joseph's personal patron, who is more graphically presented in the sacred book than any obnoxious Pharaoh, was certainly wise and amiable, and his successors for some generations regarded Israel with favour. That Egypt throve as it did under their sway is a sufficient proof of the ability and integrity of the kings in general; and the mourning which the people made for Pharaoh when he died, and which the historians carefully distinguish from a formal prescribed manifestation, attests the esteem and veneration in which he was generally held.

If we pass now from the monarch, who is a very intelligible figure, to that which doubtless con-

tains the key to all the character, wisdom, and exploits of the country—namely, the national religion—we are at once in a very thick atmosphere, where, though objects innumerable present themselves, their connection and significance are difficult to trace. Judged by its outward and visible signs, this religion can be described as only gross idolatry and polytheism. The high reputation of the race has saved them from much reproach on this head; writers hardly ever mention the worship without deprecating the reader's injurious opinion of it, or without explaining its hidden spirituality. But the religion itself, as we see it, is so loosely jointed and so indefinite, that an ingenious commentator, starting with a plausible idea or two, may speedily on this material foundation erect a structure of types and metaphysics reaching up to a pure theology. To make good these words, let us for a while put aside the fancied or imputed meaning, and say what the worship was.

The gods were so numerous that we cannot reckon them, neither can we say that we have now got, or that we shall ever get, to the limits of the pantheon. Gods crop up in all directions. Some have human figures and heads; some have the forms of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles; some are compounded of heads of some of the above animals joined to the bodies of men or women, being monsters of that class the idea of which made Horace exclaim, "*Risum teneatis, amici!*"—some are grotesque, deformed, and shocking. A pair (male and female) or a trio (parents and child) of gods were adored in the same temple; and of these, as of the Greek consonants, it is said, "*Inter se cognati sunt;*" but unfortunately, after one relationship has been noted, the same deities, or others suspiciously like them, are found in other places with an entirely new set of kinsfolk. Prince

Hal* had an illustration that would have suited their affinities, but he was innocent of Egyptology. It was not only the images of animals, however, which the Egyptians venerated: live bulls, crocodiles, jackals, beetles, and one knows not what besides, were had in reverence. The worship of what were called the great gods, and especially of one pair, was wellnigh general on the Nile; but the smaller powers were worshipped in certain districts only, while in other districts they were abominations, and the setting up or putting down of one of them was as serious a matter as the exaltation of a German prince is in these days—it led sometimes to furious wars for ideas.

There were several orders of gods, but it is not clear to us how the orders were divided—which is not astonishing when the frequent interchange above mentioned of attributes, symbols, and affinities is taken into account. It is, however, generally received that the gods creators and sustainers, and the sun and moon and elements, occupied the highest places under various names. Inferior gods all partook of the nature and functions of these, but were inferior in scope and degree. One god named Typho or Typhoon was regarded as the spirit of evil. But of all these gods, two—and they not of the first order—are more celebrated than all the rest, and were of unquestioned sanctity from one end of Egypt to the other. The reader is already prepared for the famous names Osiris and Isis. The popular legend concerning them is that there was jealousy between Typho and Osiris; that Typho, by a manoeuvre which recalls the ballad of the "Old Oak Chest," or the story of "The Fisherman and the Genie" in the 'Thou-

sand and One Nights,' entrapped Osiris into a box, and, god as he was, confined him in the heart of a tree, whence Isis got him out and carried him to Buto in the month Tybi (27th of December to 26th of January), and there concealed him; but Typho, whose delight it appears to have been of a shiny night at that season of the year to hunt in the marshes, put him up by moonlight, and cut him up too, to make sure of him, into fourteen pieces.† Isis with great pains found thirteen of the pieces in different places, and buried each where she found it; the fourteenth piece had been unfortunately devoured by fishes. Afterwards, before the visit of the patriarch Abram, the whole country was convulsed for years by the act of King Mencheres or Mycerinus, who got the scattered limbs together at Abydos. The wars so occasioned ended in the reign of Acthoes of the XIth dynasty, as has been shown,‡ which, according to Mr. Osburn, is the true account concealed under the myth that Isis joined the body together once more. The alarms which the Pans and Satyrs felt while these dreadful adventures were proceeding became proverbial, and gave to wild terrors the name of *Panics* for all time. This high derivation, from the immortal gods, of this nervous condition, may be comfortable to gentlemen who were about the Stock Exchange and Capel Court last July. For their sakes it is recorded.

Now, after all the pains—and they have been very great—which learned men have taken to discover some consistent theology of Egypt, it must be confessed that the whole subject remains a "muddle," as one of the characters in Mr. Dickens's 'Hard Times' is fond of saying;

* "Page.—A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. *Prince Henry*.—Even such kin"—'King Henry IV.'

† Osburn says twenty-six pieces.

‡ *Vide* Maga, December 1869, p. 737—where, however, the word "limits," by a typographical error, stands for "limbs."

and that muddle (for, as we see it, it is not entitled to the name of *system*) cannot be defended against the charge of being the grossest and silliest idolatry. Then, as if the religion were not of itself difficult enough to be understood, it was further complicated by the vanity of the old Greek writers, who set to work to show that the gods of Greece were, under other names, the same as the gods of Egypt. Thus the great Amun of the Egyptians was identified with Zeus or Jupiter, and in later days became Jupiter Ammon, whose great temple was in the Oasis; Phthah, a god whom the Egyptians represented as a mummy, was Vulcan or Hephæstus; Osiris was Bacchus; Anouke was Vesta; and so on. But these comparisons were fanciful, and do not in the least assist us to a comprehension of the nature of the Egyptian gods as Egyptians regarded it.

There can be no doubt that, viewed in certain of their phases, some of the gods may be seen to personify the powers or works of nature. Amun may be the sun, or, in another view, the atmosphere. Osiris and Isis may be, and in one acceptation probably are, the Nile and the land of Egypt; but attempt to follow up these "allegories on the banks of the Nile" (which are not the same that Mrs. Malaprop spoke of), and they will not half satisfy as to the character, power, or nature of any deity. For instance, assume Osiris to be the Nile, and a great deal of what is said of him seems to become clear, the allegory corresponding for some distance with known natural facts; but in a while we find Osiris presiding as the judge of the dead, the great power of Amenhe or the shades below, and we are violently jerked out of the present little groove in which our imaginations have begun to run at ease. There is nothing consistent or definite about any of these gods; the character of each is like a series of dis-

solving views, continually, as we regard it, fading to indistinctness, and then reappearing in new colours and proportions.

The boldest thing that has been said regarding the whole tangled mythology is, that the Egyptians never really lost, after the death of Noah, the knowledge of one supreme intelligence, almighty, inexhaustibly good, whom no man had seen at any time, who could not be represented by anything made with hands; but that the priests attempted to show to the people, under the form of gods, His attributes, His creation, His ways of dealing with men, His glory, His will. Each god, then, being a part or emanation of the Deity, which might manifest itself in various ways, had many figures and descriptions contradictory and often incompatible when ascribed to a distinct being, but consistent and intelligible when applied to a quality or power. Thus divine love might be exhibited as cherishing, chastising, shining ever like the sun, outraged, averted, returning, delivering, animating, restraining. And this method of looking at the subject would in a sort explain the notion of Typho, who was thought to be in some things not unkind, he being the violent power which convulses or destroys; but, inasmuch as these convulsions and destructions are very awful, and often connected with much apparent evil, his terrible aspect wellnigh eclipsed all other idea of him, and he came to be regarded as an adverse power.

Now this daring theory cannot be proved any more than the tamer allegorical explanation. Both are followed because our minds refuse to accept the outward and visible as the true religion of the Egyptians. The high character of the people, our involuntary conviction of the superiority of their wisdom and knowledge, forbid the acceptance of the evidence as complete. We labour to clear the reputation of a people whom we cannot but

honour, and in so doing possibly add to the difficulties of a true understanding. When speculation has exhausted itself, and the mind is giddy with effort, we are no nearer than at first to our goal. Time may yet help us; let us trust to time.

One strong argument to support the opinion that the Religion was not what it appears, is the certainty that the people, far from being blinded or debased, were enlightened, as we have shown, and civilised to an incredible decree. Let us remember what Wilkinson has said of their having relinquished the habit of wearing arms when not on service. *Something* was elevating and improving them, and if this was not the religion, what was it? The rites were not savage and cruel, the moral doctrine was excellent. Old traditions existed, as they exist in most nations of any antiquity, concerning human sacrifices in early days. A king named Amosis has the credit of having abolished the sanguinary practice, and of having substituted a waxen image for the victim. But the religion, as we know it, was mild and liberal—somewhat too liberal, if we believe some writers; advancing knowledge, however, although it wholly confirms the benevolent character, quite contradicts the imputation of licentiousness.

Animals undoubtedly were sacrificed on the altars of the gods, but even the pure religion of the Jews prescribed this; and besides living things, almost all the characteristic productions of the country appear before the shrines,—the papyrus, water-melon, lotus, onion, fig, an interminable series. Incense was frequently used, but it differed according to the hour of the day: that used at sunset in the temple of the sun was named *Kuphi*, and was compounded of sixteen fragrant substances.*

The celebrated magicians of Egypt, were, no doubt, priests of

the higher orders, who retained in their own hands the chief knowledge of the sciences. Either they wrought their wonders and practised divination by the aid of chemistry, metallurgy, and optics; or else they really did enjoy, in their partially enlightened state, a degree of genuine inspiration. The latter thought supposes no more than we know to have been true in the case of Balaam the son of Beor, who, though, like many another sanctimonious rascal both of ancient and modern times, he wanted to combine the service of religion with rewards of place and power for himself, yet did undoubtedly receive communications from on high. And, while we think of these matters, let it be remarked that the books of Moses, intolerant as they are of idolatry, and little reason as their writer had for being tender with Egypt, do not anywhere denounce the religion of the country as grossly pagan. On the contrary, much of the guilt attaching to Pharaoh and his people seems to spring from the implied belief that they were sufficiently instructed to know that their conduct was indefensible.

A loose linen robe with full sleeves, secured round the waist, or else a robe extending from the waist only to the feet, and suspended by straps from the shoulders, was the ordinary dress of an officiating priest. He wore sandals or slippers on his feet. The chief priest and the king when he appeared as a high priest, wore a garment made of a whole leopard's skin. The habits of the priests were calculated to secure extreme purity; and though they were very strict, they did not tend to impoverishing the blood or depressing the system, but were judged to be highly salutary. Shaving, ablution, and great simplicity of living and dress, were most strictly attended to; the priests ate neither pork nor fish, but geese were plentiful, and

* Kenrick.

apparently not prohibited and yet the unhappy clergymen (for *clerks* the Egyptian priests may very properly be called) might not for his life eat goose with onions: beans were an abomination—the priest would not look at one if he could avoid it. The restraints which the priests prescribed for the people they imposed in a tenfold harsher degree on themselves. They obtained and kept the respect of the people, we are told, by their highly benevolent morals, and by their religious lives and conversation.

We must not omit to state, although there is not space to go at any length into the subject, that innumerable sacred animals were maintained in great state in various temples. Of these the bull Apis was probably the most remarkable; but different places had different fancies in this line, some taking to crocodiles; some to birds, and almost all to the scarab or beetle of the Nile. The real belief concerning these animals is as much a matter of controversy as the intention in worshipping the gods. It is impossible to say whether Apis himself was considered divine, or whether he was but a visible emblem of some divine being, power, or quality.

The belief and practice which sprang from the religion of whose form the above is a very feeble outline, will be best learned from what has to be said of Egyptians' lives, and of Egyptians' deaths and judgments. Let us therefore get out of the temple for the present, and look at some scenes in the lives of the laity. Suppose we take a country gentleman of the period (*temp. Joseph to Moses*), a tolerably well-to-do squire. We find this person had a good idea of making himself comfortable among his "lands and beeves." His house, gardens, vineyards, artificial ponds, and corn-lands were laid out very cleverly, and in a style more or less costly, the larger mansions having propyla and obelisks, like the temples. To give a

quotation from Wilkinson is advisable.

"About the centre of the wall of circuit," he says, "was the main entrance, and two side gates, leading to an open walk shaded by rows of trees. Here were spacious tanks of water, which faced the door of the right and left wing of the house, and between them an avenue led from the main entrance to the stables, and to what might be called the centre of the mansion. After passing the outer door of the right wing, you entered an open court with trees, extending quite round a nucleus of inner apartments, and having a back entrance communicating with the garden. On the right and left of this court were six or more store-rooms, a small receiving or waiting-room at two of the corners, and at the other end the staircases which led to the upper story. Both of the inner façades were furnished with a corridor, supported on columns, with similar towers and gateways. The interior of this wing consisted of twelve rooms, two outer and one centre court, communicating by folding gates; and on either side of this last was the main entrance to the rooms on the ground-floor, and to the staircases leading to the upper story. At the back were three long rooms, and a gateway opening to the garden, which contained a variety of fruit-trees, a small summer-house, and a tank of water.

"The arrangement of the left wing was different. The front gate led to an open court, extending the whole breadth of the façade of the building, and backed by the wall of the inner part. Central and lateral doors thence communicated with another court, surrounded on three sides by a set of rooms, and behind it was a corridor, upon which several other chambers opened.

"This wing had no back entrance, and, standing isolated, the outer court extended entirely round it; and a succession of doorways communicated from the court with different sections of the centre of the house, where the rooms, disposed like those already described, around passages and corridors, served partly as sitting apartments and partly as store-rooms."

The proprietor of such a seat as the above would have had his

house-steward and his land-steward, and with the latter it may be supposed that the principal business of his life would be transacted. We see him on the sculptures as he appeared when he took account of his stock, as he watched his servants at seed-time, as he managed the irrigation, as they put in the sickle and gathered the ripe corn, as the oxen on the threshing-floor trod out the grain, and as the farm-servants stored it in the granary. Then he had his orchard and vineyard wherewith to amuse himself when the humour took him. There were palms, sycamores, and vines to be tended, or their fruit to be gathered; and one way of gathering the fruits rapidly was to employ monkeys to help the servants. Jacko did help, it is true, but always with an unconcealed eye to the gratification of number one. There he is, well up the trees, and in the very coolest manner gorging himself, while the attendants wait below and he leers at them. The grapes once off, the kids were turned in to browse on the vines. The juice of the grapes was expressed by putting them in a bag, the opposite ends of which being twisted in contrary ways by means of poles, the liquor streamed through into a vase. The extended arms of one man did not, however, give sufficient length of lever for a pole, and hence we see a man at each end of each pole, putting his whole strength into the squeeze, the bag being by this means wrung to a most exhausting degree; while a fifth fellow, with his feet against one pole and his hands against the other, prevents the bag from shortening, and throws all his energy into a most complicated wrench, like that kick with which old Tony Weller finished off the shepherd. The wringing of the bag was sometimes done a little more scientifically by means of a frame, and by having strong eyes attached to the

ends of the bag, one eye being then fixed to the post of the frame while the other moved freely, — being passed through a hole in the opposite post; the whole squeezing party bent their strength on a lever which passed through the last-mentioned eye, and so brought down in a shower the precious liquor.

There was also a foot-press (more used in Upper Egypt), where the grapes being duly arranged on their proper floor, a lot of trampers seized each a rope radiating from a knot in the centre of the ceiling, and, starting off centrifugally round and round, soon mashed the fruit, and let the juice stream through a sieve or colander into a receptacle beneath, from which it ran away into vats. We are obliged to pass over the different kinds of wines for fear of overrunning our space.

The beer, of which mention has been before made,* was the genuine extract of barley; but as the Egyptians had not the hop, they gave a flavour with lupin, the skirret, or the root of a certain Assyrian plant not identified. This beverage was in general use throughout Egypt; and though there may have been a smaller consumption in the wine-growing than in the corn districts, there is reason to think that brewing was done very regularly on all the estates. Nevertheless, as in our day, the beer of every district was not considered equally good, and the favourite brand was that of Pelusium on the Levant—their Burton-on-Trent. When we remember the great facilities for water-carriage which existed during the inundation, it seems probable that Pelusium (now Port Said) may have driven a considerable business in this commodity, as the wealthy would take care to have that of highest reputation; and the reputation of Pelusiac beer was not confined to Egypt, but was notorious in Greece. It may be an addition to our useful knowledge to learn

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for August 1870.

that any unfortunate person who may happen to be what Mr. Weller called "overtaken," will, if he be drunken with wine, lie on his face; whereas, if beer has been his seducer, he will lie on his back. No apology is offered for advancing this dogma in a somewhat positive manner, as it proceeds from no satirist or profane person, neither rests on the doubtful evidence of a toper who had made trial of both kinds, but is the grave assertion of Aristotle the philosopher: we have only therefore, to bow the head and believe; and we English are more strictly bound to this humility, as we have no practical knowledge of the subject.

But to return to our Coptic squire. It is not certain that he would be a thrifty man, always conferring with his stewards and inspecting his fields; and it is hardly likely that, however notable he might be, he would not sometimes amuse himself with field-sports. Whenever it might be his pleasure to hunt, shoot, or fish, there were glorious opportunities of having an exciting day or series of days. The game was not, of course, exactly the same as that which a British sportsman, in the year of grace 1870, is at pains to destroy; but, except in regard to one or two circumstances, the modern reader is likely to marvel more at the extreme similarity of the Egyptian sporting expeditions and adventures to our own than at any striking peculiarity in the sports. And one may well marvel, when the immense distance of time is considered, at the strong similarities which are brought home to us, not by verbal descriptions alone, but by the most spirited sculptures, the *chefs-d'œuvre*, probably of Egyptian art, where some conventional restraint which hampered the artist in portraying gods and men seems to have been removed, so that he could give a loose to his genius. The situations of the chase are generally such as are familiar

to us—the setting out of the hunting party, the beat, the find, the setting on of the dogs and other animals, the sportsmen assisting with their bows and javelins, the animals turning to bay, the death, and the return with the game. There were Landseers on the earth in those days.

Foxes, wolves, jackals, hyenas, and leopards were destroyed for sport or for their skins; but gazelles, ibexes, oryxes, wild oxen, deer, wild sheep, hares, and porcupines, were hunted for their flesh as well as for amusement. The ostrich also was chased for his feathers, ornaments which were highly prized. Hounds and other dogs were the principal animals used in pursuit; but mention must not be omitted of two species of the genus *felis*, which, in such a connection, may rather astonish—one is the lion, which was tamed for a sporting beast; the other the domestic cat, which was educated to be a retriever in fowling.

Birds, besides being taken in snares, were liable to be lured by a decoy, and then knocked down with sticks, or more sportingly slain with darts. It is very clear how it was all done, and the zest with which the sportsmen laboured. Fishing with nets and baits and prongs went on in the days of Joseph much as it does now. The kinds of fish which were then caught may be seen in representation to this day, as may also the kind of knives with which they were opened, and the modes of curing them. Of fly-fishing there is no record, only of netting, spearing, and angling with ground-bait.

There were two sports to which we cannot pretend to find parallels in our land and day,—viz., hippopotamus-hunting, in which a harpoon and reel were used, making it, to that extent, like whaling—and crocodile-hunting. The Tentyrites are said to have been so bold in this latter pursuit, that one of them would not hesitate to swim

singly after a crocodile, jump on its back, and thrust a bar into its mouth, which, being used as a bit, the gallant rider made the crocodile carry him to shore! Herodotus, however, tells us that the way to catch a crocodile in his time was to bait a hook with a piece of pork, then to set a pig screaming on the bank. The crocodile, running to look after the pig, would observe the pork, and swallow it *en passant*, whereupon he was hauled ashore and blinded with mud, so that he could offer but little resistance to his fate.

When our bucolic Egyptian got home after being afield, he took his bath, and was ready then for some refreshment, which was brought him in separate dishes, and served upon a small round table with one leg, at which he sat on a high or low stool, but did not recline. His meal, the history of which may be read on the sculptures, from the slaughter of the animal or the gathering of the vegetable or fruit up to the moment of serving, was tolerably luxurious; and probably a bill of fare might here be furnished, only that meals will be better treated of when we come to Entertainments,—and before they are mentioned something ought to be said of the thriving citizen of an Egyptian city.

Town-houses, when small, touched each other, and formed the sides of a narrow street. Large houses were detached, and stood each in its own area, with entrance-doors on two or three of its sides. The plan of these detached houses was rectangular, and either the apartments ran round three sides of an inner quadrangle, or a spacious court was reserved on one side of the buildings joining them to the boundary wall. Low houses appear to have been the fashion, except in splendid Thebes, where, Diodorus says, the houses were

four or five stories in height. "They had a portico or porch before the front door (Janua), supported on two columns, below whose capitals were attached ribbons or banners, the name of the person who lived there being occasionally painted within, on the lintel or imposts of the door; and sometimes the portico consisted of a double row of columns, between which stood colossal statues of the king.

"A line of trees ran parallel with the front of the house; and, to prevent injuries from cattle or from any accident, the stems were surrounded by a low wall, pierced with square holes to admit the air. . . . The height of the portico was about twelve or fifteen feet, just exceeding that of the cornice of the door, which was only raised by its threshold above the level of the ground."* The walls of the reception-rooms were raised to only a moderate height, and carried no roof, but an awning was stretched over them while the sun shone, and a stream of cool air was by architectural arrangement carried through the rooms. These rooms were rich with columns, and decorated with banners. The distribution of the rooms of the family was various, according to taste or need, as we are informed by many examples. The doors had locks and keys—keys, that is, which could be taken out of the locks—how early we know not, but certainly as early as thirteen and a half centuries B.C. There was a terrace on the top of each house covered by a roof on columns. The ceilings were beautifully painted as to both colour and design; and on Egyptian ceilings at least 800 years older than Homer or Romulus, Wilkinson found splendid examples of what we have been accustomed to call Greek and Etruscan patterns,—the lotus, the square, the diamond, the circle, and above all, he says, the succession of scrolls and square within square, usually

* Wilkinson's 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.'

called the Tuscan border. The basement rooms were appropriated as offices and stores, and these were generally covered by regular keyed arches—*Roman* arches, as it is the fashion to call them.

Now these citizens seem to have been a remarkably sociable class, not "fat chuffs, gorbellied knaves," that hated the long-ago-mummied men about town, who might in that day have described themselves as "us youth," but liberal, open-handed fellows, giving of their abundance, and unwilling to eat their morsel alone. "To see a few friends" was clearly a great delight to them, and how they entertained their guests we may learn as accurately and minutely as if we had been present. We see the soberer magnates borne to the door in their palanquins, surrounded by a crowd of attendants, each of whom carried something which his master might possibly require during the visit, such as a stool to alight by, his tablets, and so on; we see the footman knocking at the door, and the servants within getting ready water for the guests' feet; and then we see the young swells, evidently after time, dashing up in their curricles, and making sensation among the company already assembled, while grooms run to the horses' heads. And the water for the feet and hands was offered in the houses of people of distinction in a style becoming citizens of no mean cities; none of your delf, none of your porcelain even, none of your figured glass, none of your alabaster or such common wares to wash in, but golden ewers and basins beautifully fashioned. After he had washed, each guest was anointed by a servant with perfumed unguents out of porcelain or alabaster boxes, then he was crowned and garlanded with flowers, and so made fit to enter the reception-room, where he found ladies and gentlemen seated on ottomans, chairs, stools, and sofas.

The entertainment began by an

offer of wine being made to all the guests, female and male, and then, while dinner was being prepared, the said guests conversed or listened to favorite airs played on the harp, pipe, flute, and tambourine by professional musicians. Anon came the repast; but we are not asked to sit satisfied with seeing that there *are* dishes, and plenty of them—we are taken through the slaughter-house and through the kitchen, and by the most minute description thoroughly informed as to the preparation. There is to be seen the ox, gazelle, oryx, or kid bound for slaughter, and the butcher applying his fatal knife; and let it be remarked that these ancient butchers wore in their belts and tied to their aprons *steels* for sharpening the knives. The whole process of preparing the animals for the table is then laid bare, and we are introduced to the head cook and his assistants, who are seen to be spitting, mincing, pounding, garnishing, poking the fires, and blowing the bellows *with their feet*. Joints, *hors-d'œuvres*, savoury meats, were thus prepared, and not a few tasty messes made with geese and other poultry, while the most delicious vegetables entered largely into the composition of almost every dish. Who does not call to mind the murmurs of the Israelites at Taberah? "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." The baking (including unmistakable macaroni) and confectionery were intrusted to another set of artists, of whom Pharaoh's ill-fated chief baker was probably a director. Everything is shown us, down to the minutest circumstance; and we even know what parts, when that which was thought worthy to be cooked for the guests had been selected, were given to the poor. But we must not loiter, though the temptation to do so is strong.

We find the guests (to return to

the party) entertained sometimes by sexes separately, though in the same room, and sometimes with the ladies and gentlemen intermixed at the same table. The table was generally, though not invariably, round; and the dishes with loaves of bread were placed on it, the table itself being removed with every course, and another substituted with the next course. But at other times the table remained all through the meal, and the viands were brought in baskets. Wine was freely handed about to ladies as well as gentlemen; and there is reason to believe that the former even liked it, and sometimes went so far as to take a thimbleful too much, as the unmerciful sculptor has not scrupled to record. They not only could get merry and frisky, but one young lady (and we feel certain that not a practice of the girl of the period, but a particular accident, must have suggested the sculpture) is very unwell indeed, as if she was at sea, and you see all her distress, and the assistance rendered to her—oh my!! Of course, where such a thing could be imagined of a lady, gentlemen were not unfrequently elevated—*ça va sans dire*.

But while we contemplate their hilarity and indiscretion, mention must be made of a most remarkable custom at feasts: *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*; while they are at the height of their enjoyment, servants enter bearing in a mummy, or the semblance of one, and this hideous object is handed round to every guest. The application of this incident rested, of course, with each guest according to his disposition; some regarded it as Falstaff said he did bld Bardolph's face—saw in it a *memento mori* to recall them to serious reflection; while others looked at it much more as Falstaff really would, and drew the moral, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

The intention was, no doubt, to restrain intemperance and levity.

After dinner, music and singing were resumed. These were followed by dancing and feats of agility and tumbling. Almost all the achievements in this line which amuse us to-day are to be seen executed to the life on the sculptures, the effects of which on the mind, when the lapse of time occurs to it for a moment, are absolutely startling. Something that you saw last week, after it had been trumpeted as the most astonishing novelty, you may see to-day facing you in a museum on an Egyptian tableau of incalculable antiquity. Magicians, professors of gymnastics, and sleight-of-hand men were all occasionally introduced, the conjuring being, of course, a favourite amusement. Mr. Kenrick, being for a moment a little simple or a little pompous, writes thus of one of the tricks: "We see two men seated with four inverted cups placed between them, and it is evident that the game consisted in guessing beneath which of the cups some object was concealed." In homelier phrase, the noble science of *thimble-rig* was understood and practised; and it is satisfactory to find, by subsequent reference to Wilkinson, who speaks less fastidiously, that this interpretation is true. Draughts and dice were much played at, and wrestling and single-stick gave delight to some. Buffoonery seems to have been appreciated by all.

Occasion was taken in a former paper* to speak of the art of making musical instruments, and incidentally to mention the later opinions concerning the musical taste of the Egyptians. But we did not say then—neither can we say now—one tithe of what it is desirable to say on this subject. The introduction on the tableaux of music on every possible occasion, shows how generally the science was appreciated; and the

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for August 1870, p. 232.

beautiful stringed instruments which even yet survive, tell us of themselves how devoted the people were to the hearing of sweet sounds. Specimens of the instruments—as of most other things of general use or estimation—were laid up in the tombs, where, unseen and undisturbed, they were left to gratify the eyes of the spirit whose mummy, with its countless bandages, lay embalmed in the same sepulchre. In one of these tombs, the date of closing which was ascertained to be more than a thousand years before Christ, a harp of many strings was discovered in 1823. One of the exploring party laid his hand upon the instrument, and—let him who may read it without emotion—the chords which had been motionless and silent for upwards of three thousand years vibrated to his touch, and woke the echoes of the tomb with musical sounds!—

“O wake once more! how rude soe’er the
hand
That ventures o’er thy magic muse to
stray.
O wake once more! though scarce my
skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die
away.
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain;
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard-note has not been touched
in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress,
wake again!”

From the few particulars, meagre though they be, which have been given, it may be understood that a tolerable degree of luxury and a somewhat ostentatious taste existed in Egypt. Just as wealthy moderns develop or invent all manner of fancies, and spare no expense to gratify their caprices, so did opulent Egyptians deny themselves nothing in the way of wines, equipages, works of art, pleasure-boats, slaves, animals, trees, &c. “But while the funds arising from extensive farms and the abundant produce of a

fertile soil enabled the rich to indulge extravagant habits, many of the less wealthy envied the enjoyment of those luxuries which fortune had denied to them; and, prompted by vanity and a desire of imitation, so common in civilised communities, and so generally followed by fatal results, they pursued a career which speedily led to an accumulation of debt, and demanded the interference of the Legislature.”* Now the interference of the Legislature was remarkable, inasmuch as it was ordained that when a man had been so silly as to get deeply into debt, he should give his father’s (or, as Wilkinson supposes, his nearest relation’s, since his father may not yet have been mummified) mummy in pledge for payment. Not to have redeemed the mummy would have rendered the debtor infamous. He was therefore thus put under the strongest obligation to acquit himself of the debt, and generally did acquit himself. The liberal creditor, not altogether caring to domesticate the mummy, was commonly satisfied with possession of the tomb. This was quite enough to brand the debtor and his family too if the account remained long unpaid; and the pledge and the penalty being so awful, it is suggested that some relation—say an uncle—would come forward and receive the precious deposit, to keep the affair within the bounds of the family. Being too much occupied to follow up this suggestion, pregnant as it is, we hereby unreservedly present it to the etymologists, by whose labours we hope to see a remarkable but perplexing modern form of speech clearly connected with the earlier Coptic.

The design of this paper being but to present some striking points of Egyptian life, with a view of inducing a comprehensive study of it, we pass now from the lives (most meagrely glanced at) of that

* Wilkinson’s ‘Manners and Customs,’ &c.

ancient people to their deaths, or the circumstances connected therewith, premising that everything belonging to death and funerals was of immense importance, and thoughts of, and preparations (both material and moral) for death, appear to have occupied individuals as much as the requirements of their lives. Although they had a consciousness of the soul's separate existence in a spiritual world called Amenthe, there was nevertheless some strong idea, not yet clearly evolved, of communication maintained between the soul and the mummy, as long as the latter should not be wholly dissolved. Hence they came to look upon the tomb in which a man was to lie for thousands of years as his real home, in contradistinction to his house, which, as a stranger and a pilgrim, he would occupy for some fraction of a century. Accordingly, a man of any means, from the king downwards, set about the provision of a tomb for himself as soon as he attained to independence, and he lavished his wealth in making his long home worthy of him. He furnished and he decorated it; architecture, sculpture, painting, all the arts contributed to its magnificence; furniture, instruments, utensils, jewels, records, were stored there in profusion; indeed it is in these tombs that we find our most interesting relics, as the harp above spoken of, or the sculptures placed around the mummy to recall familiar scenes and pleasures.

Now, mummification having been, as we showed before,* an art so important and so well understood, people while in health would naturally declare their wishes, and make their provision in that regard. But although every man hoped to become some sort or other of mummy—an Egyptian being always considered worth his salt—yet it depended upon his means in what style he should be packed for eter-

nity. Herodotus gives three principal methods, but it is probable that these admitted of modifications according to price. One can hardly realise the satisfaction of going into an embalmer's establishment, and cruising about to choose after what pattern one would "be a body," as Mr. Mantilini put it. But the quest must have had its fascinations. "Genteel, well-cured mummy—very sound, only 7 minæ (£20)," would meet the eye on one side, and seem very eligible; but then the price! Well, then, look at this—"22 minæ (£60), and a perfect gem at the money. Extra natron—warranted to last 10,000 years—equal to first-class in duration—difference in external materials only." Or, if that does not satisfy, then—"In this style, finest that can be made, with latest improvements, one talent (£250)." So, after a great deal of hesitation and balancing of expense against quality, a decision would be arrived at. Quack embalmers, of course, there were, heading their advertisements with—"Why give more?" "To persons about to perish." "When you die send your body to us." "A perfect cure; you last forty centuries or your money returned,"—and such *ad captandum* snares; but it was too serious a matter altogether for any discreet person to chaffer with charlatans in respect of it. For the confounded risk was this: the spirit would not be provided with another body for 3000 years; and if in the mean time its old temple should be dissolved, what was to become of it, the spirit aforesaid?

Now we quite remember that the spirit was understood to have gone to Osiris in Amenthe; we have just said that it still maintained its place in the old firm of which the body had declined into a sleeping partner, and that it hovered about the tomb, and didn't forget its old tastes and habits; and we have now to add that, in the interval be-

tween the deccase of the old human body and its entering a new one, it passed 3000 years in bodies of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles! How to reconcile these destinies? Well, it can't be done at present, but the fault, no doubt, is with us, who don't half understand as yet the things which have been transmitted to us. The Egyptians were certainly most earnest about the life hereafter, and they were too shrewd and too logical to be satisfied with any *hocus-pocus* doctrine on a subject so important. We must wait for more light, remembering that a great deal of what is ascribed to the Egyptians, and what has been accepted by the moderns, is only the account of the Greeks, who may have wholly misunderstood the theology of the superior people whom they professed to portray. Greek speculation must go down before the monuments.

No sooner had a member of a family died than the females of the house plastered their heads and faces with mud, and rushed into the streets, striking their bare bosoms and uttering mournful cries. They were there joined by relations and friends, who all added their lamentations. This was the beginning of a woe which was continued with variations throughout a period of seventy-two days*—i.e., while the corpse was taken to the embalmers, made a mummy of in due process, and returned impregnably corned to the wailing relations. After this last event, a new set of ceremonies was proceeded with. The mummy had assigned to it a closet in the house, where it stood upright against a wall, when entirely unoccupied. But the leisure of a young mummy was but scanty, there being innumerable ceremonies and domestic meetings at which it was required to attend. A small sledge was used for moving it about

from chamber to chamber. It was taken out of its closet and anointed with oil or ointment; it was embraced and mourned over; libations, incense, and offerings of vegetables were presented to the gods on its behalf; liturgies were recited by priests. It sometimes even happened that the mummy was placed at table, as if friends desired to enjoy its society.

For an indefinite period, ranging from a few weeks to a year, the mummy was an inmate of the house; but sooner or later arrived the time when it had to be deposited in the tomb, and then there was something like a stir. Not only are the funeral processions described, but several have been depicted in all their details. The magnificence with which people of rank were borne to the grave could not be exceeded.

"First came several servants carrying tables laden with fruit, cakes, flowers, vases of ointment, wine and other liquids, with three young geese and a calf for sacrifice, chairs and wooden tablets, napkins, and other things. Then others bringing the small closets in which the mummy of the deceased and of his ancestors had been kept, while receiving the funeral liturgies previous to burial, and which sometimes contained the images of the gods. They also carried daggers, bows, sandals, and fans, each man having a kerchief or napkin on his shoulder. Next came a table of offerings, fauteuils, couches, boxes, and a chariot; and then the charioteer with a pair of horses yoked in another car, which he drove as he followed on foot, in token of respect to his late master. After these were men carrying gold vases on a table, with other offerings, boxes, and a large case upon a sledge borne on poles by four men, superintended by two functionaries of the priestly order; then others bearing small images of his ancestors, arms, fans, the sceptres, signets, collars, necklaces, and other things appertaining to the king, in

* See the account of the mourning for Jacob: "And forty days were fulfilled for him; for so are fulfilled the days of those which are embalmed: and the Egyptians mourned for him *threescore and ten days*."—Gen. 1. 3.

whose service he held an important office. To these succeeded the bearers of a sacred boat, and the mysterious eye of Osiris, as God of Stability, so common on funereal monuments—the same which was placed over the incision in the side of the body when embalmed, was the emblem of Egypt, and was frequently used as a sort of amulet, and deposited in the tomb. Others carried the well-known small images of blue pottery, representing the deceased under the form of Osiris, and the bird emblematic of the soul. Following these were seven or more men bearing upon staves or wooden yokes cases filled with flowers, and bottles for libation; and then seven or eight women, having their heads bound with fillets, beating their breasts, throwing dust upon their heads, and uttering doleful lamentations for the deceased, intermixed with praises of his virtues. . . . Next came the hearse, placed in the consecrated boat upon a sledge, drawn by four oxen and by seven men, under the direction of a superintendent, who regulated the march of the procession. A high functionary of the priestly order walked close to the boat, in which the chief mourners, the nearest female relations of the deceased, stood or sat at either end of the sarcophagus; and sometimes his widow, holding a child in her arms, united her lamentations with prayers for her tender offspring, who added its tribute of sorrow to that of its afflicted mother.*

The rich sarcophagus was decked with flowers. Sometimes the mummy rested on the outside exposed to view, but more frequently it was enclosed in the case—a panel of which was, however taken out on some occasions to show the head of the mummy. The procession wound up with the male relations and friends, leaning on long sticks, and either beating their breasts or walking in solemn silence.

It was, no doubt, such a procession as the above which went up to Abel-Mizraim with the remains of Jacob; and Canaan probably

never before and never since saw a funeral conducted with such pomp and splendour. None can doubt that the funeral of Joseph himself, when he was consigned to the tomb wherein he lay until the exodus, was of unparalleled grandeur. And here let us note, in passing, that there is some reason to think that this tomb has been found.†

It may be imagined that, having described the funeral procession, we have completed the "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," but such is not the case; there remains behind a custom more remarkable than any other part of the obsequies. Between the road over which the mummy travelled as above and the tomb which had been prepared for it, there intervened an obstacle. Every nome (or Egyptian province) had its sacred lake barring the passage to the tomb until he whose mummy sought to be at rest had established his character as one deserving to lie among the worthies of Egypt who had gone before him. There was a sacred boat and a boatman (the Egyptian for which word is *Charon*‡), but before the mummy could be embarked, or the boatman would pull a stroke, the *permit* of forty-two assessors, who had been expressly summoned, and who stood in a grave semicircle on the bank, had to be obtained. There might or might not be an accuser or accusers present. If there were, he or they were bound to prove that the deceased had led an evil life, on pain of the severest punishment in case of failure. If there were no accuser, still the character of the dead had to be examined on every point *seriatim* of Egyptian morality. His acts, his omissions, his example, were rigidly passed in review, and it was not until the assessors had decided that he was altogether worthy that his mummy could be lowered into the sacred ark. Should

* Wilkinson's 'Manners and Customs,' &c.

† Osburn's 'Monumental History.'

‡ Of course the original of our Stygian acquaintance.

the sentence be against the dead, or should he be proved to be heavily in debt, the body had to be returned by the way it came, amid the confusion and grief of all the family, and kept concealed, until the production of further evidence, the expiation of any offences that admitted of being cancelled, or, in the worst case, the lapse of time, enabled the afflicted family to obtain for it the shelter of the tomb. Pharaoh himself was not exempt from this ordeal, and there were certainly instances where the royal mummy was refused a passage. By such cases we get a little insight into the moral forces by which a Pharaoh was kept in *equilibrium*. But, supposing all to go well, no sooner was the *testament* issued, and the candidate pronounced to have passed this his "great go," than the assembled crowd, abandoning the mournings and lamentations and woe which they had so long indulged, broke out into acclamations, extolled the glory of the deceased, and rejoiced that he was to remain for ever in Amenthe with the virtuous and approved. In the entrance passage, usually, of the tomb, but certainly in some part of the tomb, was registered the whole acquittal of the dead: how he had been able, by his representatives, and to the satisfaction of his judges, to assert his innocence of all the sins known to the Egyptian law as they were called over one by one.

The real import of the ceremony was of far more concern than could attach to any purely earthly verdict. The trial which was seen and heard was only the shadow or reflection of the unseen awful challenge at the bar of Osiris: the result was believed to represent the more terrible result which was recorded *there*. The fate of the soul has been depicted for us as much in detail as that of the body. We see it conducted to the gates of Amenthe where Cerberus is warder; we see it weighed in the balance; we see it, if accepted, taken into the blessed pre-

sence of Osiris, Isis, and Nephthys, where from the throne in the midst of the waters rises the undying Lotus, bearing on the margin of its blossom the four Genii; we see it, if rejected, quailing before the sceptre of Osiris, inclined towards it in token of condemnation, and doomed to return to earth under the form of a pig, or some other unclean animal. "Placed in a boat, it is removed, under the charge of two monkeys, from the precincts of Amenthe, all communication with which is figuratively cut off by a man who hews away the earth with an axe after its passage; and the commencement of a new term of life is indicated by those monkeys."

One of the sacred books, the Book of the Dead, often found in the wrappings of the mummy or about the tomb, is a most extraordinary document, having reference to the passage of the soul. It is certainly not yet understood—perhaps it is not accurately read—but it may contain valuable information on the subject of Egyptian belief. The wonderful pains which this people took to do battle with the worm and the elements, and the motives which incited them thereto, were probably known to the learned St. Paul, whose answers to the question, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they" come? may have been addressed not only to contemptible pagans, but also to this crude people, whose desires were admirable, but whose knowledge was warped and erring. How applicable to them the sentence, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened *except it die!*"

And now, all unsatisfied, first, that we may say no more, and secondly, that we have so feebly and imperfectly presented a few glimpses of a most interesting subject, we take our leave of these mighty men of old of whom we have read and thought till they seem as well known to us as the characters in King Henry IV..

or the actors in 'Ivanhoe.' The pleasure of this acquaintance we recommend to all who may have taken the trouble to wander with us through these pages, assuring them that it is no *ignis fatuus*, no lame and impotent conclusion in pursuit of which we would engage them, but [that the wonders inside the caravan immeasurably surpass the promise of the wretched canvas which we have displayed; in support of which assertion let us close with these words of Mr. Kenrick: "We possess means for ascertaining the form, physiognomy, and colour of the ancient Egyptians, such as no other people has bequeathed to us. We find in Greek, Roman, or British sepulchres only the ashes, or at most the skeleton, of the occupant; but the Egyptian reappears from his grotto, after the lapse of 3000 years, with every circumstance of life, except life itself."

Several learned and interesting works have been repeatedly referred to in this and preceding articles concerning Egypt. It would be painful to take leave of the subject without an acknowledgment of the information and pleasure which have been thence derived by the writer; and a reader who may have been attracted by the subject would hardly forgive the omission, if, after exciting a desire for Egyptian lore, we should fail to show how it may be gratified.

As giving most graphic pictures of the times of old, in a free and lucid style, with incidents more startling than the most daring romancer has imagined, and of an interest which never declines, 'The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,' by Sir G. Wilkinson, stands alone. This fascinating work is in two series; the first containing an Egyptian history, with the manners and customs of the people generally; and the second being an account of the gods and of religious ceremonies, including funerals. It is profusely illustrated.

Mr. Kenrick, in his work on 'Ancient Egypt,' goes over much the same ground as Wilkinson, but in a somewhat severer style. His division of the subject is most convenient, and he has condensed into moderate space a large amount of information and inferences.

The 'Monumental History of Egypt,' by Mr. Osburn, traces the early history from the monuments alone or chiefly, and shows that there is a concord between the Scriptural accounts and chronology, and the order of events as they have been recorded in the sculptures and papyri. It contains a full and interesting account of the hieroglyphics, and a detailed explanation of the inscription of Rosetta. Its narratives and inquiries are enlivened with most interesting inferences and suggestions, all bold and independent.

The volume of the Family Library on 'Ancient and Modern Egypt,' by the Rev. M. Russell, is a short critical *résumé* of the discoveries as they stood some thirty years ago, and of Egypt under Mehemet Ali.

The second volume of Rawlinson's 'Herodotus' is in itself a repertory of Egyptological facts. The notes and appendices by the learned translator, by his brother Sir H. Rawlinson, and by Sir G. Wilkinson, not only illustrate the text, but supplement the old historian so thoroughly as to make the reading of the "Euterpe" a full study of the subject.

Lastly, we name with reverence the exhaustive work of Bunsen, 'Egypt's Place in History,' in which the subjects of Egyptian history, chronology, theology, and writing are discussed. This profound work is in five volumes, and must be read by veritable students of Egyptology.

The work of the Prussian Dr. Lepsius is known to the writer of this paper only at second-hand, but in pointing a finger-post toward old Egypt his name must be prominently written.

MILLY'S FIRST LOVE.

WHEN Milly Hope was seventeen, being a dear, foolish little girl, she naturally thought it was time to fall in love. Accordingly she worshipped Mr. Matthew Warburton. She had no young lady friend with whom to gossip and giggle, and her innocent passion grew in pure and sacred silence. A girl's first love is never so truly a poem as when it is a song without words; and such was Milly's for Mr. Warburton.

As to her choice I neither blame nor defend it, because it appears to me that she had none. Of course I do not mean that there was not another man in Drayford. There was Arthur Mannering, the Rector's son, a heavy, unwholesome-looking youth, whose University career had been cut disreputably short, and who was at home simply because his relations "didn't know where on earth to send him," as they candidly avowed. Little Milly could hardly fall in love with Mr. Arthur Mannering. There was Dr. Ford, but he was fifty-three and wore a chestnut wig. There was his assistant, a meek, little, pink-faced man, but he was engaged to a young lady in Birmingham. The curate was married, and so were both the lawyers. So was one of the three bank clerks, another was a mere boy, and the third was inconceivably ugly. (Milly was not acquainted with this trio: I mention them only to make my list more complete.) Therefore I maintain that she had no choice, and is not to be either commended or condemned for her worship of Mr. Matthew Warburton.

He was decidedly the leading man of the place. He was the second partner in the Drayford Bank; and Mr. Maitland, the senior, lived seven miles away at Langton Grove, and was a comparative stranger to the townspeople.

Mr. Warburton was a man of

nine-and-thirty. Twelve or fourteen years before, his pretensions to good looks had been universally acknowledged, and they were very considerable at the time of which I write. Unfortunately he had grown somewhat stout, and his complexion was not as delicately pink and white as in old days, the former tint a little predominating. (Do not for one moment imagine him with a red face—the words I have used are the very utmost that could be said. The face was not coarse, though something in it somehow suggested the idea of possible coarseness.) He was a big and decidedly handsome man; whose hair, eyebrows, mustache, and whiskers were thick, strong, and black; whose aspect was frank, easy, and good-tempered (though a keen observer might detect the under-current of violence and obstinacy); who swaggered in his walk and talk, and doubtless in his thoughts; who was vain of his good looks, of his undoubted ability as a man of business, and of his position at Drayford; and who rolled out his boastful but good-natured talk in a cheery bass voice. Not much that was heroic about him, and yet I think not at all an unlikely hero for a child of seventeen, whose experience of men was so remarkably restricted.

There was not a great deal of society in Drayford, and what there was was considerably flavoured with tea—a beverage and a style of entertainment which, it might be surmised, would find little favour in the eyes of a man like Mr. Warburton. But such was not the case. He was too practical a man to be more than partially blinded by his vanity. It was absolutely necessary to his happiness that he should be courted and caressed. He was morbidly aware that he was not as young as he had been. But among

these dowagers, spinsters, old bachelors, and prosy married folks, he felt himself the very incarnation of youth, health, activity, and good looks. He had horrible misgivings that in a livelier and more brilliant circle he might meet with competitors who would rob him of his sovereignty, label him as middle-aged, make fun of him behind his back, and hand him over to the dowagers as a confirmed old bachelor. Although his fears were a little exaggerated there was considerable foundation for them, and the fact that they were entertained by him explains his contentment with the insipid calm of Drayford society. At least he was its leader; and a very gracious and condescending autocrat he made.

If Mr. Matthew Warburton may be likened to an amiable and gentle lion, roaring loudly but harmlessly in Drayford drawing-rooms, then might Milly Hope's aunt, Mrs. Rivers, be described as 1st jackal, helping the stately animal to the banquets of which he was pleased to partake. I mean no disrespect to the lady in question. Second in Drayford society to Mr. Warburton alone, her tea-parties outshone all other tea-parties in splendour, and she occasionally rose to the magnificence of a dinner. It had come to be an understood thing that Mr. Warburton should look in every Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Rivers always contrived to get up a rubber. In fact the Drayford lion was very much at home in that house, and came and went pretty much as he pleased. He liked the pretty, spacious drawing-room; he liked Mrs. Rivers, a cheery handsome widow of fifty-five; he liked the universal attention he received, the talk, the music.

And little Milly Hope? I am afraid for a long while Mr. Warburton never thought of her. Of course he was perfectly aware that there was an insignificant little girl, whom he called "Miss Milly" if he had to speak to her; to whom he

nodded familiarly if he met her in the street (sending a thrill of pleasure through the bounding little heart); with whom he shook hands absently, as a matter of course, on entering and leaving the room (Milly would not have omitted that ceremony on any account); and that was all. No; if he came to Mrs. Rivers's parties for any young lady he came for Bella Mannering.

Bella was the Rector's daughter, tall, slight, with a keen, bold, handsome face. She was four-and-thirty, and for the last eight years had been laying snares for Mr. Matthew Warburton. Her great eyes were as bright and fearless as ever, but her face was a little worn. Kind Drayford critics remarked that though her cheeks were the least thought sunken she always had the most becoming colour. Hers was a striking face, especially by candle-light, with her big brilliant eyes, her arched brows, her blooming cheeks, and her vividly scarlet lips. She could not fairly complain of Mr. Warburton, though the flirtation had lasted so long, and had as yet come to nothing. She had courted his attentions, and he had graciously responded—that was all.

Still it was an understood thing that Miss Mannering amused and pleased the Drayford despot, and liked the office. Also, it was an established fact that no one knew exactly how to turn over the leaves of Miss Mannering's music except Mr. Warburton; and her powerful contralto voice never rang out so triumphantly as when he was leaning over her, and looking at her with eyes which, if not quite as big or brilliant, were even more fearless than her own.

Bella Mannering believed that the hour of her triumph approached. She had never had a rival, and it seemed to her, from many slight signs, that the fortress she had so patiently besieged would surrender at last. She was not a bad girl.

She did really care for Matthew Warburton. And she was grateful—she would have gone through fire and water for Mrs. Rivers, who had given her so many opportunities of meeting him.

It was not a Tuesday evening with its unvarying accompaniment of whist, but a larger and more general gathering. Mr. Warburton, Dr. Ford, the curate and his wife, and Miss Mannering, had dined there, and a few more had made their appearance in the evening. Bella's place at dinner had been next the banker, and his attentions had never been so marked. Now that the three gentlemen had left Mrs. Rivers's excellent wine, and came steering their way through the sprinkling of ladies, it was very evident where Mr. Warburton intended to cast anchor. Bella carelessly swept aside her trailing skirt and revealed a low and hitherto partially hidden easy-chair. Into this he subsided with a broad contented smile, and resumed the talk they had so lately dropped.

Bella thought the time had come for a decisive stroke. Having mentally laid down the general rule that too complete submission courted contempt and defeated its own end, she proceeded to apply it to her own case. But such an application required the most delicate skill.

Miss Mannering commenced by being capricious. Assuming an air of cool independence, she was haughtily uncertain whether she would or would not sing when her admirer asked her. He was undoubtedly surprised, and for a moment hesitated what to do. Bella would have been content with the slightest homage on his part, as a mere token of some power on hers; but she had mistaken him. She knew he was not deficient in common-sense, and she imagined that his common-sense must in a measure overrule and pierce through his vanity. In reality it only limited it. It taught

him that out of Drayford he might be of small account. But among Drayford people he felt himself pre-eminent. Utter submission would have been Bella's safest weapon. She would never have been in such danger of his contempt as she was, thus defying him. He would have seen in her servility only a proof of superior sense.

His indecision was so momentary that Bella did not even perceive it. His quick eyes roving round the room were attracted to little Milly, sitting lonely on a distant sofa. Had she been downright plain he would have used her to serve his purpose, but he was very well satisfied that his self-banishment from Bella's society, though probably wearisome, should not be so disagreeable as that. And thus it was that little Milly was destined to teach Miss Mannering how unwise it was to trifle with the great Mr. Warburton.

So, politely acquiescing in Bella's refusal to sing (no sooner uttered than repented), he rose slowly from the easy-chair and strolled across to the little exile on the sofa. Milly's heart leapt up to meet him, and she could hardly believe her eyes. He was angry with Miss Mannering, of course. And indeed it seemed to Milly, though Bella was so very superior and beautiful, and as nearly worthy of Mr. Warburton as any one could be, she had not behaved nicely that evening. But, the little girl reflected with a sigh, Mr. Warburton's coming and sitting down, as if he meant to talk, was no good—he would soon be tired of *her*, she was so silly; and then he would go back to Bella, and it would be worse than if he had never come, for he would always think what a stupid little idiot Milly Hope was.

Still she could not help being pleased in spite of her gloomy forebodings, and her little heart throbbed tumultuously, and the wild rose colour came into her cheeks. There was a light in her soft grey

eyes, and when she looked straight up into Mr. Warburton's face they were frightened, rejoicing, and beseeching all at once. He must have understood them had he been a duller man. He was flattered, and it was a new kind of flattery, and he said to himself, "By Jove, the child is pretty after all!"

"The child" *was* pretty—singularly so when she grew excited and lost her shrinking awkward look. She had put on a dainty white-and-green dress, and had a green ribbon in her golden hair. The colour, unlike poor Bella's unchanging bloom, came and went in her cheeks at almost every word, and she had a pretty unconscious trick of drooping her long lashes till a remark was made, and then suddenly raising her eyes, brimming with light, to the speaker's face. Mr. Warburton felt that his exile would not be intolerable.

It was necessary to get up an animated conversation lest any one should imagine him bored, so he set about his task. With Bella he tried to be brilliant, with little Milly he only wished to be gentle. And he succeeded admirably. He subdued his strong voice to its softest tones, he smiled his most encouraging smile, he listened kindly to every word she uttered, and she was soon chattering happily. But every now and then she flashed a quick shy glance of suspicion and inquiry into Mr. Warburton's face, like some slender little woodland creature, wild and timid, and newly caught. But she found nothing but what tended to reassure her, and that from no deep-laid scheme on her companion's part, but simply because he really was good-natured and genial if he were suffered to have his own way. Milly was likely to meet with pleasant looks when she was feeding his vanity so pleasantly, and offering the incense of her admiration with so innocent a delight in her office.

Bella watched them with eyes at

once sombre and brilliant. She was annoyed and disconcerted, slightly apprehensive, but not seriously so. She understood Mr. Warburton's tactics, and though in her inmost heart she resented the lesson, she fully intended to profit by it. For that evening she must endure in silence; it was impossible to pursue her prey to his new retreat. Bella, after the first shock of astonishment and disgust, remembered herself, and directed her glances elsewhere. Yet the discomfited huntress knew perfectly well how the lordly animal, who had shaken himself at any rate partially free from her toils, was ostentatiously displaying his liberty, as, superb and sleek, he sunned himself in Milly's tremulous but triumphant glances.

For that evening she must endure, but when next they met she would affect a prompt reconciliation, indulge in no more dangerous experiments, weave her bonds anew around Matthew, and triumph by submission.

She looked for some possible relenting in his face when he bade her good-night, though she hardly expected her punishment to be so quickly over. And it was not. If he had not met her glance, Bella would have taken it as a slightly favourable sign. But even that poor consolation was denied her. Mr. Warburton looked straight into the face which she tried to keep perfectly calm, with eyes at once keen and indifferent. It was their first passage of arms, and Bella owned to herself that her antagonist was too strong for her, armed with his cool assurance and cased in his invulnerable vanity. She bit her lip as she saw him bid Milly good-night with a gracious look and meaning smile, and what she was certain was a lingering pressure of the shyly responsive little hand.

It was long before either of the rivals slept that night. Bella was kept awake by vexation at her own

folly, sudden stabs of jealousy, and a cold terror lurking in her heart which she dared not clothe in words, and tried vainly to ignore. But Milly lay on her little white bed in a tumult of happiness, with throbbing pulses and bounding heart, pressing her soft hot cheeks on the cool pillow, and, fretted by her tangled hair, pushing its great golden waves from her flushed face. With eager eyes she looked out, not into the dim night which surrounded her, but into a future which was a very fountain of sunlight. Nothing but the knowledge that only a very slight partition divided her from the head of Mrs. Rivers's bed, kept her from breaking out in sweet, low, inarticulate singing like the warbling of a happy bird. "So kind, and oh how handsome! So handsome, and oh how kind!"—was the burden of her thoughts as she fell asleep; and she took up the glad refrain when the morning sunlight bathed her in its earliest radiance, as if there had never been a pause in it at all. The child was as bewildered in her happiness as if to one who had had day-dreams of diamonds were suddenly flung the Koh-i-Noor.

Milly and Bella alike looked eagerly forward to their next meeting with Mr. Warburton. Milly, in her happy hopefulness, was inclined to make it a final test. If he went back to his old allegiance, she would understand—how the little heart fluttered and sank at the mere idea!—that he had never really wavered in it. But if he came to her again—oh that sanguine, joyful "if"!—she would believe that he had cast the old bonds aside for ever. Naturally, therefore, she anticipated the great moment with a quivering intensity of expectation.

Bella, though anxious and excited, was more moderate alike in hope and fear. She did not undervalue the importance of the meeting, but she felt that it would not be absolutely decisive. If Matthew

Warburton came back to her, she was fully determined that he should leave her side no more. She did not expect him to yield; all she wanted now was that he should give her an opportunity of yielding. If he went to Milly again without affording her the slightest chance of holding out the olive-branch, she would look upon the matter as serious, upon the gulf between them as dangerously wide; but she would not even then despair. She knew Matthew Warburton well enough to understand that, once offended, he would like to see the offender fairly in the dust at his feet before he granted his pardon. Bella would rather have liked the same thing herself. Could a sudden stroke of fortune have made her rich and independent, she would not have been thoroughly happy without Matthew Warburton. But she would dearly have liked to humble him first.

Tuesday evening came. Bella was superb in a flowing black silk—gleams of scarlet at her throat, and in her jet-black hair. She swept up the room, her queenly head thrown back, her great eyes flashing and dilated, her lips a little compressed. "Why, Bella, my dear, how magnificent you look to-night!" cried placid Mrs. Rivers. So thinks little Milly. *Her* fancies in the matter of dress are kept within proper bounds by her aunt, but she, too, has done her best to look well, wearing a dress of pale blue, which, lacking the silken lustre of Miss Mannering's, yet falls in softer and more graceful folds.

"Mr. Warburton."

The Drayford hero advances with his usual air of superb self-confidence, shakes hands with Mrs. Rivers, shakes hands with Bella and the others, and turns to Milly with a smile and a glance which seem to link this meeting with the parting of two or three days before.

Bella turns away with a heart brimming with bitterness. Mr.

Warburton begins to talk to his hostess; but, from time to time, he appeals by word or look to happy Milly. Tea coming in makes matters rather worse. Milly is always her aunt's deputy at the urn, and Mr. Warburton proves himself the most devoted of squires. Through the whole of that weary tea-time, Bella, putting a strong constraint upon herself, sat in apparently smiling indifference, and keenly studied her faithless admirer all the time. Was he acting a part, or was he—was it possible he could be?—in earnest in his new devotion? She could glean nothing from his face. And indeed it was not likely. Had she arrived at any definite certainty she would have been more advanced than Mr. Warburton himself.

He was honestly not quite sure what he intended or wanted. He was fascinated with the innocent frankness of his new love. He was strongly inclined to throw Miss Mannering over altogether, and—well, why shouldn't he marry little Milly? He might do worse. He did not mean to live and die a bachelor, and it was time to think of bringing a wife home to the pompous red-brick house in the High Street. Why not little Milly? Only, you see, his long flirtation with Milly's rival had made a certain impression upon him. Well, there was no hurry. And, meanwhile, there was one thing he saw plainly, that it could do no harm, and would certainly be pleasant to him, if, with Miss Hope's assistance, he gave Miss Mannering another lesson in manners.

I think I hear a chorus of young ladies' voices denouncing him as a brute.

A brute? No doubt he was, as the term is often used. Yet was it altogether Mr. Warburton's fault? For fifteen years he had been courted and worshipped in Drayford, and had he had a humble opinion of himself he must have had it all to himself. Had not

Bella done much to foster the inordinate vanity and serene contempt which so humiliated her now?

He had received the worst possible training. It is true that no training, as far as one can see, could have made him an exalted specimen of humanity. His tastes were not refined—his feelings were not delicate. Not only had he no spark of the old chivalrous spirit, but I cannot conceive the power which could have made him even understand its nature or believe that any man living could really be animated by it. Men were humbugs when they wrote or spoke in any different fashion to what he felt in his honesty. He had no reverence for women, nor, for that matter, much respect.

Yet, after a fashion, he was honourable. What he considered the most important thing on the face of the earth was Matthew Warburton's word. I cannot imagine the temptation which would have induced him to swerve from that. Had he pledged it to Bella Mannering, little Milly, though she had been ten times as innocently attractive, could not have made him unfaithful for one moment.

Unluckily it was only the absolute word, written or spoken, that he revered, and he did not in this case consider himself anything but a free man. Even Bella felt that she could hardly reproach him. A more delicate sense of honour might have felt something of a bond, but Mr. Matthew Warburton arose and shook himself like Samson, and like Samson found himself unfettered. So he pondered, tending ever towards one decision.

Bella waited for her chance till after tea. She was occasionally a whist-player—Milly never. She determined to be one of the quartette that night, and fortune favoured her, for she was Matthew Warburton's partner. But it was no use. Her glances, which of old

could bring him from the other side of the room, now seemed to fall short even when darted across the card-table. She played well—he took it as a matter of course. She trumped his best card and he glanced indifferently at it, and then suffered his roving eyes to wander where Milly sat near the window, talking to the curate's wife, who hooked away at her crochet with a pleased smile on her faded face.

Mr. Warburton, bringing his eyes back rather suddenly, caught something of the stormy blackness of Bella's watchful glance. He bent his face a little over the cards he was sorting, and hid a half-smile. "Amiable—very," he said to himself; "a nice sort of look to meet a man when he comes home in the evening." And he tossed down his first card, and flashed one quick glance to the group by the window again.

He joined it when the card-playing was over. Bella lingered by the table, absently turning up card after card, as if in some mysterious way she hoped to find her fortune written there. She felt helpless and rather hopeless. If Mr. Warburton's glances had sought hers, even in malicious triumph, she would have welcomed them as indications that at any rate he thought of her. But they never did. He was either acting or feeling the most complete indifference.

Bella reached out her hand to one card which lay a little apart from the rest, face downwards on the green cloth. She turned it up, and it was the Queen of Hearts. Was it an omen or a mockery? Bella looked fiercely at the painted simpering face, and the hand primly holding the invariable flower. "You are better off than I am," she thought. "At any rate, you've got the knave and king to play off against each other: I've only one, and I declare I don't know which he is; though I rather think—knave!"

She flung the unfortunate queen down, and glancing after her saw that she lay among those already turned up, with the king at her feet. "Come," said Bella bitterly, "there's Milly's fortune at any rate."

Miss Mannering had naturally had enough of the cards since she read them in this gloomy fashion. She went across to Mrs. Rivers, and joined in the conversation that lady was having with the curate.

Another evening of triumph for Milly. But when it was over, the little maiden was too tired to lie awake and think of her hero. She was rather ashamed of herself that her sleep was not even broken by any dreams of him.

Neither was the morrow without its share of happiness. Milly, going out for a walk, met Mr. Warburton near the Rectory. He sauntered some little distance by her side, and then regretted when he looked at his watch that he could not go any further. Milly regretted it too, as he parted from her with an unnecessarily lingering pressure of the hand. Nevertheless she went the rest of the way, feeling as if her heart and feet were so light that the one was in Paradise and the other scarcely touched the ground. Bella, gloomily looking from the Rectory window, thought the place of meeting had been purposely selected to torture her. She watched them in bitterness of heart. But I think her feelings would have been tenfold more bitter could she have known what was indeed the truth: that neither Matthew nor Milly had so much as remembered the fact of her existence.

Still there was to be one brief gleam of apparent sunshine for poor Bella. Sunday had come in the interval, bringing a fresh cup of humiliation for her reluctant lips. Mrs. Rivers and Milly were both at church in the morning, and Mr. Warburton was not. But in the afternoon Milly was alone in their pew, and Mr. Warburton was in his;

and service being over, he joined her in the porch, and in the sight of all the congregation walked home with her, carrying her prayer-book.

Bella had taken the organist's duty during his temporary absence; and as she stood rolling up her music and putting on her gloves, a meek little Drayford spinster came, and, after shaking hands with her and inquiring after her mamma (Mrs. Mannering being an invalid), proceeded to inquire if there wasn't something between Mr. Warburton and Milly Hope.

"Mamma is much as usual, thank you," said Bella, with a grandly lowering face. "As to Mr. Warburton and Milly, I fear I cannot give you any information. It's not *my* business, and I am not their confidante. And I hardly think, Miss Wilkinson, that church is exactly the place——"

"Oh, my dear, no! My dear, I am very sorry—it was exceedingly thoughtless of me. I'm sure I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said Bella, with undiminished stateliness. But the little spinster went away in a very unhappy frame of mind, and ready to burst out crying. To have been rebuked by the Rector's daughter for talking about such things *there*—it was dreadful—it was like incurring the censure of the Church! To think that Bella should have taken it *so*! But when poor little Miss Wilkinson came somewhat to herself, she drew her inferences pretty correctly from the fact that Bella had taken it *so*; and it was speedily the common talk of Drayford how "Mr. Warburton had jilted Bella Mannering, and she was so mad about it she was ready to poison him and Milly Hope together."

Bella solemnly determined she would not go to Mrs. Rivers's house again; but when the time came she could not stay away. Accordingly she went. Mr. Warburton came late, and whether anything of the

rumours had reached him, and he wished to stop the flood of Drayford gossip a little, or whether Milly looked rather too triumphantly confident that he was coming to her, and he who had emancipated himself from Miss Mannering's tyranny did not choose to be paraded as a captive by "that child," as he had called her, certain it is that, his greetings over, he resumed his old place by Bella's side. Milly saw it with a sudden incredulous despair. He had not meant anything, then—he had liked Bella best all the time; she had been foolish, and he would laugh at her if he knew; and she hated him,—no, she loved him, and her dream was over, and her heart would break! She did not take her lesson even with Bella's fortitude. The very utmost she could do was to refrain from bursting into a flood of childish tears.

Bella was too doubtful to dare to be triumphant. She distrusted this tardy return, which had no warmth of reconciliation in it. She did her best, however, to welcome the truant. She tried to talk as in old times (only a fortnight before, but it seemed ages), still it was with a heart that sank lower and lower every minute. Formerly she had felt that he liked to talk to her, that he was amused and pleased: now, say what she would, she instinctively felt that she had not awakened his interest. She fought with the valour of a forlorn-hope, but with the conviction that it was useless. She was not surprised when he answered absently, and his eyes went with a sort of pitying amusement to drooping little Milly.

It was very hard, Bella thought. She had loved Matthew so long, so very long. It was her last hope, and Milly had her life before her. And knowing nothing of the child's foolish secret worship, Miss Mannering supposed she had never thought of Mr. Warburton till the evening he went across and sat by her side on the sofa. "Her vanity

is flattered; she does not really love him," she thought; "the game is not utterly lost perhaps even now."

But I think she would have thrown up her cards could she have looked into Mr. Warburton's heart, and understood the meaning of his serenely gracious smile. He had not known what he felt or wished at first. He had almost fancied that he cared for Bella, when really it was only that he was used to her. Her doom was sealed, and his heart pierced to the core, when Milly looked up into his face with her glad beseeching smile. He was dull in matters of feeling, and had not understood then, but he knew what he wanted clearly enough now; and meant to have it without more delay.

"Well, we may as well have our rubber," said Mrs. Rivers, "Dr. Ford?" The Doctor bowed assent. "And," she glanced irresolutely at Bella and Miss Wilkinson, "Bella, will you play?"

"I shall be very happy." (Miss Wilkinson was rather sorry. She liked playing whist with Doctor Ford.)

"And Mr. Warburton—that will be——"

"Thank you, no," said Matthew. "I've been busy all day. I'm rather tired, and," he glanced at his watch, "I fear I must go early."

Bella was thunderstruck. The idea of such a calamity had never entered her head. However, there was no help for it. Miss Wilkinson took the vacant place readily enough. Bella could have cried with vexation and spite, but she controlled herself with a violent effort, and the game began.

Milly had heard Mr. Warburton's refusal to play, and the woe-begone little face had brightened. But it clouded again when he lingered watching the first hand. Perhaps he would stay there looking at them a little while and then go. She was in an agony of hope and fear.

Card after card fell—would he *never* come away? Yes! yes! yes! he was coming, lounging across the room in his own superb style. The low chair by Milly's side creaked as he dropped into it, and she was in Paradise once more.

"You look very melancholy to-night," said the gentleman.

"No," and the little lady shook her head. "No—indeed."

Mr. Warburton only smiled.

"Shall you have to go away very early?" she asked. It was the subject uttermost in her mind, and she could think of nothing else to say.

"Not very; unless I go for a moonlight walk."

"Oh—are you going?"

"Not that I know of."

Another "Oh!" and "What made you talk about it, then?"

"Because it's just the night for it if any one felt inclined."

"It's moonlight, then?" said Milly, looking across at the windows.

Mr. Warburton laughed. "Why, of course it's moonlight—a splendid moon. I say," lowering his voice, "what do you say, Milly—will you come out on the balcony and see, eh?"

Bella, wearily whist-playing, saw them cross the room and disappear behind the curtain. She would have cheerfully given ten years of her life to have been able to see beyond it. And if she had paid the price, and followed them, I think she would have cried out in utter bitterness of soul, "Take all the rest, and let me lie down at once!"

For the safe shelter scarcely reached, she would have seen a strong arm round a slender waist, a slight form which, swaying, yielded as it was drawn, and a proud head bent to whisper what, for manner, might have been a royal declaration of love. Milly answered it neither by word nor look, only drew a little closer to her lover's side. But when, in answer to his

pleadings, the golden-haired head was raised a little, the delicate flower-like lips and cheeks were pressed to the handsome black-whiskered face which was stooping over her.

It soon went back, leaning on Mr. Warburton's elaborate shirt-front as if that were its natural resting-place. And then Milly whispered . . . No; I won't tell you what she said. It's no business of yours. And if she talked nonsense Mr. Warburton set her the example, and he was old enough to know better. So if you like to blame him you may, though I shall not join even in that, for I think Mr. Matthew Warburton never did a wiser thing in his life than he did in that five minutes on the balcony.

(By the way, there was something I wanted to say about that moon, for I like to be accurate. Milly thought it was "lovely," and Mr. Warburton, as we know, described it as "splendid." But I do not myself think it was very remarkable; in fact I should have said not full, and certainly a little misty. We have all seen the moon shedding such a flood of keen radiance that the landscape seems to wear a veil of transparent snow. But on this occasion there was nothing of the kind. I really think the utmost that could be said for it would be that it was like Mr. Birdofredum Sawin's star, "a middlin' shiny one." But then I did not view it from that balcony.)

Mrs. Rivers's gilt clock ticked steadily, totally ignoring the fact that outside the window the minutes, marked by fond whispers and beating hearts, were going like lightning; while within, measured by the monotonous fall of the cards on the green cloth, they dragged wearily on.

Matthew was stroking Milly's rippling hair, and with all the soul he possessed looking into her eyes. She drew her face a little away,

and laid her soft cheek against his hand in a mute caress.

"I must go now, Milly," he said.

And Milly said, "Please—*please*." Can you wonder that after so eloquent and convincing a speech Mr. Warburton should have remained at least ten minutes longer?

But at last he did go. Parting from her with a long embrace, kissing the soft lips and the tremulous eyelids and the little hands, he withdrew the curtain for a moment, stepped into the drawing-room, and walked coolly up to the card-players.

"Good-night, Mrs. Rivers—I'm off," he said. She took her eyes from the king of trumps for a moment, and returned his "Good-night." "Good-night, Ford—you won't walk home with me, I suppose?"

"Thank you, no," said the gaunt serious doctor; "I must finish my game."

"Yours takes some time to play," said Matthew; "Good-night, Miss Wilkinson." Then he looked over Bella's hand: "Well, Miss Mannerling, and are *you* playing your cards pretty successfully?"

Seeing that Mr. Matthew Warburton knew perfectly well that for his sake, and his only, Bella had joined the game, and while she was thus cruelly trapped, he had been making love to her rival a few yards away, it was a mean and ungenerous speech. The man who loved Milly, and whom Milly loved, *ought* to have been incapable of finding pleasure in pricking sensitive Bella with a taunting little jest. But he was not. I am more angry with him for that, I think, than for anything else.

"I don't know," the girl replied, with a flash in her lowering eyes; "some games are only played for amusement, and one does not trouble one's self about the end."

"Oh, is that it?" said Matthew; "well, so much the better if you are losing—it sounds rather like a loser's speech;" and he held out his hand, which she just touched

with the tips of her reluctant fingers—and so he departed.

Little Milly watched her opportunity, stole across from the window, and went silently to her own room. When they had finished their game, the whist-players heard that Miss Hope was tired, and had gone to bed.

The truth was, she did not want to talk that night. She even made up her mind to pretend to be sound asleep when her aunt should come in to kiss her. The dreadful hypocrite rehearsed a little beforehand, and did it very well—so naturally, indeed, that she had done the real thing long before Mrs. Rivers came in with her carefully-shaded candle.

All this happened in May, and it was now nearly the end of September. Every one in Drayford knew the result of that evening's inspection of the moon. The Manerings had been ten weeks at Brighton, and were just home again. "Bella looked better for her change," the gossips said. She was statelier than ever, but had a tired look about her eyes, and her temper was a little uncertain,—sometimes very gentle, so that its sad humility seemed out of harmony with her queenly bearing—sometimes fretful and sullen.

Mrs. Rivers was sorry for the disappointed girl, and Bella seemed to bear no malice, but came and went as of old. To Milly she was less variable than to others, almost always kind, but with a certain coldness, keeping her, and, still more, Matthew, at arm's length.

Mrs. Rivers might be sorry for Bella, but she could not help being glad that her niece was provided for. She could leave the child something when she died, but the larger part of her income would revert to her husband's family, and Milly was her sister's daughter. So, apart from her liking for Mr. Warburton, she was naturally pleased that her little girl should have secured the best match in Drayford.

Nevertheless she had at first objected to a positive engagement. She hoped Milly knew her own mind, and would not change; still she had a feeling that the helpless motherless girl ought to have a certain amount of freedom secured to her. "She is too young," urged Mrs. Rivers to the imperious and impatient wooer—"only seventeen last February—she is too young to be married—too young to pledge herself finally. You must give her time."

Mr. Warburton did not see that, and tried to put Mrs. Rivers down with a strong hand. But the placid lady proved surprisingly obstinate. Then he changed his tactics, and made concessions with an immense amount of fuss and parade. Mrs. Rivers accepted them gratefully, and discovered, too late, that he had hardly yielded anything at all.

Milly's birthday was the 19th. Mr. Warburton suggested that there could be no possible objection to their marriage then. "Lent," said Mrs. Rivers. Matthew gulped down a strong word about Lent. "Well, then," he said, "as soon after Easter as could be managed." After a prolonged debate, Mrs. Rivers yielded. If, when the New Year came, Milly had not changed her mind, it might be considered a settled thing. "And if she does, I'm to grin, and bear it, eh?" said Mr. Warburton. "Yes," said Mrs. Rivers, looking up with a smile at the jolly handsome face; "you must grin, and bear it." Matthew said it was very hard.

Milly thought it was extremely absurd when she was told of it, and was rather indignant on Matthew's account. "As if I could ever change," she had whispered—"as if I could ever change!"

And Mr. Warburton tossed his head slightly back, with a broad smile of pleasure at her words, and amusement at Mrs. Rivers's folly. "My dear girl, do you suppose I was afraid?" "I never will," she persisted; "Matthew, I never

will!" And that was how they settled the question of Milly's freedom.

Mrs. Rivers had gathered up all her energy for her one protest, and that being made, she drifted on in her usually placid passive way. As she sincerely wished for the match, and as she thought her niece really did seem to be sure of herself, she only faintly remonstrated when Mr. Warburton altogether ignored their covenant, and behaved on every occasion as if it were already a settled and positive thing. Indeed, after a few weeks the original treaty was almost totally forgotten. Bella perhaps remembered it. And Milly used merrily to threaten her big lover now and then, that if he wasn't very good she would change her mind before New Year's Day. At which capital joke they both invariably laughed.

As I have said, the summer was ebbing fast. It was the end of September, and stray leaves began to flicker softly from the trees, the freshness of all verdure was gone, and the fields were grey stubble which had been golden corn. When next the summer came round, Milly thought, as she looked out at the warm, rich, yet mournful autumn landscape—when next the leaves came out and the flowers bloomed, she would be married. Before the little copses were blue with hyacinths—but she would have time to go and pick some primroses as Milly Hope, and then—did married ladies ever go out and pick primroses, she wondered? She rather thought not. And of course she would go out for walks with Matthew then, and she did not think he ever picked wild flowers. Well, she would have a last scramble in the Drayford woods, get a last nosegay from the hedgerows, and from the height of her approaching dignity and happiness look back with that mixture of scorn and pity and yearning to the simple childhood which had passed away for ever. Milly thought of it as if it were

some little old-fashioned frock or ornament, once dearly prized, now altogether outgrown, absurd, impossible to put on, yet regarded a little sadly and tenderly by the young fashionably-dressed lady, who felt with a curious kind of pain that, though the world was before her and a thousand changes might come, there was one that could never be. Never could she change again into the simple artless little creature who knew no passion either of joy or sorrow, who loved her aunt and her nursemaid, and later, her governess, and liked to have bread and treacle for her tea. No, Milly reflected, half smiling, half sighing, all that was over for ever.

She had been very happy through the past summer—passionately, triumphantly, excitedly happy. Mr. Warburton's future wife was an important personage in Drayford. Milly had been caressed and made much of where of old she had been ignored. And Matthew's good temper had been unvarying. Never had she seen the faintest flash of displeasure in his eyes except once, when he took it into his obstinate head that some one had slighted her. Then indeed he had raged, and Milly had had to soothe him with many innocent little artifices. But a woman delights in a lion-like fierceness, if to her the lion is a lamb.

But—I verily believe that word "but" was made to come in at the end of descriptions of felicity—there was one tiny flaw in Milly's great happiness. She had not the slightest doubt that Mr. Matthew Warburton was the first and highest of men. Indeed she considered him an absolutely perfect man. But she wished men in general could be altered in one or two little things.

Matthew Warburton since that moonlight night petted her, fondled her, loaded her with presents, but did not see that he was bound to be *polite* to her. He had no natural

courtesy; his politeness was donned for company; it was irksome and chilling to him, so that of course it was flung aside when he was with his future wife. Milly could not have defined what it was pained her, but something jarred upon her finer feelings. It was a pleasure to wait on her lord and master in little ways, and yet she was angry with herself because of a certain irritation which she felt in so waiting. Mr. Warburton took such attentions as a matter of course, and saved his politeness for other young ladies while he gave his love to Milly.

After all, do not we see a good many husbands who do exactly the same? Unreasonable little Milly, to want both love and courtesy.

I remember hearing once how the principle was thoroughly carried out at a young mechanic's wedding. The bride came with one bridesmaid, both decked out in what finery they could manage. The ceremony being over, and the names duly signed in the vestry, the bridegroom, with the greatest politeness, offered his arm, not to the bride, but to the bridesmaid, and conducted her out of church. Of course he preferred his wife, who came meekly at the couple's heels, but then she *was* his wife, and the other was a strange young lady, and as such entitled to the benefit of his company manners.

Matthew Warburton was guided by the same feeling, though it was hardly probable he would follow it out so logically. Milly supposed it was natural to all men, and that Dr. Ford's prim little pink-faced assistant was free and easy with the young lady at Birmingham.

The last Tuesday in that September Bella Mannering made her appearance in Mrs. Rivers's drawing-room. And following Bella Mannering came a young man.

A grave, quiet young man, who had a pale face and a thoughtful manner, and who stood silently by Miss Mannering while she explain-

ed that they had met Mr. Eversley at Brighton, and he was staying with them for a few days, and they were sure Mrs. Rivers wouldn't mind. . . .

And Mrs. Rivers hastened to assure her that not only did she not mind, but that she was charmed to make Mr. Eversley's acquaintance, and the pair shook hands. A general introduction followed, and everybody looked curiously at Mr. Eversley, and Mr. Eversley looked at every one a little absently. He was not shy, only very quiet. He talked readily enough, in a voice which, though very pleasant, was extremely low. After a while he found himself near Milly as she sat at the tea-table. Mr. Warburton had not yet arrived, and the little tea-maker was rather solitary. Perhaps even dull Drayford folks had discovered that young ladies who are waiting for their lovers are not the liveliest of company. It would have been unreasonable to expect a sparkling flow of small talk from Hero, for instance, when with straining eyes she looked out across the waves.

But Mr. Eversley was not aware of any tie between Milly and Mr. Warburton, nor indeed of that gentleman's existence; so, bravely approaching her where she sat intrenched behind the big tray, he offered his services if he could be of any use.

Six months earlier Milly would have been confused and bewildered, but the engaged young lady was rather more self-possessed. "Oh, thank you," she said, "you might give me those cups."

He did. Then he filled up the teapot for her. "Aunt Rivers will not have the tea brought into the room and handed round; she likes to see it made," said Milly.

"Don't you?" said Mr. Eversley, as he tried to see through the steam whether the teapot was full. "I think it is much nicer."

"Only no one does it now," said Milly.

"Which makes us appreciate

your kindness the more. Why are you so anxious to be exactly like everybody else?"

Under her directions he fetched and carried several cups for the assembled spinsters and dowagers. But after a time, the demand for tea and cake and thin bread-and-butter having subsided, he sat down by Milly and began to talk.

Seeing him more closely, she presently made the discovery that Mr. Eversley was by no means so young as she had imagined from her first glance at his beardless face. Probably the candle-light had helped the brief illusion. Now that he was so near her, Milly saw that he was somewhat worn—that there were faint suggestions of hollows in cheek and temple, and "a lot of tiny little wrinkles," as she said to herself, at the corners of the bright gentle eyes. But he had a quantity of soft brown hair, which he wore rather too long to be fashionable, and the smooth silken waves looked very youthful indeed.

Mr. John Eversley had a pleasant though rather a melancholy face. He seemed marked out by nature as a sort of amateur father confessor. You felt a curious impulse to tell him all your secrets when you looked at the soft inquiring eyes, the mouth formed for gentlest speech if speech were needed, if not, for kindly silence, and whose lips seemed incapable of laugh or sneer.

He was the son of a clergyman named Lisle. He had gone out to India as a young man, and had come back after two years, so ill he was hardly expected to live. Wandering to and fro in his aimless, gentle way on the parade at Ventnor, the young fellow had attracted the attention of a solitary old officer who was also wintering there. Colonel Eversley made inquiries about John Lisle; found he had known his uncle in old times; introduced himself to the young man; was fascinated by him, as every one was who knew him; made John move from his lodgings to

the house where he had established himself; planned tours in which his new friend was to be his companion; and finally, when the spring-time came, and Lisle began to talk about going away, and, since his health was a little re-established, seeking something to do, it appeared that Colonel Eversley could not part with him. "I'm all alone in the world," he said, "I buried my boy seventeen years ago, and he was the last of all. You had better stay with me, John, and take his place. No one has any claim on me. What do you say? Can you put up with a fretful, fidgety old fellow, eh?"

John thought he could. Mr. Lisle, who was anything but a rich man, and who had mourned over his boy's dark prospects, looked upon the wealthy Colonel Eversley as a messenger sent by Providence to rescue John from his perplexities. It was not like waiting for dead men's shoes, either. Young Lisle stepped at once into the pleasant position of the Colonel's son. The old man took every opportunity of making it clearly understood among his acquaintance that his young friend would inherit every shilling he had to leave—no inconsiderable fortune.

So the two had roamed about in France and Italy. John almost worshipped the grand old Colonel, and felt a son's sorrow when he laid his adopted father in the grave. Perhaps no clause in the will gave him more pleasure than that which bound him to assume the name of Eversley.

He had met the Mannerings at Brighton, and had made friends with the Rector. When they asked him down to Drayford, being an idle man, he came. But he hesitated a little before he accepted the invitation. He wished to please Mr. Mannering, who was evidently anxious he should come. He had never been at Drayford, but he had an unpleasant remembrance of its name.

Before he went to India a situation had been found for his only brother in the Drayford Bank. Owing to some negligence on the part of one of his superiors, the young man, who was terribly in debt, had been sorely tempted and had fallen. Of course he intended to make all right. Equally of course, he could not. His ruin was imminent, nay, inevitable. But a friend to whom he confessed his madness contrived to save him from its darkest consequences. His generous help and strenuous exertions were in a great measure successful. The matter was hushed up, and young Lisle went away. People knew there was something mysterious about his sudden departure; but though there were many rumours there was no certainty, and the talk died out in time.

It was all over when John came home ill. George had gone to Canada, the generous friend had been repaid—only Mr. Lisle knew at what cost, for he buried the secret of his younger son's misdeeds in even more than his accustomed silence. John knew that something had gone very wrong during George's stay at Drayford, but had never chosen to ask for particulars which must be as painful for him to hear as for his father to relate.

It was the remembrance of this old trouble which had made John hesitate about accepting Mr. Mannerings's urgent invitation. But he did not hesitate long. "I can do no harm," he reflected; "the whole thing is gone by—*was* gone by before ever the Mannerings went there. Nothing about me can in any way recall my brother to people's minds—we are not a bit alike,"—his thoughts flashed from his melancholy reflection in the mirror to a bright fair florid face; "and as to names, no one will have the least reason for supposing Mr. John Eversley to be related to Mr. George Lisle. I'll go." And thus it came to pass that he found him-

self by Milly's tea-table that September evening.

He talked softly and fluently about books and music, and after a time slid into a description of some of his travels; but it was curious to note, whatever the subject, how rarely he said "I,"—it was always "a friend of mine," or "the people at such a place." Milly listened, well pleased, but as she listened she looked from time to time at the door. It opened at last and her lover appeared. John stopped in the middle of a sentence to follow the direction of her eager eyes. His own rested on the big handsome man who was replying in a great jovial voice to a buzz of greetings. They lingered on Mr. Warburton's face for a moment, and then were turned away full of a faint but decided antipathy.

Mrs. Rivers, probably doubting whether her niece would ever make her old and new friends properly known to each other, came to the tea-table with the banker, and a formal introduction ensued—Mr. Eversley—Mr. Warburton. The two men bowed and exchanged greetings and glances. Mr. Warburton was loftily indifferent, Mr. Eversley was reserved and chilling.

Milly looked, radiantly up into Matthew's face, "You are very late." He smiled and whispered something John did not hear. "Sit down," Miss Hope continued, "and let me pour you out some nice weak tepid tea."

"Thanks," said Mr. Warburton; "I think I won't have any if it's cold."

"Oh, but it isn't really—at least I hope not. I shall give you a cup—you needn't drink it if you don't like it."

"Trust me for that," said he.

So it was duly poured out, and Mr. Warburton, who was leaning lazily back in his chair by Milly's side, had it handed to him, and was particular about the amount of cream, and fanciful as to the exact strength of the tea. Then

there arose a discussion on the subject of sugar. Mr. Warburton averred that he had watched the proceedings from the beginning, and she hadn't given him a morsel. The little tea-maker as staunchly asserted with an astonished "Oh, Matthew!" that she had. "You won't like it if you get too much," she said. "Taste it and see."

"Not a bit," said Mr. Warburton confidently, after going through that ceremony; "not the least taste of it." And then he informed the company in general that Milly was putting him on an allowance of sugar already, and wasn't it a hard case?

"Oh, Matthew! Oh, what nonsense!" cried Milly, but stopped abruptly, for she encountered Mr. John Eversley's brown eyes fixed on her with an expression of cold, gentle wonder. The colour rushed painfully to her cheeks, and with a sudden feeling of humiliation she caught the cup out of Matthew Warburton's hand, and tumbled two or three lumps of sugar into it in breathless haste. For about a minute she hated Mr. Eversley.

"Come," said Mr. Warburton, as his cup was restored to him by his flushed, unwilling Hebe, almost as hurriedly as it had been snatched away, "let's see what it's like now." He sipped it and looked up with an amused smile: "Well, Milly, when you *do* make concessions it's in a liberal spirit, and no mistake. Thank you, my dear girl," holding out the cup for her to set down, "I've had plenty."

Then she was distressed. She wanted him to have some more, but he would not. Repenting of her haste, she said, in an anxious whisper, "You're not vexed with me, are you, Matthew?" To which he returned a loftily good-humoured smile and shake of the head, and after a minute went across to Mrs. Rivers.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked.

"Why, that's Mr. Eversley."

"Thank you very much; only

you told me as much as that when you introduced us."

"Bella Mannering brought him. He is staying at the Rectory. Very well off, I believe. They met him at Brighton."

Warburton looked very knowingly from Bella to John Eversley, and when Mrs. Rivers left him he mused for a moment with a well-pleased smile.

"Hooked some one else, has she? Well, better luck to you this time, Miss Bella. I hope you'll land him. I don't particularly admire your taste"—he glanced at the slim, melancholy gentleman by the tea-table—"at least not your *present* taste. Still, that's your lookout, not mine." He had been sorry for Bella, and though he had repeatedly assured himself, and indeed believed, that he was in no wise guilty of any faithlessness towards her, he was sincerely glad to see a prospect of happiness for her in this new direction. "We must make Drayford pleasant for Mr. Eversley, and give the girl as good a chance as we can," Mr. Warburton soliloquised in his kindness. "The Rectory must be awfully dull. Old Mannering is a prosy old bore, if ever there was one, and Mrs. Mannering's worse, with her continual ailments. And this fellow doesn't look the sort to get on much with young Arthur. No—we must see what we can do, for Bella's sake. Poor Bella!"

Poor Bella, indeed! I verily believe that, could she have known of the amiable schemes he was meditating, she would have assaulted him then and there, as he stood on the hearth-rug, big, handsome, and absolutely beaming with patronising benevolence. That he of all men should plan her happiness with another! However, she knew nothing, and only watched him from a distance, as she often watched him now, with none of the old bitterness, but a sort of grey, hopeless calm, a very treacherous calm. And after a minute or two

Mr. Warburton walked back to the tea-table to put his good resolutions into practice at once.

The couple he had left there had been considerably embarrassed during his absence. Milly was painfully conscious of the look of wondering incredulity with which Mr. Eversley had seen the bond between herself and Matthew. She was ashamed that it should have made any impression on her. John perceived that he had betrayed himself, and was uneasily trying to divine Milly's thoughts, and very much vexed at the remembrance of his unguarded glance. They were drifting into a laborious and disjointed conversation, most unlike their former one, when Mr. Warburton returned, radiantly affable.

He set to work to make himself agreeable to the new-comer in his most genial manner. His overtures were received very courteously by Mr. Eversley, who could not be uncivil, but with a gentle coldness, which made Milly say to herself, "He does not like him. *Why* does he not like him?" What did it signify? And yet she was pained.

When the rubber was made up that evening, Mr. Warburton volunteered to play. He did so purely out of kindness. He would far rather have lounged on the sofa or on the balcony with Milly. But then probably Mr. Eversley would have been pressed into the service, and Bella would have been left disconsolate; so he went away to the card-table, and Bella Man-nering came across to the two whom he had left. And while the seniors played whist, these three young people talked. Bella, who was in good spirits that night, was very droll about some of their adventures at Brighton, and especially about an accident to Mr. Man-nering's hat, which had been the occasion of their first speaking to Mr. Eversley, and had led to the discovery that he was the paragon of whom the Colonel had written so enthusiastically to his old friend

the Rector of Drayford. "It ought to have been yours," he said; "it would have been much more romantic."

"Like a novel," said Milly; and she thought to herself that her new acquaintance would have done for one of the characters in a novel. Not the handsome, muscular hero, of course (Milly looked across at the group round the card-table), but one of the pensive, poetical people, who are always grave and gentle, and have secret sorrows gnawing at their hearts. Had Mr. Eversley a secret sorrow gnawing at *his* heart? Milly was forced to allow that if he had he concealed it fairly well; for, conceeded by Bella, he was in a quiet way making himself extremely amusing. There was not much in John Eversley perhaps. He floated lazily on the surface of life—was observant, though not keenly so—fairly well read in the literature of the day (though rather as a clever woman is well read)—but was not very remarkable for anything, except a courtesy which with him was almost a religion, and which, perhaps, was the more easily practised because he had no crotchets or theories. Milly was so unaccustomed to anything like his chivalrous deference that it perplexed and fascinated her. She liked Mr. Eversley, but she felt angry with him when the whist was over, and Matthew came and sat down by her side. But why should that make her feel out of temper with Mr. Eversley? It was unreasonable.

When everybody went away Milly looked after him as he stood aside for Bella to pass, and followed her down-stairs. Then she turned and found Mr. Warburton looking at her as he lay back in an arm-chair, with his hands clasped above his head.

"What a clever child it is!" he said; "she has positively found it out!"

"Positively found what out?" said Milly, wonderingly.

Matthew sat up and burst out laughing. "Why, she positively hasn't! Mrs. Rivers, do you hear? Come here, child, and let me enlighten you. Come here."

Milly came, but with a novel sense of reluctance. Did Mr. Warburton usually speak in such a loud imperious tone?

"Why, Milly, where are your eyes? Don't you know what Mr. John Eversley has come for?"

"No," said Milly; "what?"

"Well, do you want Bella for your bridesmaid? Because if you have set your heart on it just tell your aunt you're dying to be married, and get her to give in. I am so naturally amiable that I shan't mind obliging you by making my appearance in church whenever you like. A couple of days' notice, Milly, to get the license, that's all I ask, and then we'll be off to Paris for our honeymoon—eh, Mrs. Warburton?"

She put her hand over his mouth—"Don't—what do you mean? Is Bella going to marry Mr. Eversley?"

"She has literally and absolutely found it out. Yes, my dear Milly, you've exactly hit it," he said, with a meaning look. "Bella is going to marry Mr. Eversley. Her intentions are remarkably evident."

Milly sat musing.

"Don't you think his are too?" said Mrs. Rivers. "How devoted he looked as he squired her downstairs!"

"Oh yes, I think he's caught," Mr. Warburton replied, with his broad smile. "A spoony sort of fellow, I should say."

"But a nice gentlemanly young man, I thought," urged kindly Mrs. Rivers, "though he does seem rather shy and quiet."

"Oh yes, gentlemanly enough, I daresay. Bella will have her own way, you may be sure; and as she is particularly fond of that, she'll be particularly fond of him, I've no doubt."

"Don't you be hard on Bella,"

said Mrs. Rivers. "We know some one who is very fond of *his* own way—don't we, Milly?"

The girl was a little startled by the sudden appeal, and hesitated a moment before she nodded a laughing assent.

"Milly was in a brown study. Now, Milly, since you've given me a character for having my own way, I'll deserve it. I insist on knowing what you were thinking about."

"I don't know."

"But I want to know. Was it deep grief at the idea of losing Bella?"

"No," said Milly, with a smile; "I think I shall get over that."

"Then you've fallen in love with Mr. Eversley and want him yourself, Milly;" (in a tragic voice,) "confess the truth."

Milly laughed. "What would you do?"

"Shoot him and commit suicide of course. Could I do less?"

"And I shall be left with neither of you," said Milly, pensively. "Well, if you will be so unkind and inconsiderate," she looked up into the bold eyes and florid handsome face, "I think I will keep you."

The sentence was finished in his ear, for Matthew drew her down to him. "I *know* I will keep you, Milly, for ever and ever." He was not a man to be trifled with—this Mr. Warburton. If he were angry one would fancy that some savage animal looked out of his eyes. He was not angry now, but the mere idea of any one's robbing him of little Milly gave him a menacing look.

It vanished as Milly laid her soft cheek on his shoulder and began to play with his watch-guard. There was silence for some minutes.

"Time for you to be off, Milly," Mrs. Rivers said at last.

"For 'Milly' read 'Matthew,' and it will apply equally well," said the banker.

"Don't go yet—it isn't late," was the whispered remonstrance.

"I must. Why, you're half

asleep already. Come down and see me off."

She did so. As he struggled into his big rough coat—for although it was but the end of September the nights were chilly—he bade her make haste and get to bed as soon as he should be gone. "And don't go and dream of Eversley, Milly, for my sake and Bella's."

She laughed. "I'm not likely."

He stooped and kissed her in his superbly patronizing fashion. "Good child," he said. Then as she held the door open for him and peeped out into the starry night, he lingered on the threshold.

"This time next year, Milly, you won't be turning me out in this style, eh?"

"No," said Milly.

"Why, we shall be old married folks by then! Milly, I should like to catch you up and carry you off. What a good-natured fellow I must be not to do something violent to your aunt for not letting us have our own way—don't you think so? You'd come pretty soon if she'd let you, I know—wouldn't you, my darling?"

"Ask me next New-Year's Day," said Milly. "Good night." And with a laugh he went.

Half an hour earlier Mr. John Eversley had walked down the silent street along which the banker was striding now, and he had said to Bella Mannering, "Miss Hope is engaged to Mr. Warburton."

"Yes" said Bella. "I suppose Mrs. Rivers has consented to it now. She said at first it was not to be a positive engagement—thought Milly too young, I believe."

"I should think so," said John Eversley, with the same soft coldness in his voice. "Surely she is quite a child?"

"Nearly eighteen."

"Probably she has lived in Drayford all her life," said John.

"Since she was six or seven years old—her father died then."

"And her mother?"

"Died when she was a baby."

"Poor child!" said John. "An orphan—never having seen or known anything beyond this little town, and deciding her destiny before she understands it. Poor child!"

"Every one thinks it a good match, I believe."

John's silence was very full of meaning.

"And she is very fond of him," Bella continued.

"And that is just it," said he. "Fond of him—yes, of course she is fond of him. If she has seen no one else, of course she makes him her standard. Suppose she gets her eyes opened any time during the next five years and finds herself bound to that man and Drayford for ever."

"You don't like Mr. Warburton?"

"Not much," said John; "but," with a start and glance at Bella, "perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

"Well, yes," said Miss Mannering, frankly. "But it was my fault; I should not have asked the question, only just then I was thinking more of Milly."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said Eversley. "Had I remembered he might be your friend, I would never have said a word."

"No matter," said Bella. "As you would have thought the same, it is just as well to say it, isn't it?"

"I could hardly agree to that," was John's reply; "and it does not bear on this question, for I should not have thought the same."

"What difference could it make?"

"If I had remembered he might be your friend, I should have doubted my hasty judgment. If I had known it, I should have been sure I was wrong."

(John meant what he said, only when he talked of "a friend of yours," he was thinking more of Mr. Mannering than of Bella. If the shrewd gentlemanly old Rector liked Mr. Warburton, no doubt there was good in Mr. Warburton.

But, as it happened, the Rector did not share his daughter's liking, but thought him a noisy conceited fellow, and quietly avoided him if it were possible.)

"I suppose then," said Bella, "you are reconciled to Milly's fate?"

"By no means," was his quick rejoinder. "I am willing to allow—or rather I'm sure—that his faults are on the surface. But they are not suited to each other. He is too domineering; he will crush all individuality out of her. He treats her like a baby; she is his plaything—nothing more."

"That's true," said Bella.

"His wife should be a woman who would not be afraid of him."

"I think so too," his companion assented.

"Miss Hope is not clever, perhaps," he went on, "but I am sure she could appreciate;—a talent about as useful to her if she marries Mr. Warburton as a latent love of the fine arts to an Esquimaux."

Bella smiled. "Well, she may change her mind before Easter."

"Easter! Is she to be married at Easter?"

"I believe so,"—and the subject was dropped.

I am perfectly certain that any moderately - experienced novel-reader knows the occurrences of the next few days as well as I do. I have brought Milly's little story to a point at which it may be suffered to drift on for a little space. Let us suppose rather more than three weeks to have passed, and then take up the threads of these four or five lives again.

They are terribly knotted and perplexed, almost as if some malicious elf had got at the loom in which our little girl's fate was being woven with the others, in and out in a nice, neat, symmetrical pattern, and tossed and twisted them all in the maddest confusion. What is this? Milly's thread of glistening whiteness tangled with the soft, sad-coloured line which marks Mr.

John Eversley's fate? This will never do. But who is to unravel this perplexity, so that it may neither be roughly broken nor its brightness soiled? I think it needs more penetrating eyes, and fingers more gently skilful, than those of Mr. Matthew Warburton.

That gentleman and Mrs. Rivers, anxious to be kind to Miss Mannering, had made Mr. Eversley cordially welcome. The banker was seldom with Milly during the day-time; and Mrs. Rivers, who daily expected the announcement of John and Bella's engagement, was very glad to leave the three young people to amuse themselves together as often as Miss Mannering liked to call, bringing her devoted squire. This she seemed very pleased to do, and the trio were together almost every day, either in Mrs. Rivers's drawing-room practising singing (they suddenly discovered that their voices went charmingly together), or else they fetched Milly away for a ramble in the fields, or to play croquet in the Rectory garden.

The end of which was, that John Eversley, in spite of resolutions and the stings of an uneasy conscience, fell madly in love with Milly Hope.

And Milly ^{innocently} thought that he belonged to Bella, and was always afraid she might be in the way. She liked him very much indeed. She thought him a miracle of kindness and cleverness, and was often haunted when she was alone by the memory of those bright, gentle, brown eyes. Yet she could not understand why the knowledge of John Eversley had brought with it a novel feeling of doubt and unrest; why was she so uncertain and troubled—now unreasonably gay, then as unreasonably depressed?

You have seen a child asleep, half awakened by some one bending over it, lamp in hand. It stirs uneasily, murmurs confusedly, reaches out its hands, almost lifts the

drooping lashes. There is a moment's suspense, ending either with a start and full consciousness, or the hands fall again, the cheek is pressed anew on the pillow, and the slumber, if anything, is deeper than before.

John Eversley had let in a gleam of light from the outer world on Milly's dream of love for Warburton. As yet she was not awakened; she still believed that her heart was as entirely given to Matthew as when Eversley's eyes first met her own. But it seemed barely possible that the catastrophe could be much longer delayed, almost miraculous that it had not already occurred. A word, or a glance, and Milly must surely wake to a sense of the coarse and common nature of her idol, and see the difference between his violent yet half-contemptuous love, and John's simple devotion.

Bella Mannering had seen it all. At first she stood aside, and suffered events to take their course. If Mr. Eversley was always wanting to be at Mrs. Rivers's house on some pretext or other, she would not hinder him. He and Milly might do as they pleased. She would never betray them to Mr. Warburton, but it was not her duty to guard his interests. If Milly was free, Bella supposed she might flirt with Mr. Eversley; if not, Mr. Warburton had better come and look after her.

But as the days slipped by, Bella grew fonder and fonder of the innocent rival who had robbed her of her prize. She had begun by being a contemptuous spectator; she ended by feeling a purer and sweeter interest in John's hopes and fears than in her own bygone desires. She would not seek Milly's confidence lest she should involve the girl in any difficulty. Neither did Eversley absolutely tell her the story of his love, but she understood and sympathised with him, and he knew it. I will not say that she was utterly unconscious

that his victory might prove hers also, but I do say that such a thought was not her principal motive.

Eversley felt that his stay at Drayford could not be indefinitely prolonged, and had been for a considerable time talking of departure. But every suggestion had been met by the Rector with eager remonstrances. Again and again had his visitor yielded, but he felt none the less that when a visit of a day or two had lasted a month, it must be drawing to a close.

Breakfast was over at the Rectory, and Mr. Mannering had gone to his study. John leant against against the window, looking out.

"Was that Arthur went by?" asked Bella.

"Yes—in a hurry apparently."

"Papa spoke to him last night, so I suppose he is out of temper, and we shan't see any more of him to-day." She gave a quick little sigh: "What are you going to do?"

"Rather—what are *you* going to do? Are we to have a walk this morning?"

"I should like it very much, but I can't go yet. I have these lists to copy out for papa."

"Can I help you?" turning round quickly.

"No, I don't think you can. I shan't be very long. Suppose you go and fetch Milly; if we go to the wood, it will be all out of our way to go to Mrs. Rivers's first."

John's face, which was turned to the window again, brightened suddenly, and he went off on his errand as light-hearted as a schoolboy who has just got an unexpected holiday; and being shown up into the drawing-room, he found Milly alone.

"I am Miss Mannering's ambassador," he hastened to say. "We are going to see that remarkably beautiful wood you were both talking about a day or two since, and she wants to know if you will come with us."

Milly's face fell. "Oh, I should like, but I can't. Aunt Harriet

has promised to lunch and spend the day at Mrs. Thorne's."

John's disappointment was manifest. "What time must you go?"

"It's seven miles. We start at twelve, and it's twenty minutes to eleven now, and I must dress first."

It was very evident Milly could not go with him to the Rectory, start for a long country walk, and get back and dress, in an hour and twenty minutes.

"I'm very sorry," said John.

"So am I. Well, you will be going somewhere else another day, and you must let me go with you then," said Milly; and added, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I hate Mrs. Thorne."

"So do I," was the fervent rejoinder. "You can't get off, I suppose?"

Milly made a despondent little face, and shook her head.

"I'm *very* sorry," he said again. "I didn't want to miss one of our walks, especially when my visit is coming to an end."

"Is it?" said Milly—"already?"

"Why, I've been here a month. Yes, I must be off soon now."

"But I suppose you will be back again before very long, won't you?"

John looked surprised. "Why? No; I'm afraid there's not much chance of that at present. I hope I may see Drayford again some day, but I'm sure I don't know."

It was Milly's turn to wonder. "But, Mr. Eversley, I thought—I mean, surely Bella—" and she stopped, scarlet with confusion.

He took his elbow off the chimney-piece, and came a step or two nearer, with a startled, inquiring look.

"Miss Hope, will you tell me what you do mean? Pray do—don't be afraid," he added, seeing the hot colour in her cheeks. "I will promise not to mind, whatever it is. Do tell me," he urged her gently; "I really want to know. Why were you so sure I should be staying in Drayford again?"

She hung her head. "Are not you engaged to Bella, Mr. Eversley?"

They said you were."

His pale face was a shade paler.

He was thunderstruck. "Who said so? Good heavens! you have thought that all the time!"

"Isn't it true?" said Milly.

"No," he cried. "Miss Hope, how could you fancy it—how could you? Why, we never dreamed of such a thing!"

"I don't know," she began; "but—"

"Hush, here's some one coming—confound them!" said John the courteous; but he added a hurried "Pardon," just before the door opened and Mrs. Rivers came in.

He briefly contrived to explain how Bella had sent him to fetch Miss Hope for a walk, and how sorry he was to find she was unable to join them.

"No; I can't spare her this morning," she said. "We're going out for the day; aren't we, Milly?"

Milly assented.

"To-morrow, perhaps?" Mr. Eversley suggested. "Miss Mannerling will be disappointed, I know, when I return alone. I should like to be able to tell her our expedition is only postponed."

"To-morrow by all means, if Bella likes. You have nothing to do to-morrow morning, have you, Milly?"

She was stooping to play with the great tabby cat which was curled on the hearth-rug. "No; I should like to go."

"We will come for you, then," said John. "At the same time?"

"Please. Give my love to Bella. I hope you will have a pleasant walk."

"We will save the wood for to-morrow," he said, and with that he took his leave. Milly did not dare to look up when she shook hands with him. John Eversley not engaged to Bella—a free man. She hardly understood why, but the news came upon her with a shock of painful surprise.

As she drove home late that evening with Mrs. Rivers, the latter said, "My dear child, have you lost your tongue? You haven't said a word for the last half-hour. I think I must tell Matthew how silent and absent we are when we miss seeing him one day."

"Please don't," said Milly, and she went on musing. The wood to-morrow, and John Eversley was not going to marry Bella. Why did he look at her so strangely that morning? What did it matter to him what she thought?—he knew she was going to marry Matthew. He did not like Matthew, she knew from the way he looked at him. But then, what did that signify to her? She had always loved him, always should. She wished Mr. Eversley had never come down to Drayford, looking in that cold, surprised way at people. And yet she was sorry to think she should never see him any more.

Our little Milly was dangerously near her waking.

John Eversley found a letter by his plate when he came down to breakfast the next morning. "Oh, from my brother—he's in England again, then," he said. He opened it and began to read. Presently he looked at the envelope with a puzzled expression. The writer evidently supposed him to be in London, yet had directed the letter correctly enough to Drayford Rectory. He turned the last leaf, and read—

"P. S.—Just got a line from the governor, saying you are at Drayford, of all places in the world. I don't suppose you have let the fact of our relationship be suspected; be careful it doesn't slip out by accident,—there's a good fellow. People may have forgotten all about it; but, on the other hand, they may not. I'm a different fellow now, I hope, and I don't want to have anything more to do with that miserable, disgraceful time. So don't say a syllable about me, not even to Warburton. Is he at

Drayford still, by the way? How does he look, and how is he getting on? He is a good fellow, if ever there was one. I don't like to think where or what I might have been if it hadn't been for him."

John read this postscript through twice very slowly. At the end of the second reading, his thoughts, if not remarkably coherent, were clear and to the purpose.

"Matthew Warburton saved my brother from utter ruin. I must leave Drayford in time to catch the 1.25 train."

Suddenly he became aware that Mr. Mannering was saying for the second time, "I hope you haven't any bad news, Eversley?"

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "Yes, I have some news which certainly is bad, because it makes it absolutely necessary for me to be in town to-day."

"To-day?" was the general chorus.

"I'm very sorry," said Eversley, with his eyes fixed on his plate; "though I must have gone in a day or two. Indeed, as it is, I have trespassed on your hospitality—"

"No, you have not," said the Rector.

"Well," said the young man, "I don't like running away in this style. However, it can't be helped."

Bella took the earliest opportunity of saying to John Eversley, "I hope it was not very bad news in your brother's letter?"

"No," said John, absently.

"We must let Milly know that we can't go for our walk—our unlucky walk. Perhaps I had better write a note."

"No—send me. I want to say good-bye to Miss Hope."

"You will come down to Drayford again soon, I hope," said Bella; "so perhaps it will only be good-bye for a little while."

"No," said John, calmly, "it will be good-bye for ever." And he looked straight at her as he spoke, with his grave eyes.

"Mr. Eversley! What do you

mean? I don't understand. Has Milly—"

"Milly has done nothing, and knows nothing," said John, with a curious, sorrowful smile. "No, I have been wrong all the time, I think. I only hope—" He stopped abruptly, and then resumed: "I know you think that letter was only a pretext, and that something else sends me away from Drayford. But it isn't so. I am going solely on account of the letter."

"Then why not come back to us?" said Bella.

"Perhaps we may meet again—at Brighton—who knows?" said John. "I hope so."

"Not here?"

"No. This letter must be a barrier between me and Drayford."

"You are very mysterious."

"Believe me, I cannot help it. You will forgive my mystery, won't you?"

"Yes," said Bella; and added suddenly, "and respect it."

"Ah, that is like you!" said John, gratefully, holding out his hand. He detained hers for a moment. "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," he said.

"There is nothing to thank me for," said Bella. The words were cold, but she looked almost wistfully into his face.

John went to the window and looked out.

"Will you go to Milly now, please?" said Bella, after a pause. "She will wonder why we don't make our appearance." And without a word he went.

It was a crisp, clear October day; there were but few leaves on the trees, and every branch stood out sharply against the pale blue sky. Eversley, as he walked, looked sadly at the pathetic beauty of the autumn scenery. He hardly knew what he looked at, but he remembered afterwards. And as he went, he said, half bewildered, to himself, "Good heavens! That man saved

my brother. Yes, saved him from shame worse than death, and I was within an ace of requiting him by trying to steal Milly away from him! Here have I been thinking him a noisy conceited snob, and the generous fellow has been doing good in a thousand secret ways, no doubt, as he did that once. God help me! carping and cavilling at faults of manner, and never able to see the true and sterling manhood underneath. Well, that good deed of his has borne fruit at last. My sister could not be dearer to me, nor more sacred than Milly henceforth, nor could I be more loyal to a brother than I will be to Matthew Warburton."

He walked on a little, vaguely musing. Then his thoughts, though still confused, flowed on once more.

"Next post and it might have been too late! Now that's what I call providential. I was on the brink of a deed I should have repented all my life—nothing to stop me—an hour or two more and it might have been accomplished! God grant I've not done any harm already! And I was vexed and angry because she had misunderstood me!"

He went on a little further, still like one in a dream. But when he was but a hundred yards from Mrs. Rivers's door he came to himself with a shock, and summed all up in one passionate silent cry from the very bottom of his heart.

"My little Milly—my little sister! My brother's wife! It's bitter, but how merciful? Thank God!" And walked the brief remainder of his way bracing himself for the work he had to do. He was at Mrs. Rivers's door. He had resolved that if he should not find Milly alone he would ask her to come to the Rectory with him, and say what he had to say on the road. But Fortune, who had just overwhelmed him and laid him low, gave him this pitiful little mark of favour, to find Milly waiting for him, and Mrs. Rivers gone out.

Like the little indulgences they grant to men condemned to die, thought he as he crossed the threshold.

She came forward to meet him with happy shining eyes. "I'm ready *this* morning, Mr. Eversley."

"And I am not," said John abruptly.

"Not ready? Why? Is anything the matter? Can't Bella go?"

"I must be in town this afternoon. I have had a letter, and I'm going away in an hour or two." He hurried the words out, answering her questions, and yet seeming somehow to put them by. He felt as if he had kept his eyes averted from the first, and yet he knew that she was very white. "So you see," he went on, "there won't be time for our walk—in fact I've come to say good-bye."

She was stunned. "And you are not coming back?"

"Not for some time at any rate," said John, with what he intended for a remarkably cheerful smile. "I don't suppose I shall ever see *Miss Hope* again; you will be a married lady long before I return, and I shall come and call on you in a dignified manner."

"Perhaps," said little Milly. So John Eversley had only been startled at her thinking he was engaged to Bella the day before. He had not meant what for a moment she had almost fancied he must mean. She reddened at the mere thought of her incredible folly. She was honestly glad, she was very glad, she felt as if she were delivered from some nightmare of perplexity, and yet her heart was aching with a sudden and most bitter sense of loneliness.

"Well, I suppose, in a way, everything is a 'perhaps,'" said John. "But I should like when I am far away and recalling my Drayford friends, to think of your marriage as something more. Mayn't I congratulate you now, Miss Hope, as I may not be in England when the time comes?"

"Thank you," said Milly, looking earnestly at the toes of his boots.

"I have been very happy here," said John, after a pause. "There is something I should like to say, if you would not mind. I have always wished I had had a sister—an idle, indefinite sort of wish, you understand. Now I know what I should have liked—a sister like you, Milly."

It slipped out unawares. She flashed back a glistening glance which went straight to his heart. Yes, she would have liked that—John for her brother, and Matthew—ah, if he had liked Matthew!

"Well, I ought to be content," he resumed, after a moment. "Had you been my sister, I could not have left you in better keeping." (He meant it. The man who could secretly show such noble generosity to a comparative stranger might well be trusted to be true and loving to his wife.)

Little Milly looked up surprised. "Mr. Eversley!"

"Well?"

"I thought you didn't like Mr. Warburton?"

"But I do," said John, earnestly. "I am ashamed to say I did not at first. I did not understand him. I did not get below the surface—and, after all, that is of very little importance. I know now that he is very good and generous, though, if you will pardon my saying so, I think he rather hides his better nature. I know that he is capable of very unselfish and noble deeds, and that he does them in secret. You may well be proud of your future husband, Milly, as I daresay you are."

"Yes, yes, I am proud," she said, confusedly. But she looked at John Eversley with different eyes; she was not thinking about him any longer. They were the eyes of the girl who had loved Matthew Warburton from first to last. She honestly believed she had, while in truth it was a new

passion rising on the ruins of the old. She had loved Matthew first in ignorance of his faults, and now was suddenly justified in loving him in spite of them. John Eversley was a dear, dear friend, but never had been, never could be, anything more.

He looked at her and saw that he had in one moment killed the newly-springing flower of love he would have given all he possessed to cherish. He had tried to do it—he was honestly glad he had done it—but he would ten times rather have killed himself.

"Remember me very kindly to Warburton, Milly," he said. "Tell him I congratulate him—as sincerely as I congratulate you. But don't tell him what I have said of him—he might not be pleased at our chattering. And now I must say good-bye."

She gave him her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Eversley. But *do* come back again. *Please*."

"One day, perhaps," said John, smiling. "I shall hear of you sometimes from Bella. God bless you, little sister, and good-bye."

He lifted her little hand to his lips and was gone.

From London he wrote to his brother:—

"I left Drayford the very day your letter came. I never heard your name mentioned, and no one imagined for a moment that I was connected with any Lisles.

"I am just off to the Continent for a little while, but I will certainly manage to see you before you go back to Canada. Your friend Warburton is doing well; the Drayford people seem to think a great deal of him. I believe he is going to be married in the spring."

John Eversley was away for some months. There was a slim, melancholy gentleman at a hotel in Paris, pacing wearily to and fro on New-Year's night, when Milly sat with Matthew by Mrs. Rivers's fireside,

happy in the possession of a new watch and chain, and, above all, happy in the possession of her lover.

But he had crossed the Channel and was in London on an important day which had been named in a hurried note in Bella's large handwriting—a day when Drayford bells rang merrily, and the sweetest and shyest of brides, with a dear little childish April face, came down a flower-strewn path with her big, beaming, handsome bridegroom by her side. Of course the latter made a great speech at the breakfast, eliciting burst after burst of laughter and applause, while little Milly hung her head, and blushed at every complimentary allusion to herself. Of course there were plenty of good wishes, of champagne-drinking, of hand-shaking and kissing—Mr. Warburton getting quite his fair share of the last, I believe—and a perfect hailstorm of white shoes as the carriage drove off, and John Eversley, who, thanks to Miss Mannering's note, knew the train by which the happy pair were to start, pictured the jubilant departure, and said softly to himself, "God bless her! God bless them both!"

He waited in town till he got a letter the next morning, just a single hasty line; then he hurried home to see his brother, who was going away in a few days.

It was afternoon. John was leaning with his back against the chimney-piece in the dingy room which was called his father's study. Through the window he could see the dark tangled little plot, ironically supposed to be a flower-garden, and further off the grey church-tower among the clustered elms. His hands were in his pocket, and he was absently staring at the trees and sky, and listening to the birds which twittered among the budding boughs.

George Lisle sat on a low chair with his legs across a rather higher one, smoking a short pipe. He was

a fine young fellow, a little rough and sunburnt perhaps, but "much handsomer than John. The brothers had been apart for years—in fact they had never been together for any time since they were lads; and George, looking at the melancholy man of five-and-thirty who stood by the fireplace, could hardly believe that this dignified Mr. Eversley of Brooklynn Hall could be the "old Jack" of bygone days. They had been delighted to meet—had grasped each other's hands—looked, with eyes glistening with brotherly affection, each into the other's face, and then had discovered that they had nothing to say. A happy remark set them recalling boyish adventures. These being in some degree exhausted, each had begun to ask about the other's more recent doings. But George was a man of few and practical words, and his more fluent brother was curiously reserved. So they had been silent for some minutes, and then the elder broke the silence.

"You needn't have been afraid, George: no one seems to remember you at Drayford."

"So much the better," said the younger.

"Of course I kept the secret. Your friend Warburton is well."

"That's all right. Oh, by the way, you said something about his being married?"

"Yes," said John, in his slow, gentle voice; "he was married yesterday."

"Yesterday! Well, I'm sure I wish him all happiness, and I hope he's got a good wife."

"Indeed he has," said John, with shining eyes.

George was lighting his pipe again. After a puff or two, he said, "Well, if ever man deserved a good one he did. Dear old Geoff!"

John drew his breath sharply as if he had been stabbed. "What!" he exclaimed.

His brother looked up in some astonishment. "I only said he

deserved a good wife, if ever man did."

"But you called him—*what* did you call him?"

"Oh, Geoff. I always called him by his Christian name."

"But his is not—Geoff," said John, bringing the last word out with a gasp.

George stared. "I should like to know what it is, then?"

"Matthew!"

"Not unless he's changed it. Matthew! What are you talking about? It was Geoffrey when I knew him."

"No, no," said John, who was awfully white. "It's a long time ago, you must have forgotten."

"What's the matter?" said George, tumbling his long legs off the chair and sitting bolt upright. "Nonsense about forgetting. I know his name as well as my own. Oh, well, you needn't believe me unless you like: just you get the governor's Clergy List—I see it on the bottom shelf there—and you'll find him sure enough, the Rev. Geoffrey Lionel War. . . . Jack, old fellow—Jack, what is it?"

For John, quiet courteous John, suddenly burst out with an oath, and then with a queer laugh turned away from his brother.

"You had better a thousand times over have stabbed me or poisoned me than sent me that cursed letter," he said at last.

"What is it? what have I done?" cried the bewildered George. "Tell me, Jack—I'm very sorry."

But John gave him no answer. George tried to see his face, but could not. "Matthew," said Lisle, half to himself, "Matthew—why, that was some sort of cousin of his at the Bank. Mat Warburton the fellows called him, I remember now. He had a fever or something very soon after I got there, and went away for a holiday afterwards. I never knew anything of him. I say, Jack, it is he that is married, and not old Geoff? Tell me what mischief I've done—there's

a good fellow. I'm sure I never meant——"

But John suddenly turned a white menacing face towards him, and George understood that, for the moment, his brother's mysterious agony was too deep for explanatory words.

The Folkestone boat slid pleasantly through a softly-whispering sea. There was just a faint breeze, as if April drew a glad breath of wonder at the freshly-unfolding beauty of the world. The ocean was a floor of burnished silver under a sapphire roof.

A big gentleman is pacing to and fro, smoking a big cigar, but he stops pretty frequently to speak to a little lady, who, carefully cloaked and sheltered, sits on one of the benches, rejoicing in what is almost her first sight of the sea. But her eyes, delighted as she is with the glittering grey waves, leave them from time to time to follow her handsome husband. And when he speaks, she answers with glad uplifted face and happy smiles. For is not everything new and wonderful? and was there ever any one so kind and noble as her husband? and is not Mrs. Matthew Warburton going to spend her honeymoon in Paris?

My story ends with April, 1869. A word or two concerning these friends of ours at the present time and I have done.

John Eversley has neither gone mad, nor shot himself, nor died of a broken heart. He has given up wandering, and lives on his estate. If anything, he is rather more gentle and silent than before, but that is all: he is not like King Henry—he smiles sometimes; only unfortunately it is just then that you understand how sad his face can look.

Bella has known bitter sorrow during the past year. Mr. Mannerling died suddenly, and the shock was too much for his ailing wife. Their parting was only for a month. Much wonder was expressed as to what Miss Mannerling would do,

but she turned it into surprise by announcing that she was going with her brother to Australia. "I hope, my dear, you have considered it well," said Mrs. Rivers, aghast, across the luncheon-table.

"Yes," said Bella, calmly, "I've considered a good deal. I think it is the only chance for Arthur, and I've no one else left now. He has promised to make a home for me."

"And if he ruins himself?"

"Why, I suppose he'll ruin me, and that is just what makes me hopeful. If I were safe, I could not help him. At any rate I'll risk it."

She looked so quietly resolute that little more was said. I am not altogether sorry for Bella. Her upward path is toilsome, but it is something to be rising higher day by day. Bella, in her sombre crape, with cheeks that have lost their damask bloom, and are more like rain-washed Christmas roses, and with clear eyes looking out to the home across the sea, is better, and, I will believe, happier than had she been Mr. Warburton's wife. She bade him good-bye with a sort of wistful seriousness. "I shall often think of you and Milly," she said, "and hope you are happy."

Matthew Warburton was touched. "Good-bye, Bella, and God bless you!" he said. She had enough of the old tenderness remaining to value the benediction.

Any good wishes which she may bestow on Matthew are likely to be fulfilled. He is happy, and I am glad to be able to write it. He is good enough for me to rejoice in his prosperity, especially as I doubt if he is good enough for sorrow to make him better. He has the desire of his heart, and his satisfaction is written legibly on his face.

And Milly? She is happy too. I will not say that nothing in her husband's words or manners ever jars upon her, but such jarring gives her little pain. She acknowledges frankly to herself that there is something loud and coarse in the out-

asleep already. Come down and see me off."

She did so. As he struggled into his big rough coat—for although it was but the end of September the nights were chilly—he bade her make haste and get to bed as soon as he should be gone. "And don't go and dream of Eversley, Milly, for my sake and Bella's."

She laughed. "I'm not likely." He stooped and kissed her in his superbly patronizing fashion. "Good child," he said. Then as she held the door open for him and peeped out into the starry night, he lingered on the threshold.

"This time next year, Milly, you won't be turning me out in this style, eh?"

"No," said Milly.

"Why, we shall be old married folks by then! Milly, I should like to catch you up and carry you off. What a good-natured fellow I must be not to do something violent to your aunt for not letting us have our own way—don't you think so? You'd come pretty soon if she'd let you, I know—wouldn't you, my darling?"

"Ask me next New-Year's Day," said Milly. "Good night." And with a laugh he went.

Half an hour earlier Mr. John Eversley had walked down the silent street along which the banker was striding now, and he had said to Bella Mannering, "Miss Hope is engaged to Mr. Warburton."

"Yes" said Bella. "I suppose Mrs. Rivers has consented to it now. She said at first it was not to be a positive engagement—thought Milly too young, I believe."

"I should think so," said John Eversley, with the same soft coldness in his voice. "Surely she is quite a child?"

"Nearly eighteen."

"Probably she has lived in Drayford all her life," said John.

"Since she was six or seven years old—her father died then."

"And her mother?"

"Died when she was a baby."

"Poor child!" said John. "An orphan—never having seen or known anything beyond this little town, and deciding her destiny before she understands it. Poor child!"

"Every one thinks it a good match, I believe."

John's silence was very full of meaning.

"And she is very fond of him," Bella continued.

"And that is just it," said he. "Fond of him—yes, of course she is fond of him. If she has seen no one else, of course she makes him her standard. Suppose she gets her eyes opened any time during the next five years and finds herself bound to that man and Drayford for ever."

"You don't like Mr. Warburton?"

"Not much," said John; "but," with a start and glance at Bella, "perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

"Well, yes," said Miss Mannering, frankly. "But it was my fault; I should not have asked the question, only just then I was thinking more of Milly."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said Eversley. "Had I remembered he might be your friend, I would never have said a word."

"No matter," said Bella. "As you would have thought the same, it is just as well to say it, isn't it?"

"I could hardly agree to that," was John's reply; "and it does not bear on this question, for I should not have thought the same."

"What difference could it make?"

"If I had remembered he might be your friend, I should have doubted my hasty judgment. If I had known it, I should have been sure I was wrong."

(John meant what he said, only when he talked of "a friend of yours," he was thinking more of Mr. Mannering than of Bella. If the shrewd gentlemanly old Rector liked Mr. Warburton, no doubt there was good in Mr. Warburton.

But, as it happened, the Rector did not share his daughter's liking, but thought him a noisy conceited fellow, and quietly avoided him if it were possible.)

"I suppose then," said Bella, "you are reconciled to Milly's fate?"

"By no means," was his quick rejoinder. "I am willing to allow—or rather I'm sure—that his faults are on the surface. But they are not suited to each other. He is too domineering; he will crush all individuality out of her. He treats her like a baby; she is his plaything—nothing more."

"That's true," said Bella.

"His wife should be a woman who would not be afraid of him."

"I think so too," his companion assented.

"Miss Hope is not clever, perhaps," he went on, "but I am sure she could appreciate;—a talent about as useful to her if she marries Mr. Warburton as a latent love of the fine arts to an Esquimaux."

Bella smiled. "Well, she may change her mind before Easter."

"Easter! Is she to be married at Easter?"

"I believe so,"—and the subject was dropped.

I am perfectly certain that any moderately-experienced novel-reader knows the occurrences of the next few days as well as I do. I have brought Milly's little story to a point at which it may be suffered to drift on for a little space. Let us suppose rather more than three weeks to have passed, and then take up the threads of these four or five lives again.

They are terribly knotted and perplexed, almost as if some malicious elf had got at the loom in which our little girl's fate was being woven with the others, in and out in a nice, neat, symmetrical pattern, and tossed and twisted them all in the maddest confusion. What is this? Milly's thread of glistening whiteness tangled with the soft, sad-coloured line which marks Mr.

John Eversley's fate? This will never do. But who is to unravel this perplexity, so that it may neither be roughly broken nor its brightness soiled? I think it needs more penetrating eyes, and fingers more gently skilful, than those of Mr. Matthew Warburton.

That gentleman and Mrs. Rivers, anxious to be kind to Miss Mannering, had made Mr. Eversley cordially welcome. The banker was seldom with Milly during the day-time; and Mrs. Rivers, who daily expected the announcement of John and Bella's engagement, was very glad to leave the three young people to amuse themselves together as often as Miss Mannering liked to call, bringing her devoted squire. This she seemed very pleased to do, and the trio were together almost every day, either in Mrs. Rivers's drawing-room practising singing (they suddenly discovered that their voices went charmingly together), or else they fetched Milly away for a ramble in the fields, or to play croquet in the Rectory garden.

The end of which was, that John Eversley, in spite of resolutions and the stings of an uneasy conscience, fell madly in love with Milly Hope.

And Milly innocently thought that he belonged to Bella, and was always afraid she might be in the way. She liked him very much indeed. She thought him a miracle of kindness and cleverness, and was often haunted when she was alone by the memory of those bright, gentle, brown eyes. Yet she could not understand why the knowledge of John Eversley had brought with it a novel feeling of doubt and unrest; why was she so uncertain and troubled—now unreasonably gay, then as unreasonably depressed?

You have seen a child asleep, half awakened by some one bending over it, lamp in hand. It stirs uneasily, murmurs confusedly, reaches out its hands, almost lifts the

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"You needn't have been afraid, George: no one seems to remember you at Drayford."

"So much the better," said the younger.

"Of course I kept the secret. Your friend Warburton is well."

"That's all right. Oh, by the way, you said something about his being married?"

"Yes," said John, in his slow, gentle voice; "he was married yesterday."

"Yesterday! Well, I'm sure I wish him all happiness, and I hope he's got a good wife."

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Bella has known bitter sorrow during the past year. Mr. Mannerling died suddenly, and the shock was too much for his ailing wife. Their parting was only for a month. Much wonder was expressed as to what Miss Mannerling would do,

but she turned it into surprise by announcing that she was going with her brother to Australia. "I hope, my dear, you have considered it well," said Mrs. Rivers, aghast, across the luncheon-table.

"Yes," said Bella, calmly, "I've considered a good deal. I think it is the only chance for Arthur, and I've no one else left now. He has promised to make a home for me."

"And if he ruins himself?"

"Why, I suppose he'll ruin me, and that is just what makes me hopeful. If I were safe, I could not help him. At any rate I'll risk it."

She looked so quietly resolute that little more was said. I am not altogether sorry for Bella. Her upward path is toilsome, but it is something to be rising higher day by day. Bella, in her sombre crape, with cheeks that have lost their damask bloom, and are more like rain-washed Christmas roses, and with clear eyes looking out to the home across the sea, is better, and, I will believe, happier than had she been Mr. Warburton's wife. She bade him good-bye with a sort of wistful seriousness. "I shall often think of you and Milly," she said, "and hope you are happy."

Matthew Warburton was touched. "Good-bye, Bella, and God bless you!" he said. She had enough of the old tenderness remaining to value the benediction.

Any good wishes which she may bestow on Matthew are likely to be fulfilled. He is happy, and I am glad to be able to write it. He is good enough for me to rejoice in his prosperity, especially as I doubt if he is good enough for sorrow to make him better. He has the desire of his heart, and his satisfaction is written legibly on his face.

And Milly? She is happy too. I will not say that nothing in her husband's words or manners ever jars upon her, but such jarring gives her little pain. She acknowledges frankly to herself that there is something loud and coarse in the out-

a fine young fellow, a little rough and sunburnt perhaps, but much handsomer than John. The brothers had been apart for years—in fact they had never been together for any time since they were lads; and George, looking at the melancholy man of five-and-thirty who stood by the fireplace, could hardly believe that this dignified Mr. Eversley of Brooklynn Hall could be the "old Jack" of bygone days. They had been delighted to meet—had grasped each other's hands—looked, with eyes glistening with brotherly affection, each into the other's face, and then had discovered that they had nothing to say. A happy remark set them recalling boyish adventures. These being in some degree exhausted, each had begun to ask about the other's more recent doings. But George was a man of few and practical words, and his more fluent brother was curiously reserved. So they had been silent for some minutes, and then the elder broke the silence.

"You needn't have been afraid, George: no one seems to remember you at Drayford."

"So much the better," said the younger.

"Of course I kept the secret. Your friend Warburton is well."

"That's all right. Oh, by the way, you said something about his being married?"

"Yes," said John, in his slow, gentle voice; "he was married yesterday."

"Yesterday! Well, I'm sure I wish him all happiness, and I hope he's got a good wife."

"Indeed he has," said John, with shining eyes.

George was lighting his pipe again. After a puff or two, he said, "Well, if ever man deserved a good one, he did. Dear old Geoff!"

John drew his breath sharply as if he had been stabbed. "What!" he exclaimed.

His brother looked up in some astonishment. "I only said he

deserved a good wife, if ever man did."

"But you called him—*what* did you call him?"

"Oh, Geoff. I always called him by his Christian name."

"But his is not—Geoff," said John, bringing the last word out with a gasp.

George stared. "I should like to know what it is, then?"

"Matthew!"

"Not unless he's changed it. Matthew! What are you talking about? It was Geoffrey when I knew him."

"No, no," said John, who was awfully white. "It's a long time ago, you must have forgotten."

"What's the matter?" said George, tumbling his long legs off the chair and sitting bolt upright. "Nonsense about forgetting. I know his name as well as my own. Oh, well, you needn't believe me unless you like: just you get the governor's Clergy List—I see it on the bottom shelf there—and you'll find him sure enough, the Rev. Geoffrey Lionel War. . . . Jack, old fellow—Jack, what is it?"

For John, quiet courteous John, suddenly burst out with an oath, and then with a queer laugh turned away from his brother.

"You had better a thousand times over have stabbed me or poisoned me than sent me that cursed letter," he said at last.

"What is it? what have I done?" cried the bewildered George. "Tell me, Jack—I'm very sorry."

But John gave him no answer. George tried to see his face, but could not. "Matthew," said Lisle, half to himself, "Matthew—why, that was some sort of cousin of his at the Bank. Mat Warburton the fellows called him, I remember now. He had a fever or something very soon after I got there, and went away for a holiday afterwards. I never knew anything of him. I say, Jack, it is he that is married, and not old Geoff? Tell me what mischief I've done—there's

a good fellow. I'm sure I never meant——"

But John suddenly turned a white menacing face towards him, and George understood that, for the moment, his brother's mysterious agony was too deep for explanatory words.

The Folkestone boat slid pleasantly through a softly-whispering sea. There was just a faint breeze, as if April drew a glad breath of wonder at the freshly-unfolding beauty of the world. The ocean was a floor of burnished silver under a sapphire roof.

A big gentleman is pacing to and fro, smoking a big cigar, but he stops pretty frequently to speak to a little lady, who, carefully cloaked and sheltered, sits on one of the benches, rejoicing in what is almost her first sight of the sea. But her eyes, delighted as she is with the glittering grey waves, leave them from time to time to follow her handsome husband. And when he speaks, she answers with glad uplifted face and happy smiles. For is not everything new and wonderful? and was there ever any one so kind and noble as her husband? and is not Mrs. Matthew Warburton going to spend her honeymoon in Paris?

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ward man. So be it. She is content to worship the generous nature which it masks.

She is the brightest, yet the most anxious of little housekeepers.

She impresses upon her servants, in her clear bird-like voice, that "Mr. Warburton likes this," or "Mr. Warburton does not like that," and generally that "Mr. Warburton is very particular." She thinks she is very dignified and capable. The servants know that their master's eyes are keen, which comes to the same thing.

Her manners, in the opinion of Drayford society, are immensely improved. She does not blush so readily, or look up with quite such an ingenuous desire to please into the eyes of any one she may talk with. But there is not any real difference. In the evening when they are alone she sits on Matthew's knee (if he is inclined to be frivolous), twists her soft little fingers in his big whiskers, and talks her pretty childish nonsense. He is good-humouredly amused.

"Tell you what, Milly," he would say, "I daresay you think you look like a married lady. I wonder people don't ask you to the children's parties."

"It would be great fun," said Milly. "I like blind-man's buff, and sandwiches, and custards, and orange wine."

Matthew made a wry face.

"You could come and fetch me home at eight o'clock," Milly continued. "It's your own fault. What did you marry me for? Why didn't you have aunt, if you wanted somebody dignified?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Warburton; "but I know somebody, not a hundred miles away, who wouldn't have liked that. Somebody who looked uncommonly melancholy, I can tell you, when she thought I *did* care for somebody else."

Milly had to raise her head and show a glowing face. "Oh, what a lot of somebodies!" she said.

"Ah," said Mr. Warburton, with his great, happy laugh, "but only one somebody for me."

Yes, Milly is happy, and I don't know why she should be otherwise. But I cannot as cordially rejoice in her happiness.

Yet is it not best? Suppose she had opened her eyes, and loved John Eversley, and they had gone away to live their lives together, would that have been a perfect ending? Would little Milly have been quite as childishly sweet and pure, if she had broken what she considered a sacred bond, and been faithless when she thought her faith was pledged? I think not.

Or, on the other hand, could I have been as well content had I left her worshipping the Matthew Warburton who was known to all the world? It was to be regretted when she knew no one better, it would have been degrading when she did.

Why then, after all, is not this the best ending of all? To have her first love ennobled and idealised so that she was able to be true to herself in being true to it, to have even that coarseness and vulgarity which might have killed love turned into lessons of a yet higher love looking beyond the ignoble husk to find the noble heart—*why* am I not resigned to my little heroine's fate? She fell in love unwisely—many girls do; she is sheltered from some of the saddest results of her folly—many are not. She is not degraded by her dream, and there is no fear of a dreary waking.

I look back at what I have just written. I cannot deny it, I cannot say how I would have had it otherwise; I cannot be angry with Milly for her first mistake. "But the pity of it! oh the pity of it!"

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

REMANDING THE PRISONER.

THERE is a proceeding in our police courts which every reader of a newspaper must be familiar with. It is the request from the police constable to the bench that "his worship will remand the prisoner till this day week, when a number of other charges well be preferred against him." And though it does seem somewhat hard that the mere menace of accusations to come should be sufficient to send him back to jail—whether it be that the world is so seldom disappointed in thinking badly of its rogue, or that the rogue himself has looked his character so artistically that it would be a want of connoisseurship to ignore him—so is it that in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred the remand is found to be justified, and the man of many iniquities is overtaken at last. The system is found to work well.

Not the least strange feature of these cases is that it is only when a man has been apprehended, and some curious details of his especial knavery published, that a number of former victims remind themselves of having had the benefit of his acquaintance. Is it that people think so little of being cheated in this world? Is it that they regard knavery as a necessary ill, and that one must have his experience, as of measles or small-pox, in some form, mild or severe? Is it that they regard the rogues with a sort of mild deprecation, as people who have made a bad choice of a profession? or do they accept scoundrelism as a kind of practical joke that it would be showing a cross-grained spirit to resent? I cannot say; the problem

is to me very puzzling. Perhaps the large number who form the audience for every piece of knavery, in contrast with the few who are cheated, make up a charitable kind of court, whose decisions, on the whole, are more mercifully gentle than morally just. Still, the sense of a part in it, and feeling of sport in the matter, disposes us all to give chase and run the rogue down where we can.

When a remand has taken place, all the people who have been defrauded in any way for months before set themselves to think why that notorious fellow who has just been had up should not have taken the spoons and the cruet-stand, or poor Mrs. So-and-so's wardrobe, or the vicar's hens. To hear them talk and compare notes, you would be inclined to say that this country of ours must be a marvel of honesty and integrity, such a sensation has been caused by one thief or one small "petty larcener." Nor is it only they who have been despoiled of their chattels who are thus excited; but all the people who might, but have not, been robbed are in a high taking. They remember how careless they were about bolts and bars—how little mindful of the smallest details of security—how the hall-door was ill fastened and the house-dog worthless; they call to mind how frequently they left the keys about, and how slovenly they were with their money.

Now, if we desire to see all of these sentiments—dreads and terrors, moody fears and moral reflections—displayed as though under a magnifying glass,—so enor-

[These O'Dowds were written in the south of Europe, before any of the events of the war had occurred. As we send them to press, we can hardly realise the fact that the circumstances to which they refer transpired only a few weeks ago; so entirely has the complexion of European affairs altered within that period.]

mously developed that the least observant cannot fail to be struck with the monstrosity,—let us take a glance at Europe this present morning.

Here is the whole thing I have been speaking of—of a size to shock any ordinary sensibility, but with features so fine withal as to excite the liveliest spirit of investigation in the most minute-minded. The French government—and we need none of us to be told that thereby an individual is symbolised—has been accused by the 'Times' newspaper of the most atrocious intrigue. When men are really bent on wickedness, they are rarely satisfied with single sins. It is not enough for them to bowl over a clause of the Decalogue—they seek to cannon their iniquities, and knock one against the other. So in this case "Thou shalt not steal" has been driven headlong against "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods." The French Government, seeing that a neighbouring State, Prussia, has been wonderfully prosperous of late, and after inducing an ally to assist her in extending her own frontiers, has then turned upon that ally and turned her out of a part of her own dominions,—the French Government, I say, have been struck with the marvellous rapidity with which all this has been done. How secretly at first, how successfully afterwards; how no trick failed—no plans broke down; how exactly every roguery came right timed, and the result overwhelming triumph. Seeing all this the French Emperor has said,—“There's the man for my money. I have been looking out for many a day, and seen nothing like that M. Bismark yet. Go to him, Benedetti, and see whether we could not do a little business—have what the stockbrokers call an operation, together. He wants many things that I don't care for, and could make no use of if I had them. He wants South Germany and I want Belgium. Now, as I always

buy whatever I want to purchase by giving away something that isn't mine, just as I gave the Italian Duchies to Victor Emmanuel for Nice and Savoy, I'll give M. Bismark Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria for Belgium. It's a tremendous offer on my part, I know; but I have a fancy for those Flemings. My uncle annexed them, and I have a weakness for all his projects. Go and see if this would not suit him.

“Tell him you know there will be a row about it; but that though England will bluster and talk big, there's a fine peace element in her Whig Cabinet that will never go as far as blows: not to add that English armies are plants of slow growth at any time.”

M. Benedetti went on his mission, but found, to his great surprise, that the marvellous M. Bismark, who had jockeyed the Dutch and cheated the Danes—who had bamboozled Benedick and doubled up Clam, and actually got near enough to Vienna to have a peep at the “Stephen Minster”—that this man of many wiles and various rogueries was a gentleman of slow comprehension and laggard faculties, who followed with difficulty a complicated statement, and seemed to lose himself at once in its intricacy.

“I think I'll put it on paper for you, M. Bismark,” said Benedetti; “and you can con it over at your leisure. There's no hurry about it; we have the whole summer before us: besides, no one suspects either of us; so I'll make a little memorandum, and just show it to master at a convenient moment.”

M. Benedetti—not the only man in the world who has had cause to curse his writing-master—wrote with ease and fluency, and indited the following:—

“Napoleon to recognise all acquisitions made by Prussia in the late Bohemian war.

“Prussia to assist France in acquir-

ing Luxembourg from Holland, by purchase.

"France not to oppose the Federal union of all the South German States, except Austria, with the Northern Confederation.

"Prussia to assist France against the world in annexing Belgium in consideration of the above."

A covenant of defensive and offensive alliance concluded the treaty.

Now all this was very clear and precise, and one might really have thought that M. Bismark could have mastered its not many details, even without the aid of a memorandum. He, however, deemed otherwise; and perhaps, after all, he will say he was right. At all events, "*l'affaire est tombée dans l'eau*," as the diplomatists say when they have done with a transaction, and fondly hope it will never be recalled to light and recollection. The Prussians would not have it. They saw, in fact, no reason whatsoever that, for doing what they intended to do, at their own time and in their own way, they should favour the designs of another who contributed no other aid to their plans than his leave to carry them out. M. Bismark, at least, being a slow man, of obtuse faculties, and dull in devices, saw it in this way, and refused the project.

When sufficient time had elapsed for an answer to have come, and no reply was returned, the Emperor of the French became uneasy in mind. "Was it that the Prussian dullard did not see the enormous gain to him in this bargain? Could he not comprehend that South Germany is larger, richer, and more important than Belgium; and that, if it be said I am only giving what belongs to another, my reply is, I am also only taking a territory under the like condition? Bavaria is as much mine as Belgium is Prussia's. Here, at least, we stand on equal ground. Look out and see that we pick a quarrel with this man of *sauer kraut*! It will be strange if there be not some-

thing that we can differ on! He slipped out of that scrape about Luxembourg, or rather England made the matter so difficult for us, we should have been discovered at once if we had pushed matters to extremity there; but surely there must be scores of things that we differ on. There's the Schleswig-Holstein question, and those poor Danes. I am really sorry for the Danes. And are you quite sure South Germany likes to be devoured? Some people who came from Baden lately tell me the opposite. That Prussian Puritan will suppress the *rouge-et-noir* table. That old humbug of hypocrisy will stand no *roulette*! Have the Badenmen thought of this? have they fully reflected on what is to become of them if they should be driven to honest industry and clean living? Have the Bavarians thought them of how they will like a rival Church and a Calvinist holding forth in the same street with a true Catholic? Surely here are fine grievances to explicate."

"Better than all that," whispered M. de Gramont. "There's a forty-ninth cousin of the King wishes to be King of Spain. Prim told it to a lady who knows the Prince Carlo de Bourbon, who told it to the Duke of Lucca, who told it to me."

"Admirable! nothing could be better!" muttered his Majesty, and between his teeth went on; "honour of France, integrity of our empire, inordinate ambition, and throne of Charles V.! I'd like to see an English despatch reply to that!"

This time the bait succeeded. Prussian patience gave way, and the King, yielding to the impulse which meaner mortals give way to when they are bored, turned his back on his tormentor and left him. The indictment was now full. It only wanted this that France should be insulted! The next day came the declaration of war.

Now, as they were on each side

pretty far advanced in preparation, and as they had neither of them very far to go to meet the other, the difference promised a speedy settlement. Still, in the few days that intervened, before an exchange of shots should occur, it was necessary that each should endeavour to put himself so far right with public opinion as to throw, if possible, the blame of breaking the peace on his adversary. It was not easy, indeed, for France to do this. It is hard to pull the nose of an inoffensive stranger, and yet make him appear the aggressor. Even showing what vile intentions he nurtured in his mind, what infernal plots he was meditating, will sometimes fail to demonstrate that the overt act was called for. The French press has, however, great resources, and what they wanted in reason they took out in ribaldry. There were, besides, some old people alive who remembered what oceans of champagne were drunk by Prussian soldiers in '13; and younger tourists averred that the present dwellers in North Germany ate quantities of *sauer kraut*. Was there wanting more to call out the vindictive passions of the great nation towards neighbours so unworthy of that proud vicinity? Prussia, of course, with less eloquence, but perhaps more truth, complained that a very unjust quarrel was put upon them, and that they were called on to fight for very existence on grounds that two even very ill-conditioned individuals could not have carried to blows.

It was in this stage of the affair, when each was bidding his highest for public sympathy, when, unable to draw allies to their arms, they were endeavouring to gain converts to their opinions, that the 'Times' newspaper fell like a shell in the midst of Europe with this secret treaty.

Of course the first thing for France to do was to declare it a

forgery. Indeed, an English morning paper, well known for its Napoleonism, averred that it was not written in good French, or at least in such French as diplomatists converse and correspond in. These attempts at disproof failing, it was shown that, though it was M. Benedetti's writing, it was M. Bismark's thought. That by some mesmerism, peculiar perhaps to statecraft, M. Benedetti was induced to transcribe what M. Bismark imagined, though he never divulged; and then, with a refinement of delicacy which only diplomatists know, actually gave him a copy of his own unuttered conception for the benefit of his memory.

In fact, where these very clever gentlemen could not explain, they were able to mystify in such a fashion, that our own Ministers, not at all deficient in acuteness, were, when questioned in the House, obliged to declare that the matter was a complete puzzle to them, but that they felt thoroughly assured that "the gentlemen interested in the transaction would be able to afford the most satisfactory explanations;" though how they should both be in a position to do so—how the man who offered a bribe, and the man who resented being tempted, could possibly show any common cause for exculpation—is a difficulty for any one not bred to diplomacy and its ways.

It was, however, to this stage of the controversy, rather than to the matter in contention, that I want the reader to vouchsafe me his attention. It is, in fact, to the period in which France—and we know what that means—is called on to state what explanation she can give of a proposition so fraudulent and treacherous. The general voice of Europe cries out, "*Remand the accused! This is not the first thing of the kind that is laid to his charge.*" The roguery of Plombières, which disposed of Nice and Savoy, is too recent to be forgotten.

Count Cavour was himself so impressed with the treachery of what he was led into, that he did not dare to reveal the scheme to that statesman who, more than any other man after himself, laid the foundation of Italian unity.

The next scheme comprised the annexation of a large slice of Piedmont, and the whole *littorale* down to Genoa, and Genoa itself. That same English Minister I have spoken of—the ablest and promptest agent that ever represented Great Britain in Italy—detected and defeated this project, and at a stage too when retreat implied discomfiture, and only a most consummate tact could have glossed over the irritation of a repulse.

Not discouraged, however, by failure, he then bethought him of Sardinia—that great island so profitless to Italy, but so sure to be developed into wealth and prosperity by France. Sardinia, abounding in mineral treasures, teeming with various ores and rich in harbours, was exactly what France needed for her naval supremacy in the Mediterranean; but here again the English envoy was on his guard, and very plainly let it be known that Sardinia could only be annexed at the cost of a war with Great Britain, and that we would no more permit the French flag to wave over Cagliari than over Malta.

Nor is it Italy alone knows what her “high-hearted ally” meant for her! Austria now hears how in 1866 France offered 300,000 men in the war against Austria, and at the price of the Rhine-land and Belgium, how the Empire of Austria was to be dismembered, stripped of Silesia and Bohemia, and driven headlong out of Europe—at least what Europe owns of civilisation.

Austria hears this of that Emperor that she went to confer with at Salzburg; and even in the humiliating sorrow for her murdered Prince, so far forgot her grief as to

condone his death and forgive his executioner. Just retribution on her time-serving servility! She learns now what her friend intended for her, and how the great nation that only wars for an idea is ever ready for the chance of spoliation, and waits, armed like the *condottieri* of old, to see who needs a free lance—who wants an unscrupulous arm and an unrelenting spirit.

Though that little dispute with Belgium about a railroad—a line entirely within her own frontier—came to nothing, we all know what it indicated; and we know how impossible it was for the lamb in the fable to drink at any part of the stream without giving offence; and we know, besides, that in every case of spoliation enacted or plotted, it has ever been some country especially dear to France has been the victim. Italy, for whom she bled—Austria, so cemented to her by the blood of the chivalrous Maximilian—Belgium, “so linked in sympathy with us, having our language and our civilisation, and at times actually extending our institutions”—these are claims never disregarded, never unrecognised!

God grant that we in England be not made in any degree the especial objects of this dangerous affection! though nothing would surprise me less to-morrow than the discovery of some carefully drawn up document by which Russia was to occupy Constantinople, and France Egypt,—this passion for rapine and robbery being in its way as insidious as dram-drinking; and the man who will never eat except out of his neighbour's dish, is as much the victim of a malady as the sufferer from *delirium tremens*.

I say, therefore, be ready for the day he will want to quarrel with you; but be especially on your guard when he caresses and esteems you. The Isle of Wight has no common claim upon us, if only as the favourite resort of our Queen;

and I'd like to be sure that in some stray pigeon-hole its future has not been discounted in exchange for a bit of Holland to a Prussian, or a slice of Denmark to a Dutchman.

The newspapers, when they reach me—which of late is a rarity—tell me that we will protect the neutrality of Belgium. I know there

is something besides humanity that directs a fire-engine in the "next door," even when your own house is unattacked by flame; but I am not ungenerous enough to dwell upon this phase of benevolence; and with all my heart I say, stand by Antwerp, and, even though it cost a war, keep the French out of the Scheldt.

THE GREAT ARTIST.

Every one who has watched the course of events on the Continent for the last few years back must have seen that a war between France and Prussia was a matter of certainty. The precise ground of quarrel, the mode of the rupture, and the exact time, were of course open to speculation, but of the fact itself there could not be, nor was there, a doubt. A few English politicians, it is true, affected not to see this necessity; and a certain portion of the press, more distinguished for hope than prophecy, assumed to recognise in the Emperor of the French those traits of moderation and forbearance, and that inherent love of peace, that should secure this blessing to Europe. Indeed, those privileged individuals who occasionally enjoyed the proud distinction of an interview with his Imperial Majesty, and who were good enough to make the world the confidant of what passed at it, always took pains to impress upon us how mistaken people generally were as to the mind and temper of this great man. Taking for granted that we were ready to concede his claims to statesmanship and military ability—assuming that we had not read Kinglake, or reading, had not believed him—they went on to tell us of his frankness, his candour, his extreme simplicity of thought and expression, but, above all, of a certain gushing philanthropy that seemed inexhaustible in its devices for human good.

From the height of their intimacy with a great man, they compassionately pitied the ignorant impatience of our misconception of him; and by some little picturesque bit of description, some little playful anecdote, revealed him to us in all the familiarity of a creature of emotions, anxieties, and expectations, dealing alike with the destinies of the world and the graceful triflings of a party at Compiègne!

Still there were always in the world a certain number of distrustful people, some of whom—myself perhaps of the number—who, out of mere depression of temperament, are always seeing rocks in the channel, who could not, by any effort, take this view of the Emperor, and who never were able to recognise his simplicity, or his openness, or that beautiful trustfulness which an ungrateful world was so perpetually bent on wounding.

One trait of him—and I am not about to summon others to the bar—sufficed, in my mind, to account for the chief features of his policy; and if we trace his career from the beginning, there is nothing in the whole of it so uniform in its recurrence, and so invariable in every way, as his passion for a *surprise*. The project which did not include this element was, in his estimation, no success. The scheme which should not burst unexpectedly on the world was worth nothing.

Knowing well that of all the qualities in which nations are poor-

er than individuals, there is not one so remarkable as presence of mind, and that from this cause the surprise in politics is almost always a success, the scores of things that we have seen in our own day succeed, which, had they not been effected by a sort of dramatic dexterity, must have been failures, need not be enumerated.

The pantomimic passion for a transformation scene is the real characteristic of the Empire; and whether we see it in the grey dawn of a winter morning in December, arresting the deputies in their beds, or startling the decorous company of a court banquet by the wild strains of the "*Marseillaise*," it is still the same taste and the same trick.

So strong is the Imperial passion for surprise, that when, by any accident or misadventure, anything has occurred which should mar the effect or diminish the amount of the astonishment, it will be invariably seen that the Emperor has either totally abandoned the project, or deferred it till such time as, the first impression having died out, the world is ready to be startled afresh.

Lord Londonderry, in his humane zeal to effect the liberation of Abd-el-Kader, in reality prolonged the hero's captivity. It is now well known that immediately before the writing of that memorable letter, in which the noble Marquis so eloquently dilated on the blessings of mercy, and, Portia-wise, showed how the Prince would reap more than the prisoner in happiness, the liberation of the African chief had been determined on. No sooner, however, had the letter appeared in the public papers, and the bloom of a surprise been taken off the event, than the Emperor refused the grace, and snubbed the meddling Marquis for his interference. How long the speculators on this present war have deferred its accomplishment—how long all their predictions have tended to put off the event, is not easy to say.

Several novelists have often deplored to a compassionate public how now the critic, now the dramatist, have marred the finest effects of their story by false issues to the catastrophe. Indeed the mere discussion alone of what destinies await the personages of the tale, are enough to spoil the interest of the narrative. How much more irritating, then, to that great artist who works only for surprise, to see himself constantly anticipated—now by a rambling conjecture—now by a haphazard guess—now by one of those inferences which, often logically absurd, are verified by fact!

So long, then, as journalists predicted and tourists foretold a great war on the Rhine, the Emperor, in obedience to all the canons of high art, was obliged to disabuse the world of that impression; and the more effectually to do this, he proceeded to make certain internal changes in France which were about the very last things he would think of if on the eve of a step which should require the fullest exercise of irresponsibility. He next began to entertain projects of disarmament, and actually induced Lord Clarendon to discuss with him how best that bloodthirsty monarch of North Germany could be muzzled, and what concessions might teach Prussia to be peaceful. Setting M. Ollivier to work at the constitution, to revise the municipal bodies, to revoke official candidature, to proclaim ministerial responsibility, to proclaim the fullest competence of the Legislature, did certainly look like peace. Some frigates were also put out of commission, ten thousand conscripts were sent home, as though to "*crown the edifice*," and assure the world that bellicose sentiments found no place in the Imperial designs. A paragraph in an official paper hinted that the Emperor had almost, if he had not all out, determined to place the Prince Napoleon at the head of the army!

I have no doubt it was this last startling piece of intelligence that led Mr. Hammond to congratulate Lord Granville on his accession to office at "a time of profound peace." I am not, I regret to say, in the confidence of great people. I know not the deep minds that resolve mighty events, nor have I even the faintest clue to those cunning threads by which the great magicians of statecraft move their puppets; but I think I can see how the profound thinkers who guide our fortunes, and the wise heads who foresee fate, well understood the character of the time we live in, and rightfully read the man who chiefly influences the period, in the fact that they selected the precise moment to celebrate the memory of Mr. Cobden, and by a great festival in his honour to sing the praises of him who foretold that wars were now obsolete, and that the enlightened principles of Free Trade had begotten a brotherhood amongst nations, against which unprincipled ambition would contend in vain.

Here was all that the great dramatist wanted—a prudent and far-seeing Under-Secretary of State. A seaman who has been heaving the lead in difficult waters for nigh half a century, cries out, "All fair ahead." A cabinet of ministers,

whose collective ability might challenge not only Europe, but history, for a rival, are so persuaded of peace, that they diminish the army, disband regiments, and dismiss sailors; indeed, in their blissful anticipations of unbroken tranquillity, they actually drive into emigration the artificers and mechanics of our dockyards; for they cannot even in imagination conceive a time when a shot shall be fired in anger, or an Armstrong gun be heard except in salute. "Now then," cries the Emperor—"now is the moment to astonish them! Send off to Benedetti and say, we are ready. Anything will do for a cause of quarrel. The Prussians must surely be plotting somewhere—they have got designs on the Lower Danube and Servia, or they are intriguing in Spain—every one intrigues in Spain. To be sure, I have heard something of a Hohenzollern—what of him? And if that will not do, there is Schleswig-Holstein—not to speak of those late movements in Baden. In fact it is the "embarras du choix;" and if all fail, he can be rude, and then we can call upon them to apologise for it. This is how the war has surprised us; and there is no denying it, that in every element of a transformation scene the great artist achieved a triumphant success.

HOW THEY GOT INTO IT.

Now that every Parisian has marched to Berlin, and bivouacked under the lindens, and that not a few Prussians have picketed their horses in the Tuileries gardens, it is time for us ourselves to bethink us what may come of this war, and how and where we shall find ourselves when it is over. Of course I mean this speculation only to include the case of the war being limited to the two present high contending parties, since, if the

area of it should be extended, and the other Powers, great and small, be drawn into the contest, there could be no bound to the changes that might be effected, nor could any imagination take in all the possibilities that might result.

There can be very little doubt that the French Emperor is playing an immense stake; he is pushing on to the board what the gamblers at a round game playfully call their "*petit reste*." He has told us, if

the 'Telegraph' Englishman is to be trusted, that he could not help it; that he was by no means minded to make war; that he was not ready for war; and on the whole disliked war; but that France went too fast for him, and left him no choice but to put himself at the head of the movement. Still, as it was under his own orders the whole negotiation was conducted, at his dictation the Duc de Gramont made his insolent declaration to the Chamber, and M. Benedetti played off his most undiplomatic impertinence on the King, it is somewhat too much to say that he calculated on all these exploding as so many harmless fireworks to amuse the people of Paris, who certainly did not admire the rockets the less that the sticks fell on the heads of their neighbours the Prussians.

It is quite possible, however, that he thought the matter need not have been pushed to an actual conflict; that a good deal of tall talk could have been ventilated; some sharp passages exchanged with M. de Bismark, and a number of pleasant asides communicated to the rest of Europe about Prussian ambition, "*outrécuidance*," and the rest of it, which at politer moments would have been difficult to give utterance to. At such a political saturnalia the Parisian press was certain to improve the occasion, and all those pleasant little truths which good manners usually retains for itself would be then squandered with a reckless liberality. The Emperor possibly deemed that he might let off some of the superfluous steam of the French temperament in this harmless manner, and find the vessel of the State more obedient to the helm than before. In order, however, to fulminate the requisite indignation against Prussia, he must call out a certain amount of national feeling in France; he must show how the national susceptibil-

ity has been touched, and the national honour wounded; and this spirit, so easy to evoke, particularly where an intelligent police is at hand, but so difficult to suppress, certainly hurried matters along at a pace that puzzled poor M. Ollivier terribly; for though he believed he was Prime Minister of France, he saw himself utterly ignored and neglected.

The Emperor tells us "he was run away with." Be it so; on this point none can contradict him; but will he also tell us that he had not flogged the team to madness before they bolted? Was that Parisian press, whose smallest utterings are jealously watched, and whose mere levities are measured as seriously as though they were grave libels, not given to understand that they might say their worst of Prussia, rail at her pretensions, ridicule her public men, and decry her army? Prussian absurdity filled the print-shops, and the poetasters found an easy popularity in rhyming over the men who wore helmets with spikes in them, and ate *sauer kraut*.

If the Duc de Gramont ran away with him, why was he permitted to snub that unlucky M. Ollivier, who certainly ran away with nobody?

I have no doubt that a diplomatic victory would have perfectly satisfied the Emperor—such a success as would have bounded the whole press of France full cry over Prussian humiliation, with all the possible consequences that were sure to overtake the country that attempted to arrest the progress or curtail the ambitions of the great nation.

M. Bismark evidently saw that a quarrel was intended from the very first; and wisely judging how much more sensitive the German people would prove to an insult offered to their Sovereign than to a Ministry, and as the cause of the rupture must be an insult—there

was nothing that pretended to be a grievance in question—he prudently left the whole negotiation to the King, who, it must be owned, amply justified the highest opinion that could have been formed of his tact, temper, and dignity.

The Hohenzollern pretensions were never a Prussian question, and this M. Bismark unequivocally proclaimed by holding himself aloof from the negotiation. It was as though he said, If you quarrel with the King of Prussia, the German people over whom he reigns will not desert him in a difficulty. It must be admitted it was not an easy thing to make out a reasonable pretext for a fight in the whole affair; and if it were not that Mr. Sheridan had conceived the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger before the Emperor of the French was born, one might be supposed to think that the palm of a high originality should be awarded to his Majesty. "I differ with you now, sir," sums up the whole secret of that divergence which is to throw the whole of Europe into a convulsion, and retard the civilisation of the world. So eager were the French, however, to have what, in the language of the police, is called a cross charge, that they seized on the supposed insult to M. Benedetti as a grievance. Nor was it enough, say they, that the King of Prussia thought him a bore, but he actually telegraphed that opinion to every Court in Europe. They lay immense stress upon this incident, and attach a degree of importance to the estimate, as though the injury to this poor gentleman's reputation and the damage to his career could not have been made the subject of an indemnity!

Lord Granville very sensibly declared that he saw no reason to coincide with the importance the French Cabinet ascribed to this event. At all events, it does seem hard that a nation of forty millions

should be invaded and the country laid waste because the Sovereign who rules them objects to be wearied with arguments he has already refuted, or to repeat explanations he has most fully exposed.

Tiresome people will become positive terrors if this be the price one must pay for evading them. Few of us, even as humble as myself, who have not our Benedettis in this life—wearisome men, of great zeal and inconceivable prosiness, who like to go over the same arguments every day, and fancy they are impressive where they are only unfortunate.

When, then, a circular from the Prussian Foreign Office informed the Prussian representatives at the various Courts that his Majesty deemed that even peace was dearly bought at the price of listening to more of M. Benedetti, the Duc de Gramont, by his master's order, declared war. From that moment began a series of accusations, attacks, and recriminations, which history cannot show anything to equal. There is a proverb that tells us what happens when certain people fall out. I am not sure that Belgium feels much reassured by the maxim; but we, who would like to represent the other parties in the adage, are certainly not a little shocked at the company we have been keeping, and carefully feel that our watches are safe, and our loose silver secure, seeing that our trusted associates, now that they have fallen out, are bent on imparting very curious details of their respective integrity.

It is not easy to conceive the Billingsgate attitude diplomacy has assumed. Sneers, slights, insulting inferences, and flat contradictions, abound. I'll show the Belgians what you intended by them, says Bismark; and I'll show the Dutch what a pleasant destiny was to have been theirs, replied the Duc de Gramont. Will you have the face to deny that you did not mean

to annex part of Piedmont and the Maritime Alps? asks Bismark. Will you kindly furnish the Florentine Government with the military report from staff officers of the Italian army when they were your allies? Did you, or did you not, offer us 300,000 men in the war against Austria? And did you not refuse them, because you said Austria would not believe that a war was imminent, and by stealing a march on her you should be able to beat her by a surprise? These are the courteous queries and answers every morning brings us; and as we are morally certain that in saying the worst of each other neither is offering any great outrage to truth, our position as neutrals—dignified neutrals, I believe we call ourselves—is rendered all the more easy.

I wish, with all my heart, that the little sympathy one could feel for the justice on either side could make us equally indifferent as to the result; but no matter which the conqueror, the upshot to ourselves is disastrous. France victorious

means not only the Rhine frontier, but Belgium, with a preponderance of influence over the whole of Europe that will make itself felt in every capital from Hamburg to Naples. Prussia a conqueror, proclaims a German empire extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic, with a military despotism that only needs to be German to have received the last finish of routine oppressiveness. Not that I will not say the bumptious beer-drinker is not easier to endure than the more aggressive pretensions of the Gaul. All Pomerania in a paroxysm of national vanity would not equal in offensive arrogance one French *commis-voyageur*.

M. Bismark is said to have declared, If we beat the French we shall take not only Alsace but Lorraine. If we be beaten, the most we shall forfeit is the left bank of the Rhine.

What the French Emperor stakes on the match is somewhat heavier; but it is too soon to talk of the Cup when the first heat has not yet come off.

WAR LETTER OF MAJOR CORKHARDT, (SELF-CONSTITUTED) OUR ;
MILITARY CORRESPONDENT WITH THE FRENCH ARMY.

PARIS, 24th August 1870.

MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—Was it in jest or in earnest that you appointed me your special correspondent? Was your letter dictated by a serious desire to secure the services of a ripe military experience, an observant eye and a facile pen, or simply by that sportive vein which you inherit from your ancestors who revelled in Ambrose's blue parlour?

It matters but little: I am an earnest man myself, and I prefer to consider that the appointment was seriously made; and I ask myself seriously how I am to perform the duty you have imposed upon me, under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty. "What MAGA wants"—this was my exclamation when your letter reached me, and I had resolved to accept the position which it offered me—"what MAGA wants" is, I take it, not the ephemeral gossip of the mere penny-a-lining correspondent, who fills his letters with little camp incidents, with camp "*shaves*" and *canards*, with the diversions and sorry jokes of the warriors among whom his lot is cast, and has but little to say, and that little of small value, when it comes to be a question of describing and discussing the operations he was sent to report. What MAGA wants is Military history illustrated by the comments of a mature professional, whose first commission was not signed yesterday, and whose baptism of fire took place longer ago than he cares to mention. This is what she wants, and this she shall have—military history in the most dignified and comprehensive sense of the term. You left it in my own option from which side I would observe the great game of the war. To many minds this

discretionary power would have presented itself as a difficulty; to me the matter was quite simple. A hybrid in race, Teutons and Latins are to me alike indifferent. The observer of many revolutions, from those of '48 to that creeping paralysis rather than revolution which, ever since Lord Palmerston's death—during what may be described as the Bright-Gladstone-Bunkum-Funk-'em-era—has been steadily benumbing and withering every limb of the British Constitution—an observer of all these political phenomena, I am naturally enough a sceptic alike as to men and measures.

Speculatively (and under all reserves) perhaps he appears to me to be the least disreputable statesman who disguises his infamy with the smallest cloud of verbal professions of a moral purpose. As William Sykes is more to my mind than Mr. Pecksniff, and Mr. Bright than Mr. Gladstone, so perhaps if his Imperial Majesty and Count Bismark were exercising their *métiers* in a lower grade as simple *chevaliers d'industrie*, my pockets would be buttoned up in their presence, rather with reference to the Count than the Emperor. I only say "perhaps," however. Practically I did not much care to go into the alleged rights and wrongs of the Prusso-French quarrel.

Bismark and Benedetti, Ollivier and Co., not to mention the two royal personages at the top or bottom of all, would none of them, likely, have much advantage over another, if every plot, intrigue, and questionable dodge of the last four years was laid on the table ticketed with its owner's name. I make no allusion to the "Projet de Traité,"

which is a thing no fellow can understand; besides, it had not got wind at the time of my decision.

Thus I approached the selection of the side from which I should observe the bloody arbitrament in a free spirit. "*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*," I exclaimed; in other words, "I will toss for it." I did so. His Imperial Majesty had the unmerited, and I may add the unappreciated, good fortune to win the toss.

"First advantage scored to the French," was my only remark at the time. But the result of that toss was unlucky for me, unlucky for you and for your readers; unlucky, *avant tout*, for those of the present and future generations who may interest themselves in military history. You know how the Emperor has gagged the press, *chassé'd* the war correspondent, and, in fact, deprived him of his occupation? Very well, you cannot be surprised that I have had but a fleeting, furtive, bird's-eye view of one or two incidents of the campaign. Surrounded with perils which might have made weaker nerves collapse,—perils of imprisonment, perils of shot and shell, perils of robberies, perils of death by hanging in my supposed quality of spy—unacknowledged, suspected, flouted, bullied, insulted, under such circumstances if I have seen something, you cannot expect that it has been much, or, in fact, enough to fill a letter withal. Therefore you will excuse me if I give what, under ordinary circumstances, would be undue prominence to details not altogether germane to the subject of the war. I will render you, in fact, an account of my actions as your own correspondent from the time you commissioned me to this present moment of writing. You have not forgotten, of course—nor are you likely to let others forget—that your prescient nostril had scented the approach of war considerably in advance of the world at large; and by consequence your

commission to me bears date somewhat before the crisis came. Need I say that I was on the *qui vive*? In my quiet retreat by Lake Lucerne I gave all my mind to the Hispano-Prusso-Franco-Hohenzollern imbroglio. It must be confessed, however, that a sagacity not often led astray was for once at fault. "There will be no fight;" such was my exclamation on the very morning of that eventful Friday. "There will be no fight," I said, with a sigh; and then, following my usual habit under circumstances of grave disappointment, I resolved to go away for a couple of days and commune with nature where it is developed in her grandest and most terrible forms. I did so. That very afternoon I ascended the Rigi. Arriving at the summit in time to see the sunset (which I may mention *en passant* to be a ridiculous imposture), I found that I by no means had nature all to myself. The plateau in front of the Rigi Kulm Hotel swarmed with tourists. Every nationality appeared to have sent a deputation to commune with nature in her grandest developments. The Latin races were fully represented, the Teutons were in good force, and as for our unclassable hybrid cousins, their melodious nasalisms made a liverless aristocrat exclaim in his bitterness, "This is too intolerable! One might as well be in a Fifth-Avenue hotel!" After the sun had set, and several venal guides and shepherds posed in grotesque attitudes had gone through the stale old farce of jödling the "*Ranz des Vaches*," and another miscreant, with the assistance of a cracked Alpine horn, had contributed his share to the discord—when, in fact, the Rigi open-air evening liturgy had been performed, we all trooped in to dinner, to which meal we sat down three hundred strong. Figure it yourself! Three hundred strong—of all nationalities, but of one social type, and that the *tourist* type! Figure to yourself the as-

pect of the menagerie, conjure up all conceivable eccentricities, national and individual, as to methods of feeling; consider the babel of strange tongues,—how the Germans ‘Himmel’'d and ‘So’'d, and the Italians ‘per Bacco’'d, and the French ‘—cr-r-ré’'d, and the Spanish ‘caramba’'d, and the Yankees ‘calculated’—how they all ate and crammed like hogs, making the most of a contract dinner—laying in “provant” like Dugald Dalgetty, rather with reference to the disbursements of the morrow than the appetite of the hour,—I think you will admit that it must have been a painful scene, and somewhat of a disappointment to one who had come to commune with nature in her grandest developments. I resolved, however, to clothe myself in the mantle of Democritus, and to make the best of it.

Yet, after all, it was here that your correspondent heard the first tidings of the war declaration. It is thus we oscillate between the farcical and the tragic. I had come to behold the lights and shadows, and the mystical solemn beauties of the eternal mountains of the great Alpine zone, and I found myself wallowing in an abysm of the eternal vulgarities, but no sooner resolved to take things easily, and laugh as I wallowed, than the definite utterances of war called me back to the upper level again. You will naturally ask, “How did the news reach you thus early, on the top of a 7000-foot mountain!” I reply, that to the top of that mountain that terrible polype the Telegraph System has cast an arm; the Telegraph System, which is perhaps as much as anything else to blame for this war, as it will doubtless be to blame for many others in the days that are to come, and naturally so. In the pre-telegraphic ages, when a difficulty arose between two nations, undoubtedly there might be at the outset all the row and bitterness of spirit and of speech—just as at

present—while couriers at their leisure were traversing the distance separating the disputants; but that sort of thing blows itself off pretty soon in the absence of a continuous supply of fresh fuel; the delay necessary for the transmission of despatches gave time for blood to cool, for humanity to reflect, for prudence to count the cost; and then the well-weighed words of despatches, when they did arrive, could not be misunderstood, as may be, and are, either wilfully or involuntarily, the brusque, curt utterances of the wire. The truth is, that in availing ourselves of all the advanced appliances of an age of galloping progress, we, in a manner, seem to eat a second time of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and draw upon ourselves a second series of penalties. We compress the experiences and the emotions of five human lives (old style) into one nowadays, and we must take the evil with the good; but, as the evil predominates, we get the worst of it—multiplying our pains by the intensity of our lives.

Forgive the digression, and let us return to the telegraphic despatch which reached the Rigi Kulm about 10 o'clock at night, while we still sat at table. The news was communicated by a polyglot waiter, who shouted in a stentorian voice, and in three languages—French, English, and German—that war was declared. The effect upon the three hundred gormandisers was electric—“Vive la guerre! Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!” shouted a score or so of shrill Gauls starting to their feet and waving their napkins. “So!” said a German in my neighbourhood. “So!” said another German, deliberately rising to shut the door which the waiter had left open on his entry, for your Teuton abhors a draught. “So!” said another son of Vaterland after a pause, which he employed in extricating his knife, which appeared to have got entangled with his tonsils in the pro-

cess of feeding himself. Some keen-looking Italians darted bony fingers at each other's eyes, and then shook hands over and over again. What could *they* mean, I wonder?

"I'll bet Buckenham Palliss to a Saratoga trunk it's a lie," said a cousin from Massachusetts.

"And I'll go a cracker it's true," said a species of 'Guppy' from Eastcheap.

"You wall, wall you?" said the Yankee.

"I will."

"Come to the concreke then," and they booked bets incontinently.

"Everything will be at zero tomorrow," said a bald Englishman in a buff waistcoat, and with an incipient frenzy in his eye.

"Pray, sir, what do you think of the Spanish 3 per cents (deferred)?" asked one of a brace of timid old maids who formed part of our group at a side-table.

"Not worth the paper they're written on, ma'am," said the bald man fiercely, adding—"as far as that goes, they never were."

"Oh, Jemima dear! do you hear that?" said No I. to No. II. old maid in a voice of anguish.

"Yes, Jane, I hear it," was the reply; "it is a calamity, but a minor one. Money is a secondary consideration to personal safety. Tell me, I implore you, sir, how we can get back to Clapham, and at once."

"By the way you came, ma'am,—by the way you came," said the bald man, with ineffable contempt and impatience.

"Shan't we be shot and imprisoned and—"

"Better think before you speak, ma'am," snapped the bald man, whose rudeness betrayed that his commercial position was likely to be rendered unsatisfactory by the war. In a few minutes all the company had risen to their feet, and were disposed about the hall in groups more or less excited, and all talking at the pitch of their

voices. I hate noise and all sort of foreign flourish, brag, and balderdash, so I withdrew to the smoking-room, where I found two "inverted" Germans mistily smoking. Besides them there were only two other persons in the room—an American, and an Oxford or Cambridge Don (spectacled), who were conversing together. The American was demonstrating how the army of the States, if "put down on the same carpet" with the united forces of France and Prussia, would "whip them into rags—all along of our rē-cūpēr-ative powers; yēs, sir."

"But don't you think," objected the Don, "that Prussia has great recuperative powers in a military sense? Look at her 'Landwehr,' look at her 'Landsturm,' look at—"

"No, sir, no country in the Old World can recuperate like us. What's more, they don't know how to make the most of what they've got in hand—no, nor the haif of it."

"Why," said the Oxonian, "in England—"

"England!" sneered the Yankee; "don't talk of that old boss; a country where the hens only lay one egg at a time—don't mention the old cuss to me."

"I don't quite understand your allusion to the eggs," said the Don.

"Wall, it ain't much, but it shows the difference in the smartness of countries even in small things. Now, sir, I've got a black fowl which (if called upon) will drop me a matter of fifty eggs at a sitting. Fact."

"You must really excuse me if, appealing to the laws of nature, I venture to say that that sounds somewhat incredible. May I ask for some statistics?"

"You may, sirree. As for the laws of nature, they ain't of no count down our way—its all done by the *patent nest*."

"I never heard of it."

"I daresay not; wall, it's quite simple. It's an artificial nest made

as like as possible to the nest of the hen in its wild state: follow?"

"Perfectly."

"Wall, there is a valve in the bottom of this nest, which opens with the pressure of the fowl's body, and is big enough to let an egg drop through into a basket prepared for its reception below. Good. I see the hen looking as if she wanted to lay an egg, and I at once introduce her to the nest. Down she sits and lays her egg, and (with a curiosity natural to hens) gets up to see what kind of an egg it is. The egg has dropped through the valve, and of course she sees nothing. 'Darned if I ain't made a mistake this journey,' says the fowl, and at it she goes again; and in this way I've drawn her on to lay 55 at a sitting. She's a trifle above the average though, being of determined disposition. Thar, that's a wrinkle the Old World couldn't hit off. Try to whip a nation up to dodges like that, and you'll be snagged—you will, sirree, if you brought all eternal Europe with you against her. Good-night," and he went away to bed. They have some quaint fancies these cousins of ours.

The sun arose next morning into a clear and cloudless sky, and made glorious, with a rosy golden bloom, the eternal snows of the mighty Alpine ranges; but many eyes that gazed upon them had a lustreless look of preoccupation, and it was a haggard, fluttering crowd that assembled on the plateau of the Kulm to hail the glorious Apollo. Not a few ladies paraded without their "back hair," so subversive of everything *comme il faut* is the first mutter of the War-god's voice. But there was ample excuse for them no doubt. How many of these poor women, I wonder, had husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers, who must march to the front in the "first line"? Not a few—particularly among the Germans—that was certain. So their holiday was come

to a close, dismally, amid tears, and they must hasten home to bid farewell and God-speed to their gallant youth, who for the next week would be madly chanting the "Marseillaise" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" in the streets of Paris and Berlin, and then, drunk with youth and patriotism, and the madness of the hour, march to join the dance of death to the strains of the mitrailleuse, the chassépot, and the needle-gun—how many of them to come back again never more! That Rigi sunrise will assuredly be remembered by many as the commencement of a life-long sorrow.

Sad reflections these. I shook them off as rapidly as possible, and made my way back to Lucerne with all convenient speed. "MAGA will expect me to be at the front for the first whistle of the bullet," I cried; "and, shade of George Buchanan! she shall not be disappointed!" When the first flush of my enthusiasm was over, however, I found that there was a slight difficulty in going at once to the front, since no one—not even the future belligerents themselves—exactly knew where the front was. Perforce, therefore, I remained at Lucerne for a day or two longer, in an attitude of vigilant expectation. Not altogether lost time, for during this interval I had an opportunity of observing the conduct of the Switzers in preparing to guard the neutrality of their frontier. Shall I say a few words about them *en passant*? I will; for I don't think it will be *mal-apropos*. Of course I knew something of the Swiss history, ancient and modern; and therefore I knew that below the surface of the national character, barnacled as it is with a good many unlovely faults of a rather sordid description, there lies (a puzzle in moral chemistry) an indomitable spirit of independence, patriotism, and national pride, besides no small degree of military enthusiasm, and even romance.

I had seen the national faults

with my own eyes; the national virtues I had hitherto accepted from the evidence of history. I had seen their daily agricultural life—sordidly laborious, serf-like, and joyless. No voice of singing or of mirth cheers their field-labour, which begins in the summer dawn and ends in the dark. To use the Scriptural hyperbole, they “go forth weeping” to the field; but the converse, the joyful return, is not for them. I had seen that it is a sordid and ox-like existence; grasping, too, and mean. A terrier, weighing a few pounds, running among his clover, will make your Switzer use an amount of bad language that would be scarcely reasonable if a herd of elephants was careering about among his wheat and barley. His life seems to be almost unchecked with any relief of recreation. On Saturday night, indeed, he is apt, like your canny Scot, to drink more than is good for him (Forbes M’Kenzie’s Act would be a real blessing in the Canton de Vaud); but he is not cheery in his cup: his drunkenness is laborious, gloomy, almost ferocious—another parallel with our Caledonian, is it not? And, by the by, there is yet another parallel, in the Protestant cantons, that the potations of Saturday night are succeeded by Calvinistic devotions on the morrow. Is there any essential connection between a spirit of independence, sulky intoxication, and Calvinism, or is it fanciful?—Get some of your staff of philosophers to tell us all about it. “But why,” you will say, “dwell upon a nation’s faults when we have enough of our own, God wot, to make us chary of casting the first stone?” Granted; and I only mention them to bring out in stronger relief those other characteristics which I had not observed for myself up to this time.

When war became a certainty on Friday the 15th July, the Swiss Government did not, I promise you, waste much time in discussing ways

and means. Scarcely had the intelligence reached them, when 60,000 men were called out for immediate service. The call came inopportunistically. Harvesting operations were in some respects in full progress, in others about shortly to commence, and such a drain on the labour of the country was serious. Nevertheless, in *two days*, a great portion of the 60,000 men called to the standards were under arms—in four or five days the army was complete—in eight or nine days they were not only complete, but in position, echeloned along the frontier from Bâle to Lake Constance; not filled with unwilling yokels, but with men who seemed to have cast the slough of their civilian ideas with their blouses, and to have donned with their uniforms not only a military bearing, but a spirit worthy the descendants of Fürst, and Stauffacher, and Melcthal. On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following the declaration of war, regiment after regiment poured into Lucerne *en route* for the frontier: by the last-named day regiments had come from every quarter; and even from the banks of the Maggiore and Lake Lugano, by rugged roads and high mountain-passes, the Ticino contingent had arrived. Sturdy, well-set, purposelike men in the prime of life, superior to the French, and I should say even to the Prussians, in *PHYSIQUE*. Give them but a few weeks’ continuous training—a top-dressing to the few days’ annual drill which the Switzer undergoes for twenty-five years of his life, and I think they would be about as tough customers to deal with as could well be found. Naturally enough. Are they not the very marrow of the people—of a people whose lives are passed in the open air, whose bodies are braced with the free breath of the mountains, and their courage by the influence of free institutions? Some of the regiments looked a little quaint, to be sure, from the diverse patterns of their clothing. The thrifty

nation do not consider it *de rigueur* that their citizen soldiers should be all turned out in fresh regimentals whenever a new pattern is adopted. The recruits are equipped according to the latest regulation of course; but as for the others, they may wear their uniforms of the superseded pattern as long as they are decent; and in some instances one outfit lasts a man during the whole of his military career. Thus you may see four or five varieties of uniform in one corps, and the combinations often produce rather ludicrous effects. But many of the regiments I saw were uniformly well and smartly dressed. The uniform of the "Bersaglieri" seemed to be a good deal affected, and even their peculiar step in marching was observable in the case of one or two regiments. All marched admirably, without straggling or any kind of looseness, and with a firm, elastic step, and at a very different pace from the snailish crawl of our own infantry; yet I should say the Swiss soldier is as heavily weighted as his British brother in arms. I saw a few regiments of cavalry. The horses were well-sized, powerful, and in excellent condition, looking fit for work and plenty of it. The riding, however, was far from satisfactory, and as I looked at the cavaliers I kept recalling certain episodes in that capital *jeu d'esprit* of Aytoun's, 'How I became a Yeoman.' In a charge I am sure these heroes would be to the full as dangerous to friend as to foe; but, after all, cavalry is not the arm one expects to find flourishing in the region of the Alps. They seemed to be fairly strong in artillery. I did not happen to have an opportunity of observing its condition to advantage; but I was told that the latest or even very late inventions have not been adopted into their service. They make considerable use, however, of light mountain-guns, which can be carried on

mule-back, and of course nothing could be better adapted to the nature of the country. Their music was very strong, very loud, and I am bound to say, very discordant. Anything like the noise in Lucerne during these three days I never heard. The bandsmen appeared to be quite irrepressible; not content with playing "on duty," they seemed to me to roam about the streets together from morn to dewy eve, armed with their terrible instruments, and as soon as they could set up a little following, at it they went till the welkin rang. The "civilian" on-lookers were delighted. They mightily enjoyed this exhibition of the national force. There was naturally a good deal of pot-valour. To hear them speak, you would have said that a violation of their frontier was a consummation they most devoutly wished for. They had, you see, a slight attack of the war-fever (which is at all times very catching), aggravated by all the braying of brass and the clanking of steel about their streets. So they cheered and yelled, and drank, and sang war-songs, and marched about behind the everlasting bands and cried "Vive la guerre!" and "Vive la France!" I speak of Lucerne and Basil. In these towns France was overwhelmingly the favourite—it is rather difficult to see why. Neither belligerent would be likely nowadays to have annexing designs with regard to Switzerland. You don't take much by putting a hedgehog in your pocket; and the little Neuchatel business of '56-'57 is not likely to have been forgotten either by France or Prussia. I have prosed too long about the Swiss army; but, to conclude, I think our army organisers, who are in a chronic state of resultless incubation, might, it is just possible, get a wrinkle in that quarter.

We were all full of the idea that the French were thoroughly prepared for war, and not only to fight but to conquer. Events have shown

that, in one sense, we did them an injustice. We thought that the Prussians would take weeks to get into anything like a condition of efficiency, and that meantime they would be obliged to submit to at least a temporary invasion of the Fatherland, and to make the best of it under cover of their great fortresses. It was, therefore, only a question of the point where the French would make their entry into German territory. Before the South German States had pronounced themselves unequivocally, and even after, when it was thought that possibly the decision of the governments might not be that of the peoples, and even later still, when the whole situation was as clear as noonday, it was believed that the French tactics would be to interpose the wedge of an imposing force between Prussia and the States of South Germany. "Their point of entrance, therefore, will be in the Sâar district," I naturally observed; "but they will probably throw another force into the Baden territory from, or from the neighbourhood of, Strassbourg, where there is already the nucleus of a considerable army."

This, I may observe, is what I would have done myself; and so I resolved to go to Strassbourg across the Rhine under the wing of Marshal M'Mahon, not without the kind, if somewhat lawless, thought, that a hint or two from an old soldier would, *malgré* our neutrality laws, be heartily at the Marshal's service. I lingered, however, a day or two at Bâle, believing that your influence (which I then thought to be European) would procure me not merely the formality of a safe-conduct, but a hearty welcome, a distinguished reception, and all aid and comfort at Strassbourg from the Duc de Magenta. I was disappointed. I do not blame you now (though my language may have been rough at the time), for I know that "*Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat*," and

that the Emperor's 'impending destruction was clearly foreshadowed by his insane prohibition of the special correspondent—even of yours. At last, receiving no answer to repeated applications, and assuring myself that on my arrival in person everything would be set to rights, I resolved to start without a safe-conduct for the Alsatian capital. I packed my portmanteau and did so; blown out of Bâle by the breath of a thousand neutral trombones. Independent of the warlike considerations of the moment, Strassbourg is full of interest to an instructed mind. There is much to be seen there; and I pictured myself to myself sauntering about with the Duke of Magenta, in our leisure moments, canvassing the architectural problems of its wondrous spire, savouring the incomparable "Bock Bier" at its world-renowned "Brasseries," trifling with its indigenous *pâté* at the graceful *déjeûners* of the Quartier Général. How different was the event!—but of that anon. I arrived in Strassbourg after an intolerably slow journey, for a military train was attached to ours at Muhlhausen—a circumstance which involved long delays at every station where we stopped; for the troops broke from their moorings on every possible occasion, running hither and thither up and down the line, to receive the meat and drink which the peasantry brought them, as gifts, in unnecessarily large quantities. The amount of potables received and consumed must have been enormous. The effects produced were tolerably marked and quite commensurate. The noise of shouting and singing and "vive"-ing almost drowned the rattle of the train. It was more like a Bacchanalian procession than a military progress. But, as the poet sings,

"Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:"

and why carp at his amiable idiosyncrasy?

"Allez, sum," nil militaire a me allenum puto."

I was glad to reach Strassbourg, however, and get away from the infernal hurly-burly.

Understanding that the Hotel de la Maison Rouge was much affected by the military, and even adopted as a domicile by several generals and brigadiers, I betook myself thither. "The Marshal himself dines there every day," said the *cocher*, and this decided me; for where I dine I like to sleep, and I made little doubt that there would be a knife and fork for me *en permanence* at his Excellency's table. In front of the hotel, and in its court-yard, there was quite a regiment of orderlies of every description—linesmen, Zouaves, gunners, dragoons, chasseurs, &c. &c. Many of them looked inquisitively at me as I alighted. "Ha!" I thought, "the brave fellows recognise the military ore peeping through the civilian crust. It is well!" There was none of the usual thronging of waiters, porters, and even landlords, to greet the arriving guest which one expects to find in Continental hotels. On the contrary, it was some time before even a partially-intoxicated porter and a very-far-from-sober waiter could be got to attend to me. "I want rooms," I said. "I am the special correspondent of 'Blackwood's Magazine' with the French army, and I want rooms spacious and airy where I can sleep, write, and receive my *monde* with comfort and distinction." The waiter rolled his bloodshot eyes and scratched his towzy head. He did not seem to grasp the importance of the announcement, or if he did it had no adequate effect upon him. He was even doubtful if there *was* a room for me. "That is quite simple," I replied, haughtily; "rooms *must* be found for me. *Allons!*" and I strode into the vestibule. Eventually a very dingy apartment was placed at my disposal, and my traps deposited therein. I was at first inclined to recalci-

trate, but finally submitted, "*en attendant*," as I remarked, "for when I have seen the Marshal all this will arrange itself. Meantime bring me the visitors' book." It was brought, and I entered myself in a large bold hand,

"MAJOR CORKHARDT, C.B.,
CORRESPONDANT MILITAIRE DE
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

The affix—the C.B.—was, as you are aware, adopted slightly in anticipation of actualities; but in these days of rapid living it is impossible to wait for events that are obstinate in their tardiness.

"Will Monsieur dine?" inquired the waiter.

"When does the Marshal dine?" was my reply.

"At uncertain hours; his Excellency's dinner hour submits itself to contingencies."

"Then," I replied, "I too will submit my dinner hour to contingencies. Meantime a bottle of bock-beer and a Bologna sausage. Sharp!"

The refreshments were supplied to me, and while I trifled with them I was visited by the landlord, who showed himself rather inquisitive. I thought, as to my plans. I referred him to the visitors' book. "There," I said, "my mission and my plans are unfolded. Leave me."

"Monsieur is beyond a doubt English?" he paused at the door to inquire. I waved him off haughtily to the visitors' book. The Special Correspondent of 'Blackwood's Magazine' be anything but English! *Sac à papier!* But if I had been a Fiji Islander, what was that to him? I then sat down and composed for the Strassbourg evening paper a little editorial announcement of my arrival, in which the *redacteur* was made to congratulate the army and the public on that event, and also to surmise that I was the old and intimate friend of the Marshal, and would naturally remain with him, as his guest, during the campaign. This I despatched, and then wrote a careful letter to the Marshal him-

self, announcing my arrival, mission, and desire for permission to attach myself permanently to his headquarters, lightly touching on the advantages which he and his army would be likely to reap from my presence. I wound up by saying that I should be glad to have a personal interview with him at his early convenience, if possible *before dinner*. "That puts the dinner question beyond a doubt," I thought, as I sent the letter off to await his arrival. Understanding that his return to the hotel would not take place for some hours, I resolved to take a stroll and examine the town with a professional eye. "I will ascend the spire," I thought, "and observe the disposition of the two armies," for I believed the Germans, who had just blown up the bridge at Kehl, to be in force on the Baden side. I sallied forth, therefore, accompanied by a *valet de place*.

"What would Monsieur please to visit?" inquired this creature.

"The fortifications," was my prompt reply.

The man elevated his eyebrows, and looked askance at me. "Monsieur," he said, "is a foreigner; his visit to the fortifications is therefore impossible."

"Take me, then, to the Braserie."

"Equally impossible, I grieve to avow; they are in course of adaptation to military necessities."

"And the Beer," I inquired, "is it, too, being adapted to military necessities?"

"Oh the Beer! the Beer is *comme ça*," said the fellow, vaguely, shrugging his shoulders.

"Very well, to the Cathedral; that is open to me, I presume?"

"Perfectly."

"*En route*, then," and we went.

It is no doubt a glorious place that Cathedral, and the clock inside is worth making a pilgrimage to see; but I beheld all the beauties and wonders with an absent eye; my object was to ascend the spire, and that preoccupied me. Business

first—your business—is ever my maxim. I did not like to propose an adjournment thither too hastily, but patiently endured the prosings of my *cicerone* in the interior of the church. I even left the sacred edifice for a few paces without alluding to the spire. Then I stopped abruptly, exclaiming, with an easy laugh, "Stupid that I am! I have actually forgotten the spire; let us return and ascend it."

There was a nasty twinkle in the dog's eyes as he replied, "Monsieur should be aware that the *Etat-Major* is not composed of infants."

"And that observation," I rejoined, "is *apropos* of what?"

"Monsieur must be aware that if he ascended the spire he could see everything."

"Precisely."

"*Eh bien!* it is forbidden to see everything, especially to a foreigner."

"But I am a neutral; I am the war correspondent of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and I *must* see everything."

"Absolutely impossible, Monsieur."

"The Marshal shall be appealed to."

"Monsieur may make all reclamations; meantime he cannot ascend. Ask the gendarme who approaches."

I did so, and the ruffian appealed to immediately put on a ferocious look and demanded my passport. It was useless to combat the point with him, so I produced it. He returned it suspiciously, advising me to be "very careful," and while in Strassbourg to keep my tongue quiet and my eyes shut. Insufferable bumbledom!

"The Duc de Magenta shall be informed of all this," I exclaimed, in high wrath, whereupon the brute threatened to take me into custody; and as a crowd had begun to gather, I thought it better not to barfy words with him, and returned to the hotel, somewhat crestfallen, it

must be owned. The Marshal had not returned. I went into a dirty salon opening on to the bureau and the bar. Common soldiers were in this salon, smoking the vilest tobacco, too. Was there no other accommodation? I inquired. There was none. The Etat-Major monopolised everything. "At present," said the landlord, "the house is nothing but a *caverne*;" and so your war correspondent was obliged to spend several hours reading the 'Daily Telegraph,' ten days old, cheek by jowl with Zouaves, Turcos, and all sorts of other unclean infidels and heretics. What an abyss!

"The Marshal will put all that to rights, though, in a twinkling," I exclaimed; "meantime, *à la guerre, comme à la guerre*,"—and so I made the best of it. In an hour or two a certain commotion seemed to take place in the courtyard and vestibule. "The Marshal!" cried several voices.

"*À la bonne heure!*" I said, aloud, in a tone that implied "Soon I shall be delivered from this unseemly *entourage!*" for the troops in the room had permitted themselves a certain insolent freedom in canvassing my personal appearance.

Half an hour elapsed, and the Marshal made no sign. Another half-hour, and still no sign.

The Bologna sausage having proved uneatable, I was faint with hunger, and felt that my dinner hour could not be made to submit itself to contingencies much longer.

At this juncture the door opened, and a tall young officer in staff uniform entered the room, and went hastily to the bureau, which was close to where I sat.

"Where," inquired the young gentleman, "where is the officer who arrived this afternoon?"

"I don't know, *mon Capitaine*," said the landlord.

"Then you must hunt him up," said the youth, "for the Marshal desires his company at dinner."

It was now my time to speak. "Pardon, Monsieur," I said, sitting in front of the *aide* with arch and easy grace, "our good host may save himself the trouble; the officer you seek is before you, and pray assure his Excellency that I am happy to accept his prompt hospitality—*habît de soir*, of course?" All this time the puppy was eyeing me superciliously through his glass; I was a trifle travel-stained, I dare say, and you know that my Inkerman gash renders my appearance rather martial than prepossessing. He eyed me superciliously, therefore, and when I had finished, burst into a vulgar laugh.

"What does all this mean?" he exclaimed, addressing himself rather to the landlord than to me.

"It means, sir," said I, stiffly, "that Major Corkhardt, Companion of the Bath and war correspondent for 'Blackwood's Magazine,' has the honour to accept Field-Marshal the Duc de Magenta's polite invitation to dinner."

"Cor-r-rk-hardt! Cor-r-rk-hardt!" repeated the fellow, with increasing insolence, "*qu'est ce que cela veut dire?* Cor-r-khardt! ha! ha! it is the Comte de Volnay who is invited, and not a——" he stopped short of some insulting expression, in deference, I doubt not, to the look in my eye, which was fierce enough, I promise you.

"In fine, Monsieur, it is a mistake," I said, calmly.

"Certainly," replied the *aide*, "you have entirely deceived yourself."

"Nothing more is to be said on that point, then, but have the goodness to direct the attention of the Marshal to a letter which I had the honour to address to him this afternoon."

"What was its purport?"

"It was to the effect that I desire to accompany his headquarters as military representative of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'"

"Oh! that is all settled; don't expect a reply."

"Sir!"

"No, we have no time to reply to such applications; there is a general order against journalists, that is sufficient; you will have to leave the town."

"I decline to do so."

"You are positively childish."

"I decline to quarrel with a young officer on duty; so I will only repeat that I am no mere journalist, but the representative of the illustrious periodical I have already alluded to, and I desire that the Marshal should fully understand my position."

"He quite understands it; you are to leave the town; *voilà tout*."

"Sir, 'Blackwood's Magazine'—"

Here he interrupted me with an oath. My dear Blackwood, he positively swore at your Magazine! After that there was, of course, nothing to be said, except that, when the war was over, he should hear from me in a hostile sense. Between ourselves, I rather hope he may perish in the campaign; I should be sorry to have the blood of one so much my junior on my hands. He then left me, but shortly after returned, and told me officially, though more civilly, that it was the *strong desire* of the authorities that I should leave the town.

"Not before dinner," I replied, firmly.

"Not before an *early* dinner," he amended.

"After dinner," I continued, "willingly, for I shall hasten to Paris to lay my case in its entirety before M. Ollivier, the Duc de Gramont, and Marshal Lebœuf, or his *lorum-tenens*." The young fellow laughed and bowed himself out of the room, wishing me "*bon voyage*," and advising me to dine at once, and by no means to miss the train. I did not. I rushed back to Paris. "Here, at least," I exclaimed, as I hurriedly swallowed a cup of *café-au-lait* before hasten-

ing to the Home, the Foreign, and the War Offices—"here, at least, Maga will be recognized and her representative respected. The fiat of an Ollivier, of a Lebœuf, of a de Gramont will overrule the bluster of a brutal soldiery, and this French Fenian of Magenta will be *compelled* to aid and comfort where he has flouted and despised!" Would you believe it? I met with no better success in Paris than I had met with at Strassbourg. It was in vain that I pelted *all* the Ministry with letters. It was in vain that I called hourly on them in person. My letters were unanswered, personal interviews invariably denied to me. I resorted to every petty dodge. I bribed the officials (scattering *your écus* pretty freely, by the by). I went the length of promoting myself. I became "Colonel Corkhardt, C.B.," even the "Honourable Colonel Corkhardt." It was of no use. I wasted three or four whole days in these fruitless efforts. On the fourth, like the explosion of a colossal bomb, the news of Weissenbourg burst on the petrified Parisians. What a revulsion of feeling it produced here, I need not tell you. For a fortnight the Parisians had been drinking themselves drunk from the cup of victory in advance. The Weissenbourg news was a soberer, you may be sure—in a certain sense, at least. The hysterical shrieks of anticipated triumph—the loud *braggadoccio*—Berlin sacked—millions of a war indemnity—this province annexed—that fortress razed—all that sort of thing (and the eternal miauling and bawling of the Marseillaise) abruptly ceased for a little. Still the people were drunk; and after a brief pause—a sort of gasp—the hysterical triumph was replaced by no less hysterical cries of vengeance—and of such a vengeance as the world never heard of before. Not a Prussian should return to his Fatherland alive; there would be one million new-made widows in Prussia, at the least (a prospect

which seemed to be regarded with intense satisfaction), and so forth.

Upon me the news had the most agitating effect. Battles being fought! victories being won! and I not there to see. What would Maga think? It was thus I reflected, and straightway took my resolution. I would be trifled with no longer by bloated officials, civil or military. I would bring the matter to a distinct issue in the highest quarter. I would, in fact, appeal to Cæsar. I would approach Cæsar in person, and lay my petition at the foot of his throne. The question therefore came to be, "Where is Cæsar?" I soon discovered that he was in the strong fortress of Metz; and a few hours later I was in the train *en route* for that fortress.

Promptitude, you will admit? It was a wearisome journey all through a sultry summer night. The carriage in which I travelled was full. I could not sleep—anxiety prevented that; and if it had not, the gabble and gesticulations of five French officers who shared the compartment with me, and who were *en route* to help at the widowing of the one million Prussian matrons, would have prevented it. At dawn I was wide awake. Two, nay three, hours after daybreak, I was in the same condition. About this time I inquired of my companions if we were near Metz; their reply was that we were within half an hour of it. I then took a little (mark me, a *very* little) brandy-and-water, and immediately after must have fallen into a dead sleep. When I awoke I found that my military fellow-voyagers were no longer with me. The train was in motion. Only one other person—a civilian—was in the carriage.

"Are we near Metz?" I asked him.

"Nearly as far from it as we can get by railway in this direction," was his reply.

I was puzzled. I looked at my watch; it was nearly ten o'clock.

"Where the deuce are we going to?" I asked the man.

"To Forbach, of course; is that not your destination?"

"On the contrary, Metz was my destination."

"We left Metz three hours ago."

"I must have been asleep for four. When can I return?"

"Not till five in the afternoon."

I am afraid my language betrayed a little heat on this announcement.

"*Calmez vous, Monsieur,*" said my companion; "you will see things at Forbach."

"But I don't want to see things at Forbach—I want to see things at Metz; I want to see the Emperor."

"Take my word for it; you will afterwards be glad that you have this day come to Forbach; you will see fighting there. Is that to your mind?"

"Perfectly."

"Are you a soldier?"

"Look at me—and you?"

"No; I go to succour the wounded."

"And you are sure there will be fighting?"

"Positive."

"Why?"

"That is of no importance; I am certain."

Was this man a prophet? or was he a vulture transmigrated into a human body, and able to scent afar off the awful carnage of this day? or was he a spy? On the whole, I think the worthy fellow must have been a spy; but it is of little consequence, suffice it that his words consoled me a little, and that I alighted at Forbach in fair spirits. I spoke to various officers in the town at breakfast, and in the after-breakfast lounge over a cigar I had a long talk with a group of them. "Where is the fight to be?" I said, playfully.

"Fight?" they replied; "to what do you allude?"

"To the fight which is arranged for to-day."

"Where?"

"Here!"

They laughed. "You may laugh," I said, "but you will see. What is your strength above Saärbruck?"

"Above Saärbruck? the position is abandoned."

"Since when?"

"Last night."

"Good heavens! why?"

They shrugged their shoulders. "*Voilà!*" I said, "the beginning of the fulfilment of my prophecy. If you have made the Prussians a present of *that* position, take the word of an old soldier (who *knows* the ground), they will be at you in the course of the day."

"Let them come, and welcome," was the cry, and at that moment the sound of cannon—three shots fired in rapid succession, and at no great distance—reached us.

"*Voilà, Messieurs!*" I said, and, taking off my hat to them, walked rapidly in the direction of the cannonade. At the same moment almost, trumpet, drum, and bugle summoned all the troops in and about the town to arms. It was an exhilarating sight, and I walked along the road in a species of delirious ecstasy. "Would," I exclaimed, "that I might ride with all these gallants into the fore-front of the battle as of yore; but, alas! that may not be; all I can do is to insure their doughty deeds an immortal record in Maga's pages. Forward!" I shouted the last word in the tone of a military command in the tumult of my feelings, the immediate effect of which was to bring an officer in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery out from a hedge by the road-side. This was perhaps a mile from the town. "And where," said the officer, "does Monsieur propose to go?"

"Forward," I replied, "to see the battle."

"It is not safe on this road: besides, two hundred yards farther on the picket will stop you. If you wish to see the fight, you must climb up these heights to your

right. Look at these infantry regiments already scrambling along them; they are going to their places in the line of battle. Let us follow them, for I will accompany you. This road will soon be covered with artillery and cavalry: *allons!*"

He was lame: he had been wounded in the foot some two or three days before, in an outpost affair, he said, so I gave him my assistance up the hill. We took some time, therefore, to crown the ridge, and by that time the infantry had all passed and were in their positions.

The French line was extended (its right) along the slope of the hills on which we stood, and was carried (its left) in a curve down to the level of the road which we had just left, and thence back till its extremity rested on the town of Forbach. Up behind us, and extending away along the heights behind the town, the reserves had their position.

I recognised with a veteran's eye that it was a choice bit of ground for "business." A valley, level as a billiard-table, six miles long and from one to three in width, bounded on either side by low but thickly-wooded hills. At one end across the valley the town of Forbach, at the other on the left-hand side the town of Saärbruck. Such was the *coup d'ail*.

The Prussian line with its left on Saärbruck, or rather on the heights in front of and concealing that town, gradually developed itself, snake-like, and stole its right ever on and on through the woods till it nearly reached Forbach, the acquisition of which was the real object of the Prussian attack. The French line, with its right on the heights of Speicherren (opposite Saärbruck), had its left resting (as I said before) on Forbach. The Prussians with 100,000 men covered no more ground than the French had to hold with 25,000; and thus the French line was weak, stringy (pass

me the epithet), and, in places, gravely imperfect.

The Prussians began the business by a tremendous artillery-attack at the very opposite end of the line from where their object lay. Battery after battery came down the road from Saärbruck, showed themselves on a plateau in front of some farm-buildings, and at first invariably moved away to extend their own left, forcing the French to extend their line simultaneously so as to guard against the turning of their right.

"Name of a pipe!" exclaimed my French companion, "where are these *cochons* of Prussians going to?"

"It is a feint, my dear friend—take the word of a veteran for it," I replied. "They are drawing your people away from the real business. They have discovered your numerical weakness; they will force the fighting on your right, and by-and-by, by the assistance of that thick cover over there, they will send down unperceived an immense force against your left, and pounce upon the town. That is their game. I'll stake my reputation and a year's half-pay on it."

The officer turned pale; he was intelligent—I may say he recognised intelligence—and conviction smote him.

"Calm yourself," I said, noticing his agitation; "your General is not a baby—he will look after the left." He didn't, though, as the sequel will show. Very well, the artillery from the Speicher and Saärbrücken heights engaged each other handsomely for a long time. The French practice was admirable—that I could see; and when it came to be a question of shelling, nothing could be more satisfactory. The nature of the ground prevented me from seeing the effect of the Prussian fire, but it was by no means so rapid in proportion as that of the French. Still the *cochons* kept bearing away to the left.

"The game will develop itself soon, my friend," I remarked; and almost simultaneously large bodies

of Prussian infantry began to descend into the plain right opposite us, and, throwing out skirmishers, began to advance in our direction—that is to say, against the French centre. Behind them came several batteries of artillery, which were wheeled to the right as soon as they touched the level, and began to blaze away up the plain against the French left, where it swept round in a curve half across the plain without any cover; the line of fire of these new batteries being thus perpendicular to that of the batteries engaging the artillery of the French on the Speicher heights.

"You see, *mon ami*," I could not help exclaiming, with a little pardonable exultation, "you see the attack on your left begins to be developed, just as I said. Let us hope that Froissard is up to the mark."

Meantime a brigade of infantry were sent from our immediate vicinity down into the plain to check the advancing Prussians. I may mention, *en passant*, that there was no cavalry visible at this juncture on either side.

We were beside the 24th of the Line. The men were, as French soldiers generally are, cheery, polite, intelligent, and chatty. I had become quite friendly with many groups of this brave regiment. They listened with marked respect to my observations, and passed them on to eager listeners who could not approach me for the crowd. My field-glasses were in perpetual requisition. I am a soldier, and I recognise a comrade whether his epaulette be of worsted or of gold lace, so my glasses were freely at the service of those whose remarks indicated intelligence. The first battalion of the 24th were ordered to fall in and advance with the first brigade. They descended into the plain; we gave them a parting cheer, and they went down to the battle inspired with a rare enthusiasm. The Prussian advance appeared to be checked, though hundreds of the French brigade—including our poor

friends of the 24th—fell before our eyes. The Prussians next seemed to retire, but it was only to uncover a battery of mitrailleuses; and the Prussian mitrailleuse is, as we are now informed, twice as deadly as the French, throwing fifty balls as against the French twenty-five. What a havoc! what a carnage! In twenty minutes a few broken companies came back to the heights—all that remained of the brigade—and another brigade was advanced, our friends of the second battalion (24th) among them. Perfectly undaunted they went, filled with the same high spirit of chivalry; and as they disappeared a moment below the crest, Campbell's lines rose to my lips—

'They are true to the last of their blood
and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of
death.'

And so they were, and so they did, all honour to them. What was their fate? The same as their predecessors', and a fate shared by many a succeeding battalion. It was dreadful to see this carnage—it was pitiable to see the ungrudging devotion of the victims. Looking on at a battle in the black coat of an amateur is a vastly different thing from being in it "on duty." One feels almost dastardly in such a position; but at least human feeling is not stifled. I am not ashamed to say that my heart bled when I saw the ground covered with the mangled bodies of the brave 24th, and I, who am not, as you know, given to the melting mood, for once felt myself overcome. If innocent blood ever cries to Heaven for requital, surely from that awful field the blood of these brave, frank, honest, loyal men, must invoke a terrible reckoning on the guilty souls who compassed all that cruel sacrifice for their own selfish ends.

Pardon the digression. My own position now became perfectly untenable, and, after several warning bullets had imbedded themselves in the ground close to us, I tucked my limping Frenchman under my arm

and felt my way through brake and dell towards the left. Everything was turning out exactly as I had predicted, but the gratified pride of the tactician was quelled by the sadness of the man. On the Prussian right the woods were now filled with riflemen, who gave a murderous fire across the plain. Many an effort was made by the French to dislodge them. The skirmishers advanced times without number to the very edge of the cover, losing half their number in the advance and the other half in the retreat,—so carefully concealed and posted, so numerous yet so compact, were the unerring wielders of the fatal needle gun. The French tried their mitrailleuses against the wood once and again, but still the voice of the wood gave back its answer in accents loud and constant as before. Suddenly there was a lull, a pause, at last a complete silence along both lines.

"A drawn fight after all!" cried my lameter, with a sigh of relief.

"Pardon me, my friend, it is not so. It is only another *ruse* of the *cochons*; but *bravissimo*! here come reinforcements," for at this moment several regiments of *chasseurs-à-cheval* came briskly on to the scene, and drew themselves up under cover of an angle of the wood below us. I spoke cheerfully, but immediately after a chill presentiment struck me. "They have come to cover the retreat," I said to myself—not aloud, however. Five battalions of infantry also arrived, and went straight off in the direction of the right. "Froissard is a fool!" I permitted myself to exclaim; "we want all these fellows *here*—here or beyond the town even; we want every mother's son of them, and as many more as ever we can get, and where the deuce is his artillery?"

Where indeed? miles away—at Sarreguemines perhaps—smoking their pipes and crooning the *Marcellaise*. The pity of it, the pity of it! The lull did not last long. The battle soon began afresh, and

was simply fought over again *à capo*. A furious cannonade from the Prussian left, weakly replied to. Massive assaults of infantry and mitrailleuse on the centre more and more feebly repelled. A perfect *feu d'enfer* against the French left from the marksmen in the wood until there was scarcely any French infantry to reply. So it went on till dusk began to fall, and then—another lull.

"It is all over," said the Frenchman again.

"Let us wait," was my reply; and our patience was not sorely taxed. The lull did not last five minutes. Then first we saw in the far distance, hazily, the Prussian left advance *en masse* across the plain (the French right, by the by, had fallen back so as to form an oblique angle with their centre), and while we were yet looking, suddenly, away beyond our own left, and beyond the town of Forbach itself, a cannonade broke out; deafeningly loud, unequivocally close to us. A fresh division of Prussians had arrived in extension of their right, and had opened fire with big guns, mitrailleuses, musketry, everything, on the meagre French force which was extended beyond the town in the direction of Metz.

"THE FRENCH LEFT IS TURNED, FOR TEN YEARS' HALF-PAY!" I exclaimed, in great excitement. "Am I or am I not a tactician?"

"*Au diable* with your tactics," replied the Frenchman. "Let us rather consider our safety, for it now appears to be a question of '*saute qui peut*.'"

And so it was. The French right was doubled back like a fan upon its centre, and the shattered remnants of the left would probably have been in the same condition if there had been any cohesion or stamina in that flank; but there was not. It was a simple rout, a flying mob of terrified units, who threw away their arms and bolted like rabbits to the heights and

the woods, anywhere, anyhow, to get away from the *cochons*, who pelted briskly away at the retreating mass, to which I, hampered with my limping friend, now prepared to join myself. Before leaving the battle-field, you will perhaps expect me to give you some sort of an *ex cathedra* opinion as to the object of the action, and the cause of its fatal issue for the French. As to the object of the action, nothing need be said. You and all your readers know perfectly well what the Prussians have been doing during the last fortnight, and it was to enable them to begin that series of operations that they had, as an initial step, to fight and win the battle of Forbach. As to the cause of the French disaster, I think I may safely ascribe it to numerical weakness; I don't mean merely on *that day*, and on *that battle-field*, but in that district of the area of the war—to numerical weakness and the dispersed way in which the numbers were disposed over a large area. It is very easy to say the French should never have abandoned the heights over Sûrbrück; but, after all, had they any choice? That evacuation was the beginning of a change of tactics—a wise change, and one which was essential for the safety of their force. They had resolved to concentrate their troops; the long, weak, straggling limbs were to be drawn in and compacted. But the change, which never should have been necessary, was attempted too late. It was probably suggested by a sudden discovery of the real, or something like the real, disproportion of their numbers to those of the Prussians. Hence a sudden change of tactics, which the enemy's alertness prevented them from carrying out in time; and the battle of Forbach was fought, if I am not greatly mistaken, when the *French dispositions* were in a *state of transition*. Therefore it was that their reinforcements were not forthcoming, or only in miserable dribblets, till

the day was lost. The fact is, that overweening self-confidence, and a complete misapprehension of the strength as well as of the qualities of their enemy, tempted the French into a false and untenable position, which violated every strategic canon, and from that position their generals either lacked the skill or the energy to extricate them in time.

And that is all I am going to say about the matter.

To return to my own story. All day long, at different intervals, I had observed, when not altogether preoccupied by the drama of the fight, a certain gendarme dodging about in my vicinity, and regarding me with looks of sinister curiosity. At times I lost sight of him, when the hottest of the fire induced him (the poltroon) to consult his own safety; but he was sure to crop up again with his nasty sidelong, semi-insolent glances. Sometimes he seemed resolved to say or do something, but when I looked him haughtily in the face his craven spirit seemed to fail him. He was close beside me when I was fraternising with the 24th, and seemed to interest himself deeply in my discourse; and now, on the little eminence beside the town, whence I had been observing the finish of the affair, he was still beside me. Whether the *débâcle* of the French left had stirred his gall and roused his courage to the sticking point, or whether he wanted to pass me off as a Prussian prisoner he had taken, and so cast a certain lustre over his own flight, I know not. Suffice it to say, that when I shouted to my French officer that the French left was turned, and that I would back my opinion for ten years' half-pay, the rascal stepped up to me and spoke.

"Evidently monsieur is the enemy of France; at this moment he exults."

"He does nothing of the sort, animal," I replied; "he is before everything the friend of France."

"Where do you come from?"

"I come from Paris."

"You do not insult my common sense by pretending to be a Parisian?"

"As to your common sense, it would be difficult to insult *that*," I sneered. "As to my being a Parisian, Heaven forbid! I am a Londoner, a subject of her Britannic Majesty, and war correspondent for 'Blackwood's Magazine.'"

"*Sapristie!* what is all this gabble?" said the fellow. "Your passport?"

"Is this a time to think of such things, when we ought to be flying from the Prussians?"

"You decline to show me your passport?"

"For the moment, yes; let us run rather while we may."

"I make you my prisoner as a Prussian spy," cried the fellow, laying his hand on my collar.

"I can't run with your hand there," said I; "besides, you prevent me from assisting my lame friend" (who, by the way, had shown himself strangely inactive all this time). "In a word, if you don't unhand me, I'll knock you down and give you such a licking that you won't be able to get away from the Prussians at all."

Still the fellow persisted; and I had just shaken myself free, and with one hand on his throat was preparing to chastise him, when, Piff! Paff! Powff! a company of Prussian infantry trotted briskly round the flank of our knoll, and began squibbing away with their confounded needle-guns at the scattered soldiers and villagers who were scrambling up the heights. We were fairly in the toils; but my veteran eye descried at once the advantage to which I might turn this abominable gendarme. I collared him tightly enough, I promise you, and could not help muttering in triumph, "My turn now, dog of a *mouchard*." The Prussians did not notice us for a few minutes, but kept blazing

away up the hill with immense spirit. At last the "cease firing" was sounded, and they turned. There was a yell of surprise, and something worse, when they saw us; and several needle-guns were pointed for one dreadful moment at our group. But I waved my white pocket-handkerchief above my head, and shouted at the pitch of my voice, "ICH BIN KEIN FRANZOSE! ICH BIN EIN ENGLANDER!" Thereupon an officer ordered the men to lower their muzzles, and I advanced steadily towards them, dragging my gendarme with me, and continuing to wave my handkerchief.

"Guten tag, mein hauptman," I said, addressing the officer with a courteous elevation of my hat as I approached him. "Here I have the honour to present you with a prisoner," and in a twinkling the gendarme was seized and pinioned by a couple of soldiers.

"You are Angleesh, sare?" said the officer, speaking in our beloved tongue, to my great joy.

"I am, sir."

"And domeceeliated in Forbach?"

"Hum, yes, in a sense." (I had breakfasted there, and I had no other domicile in France, so it *was* true.)

"You have a passport?"

"Certainly." I produced it, and it was admitted to be *en regle*.

"I am a leetel pozzled. Vat to do wees you I know not. On zo whole I theenk I make you preesonair."

I saw at a glance that the man was grossly deficient in decision of character, so I energetically pointed out to him that it was the merest waste of precious time to arrest a neutral.

"And your seempaties, are they for Prussia?" hesitated the man.

"Can you doubt it? Hence I am here—hence that gendarme is your prisoner; he is rather a dangerous fellow, by the by," I

added, "and I would recommend irons for him."

"I will not trouble you more, sare," said the German; "you are free. The French officer is, however, my prisoner. *Votre epée, monsieur.*"

I ventured to intercede for him.

"He is a dear friend of mine," I said. "He is in poor health. Let me take him away with me. He shan't fight; I'll see to that."

"Silenz, sare," cried the officer, "and take yourself off."

I did so, embracing the French officer, and shaking my fist at the gendarme before I went. I lurked about among the brushwood until the Prussians had all taken themselves off from my vicinity, and then, in the darkness of the night, started off on my retreat—to rejoin the French army. Was I not your correspondent with the French army?

I had a terrible time of it, I can tell you, scrambling up hill and through tangled woods, as, only guided by my sportsman instinct (trained to perfection in the forests of Canada), I kept journeying on, feeling my way for the railway line, where I hoped eventually to find transport to take me back to the French army in some quarter or another. All night long I walked a steady four-and-a-half miles an hour, so that by ten o'clock next morning I must have covered some fifty miles of ground.

At that hour I was fortunate enough to reach the railway close to a station.

In front of the station a locomotive was snorting, and on to it a number of portmanteaus and other effects were being hurriedly tossed. The stationmaster was about to display the better part of valour—he was beating a retreat.

"Sir," I said to him, "you see before you a British Rentier who has been made a prisoner of and grossly maltreated by these *cochons* of Prussians, but who has miraculously effected his escape, and who

prays you to take him with you on your hospitable locomotive, wherever you are going to."

The worthy fellow received me with open arms. *Entre nous*, he was not nearly so sober as one expects to find men of his *métier*; but what of that? His heart was evidently in the right place.

"You may accompany me," he hiccupped, "for my heart bleeds ever for the unhappy. Up with you! I am going to Metz."

"*A la bonne heure*," I cried; "at Metz I shall see the Emperor."

"You shall, mon br-r-rave, you shall! *Ve-vee-e l'Emp'roor!*"

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" I rejoined, and the locomotive started amid our loyal and patriotic cries. Half an hour brought us to our destination. My first care was to reclaim my luggage, which, having been registered for Metz, must have been taken from the train yesterday at this station while I slept. So I went straight to the *Salle de bagages*, luggage-ticket in hand.

"I want my baggage," I said to a fellow who was in charge of the place.

"What baggage?" said the man in a gruff voice, and eyeing me unpleasantly.

"*Deux colis—numero quatre*," I replied.

"Where do you come from?"

"What the dickens has that got to do with the luggage?"

"Where are you going to?"

"Hold your tongue, and give me my things, or I'll report you to your *chef*."

"Ha! ha! HA!" screamed the monster, hysterically. "Ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! *Prussien! Prussien! Voleur! A moi! A moi! Espion! Espion!*"

He vaulted over his counter thus shouting, and rushed out of the room, locking the door after him, and carrying off the key; and I heard him repeating his abominable cries outside in the station. The door and part of the wooden walls were half glazed, and in a second there

was a crowd flattening their noses against the panes. If the fellow had not taken the key with him, I might have been tarred and feathered. Figure to yourself your own correspondent in the fact of being tarred and feathered! As it was, the people shook their fists, howled, and made horrible grimaces at me. Such moments try a man. I leave you to judge whether or not I was likely to be equal to the occasion. I will simply tell you that I responded to their ferocity by drawing myself up to my full height, and gravely bowing when the tumult swelled into a hurricane. I suspect this serenity had its effect. The slightest sign of fear, anger, or indeed any emotion, and they might have shattered the glass, and been at me in a twinkling.

Presently a squad of gendarmerie bounced into the room from the opposite side, and some five or six of them took hold of me.

"*Tenez! messieurs*," I cried, laughingly. "*Vous me croyez dangereux, il paraît.*"

"*Prussien! Espion! Chien! Pendard! Coquin! Assassin!*" roared the squad, and their ruffian expressions were taken up and echoed by the mob outside, who began to show symptoms of forcing an entry.

"How long is this *enfantillage* to last?" I inquired calmly.

"Till the commandant comes," replied the sergeant; "but as he is in the neighbourhood by accident, by a happy accident, it will not be long before you are—" He filled up his sentence by a revolting gesture to indicate death by musketry.

Presently the commandant arrived. I was not very clean by this time. My garments had been badly torn in traversing the woods, and my beard had grown somewhat stubbly in your service.

The commandant appeared to notice this, and my first statement, taken in connection with my per-

sonal appearance, did not seem to strike him with an instant conviction of its veracity.

"Your papers!" he said, sternly.

"At your disposition, *mon commandant*," I replied, politely, handing my pocket-book. My passport was, of course, *en règle*, and in the pocket-book were some letters, which proved that even in Parisian society my connections were distinguished. He worked steadily through the pockets, reading everything he came across with relish, and even avidity. At last he reached the last slip, in which reposed a bundle of circular notes. They bothered him awfully.

"What is this, then?" he cried—"another passport?"

"In a sense, my commandment," I replied, archly, "for these are *billets de change circulaires*, and (if you will pass me the freedom of a small joke) I have ever found them the best of passports."

He was kind enough to think this passably good, and gave a little laugh; and in returning me the pocket-book said, "*Enfin, Monsieur*, the gendarmerie have been in error. You are at large."

"In that case, my dear commandant, when do you think I can expect to obtain an audience of the Emperor?"

"What!" cried this Jack-in-office, in a sudden white heat—"What! a nice piece of insolence truly! See the Emperor indeed! You may judge yourself too fortunate that I do not pack you off to prison; a rubbishy newspaper envoy! *Sapristie!* it is too strong!"

Then, shaking his fist within a quarter of an inch of my nose, he hissed between his teeth, "you will leave this place within an hour, unless you have a curiosity to prove our prison fare."

"Commandant," I said, sternly, "your insolence can only be accounted for by your gross ignorance. I pass it for the moment; but when the war is over I shall

exact satisfaction. There is my card; favour me with yours."

"Take this madman away and lock him up in the train, and watch him till it starts for Paris," screamed the commandant to his myrmidons.

His order was executed. Here I am in Paris, foiled for the moment, but more than ever resolved to obtain my safe-conduct and accompany the *Quartier-Général*, if it be only to witness the last heroic struggles of the gallant French, whom I love and respect with all my heart, however brutal may be their gendarmerie, and bureaucratically arrogant their higher officials. Meantime I receive no answers from Count Palikao and the other Ministers, whom I ply with letters pretty freely; you may be sure. But dropping water pierces the rock by degrees, and the Count will be either more or less than human if he continues to resist the persistent solicitations of Major Corkhardt, C.B.

I have only one anxiety. Suppose that horrible gendarme whom I handed over to the Prussians should get an exchange and come back and denounce me? What then? I shudder to think. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and Heaven knows we have evil days in Paris now with a vengeance. The alternations of a sullen gloom and a frenzied ferocity of wrath, and now and then of a poor flickering of sickly hope observable in the people as each misty telegram arrives with its barren or ambiguous announcements, are terribly striking and suggestive.

One feels instinctively that the whole social fabric is mined and countermined, and that an explosion may take place at any moment, and in any direction. One feels literally as if standing by a volcano and listening to the sinister internal rumblings which foretell an eruption. I am sorry to say that a feeling of exasperation against England is gradually possessing the minds of all classes here. It would

be difficult to give a reasonable reason for this state of things, perhaps. But every one knows that wounded pride is not reasonable in its quickness to take offence, and that it will charge deliriously at the first tangible object. Every one knows that seldom, short of downright abject humiliation, has a nation's pride been more cruelly wounded than that of the gallant French just now. Every one knows that a passionate craving for sympathy is a strongly-marked feature in their national character, which, perhaps, a colder-blooded race can scarcely comprehend, or which, at all events, sheltering themselves behind the plea of neutrality, they decline to humour. Let us add to these considerations a certain *brusquerie* in the tone of our press (which *will* persist in calling a spade a spade), and perhaps we may form some sort of notion as to the springs of the anti-English feeling here. Let us hope that it will pass off. I think it will be our fault if it does not. All the neutrality laws in the world cannot and ought not to repress the sympathy which every manly spirit must feel for the French in this the hour of their bitter trial. I, Dionysius Corkhardt, would be ashamed of my country if I thought it was otherwise, and if all the kind and genial and more than neighbourly friendliness we have experienced for the last twenty years at the hands of our nearest neighbours was to be forgotten abruptly the moment their back is at the wall.

No one will make me believe that the *human* (let us banish political considerations) sympathies

of Englishmen are not with the French in their troubles. If I could be so persuaded, I would agree with the brigade of croakers that the days of our greatness as a nation are numbered. And what I say has no right to touch the susceptibilities of the most sensitive Prussian.

One word more, and I have done. There are numberless schemes and contrivances for the aid and comfort of the wounded, organised both in England and on the Continent. But I have seen no mention of any movement in England to help those whose natural helpers and supports have fallen, or may fall, in this campaign. If there is, I would gladly subscribe to it. If there is not, why not get one up? "What! in Scotland?" you say. "Yes, of course, why not?" I don't suppose you think the movement could begin from a better place. With every sympathy for the wounded in their sufferings, I protest that I am far more moved by the contemplation of the thousands of ruined homes into which Death has entered and is entering with more than his usual retinue of terrors, and where bereavement is not merely the cruel severance of heart ties, but the earnest of starvation and ruin. If any organisation is contemplated to administer help to these desolated hearts and homes, I wish it God-speed from the bottom of my heart, and you have full authority to book for any subscription you may think right the humble name of your servant to command,

DIONS. CORKHARDT,
Major (unattached).

THE EUROPEAN HURRICANE.

EUROPE'S DREAM.

THE nations dozed pleasantly, and dreamed of Peace. They married, and were given in marriage; they ate and drank and feasted; above all, they hastened to be rich. Prosperity had come upon them, the reign of the liberal arts was established, and a golden age dawned for all. They that were wealthy dreamed of the treasure of Ormuz or of Ind: the poor borrowed of their neighbours that they too might be rich. The world held enough for all; let all, then, seek and participate in the good things of the quiet time. So the preacher preached, the sage expounded, the philosopher pointed with his divining-rod to the fa-

thoms-deep ore, men of action travailed for the yellow prize, the hard face of the usurer relaxed in smiles. Highways were levelled out, not from city to city only, but into every desert, and over every mountain; the lightning's flash was guided round the globe, over earth, under water; the east and the west were brought together, the dreary isthmus cut through like a fallow field in autumn.

We have it at last, the world's great secret; we alone, of all that ever lived, truly inherit the earth. Let us plan, and possess, and enjoy; above all, let us admire ourselves—for we are the men, and wisdom shall die with us!

EUROPE'S WAKING.

It was not a gathering cloud that gradually dissipated this fair dream. The waking was not as of one winking lazily at dull reality while he strives to call back the sweet visions of the morning. A yell of war sounded in the midst of the slumber. Men started to their feet amazed, delirious, face to face with perplexity, ruin, death. Belligerents to arms—no time to provide or think; away from the arena all whose native lands are not yet im-

plicated in the strife, hurrying, struggling, crowding, gazing one upon another, and whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come! they come!" Rich men are panic-stricken. Mothers press their babes in undiscerning terror; pale-faced men, more sensible of the danger, are unable to measure its scope and import; joy has vanished suddenly from the earth; laughter is heard only in Hell. Devilish glee! Infernal revelry!

THE QUARREL.

Surely some cruel injury, some intolerable insult only with blood to be washed out, some arrogant assumption or encroachment, some repeated unredressed wrong, can have roused France and Prussia thus—inflamed them with the lust of slaughter, made them drunk with vindictive dreams, reckless of their own lives and properties, regardless

of consequences to themselves, and, of course, regardless of the loss, alarm, and inconvenience inflicted on their neighbours. Clearly it is some cause too strong for human nature to endure, some bitter grudge, that has engendered the most rancorous hatred; for, listen to the cries of the preparing combatants,—there is no demand for

redress or apology, no claim to territory or threatening of political alliances, no advantage for commerce, on their tongues. But vengeance red and full, destruction, annihilation, are the fell designs which have presented themselves to men's spirits. On the one side, Frankfort, Berlin, are the words of menace; on the other side, Paris. The names of the cities are shrieked aloud with fearful meaning. It is intended that they shall become heaps like ancient Babylon, that the places thereof shall know them no more, that the most dread punishment which avengers can conceive shall be inflicted upon the vanquished land. *Væ victis!* indeed.

Yet does no man understand what has touched the hearts and roused the passions of these nations

to such implacable pitch. Small contentions, paltry, pointless, have been named, but have vanished with the naming, they were so pitiful. Cleared of pretext and misty argument, the bare dispute seems to be this—no better—"Which of us shall be greater?" God of mercy! that nations should bleed, that a continent should be convulsed, for this!

There being no present ground of wrath, old feuds, old rivalries, the feelings of generations that have long been in their graves, are recalled into the world to justify the irrepressible thirst of war. But the challenge itself tells the world that the war cannot be justified. The wanton cartel of Amaziah is repeated, "Come, let us look one another in the face!"

HOW ENGLAND RECEIVED THE TIDINGS.

It is but fair to say of England that she received the news of the strife with regret and horror. She could scarcely believe at first that Christian nations would really go to war for such a rivalry. She disliked the disturbance of her peaceful schemes, and the unbounded bloody prospect which had displaced her vision of prosperity; but, over and above selfish feelings, she stood aghast and grieved. Her voice was raised in one unmixed condemnation of the war; her resolution was to arrest or to shorten the course of hostilities. The writer of these lines, who happened to be travelling far and wide through the country at the time

of the declaration of war, can answer for the dissatisfaction which all classes of his countrymen felt. Even the professional soldiers, of whom certain classes are fond of saying that they smell the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting, and that the troubles of the world are their gain and great reward, even these deplored the groundless strife, and would not patiently regard it. When England declared herself neutral, there was more than political meaning in her words. She could feel no sympathy with either combatant, and only mourned that the two were foes.

FIRST SPECULATIONS.

The far-off result of a war grows out of numerous and ever-changing conditions. A mind that could truly discern and weigh present conditions, and could estimate their immediate and succeeding consequences, might foretell the issue.

But therein lies the cause of our uncertainty as to these things. The combatants themselves do not fully grasp the details of the situation—even their own side they cannot perfectly understand; how, then, may they see clearly their adver-

sary's strength and weakness? To the vision of the best-informed soldier or statesman and the most dispassionate reasoner, that amount of ignorance or uncertainty which has introduced into men's minds the idea of CHANCE must present a series of obstructions. There is no such thing as accident: events are the certain consequences of causes; but we cannot know all the causes that are operating, and hence future events are dark. He who can best take measure of the present ought to be the best prophet of the future.

But if the initiated, the minutely informed, the very authors of wars, can see but darkly, and are obliged to walk at least as much by faith as by sight, how shall citizens or rustics discern the promises of such adventures? Yet it is but human that we exercise our judgment on such knowledge as we have, be it much or little, good or bad, and hence opinions are as plentiful as blackberries. Most men who have thought at all have some established ideas concerning the belligerent nations, and, putting aside intermediate viscissitudes, base their belief in the final result on these ideas. Others get hold of a historical parallel in the days of the Cæsars or of the Italian republics, and pour out their bit of lore as the shadow of certainly coming events, to the injury of button-holes and tempers. Some swear by a great warlike secret known to be possessed by one side, others pin their faith to a ruler or a chieftain. The most numerous class, perhaps, of all who guess, are they who are guided by their wishes or their fears.

Of course, after recovering from the shock which the first news gave her, England fell a-divining. The whole country resolved itself into a series of vast predicting societies, who made their selections, the ladies being quite sure each that her own preferred nation would triumph. The excitement of Epsom or Ascot was spread through the whole community, and bounded by the four

seas. Workmen at their work, travellers in railway carriages, companions over their ale, soldiers in their guard-room, discussed the prospects of the war. Even the starved artificers at Greenwich for a moment left off cursing their right honourable member to talk over the momentous question of who should win. Those who habitually gossip and guess rushed into such wild excesses on the occasion, that many of delicate constitution suffered severely for the intemperance.

"France, chivalrous, renowned France, must be victorious. She never was beaten by a single nation since the feudal days. Banded States could hardly manage her. Then, remember, her plans are all laid; we know *that*, at any rate. She is well prepared, and before the enemy is fairly on the alert, she will be over the Rhine and half-way between Frankfort and Berlin. Don't we know how rapid she is? Her navy is superior, and she can disembark an expedition on any part of the German coast, keeping the whole seaboard in alarm, and necessitating a strong home guard. Again, the *chassepot* will be effective at 400 metres further than the needle-gun, so that a line in absolute safety may mow down their enemies with *sang froid*. And, above all, is there not the celebrated *mitrailleuse*, which is to sweep battalions away at every discharge? A battery of these wonderful pieces will decide any field. We English might have had them, but our military savans pooh-poohed them as they pooh-pooh everything that has merit. Specimens of them may be seen thrown aside at Woolwich among other slighted inventions. There was some little defect in the working, for which we condemned the pieces. The French were wiser: they grappled with the little difficulties and overcame them; the flaws were remedied one by one; and now, armed with the most perfect engine of destruction that the world has ever seen, they

march to certain victory. They have chosen their own time for the first campaign. The peal will follow the flash ere men have time to say, behold! 'Strike soon and strike hard'—we know whose maxim that is. Six weeks will see it over. In the mean time we shall have enough to do in looking after ourselves and our allies."

The above predictions, singly or in combination, came from the reasoners on the side of our French neighbours. But the other side also had their say.

"The Germans are united and determined. They don't expect rapid brilliant success; they will probably stand on the defensive; but their resources are enormous; their army, when they assemble it, like the host of Attila for number. They will endure and resist till the enemy is wearied by their stubbornness: then they will strike. Instead of disunion, this attack will produce union in new Germany—it is the very cement that was wanted. We must not forget how admirably the councils of Prussia advised in 1866, nor how ably her armies confirmed the councils' decrees. Besides, is it so certain that the chasseur excels the needle-gun? We have been told so frequently enough to produce a sort of misgiving in the absence of proof; but is the fact so? It is sometimes politic, as Mr. Barnum has been good enough to explain to us, to impress the world with the wonderful qualities of a thing not yet made public, and no doubt the

fame of the vaunted chasseur has had its effect, and helped opinion on the side of France; on the other hand, it is not always wise to let it be known on what you place your chief reliance. Every puff for yourself is a hint to your enemy. It is not to be imagined that Prussia knows less than the rest of us about these formidable weapons. The same of the mitrailleuse. Yet Prussia is not discomposed. Then look at the strength of her frontier. The ways into Rhenish Prussia are but few and far between; the ground is very uneven, though traversed by no very large stream; on its west boundary it is secure as long as the neutrality of Belgium may be respected. And then the Rhine and its many fortresses, its broad stream and its strong line, which from beyond memory have presented such obstacles to an invader. Circumstances are so far favourable to Prussia, inasmuch as she is not the challenger, that she may with honour stand and wait the attack. France, so hot for war, must, and no doubt will, make the assault. But let her beware; once entangled in the broken ground of the Rhine Province or the Palatinate, or once on the German side of the Rhine, there is no child's play for her. It will take half her army to preserve her communications, and of the other half Prussia may possibly give an account. Germany does not expect to astonish as she did in 1869, but she goes in steadily to win."

A SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT.

The first vague ideas had been put into words, and unsparingly talked over for two days or thereabouts, when an incident materially affecting speculation was made public. Bavaria and Wurtemberg declared themselves partakers in the war, on the Prussian side, and immediately a clearness of outline,

heretofore wanting, was given to the situation, and those who could see at all saw that Prussia's prospects were largely improved. The public did not, however, attach so much importance as it deserved to this event. It was a momentous event, nevertheless. Following it were many rumours of political,

complications, all likely to have an influence on the war; but as none of these took shape, it is needless now to repeat them.

THE GATHERING.

France, as usual, never doubting of success, and anxious to attract attention, let us know something of what she was doing. Prussia was very reticent, and it cannot be said that her arming and the marshalling of her powers were ever known to strangers. Plenty of flip-pant accounts advised us of what she was about, but most of them turned out to be mistaken.

The French fighting army was, we were informed, distributed in eight grand corps, each under a leader of repute. The Imperial Guard (eighth corps d'armée) was at Metz; the first corps d'armée (M'Mahon's) was at or about Strassbourg; the seventh (Douay's) was south of Strassbourg, extending to Belfort; Faily with the fifth corps d'armée was at Bitche; the third under Bazaine was at Metz; at St. Avold was Froissard with the second corps; at Thionville lay the fourth corps under L'Admirault; the sixth corps was to the westward at or near Chalons under Canrobert. The actual numbers of these corps have never been correctly reported; but, taking the establishment of each at 50,000 men of all arms, the total force here represented would be 400,000—or say, after making every allowance, 350,000 fighting men.

The Prussians, also divided into 8 or 9 corps, were coming up and ranging themselves under three chiefs. Prince Frederick Charles had the right, General Steinmetz the centre, and the Crown Prince the left. The numbers of these corps, supposing them all to be assembled, were supposed to be not very unequal to the muster on the French side; but there was an idea abroad that the soldiers were not yet with their standards, and that it would require some time to com-

plete the battalions. Wherefore, said the seers, Prussia's attitude must be defensive at first; her object must be to gain time, and to keep her invader at a distance from the heart of the nation as long as possible. She will yield ground to him at first—not hastily, nor readily, but after having put in his way all manner of difficulties short of a great battle. Prince Frederick Charles, we heard, was working towards, or was actually on, the Lower Moselle, by Treves; General Steinmetz, pivoting on Landau, or some place near it, was somewhere between Mayence and the Saar river; while the Crown Prince was on the other side of the Rhine in the Black Forest, ready to act in case the passage of the river by the enemy should be attempted.

Indeed, it was quite a settled belief in the minds of most that the war was to be carried across the Rhine. The question was whether Prussia could so breast the impetuosity of the first great shock as to be able afterwards to use the advantages which time might give her. The very declaration on her side of Bavaria and Wurtemberg was thought by many to be a misfortune to her at that stage of the war; for, said they, it has increased the length of her vulnerable frontier considerably, while for the moment it has brought her little or no strength; consequently she must attenuate still further her scanty line, in order to watch her prolonged boundary, thus giving the invader a better chance of breaking through. Notwithstanding this, there were people who never thought that Prussia would suffer herself to be taken advantage of in any great degree, and who saw that, from the time when the armies began to take form, she

had many points in her favor. To explain which, we ask leave to introduce for very short consideration

TWO OR THREE WAR AXIOMS.

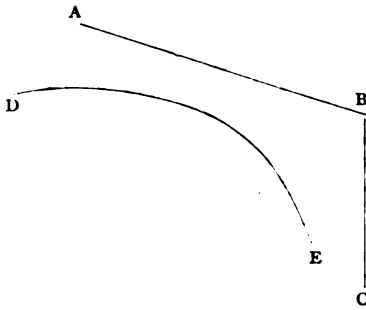
If we suppose two armies of about equal strength to be disposed, one of them along the lines A B, B C, in the annexed figure, and the other somewhere on the line D E, and for the moment put aside considerations of time and topography, we see at once two truths—the one is, that the army on the curved line can gather itself together in a mass much more readily and quickly than that which mans the angle; first, because it is already less dispersed; and secondly, because its corps are all looking the same, or nearly the same, way; while, of the other army, one half

ed on both flanks, and taken in reverse by the army on the sides containing the angle.

When the area of the contest is small, so that the two legs of the angle can readily understand and help each other, and there is no other condition of importance, then D E will be likely to get the worst of the situation. But when time enters into the calculations—that is, when, from the length of the legs, or from some obstacle impeding the free action of either, support cannot be promptly rendered—then D E has a more promising game. By striking rapidly, and by striking hard, it may cripple one leg before the other can come to the rescue, and may afterwards deal with the other leg.

It need scarcely be added that natural barriers, such as rivers or mountains, and artificial barriers, such as fortresses, would largely affect the calculations on both sides.

Now the sides A B, B C, represent the form in which the German forces spread themselves out to guard the frontier of the Rhenish provinces and the right bank of the Rhine from Carlsruhe southwards, if the position of them, as was reported and as is given above, be correct. The line D E answers also to the general bearing of the French position. Supposing the Prussians on the frontier between the Moselle and the Rhine to have been unable to take care of themselves, they might have been cruelly handled by an enemy before the troops from the Baden side of the river could arrive to the rescue. The troops in Baden were protected by the river and by the force on the frontier of Rhenish Prussia—i.e., on the other leg of the angle, which forces would have been most effective



looks in the direction of the line B C, the other in the direction A B. Therefore, before the latter can all act in concert on a given point, they must be turned so as to look the same way.

The other thing that we see is, that if the army on the curved line should gather itself together and precipitate itself on any part of the line A B, it will have the line B C on its right flank, where it can make little or no resistance; if it should fall on B C, then A B will be on its left flank. If it should make a push at the angle B, it runs a risk of being overlapped, punish-

against an enemy attempting to cross the river.

If these little maxims be borne in mind, they will probably explain

a good deal of what has been written and of what has to be written concerning the campaign.

THINGS NOT YET COMPREHENDED.

If it was truly said that the French army mustered strong, while the Prussians were coming up in dribblets to their appointed stations, it is an unexplained mystery that the French did not cross the frontier somewhere and establish themselves on German soil. Supposing, what was probably the case, viz. that the action of Bavaria and Wurtemberg baffled to some extent the French plan, that was no reason why the whole plan should be abandoned and a new plan should not be substituted. Such a *contretemps* might probably have cost the elder Napoleon half an hour's intense reflection over his maps, at the end of which time he would have taken order for an altered attack, possibly superior to the first idea, whereof none but himself would have understood the import till it should have been well in progress of execution. We know simply that the French did not cross the frontier, that every one was puzzled by

their inaction, and that we had to rest satisfied with the conclusion that, even for a country prepared as far as is possible previous to a declaration of war, many days are necessary before a campaign can be commenced.

Another perplexing proceeding was the extension of the French host on a line almost joining the extremities of the two Prussian lines, namely, along the line D E. Such a distribution was of course justifiable, for the purpose of keeping the enemy in doubt as to the real point of attack, in which case the point of re-assembly would be settled beforehand; but unless some stratagem were intended, the principle of the French corps d'armée should have been to keep within supporting distance of each other, with perfect communication, so as to be able to collect suddenly at the preconcerted point, and crash through the adverse line.

THE PAUSE.

When it was once settled that time was indispensable for the French, it of course followed that time was in a greater degree necessary to the Prussians, whose preparations were less advanced when the declaration of war took place, and who had, many of them at least, to be brought up from very distant points. We read day by day how the Germans were crowding up, but their proceedings were never very clearly revealed. And, indeed, the anxiety for accurate intelligence concerning them was not very devouring, as people had made up their minds that the first move

would be made by the other side. Something was always going to happen to-morrow, and in this expectation the world lived many days, amused by personal adventures of special correspondents, and convincing predictions of the campaign about to be.

It was all settled that the Emperor would break through the boundary and cross the Saar, between Saarlouis and Bitche (where, by the way, there is a great scarcity of roads), and that the Prussians would certainly not make a stand westward of the Rhine, if even they should fight on the left bank of the

river. The fortresses—some of the most formidable in the world—were disposed of with great dexterity; some of the places might be tolerably strong, Mayence and Ehrenbreitstein to wit, but they required such an abundance of men and stores as Prussia could by no means furnish. They would be a source of weakness rather than of strength.

It is worthy of note, too, that of the thousand maps of the seat of war which issued from the English press, the greater number did not show many miles of country west of the line Thionville, Metz, Nancy.* Why should they, when, as the Emperor afterwards said, the scene of operations was to be in a country full of fortresses and obstacles?

Four days after the declaration of war by the Emperor of the French, her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, proclaimed the neutrality of these realms—a neu-

trality to which probably not one of her subjects in his most secret heart demurred, but which we all heartily prayed God that we might be able to maintain. But a great perplexity was experienced in respect to Belgium, whose King also had declared himself neutral; for that country was, in parts of its boundary, touched by both the belligerent States, and it lay exposed to violation by either. Assurances were given which somewhat allayed fears on this head. When a selfish policy was attributed to Russia, she came forward with a very frank and explicit renunciation of any design, save what might contribute to the restoration of peace. And within a short time the powers of Europe had, one and all, the two combatants of course excepted, announced the intention of refraining from the strife. Thus there was a prospect of the ring being rigidly kept; they "try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL UTTERANCES.

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"Soldiers! I am about to put myself at your head to defend the honour and

the soil of the country. You go to fight against one of the best armies in Europe; but others who were quite as worthy were unable to resist your bravery. It will be the same again at the present time. The war which is now commencing will be a long and severe one, since it will have for the scene of its operations places full of fortresses and obstacles; but nothing is too difficult for the soldiers of Africa, the Crimea, China, Italy, and Mexico. You will again prove what the French army, animated by the sentiment of duty, maintained by discipline, and inspired by love of country, can perform. Whatever road we may take beyond our frontiers, we shall find glorious traces of our fathers. We will prove ourselves worthy of them. The whole of France follows you with her ardent wishes, and the eyes of the world are upon you. The fate of liberty and civilisation depends upon our success.

* A friend of the writer's was just too late at the counter of a German map-seller, well known in London, to obtain the map of the theatre of war as decided on by everybody. The vendor, remarking his disappointment, offered him the map of France, saying, "I think, sir, you may find this map even more useful than the other."

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"Soldiers! let each one do his duty, and the God of armies will be with us.

"NAPOLEON."

And thus spake the King:—

"To my people.—On my departure to-day for the army, to fight with it for Germany's honour and the preservation of our most precious possessions, I wish to grant an amnesty for all political crimes and offences, in recognition

of the unanimous uprising of my people at this crisis.

"I have instructed the Minister of State to submit a decree to me to this effect.

"My people know with me that the rupture of the peace and the provocation to war truly did not emanate from our side; but, being challenged, we are resolved, like our forefathers, placing full trust in God, to accept the battle for the defence of the Fatherland.

"WILLIAM."

FIRST SIGNS OF ACTIVITY.

Well, the monarchs took the field, and still to-morrows were barren. "A battle is imminent," was a stereotyped sentence of correspondents' letters; but the battle remained imminent for some time. It was about this period that some inspired person, perhaps a medium, hit upon the following explanation of the delay: "There are not wanting many who believe that they (the French) are purposely delaying, in order to exhaust the strength of Prussia. It is no secret that Prussia must suffer, and does suffer, severely under a prolonged state of war. Her crops are not reaped," &c. &c. We may be excused for not quoting the rest. Yes, that was it. France, contrary to the practice of ogres in general who prefer fat and well-flavoured victims, was going to starve Prussia first, and eat her up afterwards!

It is a long lane that has no turning; at length there came a to-morrow which was not as other to-morrows had been; for the Emperor, thinking, perhaps, that Prussia was sufficiently emaciated, gave signs that he would taste her blood; nay, more, he commanded that the slaughter should be with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, and that his only and well-beloved son, the Prince Imperial, should there learn the smell of brimstone, and harden his young heart to the sight of blood. On the 2d of August a few battalions, as the French telegrams said, ad-

vanced with artillery and mitrailleuses against a strong Prussian force that was holding Saarbruck, attacked it vigorously, fought with it for two hours, and finally drove it from its ground. From 10,000 to 20,000 men, said the French telegrams, were thus dislodged; but the German telegram owned to only one battalion having retired. It is scarcely doubtful now that the French greatly outnumbered the Prussians. However, there was an undeniable Prussian retreat; the French lost 11 killed, including 1 officer; the mitrailleuse spread consternation, and mowed down two companies; the loss of the Germans was probably much greater than that of the French; and so the first engagement ended in a French victory, which the Emperor reported as follows to the Empress:—

"Louis vient de recevoir le baptême de feu. Il était admirable de sang froid et n'a nullement été impressionné. Une division du Général Froissard a pris les hauteurs qui dominent la rive gauche de Saarbruck. Les Prussiens ont fait une courte résistance. Nous étions en première ligne, mais les balles et les boulets tombèrent à nos pieds. Louis a conservé une balle qui est tombée tout près de lui. Il y a des soldats qui pleuraient en le voyant si calme. Nous n'avons perdu qu'un officier et dix hommes tués. NAPOLEON."

It is painful to read of this pitiful affair. The defenders of an advanced position are driven in with

all the state of a grand battle. An emperor and an emperor's heir are present on the glorious occasion in the front of the line. A record of the achievement is entered in the archives of the Empire and published; it is not much worth preserving, but it will probably outlast the Empire itself. Some of the

English editors and correspondents were profoundly affected by the artless bulletin, and must have been overcome like "*des soldats qui pleuraient*;" but to most English minds the despatch seemed a piece of bombast, and the idea of the poor child taken out for his baptism of fire was revolting.

THE PACE IS MORE RAPID.

By this time Prussia seemed to tire of being starved, or, at any rate, of being inactive. The Emperor did not hurry himself to seriously open the campaign, and so the King, ignoring the programme, ventured to commence the war. What the King's troops were about during the interval from the middle of July to the first days of August we may learn from future revelations; we can only guess at it now. But, however they may have occupied themselves, certain it is that we had not done talking about the *coup de théâtre* at Saarbrück when, on the 4th of August, the Crown Prince of Prussia did a thing that made the ears of every one that heard of it to tingle. The last mention made in this paper of the Crown Prince left him, as was supposed, in the Black Forest on the German side of the Rhine. There had been notices of his being elsewhere further to the north, and massing troops in the Palatinate; but when attention was fixed on the French armies, from whence was certainly to come the first move, it was a secondary matter where the Crown Prince might be.

It is manifest, however, that he was by this time on the frontier near Landau (close to the angle B of our diagram) at the head of 100,000 men more or less. Marshal M'Mahon, who, it will be remembered, was near Strassbourg, got some word of the Prince's whereabouts, and despatched General Abel Douay* to look after him, himself following with his *corps d'armée*. But the oft-repeated words of remorse—too LATE—have to be written once more in respect of M'Mahon's movement. The Prussians had crossed the frontier into France. General A. Douay had halted his men near Weissenbourg, and the troops were at breakfast on the morning of the 4th when they were suddenly set upon by a superior force of Prussians, and beaten and dispersed with the loss of General Abel Douay killed, upwards of 500 prisoners, and one piece of cannon, which, its carriage being broken to pieces, fell into the hands of the victors. After this misfortune the French got away somehow in a south-westerly direction, and we will for a moment leave them retreating just to make

AN APPLICATION OF THE MAXIMS.

The Crown Prince did not make hot pursuit after the one or two brigades whom he had surprised and put to flight. He marched

southwards, keeping close to the Rhine. If what was said above be remembered, it will be seen that by this movement the Prince kept on

* It must be remembered that there were two Generals Douay. The other was near Belfort.

its risks. It is true that such an operation would have been attended with danger, but so are most of the operations of war. It would have been necessary to deceive the enemy in front, and to weaken the centre; but the plan had some chance of success, whereas one can see no advantage whatever in that which was pursued. We are told that after Weissenbourg, the Emperor ordered a general retrograde movement, abandoning the heights of Saarbruck, whose capture he had announced with such a flourish of trumpets. This, as far as we yet know, was all that he did, and so the 5th of August was lost. On the sixth it was too late. For on that day the Crown Prince, turning to his right, as has been stated, assailed what was really the flank of the general French position, while General Steinmetz at the head of the central German army advanced against General Froissard and engaged him. Thus there was fighting towards the centre of the line A B, and not far from the angle B on the line B C. The French let slip all the advantage of being on the shorter and single line. They were brought to action dispersedly, and instead of massing an overwhelming force to break through the line of the enemy, they allowed in each case a superior force of the enemy to be brought against them. M'Mahon fought with his face toward B C—*i.e.*, toward the Rhine; Froissard with his face to A B—*i.e.*, toward the frontier of the Rhenish province. M'Mahon, say some of the accounts, might have declined the encounter, and ought to have done so, seeing that the Crown Prince, between the actions of Weissenbourg and Woërth, had been reinforced from the German side of the Rhine. But it is only fair to M'Mahon to suppose that by this time he comprehended the situation and the immense advantage to be gained from checking, not to say defeating, the Crown Prince. He had but a choice of

evils, and, like a gallant soldier, he chose to fight against odds. A little more of such decision might have made the action of France in this campaign appear in a very different light. It is too early for us to attempt to give accurate details, or even outlines, of battles, but we know that M'Mahon's corps fought gallantly *all day*, and at nightfall were driven from the field with the loss of 4000 prisoners, more than 30 pieces of cannon, 6 mitrailleuses, and 2 eagles. The loss in killed and wounded was very heavy on both sides. The Marshal, matched against heavy odds, fought like a Paladin—all honour to him for this day's service.

The battle at Saarbruck or Forbach did not commence till afternoon. We read that the heights from which the French withdrew, as above recorded, on the 5th, were immediately occupied in force by the Prussians, many thousands of whom lay concealed in a wood. The French, reconnoitring this ground, soon understood that the wood was occupied by the enemy, but do not seem to have comprehended how great a swarm was there—40,000 say the chroniclers. They made, therefore, attempts to dislodge the Germans, and became aware of the large force with which they had to deal. Artillery came into action on both sides, and there was hard and desperate fighting. The Prussians in the wood held their ground notwithstanding, and the combat seemed, about five o'clock, to be dying away, when suddenly, both sides having been reinforced, the struggle was renewed with greater violence than before. The Prussians descended from the heights, crossed the valley, and stormed the opposite heights on which the French were posted; fresh Prussian artillery arrived and came into action; the Prussian riflemen emerged from the woods; the attack was too strong to be resisted, and the French line gave way.

We quote from the clear and lively letter of the 'Times' correspondent, published on the 11th August, the following estimate of the numbers engaged, remarking *en passant* that the perusal of the whole letters dated the 8th and 9th, and both published on the 11th, will well reward those who wish to understand the details and immediate consequences of the battle:—

"I sent you last night what I believe to be an authentic detail of the French troops who were present in the action during the greater part of the day. I think, however, that it does not include reinforcements which arrived with fatal tardiness towards the evening; nor does it take account of the artillery, which, however, would be presumably the usual complement attached to a *corps d'armée*. My own conjecture—*valeat quantum*—is that there were probably from 25,000 to 30,000 French troops engaged from first to last.

"As to the Prussians, I have of course nothing to go upon but what I could observe of their line under great difficulties, screened as it was by the dense woods and the undulations of the ground. I believe that their right and their left were simultaneously reinforced—each by a couple of brigades—within an hour of the termination of the action, and it was the turning of the French left by those fresh troops who arrived on the extreme Prussian right which appeared to finish the affair. I hazard the conjecture that the Prussians outnumbered the French by three to one, and I am certain that in artillery their numerical advantage was even greater; and the only wonder is how, with this superiority and the advantageous position which they held (most mysteriously ceded to them by the French on the previous evening), they were not able to finish the battle many hours before. I can hardly say it is wonderful, however, when I remember the splendid valour of the French and their heroic endurance, which it is impossible to think of now without the deepest emotion.

"As to the numbers killed and wounded among the Prussians I can say nothing. The cover of their woods must have made their loss very much less than that of the French. Still, no doubt, they suffered severely. The French loss must have been prodigious. I saw regiment after regiment go into

action and retire fearfully reduced. The 76th and 77th Infantry of the Line and the 3d Chasseurs à Pied were all but annihilated. In one of my own movements of retreat through the woods I met with a captain and six men of the 77th Regiment. The rest of his company were dead or wounded on the field, and these men were retiring, their ammunition being exhausted. Many thousands must have fallen on the French side."

And this picture of the fight of the villagers may assuredly be read with profit in the families of those who dwell at home at ease:—

"When we had reached the summit of the heights, and were actually out of immediate danger of the Prussian shot and shell—when, in fact, the poor people could think of something beyond the instant peril of life and limb—they seemed suddenly to realize the entire ruin which had fallen upon them; they also began to think of their families and friends who were all scattered, flying in desperation through the deep woods, where the darkness was deepening with the falling night. Such scenes of anguish and misery I never saw before, and hope never again to see. Mothers who had lost their children seeking for them with frantic cries and gesticulations—old tottering men and women stumbling feebly along, laden with some of their poor household gods, silent with the silent grief of age—little children, only half conscious of what all these things meant, tripping along, often leading some cherished household pet, and seeking for some friendly hand to guide them—husbands supporting their wives, carrying their little ones (sometimes two or three) on their shoulders, and encouraging the little family group with brave and tender words—the woods ringing with shrieks and lamentations, with prayers to the Saviour and the Virgin. It is impossible to describe in language the sadness and the pathos of that most mournful exodus. If all the world could only catch a glimpse of such a scene, I will venture to say that war would become impossible; that fierce national pride, and Quixotic notions of honour, and the hot ambitions of kings and emperors and statesmen, would be for ever curbed by the remembrance of all the pity and the desolation of the spectacle."

The results, as set forth by the

Prussians (and there is reason to think them only too correct), are—that General Froissard's corps was completely broken up, that the camp of one division, and stores innumerable, were captured by the Prussians, and that 2000 French prisoners were taken. The losses in killed and wounded were on both sides immense.

The two battles of Woërh and Saarbruck were simply crushing to the French. We do not yet know why these defeats, bad as they were, should have so utterly paralysed an army such as the French army was understood to be. The Germans themselves do not appear to have at first understood the whole effect of their victories. But it is only too clear that, for a day or two after the battles—that is to say, during the 7th and 8th August—the Emperor was unable to give any, except the most vague, account of M'Mahon or of Froissard, thus revealing that there had been from the first an inconceivable neglect—can we suppose that there was ignorance?—of the principles of strategy. Not the result of

these battles only, but the general conduct of the campaign, goes to show that the whole line D E was disjointed. There was neither concert nor communication. Of the Emperor as Commander-in-Chief it may be said—and the expression is grievously antipathetic to a subject like this—that his right hand knew not what his left hand was doing; he was not *en rapport* with his own different *corps d'armée*. He did tell us this much, that his whole army was in retreat; but that all might be regained. ("Tout peut se rétablir.") The words sounded like the voice of despair! Was it any wonder that Europe was perplexed, confounded,—that men doubted the testimony of their eyes and ears? The French Empire come to this! Was the dark sentence—"L'Empire, c'est la paix," only to be interpreted by a suppressed member? Should it have been written—"L'Empire, c'est la paix, ce n'est pas la guerre"? We in England could not read the account without lively emotion; it is not then to be wondered at that there was

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

Counsel darkened by words without knowledge; unbounded threatenings; puerile devotion of men's selves to the cause of their country, without reflection, without discernment of the signs of the times,—these were the things reported from Paris when the calamity was made known there. Frantic enthusiasm in plenty, but no wisdom, hardly reason. The Government, the Legislature, the population outside, all seem to have been without definite purpose; they comforted themselves miserably with sounding talk. And mark this thing: the common trouble, the common danger, did not bind the country together. Distraction, enmity of parties, indecent squabbles in the Chambers, these were the

first-fruits of the reverses; and as for the head of the State, we may say that his government was virtually set aside from the date when the events of Woërh and Forbach were made known in Paris. Mark this, we say again: and let them thank God heartily who possess institutions that have stood the trials of centuries—which, through evil report and good report, through wars, through strifes of opinions, through disasters, through successes, have kept a heart in the British nation, and preserved its integrity. We have heard much of late of the faults of our old inheritance—nothing of human invention or of human growth is perfect—let us think now a little of the strength and the security which come with it, and feel

that it is a thing too precious to be even—in the vain idea that it must be destroyed—to be tampered with be improved.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

For days after the 6th of August there was no intelligence of importance from the seat of war. Paris was placed in a state of siege; the Emperor transferred his baton to Marshal Bazaine; and the French Ministry resigned, and were succeeded by another. The King of Prussia, now passing to French soil, issued a proclamation to the French people, remarkable for its good feeling and good policy, informing them that he was making war on the French Emperor and the French army, not on French citizens; and that the latter would receive his protection so long as they should not render themselves unworthy of it by hostile attempts against the German troops.

Marshal M'Mahon, we find, retreated, after the battle of Woërth, to Saverne, in the Vosges Mountains, not very closely pursued by the Prussians. There was great talk of the French army concentrating and defending the passes of the Vosges; but, as before, nothing useful was *done*. In the end, M'Mahon retreated upon Nancy, and the French troops from before Saarbruck fell back and collected about Metz. Thus the French held the line of the Moselle; and the Prussians, in two great columns, pushed after them. The King, with the two armies of Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles, followed in the direction of Metz; the Crown Prince passed the Vosges Mountains, took a southwest direction, and was reported somewhere to the south of Nancy, threatening M'Mahon on the south. It would seem as if at this time the way was open along the banks of the Moselle, and that Bazaine from Metz and M'Mahon from Nancy had some chance of forming a junction near the river

if they wished. To do so would, however, have required more sharpness than had hitherto been exhibited on the French side, because they were watched on both extremes of their line by strong and active enemies. They preferred, however, to fall back both of them towards a point of junction to the westward, and moved both in the direction of Chalons. M'Mahon got away from Nancy, passed Commercy, and finally arrived at Chalons, uniting with fresh forces already there and coming up from Paris. Behind, and on the left of his line of march, went the army of the Crown Prince, like an ominous cloud, to be faced and dealt with only when M'Mahon and Bazaine should join their forces. But Bazaine tarried. He set out, it is true, to keep his tryste with M'Mahon, but up to this present writing is not known to have advanced far on the road. When on Sunday, the 14th, he had sent forward his advanced bodies, the remainder was attacked, and of course stopped, by the Prussians, who had been watching them on all sides. There were Prussians, we know, to the north of Metz, but it appears likely that Bazaine's assailants crossed the Moselle south of the fortress. The fight was severe but indecisive, except in so far that Bazaine's junction with M'Mahon was certainly deferred by it for two days,—and two days in war are a long time to gain or lose. The baffled army rested Monday the 15th, but on Tuesday, the 16th, felt compelled to make another effort to effect their retreat. Probably the account is more correct which says that the army left the immediate neighbourhood of Metz on the night of the 15th, made some little way, and then bivou-

acked. Be that as it may, they were once more attacked, and this time on both flanks, by the vigilant enemy. The French fought for twelve hours, and must have fought *well* to have so long kept up a contest begun in such an unfavourable position. At eight o'clock at night they were enabled to draw off under shelter of the guns at Metz, and they claimed a victory—which we will not deny them to the extent that they prevented by their valour the ruin which probably the Prussians meditated. But the design of the French was to retreat toward Verdun; the design of the Prussians was to stop them. They *did not* retreat. Two more precious days were lost. We will therefore only state this fact, and not wait to dispute about words. Tuesday's battle was at Mars-la-Tour.

Marshal Bazaine could hardly desire to remain near Metz (although we are aware that a design to detain Prince Frederick Charles's army in that neighbourhood has been attributed to him), and it was manifestly not for the interest of the Prussians that he should remain there in quiet. Both sides rested one day (Wednesday the 17th) on their arms, and on the 18th occurred another furious battle. The Prussians, if beaten on Tuesday, were certainly not dispirited. They fought under the eye, if not under the immediate command, of King William. Their line was drawn across the road leading to Verdun, at Gravelotte, with their faces north-east—*i. e.*, towards Metz—and their backs towards Paris. They had, consequently, worked right round the French, and were looking now the same way that the French looked at the beginning of the campaign—namely, towards the line A B. The battle raged, it is understood, from ten in the morning till nine or ten at night. The French must have fought with desperate valour, but this time the result can hardly be called doubtful. The French were forced quite

off the road to Verdun, and, if we can believe late accounts, Prussian troops now pass freely north and south between Verdun and Metz. In other words, Bazaine's retreat upon Verdun is effectually barred; and the meaning of this is, that his immense army is severed from the source to which it looks for intelligence and supplies. Completely isolated, it is represented as being reduced to the dreadful alternatives of, by a last desperate effort, cutting its way through, or of being conquered at Metz by famine.

What may be going on at Chalons we do not quite know. The Crown Prince is in that neighbourhood, and may possibly be heard of before we go to press.

It is evident that the reduction of Bazaine's force by fighting or by famine, or by both, would be an immense advantage to the Prussians, and that to obtain it *quickly* will be worth any effort on their part. For if the force, or any part of the force, now in front of Metz could be spared to march eastward and act in concert with the Crown Prince, the King's success would be to all human calculation assured.

And here we are compelled to leave the subject, without comment, and without much hope that a campaign so inauspiciously begun can be retrieved by the French. The fortune of war is, however, proverbially changeable; and, looking at the great resources of France, it is possible that the game may not be so nearly played out as appears.

We did not interrupt the narrative of events to mention a circumstance which, though not very important, still has a right to its place. Strassbourg, garrisoned by 18,000 French, was invested or observed by a division of the Crown Prince's force about the 11th or 12th, and thus neutralised; the passage of the Rhine above and below the city being by this means open to the Germans.

And another incident* only lately ascertained is the capitulation of the small fortress Phalzburg in the Vosges. This leaves only Bitché in the hands of the French north-eastward of Metz.

STILL NO SYMPATHY WITH EITHER SIDE.

The admiration which always follows well-laid and skilfully-executed plans has, no doubt, been given to Prussia by England; the great change on the London Stock Exchange since the invasion of France would imply that French success was more dreaded than Prussian success by the English moneyed interests; but as to the moral sense of England, it condemns the war as strongly as ever, and refuses to see a justification of it in the success of either party.

As we leave off we believe the Emperor to be at Chalons, the Empress at Paris. It is doubtful where the Prince Imperial may be—in a place of safety it is hoped.

23d August 1870.

* A contradiction by telegram on the 24th leaves this still doubtful.

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PICCADILLY.

It would be impossible to imagine any book more utterly puzzling to the careless reader, who is unprepared to encounter anything more weighty than ordinary sketches of contemporary life—or more full of meaning to the thoughtful, than the volume which, after a lapse of several years from its original appearance in these pages, has just been republished under the above title. We make no apology for thus taking up, in the way of criticism and review, a work originally produced to the world by Maga herself; for the book is too curious and individual to be received as an exposition of any opinions but those of its author; and in so far as it is representative at all, belongs neither to party, creed, nor faction with which we have any relations. Its views are not ours, neither are we prepared to accept its conclusions. It is a work by itself, pervaded through and through by the workings of a mind which has been stimulated by strong feeling into strong action, and which has thrown off at once all the ordinary trammels and ordinary motives of authorship. The writer has written, not because he wanted (as most of us do) to write a book with certain well-understood results of praise and pudding, but because his heart has burned within him, and silence has become impossible. When by times, and at long intervals, a voice thus breaks forth, as it were perforce, from the very heart of the world itself, disclosing a greater or less amount of individual knowledge of all its problems and troubles, and confronting its difficulties with all the earnestness of one practically and personally involved, its interest is far deeper than the interest of any mere literary production even of genius. 'Piccadilly' is not a work of philosophy, nor is it a record of religious experience, nor a novel, nor a satire on modern society—and yet in some respects it is all these put together. Mr. Kingsley made an attempt many years ago, in his book 'Yeast,' to give a glimpse into

Piccadilly: A Fragment of Contemporary Biography. By Laurence Oliphant. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1870.

VOL. CVIII.—NO. DCLX.

2 D

the depths which are covered over by the dazzling surface of society, and to show all the mysteries and tragedies that are going on below. But Mr. Kingsley's book was essentially melodramatic, concerning itself with those tales of seduction and suicide, black villany and impotent white virtue, with which the British public has been long familiar. Mr. Oliphant does not tread that well-known ground. There are no vulgar crimes behind the scenes which he pushes aside for us, but only that much more elaborate and complicated machinery, which, with a hundred conscious and unconscious pretences at better meaning, is really constructed for the deification of Self, the great god of modern existence. Though he preaches many a sharp sermon, and points his lessons with uncompromising plainness, he does not himself assume any lofty standing-ground as of a preacher superior to his audience. On the contrary, he speaks out of the midst of the audience—a man who has been trained in their code, has worked as they work, and has been moved by the same motives. His are not the crude difficulties of a boy bewildered by the contrast between some academic ideal of nobleness and the puzzling realities and prose of life. He knows society and its sins so well that they do not horrify him, nor call any violent comment from his lips. They are the sins among which he has been brought up, which he is prepared to meet, and which cannot but be half comic to him, though at the same time they are wholly sad and terrible. They are comic because his accustomed eye sees through the fictions that veil them, and he cannot refrain from a certain amused admiration of the cleverness of the actors in that strange deceptive panorama. He is so far behind the scenes as to be aware of the wonderful mixture of cunning and simplicity which is visible to the instructed eye in all the wiles of human nature. He sees

how the cunningest, wariest, most artful of plotters will now and then stick his head into the sand like an ostrich, and, with a credulity more wonderful than his cunning, believe in the credulity of others. He sees how some of the actors in this wild phantasmagoria have so wrapped themselves about with fine deceits that they are all but unconscious—sometimes, indeed, wholly unconscious—of the meaner motives below. All this he perceives without horror, without any violence of indignation, or bitterness of scorn. To perceive it is the highest condemnation; but the observer in this case does not vituperate, he only exhibits. Neither is he prepared utterly to condemn even the victim whom he holds up to the world on the point of his spear. He himself is ready to enter into the arena, to take up the sinner's own weapons, to adopt with exaggerated openness his own code of principle, and, with a certain enjoyment of the conflict, foil him on his own ground. With all his perception of the utter falsity of everything round him he is never cynical; he is calm and friendly and impartial, looking on at all those pranks, which make the angels weep, with a smile not of scorn but of insight. He is not horrified, he is familiar with it all; and in this calmness lies one great secret of power.

Such an exposition, however, by a spectator intensely in earnest yet unemotional, has been done before; but there is another element introduced which gives complete originality to Mr. Oliphant's book. His hero is a man of the world, standing on precisely the same level as the other men of the world represented in it. He is not an ideal reformer—a being of grand motives and elevated ways of working. Such a personage does exist in the work, but he stands among the mists as do most ideal creations, an act of homage to the great and noble rather than an actual embodiment of humanity. The hero of the book

—the writer of the autobiography—is not ideal. The peculiarity about him is, that he has been driven half wild in the midst of his natural eccentricity by a sudden gleam of light from heaven. Christianity has come upon him like a sun-stroke, confusing his head and his life. He had known all about the hollowness of society, and the falsehood of its individual members, and the amazing littleness of its aims, before, and had looked upon them with calm philosophy. But it has suddenly flashed upon his mind that Christianity means something else than this—that it means succour and aid and deliverance, an abandonment of self, an adoption of the cause of others; the life not of a mere spectator, however clear-sighted. Such a thought, coming suddenly into the mind of a well-bred and tolerant modern Englishman, accustomed to let everybody ruin or advance himself his own way, to avoid responsibility and interference, and maintain the theory that every man knows what is best for himself, might well produce the most bewildering effect; and the great success in this book, a success which probably genius could not have attained, but only that experience which is sometimes above genius—is the wonderful picture afforded us of the chaos produced in a man's mind and life by this sudden change of motive. It is like a sudden change of wind on the course of a ship at sea. The vessel whirls and shakes and staggers in its course. The ancient direction has become impossible; the new has to be met by spasmodic tacks and shifts and struggles. Currents are more subtle and sails more delicate in the spiritual world. The soul reels and struggles and tries back, and is forced forward, until at last the new breeze takes possession of the trembling sail, and drives about the unwilling helm, and overcomes the tremor and vibration of resistance. This is the crisis which Mr. Oliphant has repre-

sented to us with a truth and force which are very impressive. The reader who does not take the trouble to enter into his intention and idea, will no doubt find a great deal that is most amusing, most telling, and remarkable, in this book; but he will miss the point at which it rises out of the external into the inner life—out of those revelations which depend on sharp sight and deep observation only, into those which belong to the higher conditions of individual feeling—the tidings sent from one soul to another, deepest instruction, information, sympathetic communication which can be made by man to man.

There are very few things which have been so vulgarised by description, so associated with bad taste, mean motives, foolish mock-humility, and the badly-veiled pretences of self-love, as the history of personal religion. It is hard to say why it should be so, for no subject should be, or can be, more interesting to the world. It is impossible to doubt that, in a great many cases, religious life begins in the individual by that crisis and struggle between the old and the new, the true and the false, the light and darkness, which all religious writers and sects have agreed in calling conversion, and which many consider indispensable to every Christian. Nothing in a life, not any of the greatest events which affect it, can be so important as this crisis; and yet nothing can be less human or less divine than the narratives of it which are continually being poured upon us, and which by common consent are relegated to the simple classes of the community, to parish libraries and Sunday-schools, and readers who cannot help themselves. The educated classes, to whom literature in general addresses itself, cannot be said to regard such works as possibly addressed to them. We do not pretend to receive or judge them as (what they ought to be) more

interesting than any other kind of history, involving all the deeper emotions, showing us more than philosophy, more than poetry can reveal to us of the workings of the heart. Perhaps one reason of this complete failure is that there is but one type of conversion recognised by what is generally called the religious world. We have never got beyond the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' notwithstanding the wonderful changes which since then have modified all other essential characteristics of the race. And unfortunately John Bunyan's Christian, though a very wonderful impersonation, and one which has perhaps exercised a greater influence on the common mind than any ideal man invented by any other poet from that day till this, is no longer our typical pilgrim.

The peculiarity of religious life in this age is not that overwhelming sense of personal danger, and necessity for deliverance, which inspired the sixteenth century. It is not judgment to come which appals us, nor hell and the lake of brimstone, nor the hideous demons with their awful claws. Even the Celestial City, with its streets of gold and gates of pearl, is a dim imagination to us, at once material and unreal. We are capable of looking at Satan's hoofs all cloven and harmless, and saying, like the philosopher, "Graminivorous! I am not afraid of you." Christian is one of our oldest friends, and his adventures never fail of a certain charm; but he is a hero of romance, like Sir Galahad or Sir Percival, and does not resemble one of us. Neither is the converted man of religious biography one of us. The Richard Weavers, the converted blacksmiths, the shining lights of Revivals, are equally apart from our knowledge. Let us throw no doubt or suspicion upon them. Their way is as old as Christianity, and doubtless will last as long as matter-of-fact wickedness and simple

intelligences exist in the world. The stories of religious experience which abound in print are no doubt true to the consciousness of the minds which produced them, but they are not true to nature, and they do not affect us. We ask ourselves, Are these people made of flesh and blood? had they, as we have, loves and duties infinitely more precious than their own lives or comfort? or is this curious spiritual transmogrification of the fleshly thing called self-love any real gain or advantage to them? We grant that they are good people, but we cannot identify them. They belong to another region, a different development. The atmosphere about them is to us artificial and unreal. While we find ourselves in a practical restless world full of contending things and interests, they are in a sphere where doctrines and feelings are supreme, and where a man is not judged by what he is, or does, but by the dogmas he believes, and the fluctuations of temper and spiritual heat and cold to which he is subject. If this is the only way of attaining religious light and rising to a higher existence, what is to become of us? for our hearts are not touched, neither do our minds approve.

The picture Mr. Oliphant makes for us is of a very different description. His hero, as we have said, is no melodramatic sinner, but a man of fashion, with no horrible tragedies or depravities in his life to bring him to shame were they revealed. He is not a debauchee, nor a tyrant, but a man who has mingled much wandering and adventure in primitive places with abundant knowledge and experience of that social life which is the highest as it is the most puzzling result of civilisation. He is in the world, in its fullest current, and yet he too is a pilgrim in the agonies of a conversion involving struggles as difficult as those of Christian. But this modern convert is not like

Christian. He is not seized upon by a pressing sense of any burden on his back—of all things in the world his sins are about the last that he is thinking of. It is not the jaws of hell or the valley of the shadow of death that haunt his dreams. His thoughts are of the world about him, that world which he knows so much better than any doctrines or philosophies. He has known it long, and it is no new revelation of its deceits and vanities which startles him. What is new and confusing is the thought that he owes something to it—that his duty is not to remain passive and smile at its follies, or transfix it with polished arrows of calm impartial sarcasm, but to open its eyes, if he can, to what is true and just and good. It has long been apparent to him—before, indeed, any gleam of religious consciousness came into his own mind—that the time was out of joint. He has been enduring, not enjoying, it for years back, perceiving the hypocrisies, falsehoods, and vain fictions, of which society is full—seeing clearly that everything was hollow, fictitious, forced, and unreal, in the existence of which his own life formed a part. He has looked on at this spectacle sometimes with laughter, sometimes with tragic jeers and sarcasm, but generally with a contemptuous indifference, and keen perception of its comic, not to say grotesque, aspect. He himself, too, has been, like the other players in the comedy, acting his part, or rather half-a-dozen parts, as caprice dictated, looking on at his own performance as at theirs, and seeing through both. This is the true spirit of the modern mind, when “awakened” out of the first dull content of nature, or the imaginary satisfaction of Youth. It is not penitent so much as uneasy. It has no fear of judgment to come, nor any deep sense of its own ill-doing; but only a weary, restless, painful consciousness that things are not

well either with itself or its fellow-creatures—that the life it is leading is not justified by truth and nature, and cannot be in accordance with the purposes of God.

This first *avant courier* of religion—this inner voice which replaces that of the Baptist in the modern world, has sounded in a great many hearts which have never come directly under a decided religious influence: perhaps it would be safe to say that it affects more or less all the nobler spirits of the generation in one way or other. With some it leads but to a cynical disdain, and painful, fierce, suppressed indignation of the world and all its ways—many it sends wandering to the corners of the earth, among savages or primitive races, in search of the reality which has died out of civilised existence. It brings down here and there a sick soul out of the higher classes into the lower, to try what manual toil and poverty may do to restore truth to the earth; but whatever its manifestation may be, this is the prevailing form taken by that seriousness which in all ages and epochs has been the preface to religious life. Perhaps the fact that there is no pinch of personal anxiety about it, or very little—and that “what shall I do to be saved?” is not in the least its natural outcry—is the reason why this state of pregnant uneasiness sometimes exists for a whole lifetime without ripening into any true religious conviction. But, nevertheless, it is the state corresponding to that in which the soldiers and the publicans hurried to John the Baptist, and in which, throughout all ages, men and women have thrown themselves wildly upon every new religious teacher. There are still, no doubt, awakenings and conversions after the old model—great personal crises, at which the individual soul finds itself face to face with God, and has to work out its salvation according to its own consciousness, and attain an individual deliverance; but while

these occur by units, they are counted by thousands who are sick of this weary and imperfect round of life. The people who are disgusted with civilisation, disgusted with progress, sick of the hubbub of pretended benevolence, pretended freedom, pretended religiousness, and feel life to be all wrong and out of harmony, without knowing how to put it right, are countless in number. It is this phase of modern feeling which Mr. Oliphant sets before us, not so much to elucidate a state of mind, as to express a feeling which to a very high and intense point he himself shares. His hero is moved by it almost to the height of madness. And yet this very madness is not real, but restrained by a secret thread of consciousness all the time that he is not mad, and cannot be—that he is incapable of thus easily escaping from the great problem. The time is out of joint—the world is out of harmony: broken concords hovering about in the air—sensibilities that start into sight when we least expect them—hidden gleams of good out of the very soul of evil—give note to those who are not too warped by their dissatisfaction to mark them, that harmony is, must be, ought to be, still possible, did we but know how to bring it about; and here and there the sick soul bestirs itself, and makes a wild effort to bring it about; but it has no real energy in any of its movements. It is uneasiness that moves it—nothing more certain—restless disapproval, dissatisfaction, discontent.

When, however, the bewildering sense that it is his duty no longer to smile and stand aloof, but to do something to aid and help the struggling mass, becomes irresistible, the convert can no longer keep silent. He is not made into a wise and far-seeing and large-minded reformer by the struggling determination which thus comes uppermost within him. On the contrary, he is as are the crowds

out of which, so short a time before, he has been taken, differing only in this point, that while all his habits and ways of working are as yet unchanged, the spring of his actions, the great leading motive of his conduct, has been suddenly altered. That has been altered, but none of his customs have been altered, and he has the entire force of the stream to fight against not only outside him but within him; and now and then is so carried away by use and wont that he falls to work in the old ways, and does his best to accomplish the new good which he desires by the old means to which he is accustomed. How Lord Frank Vanecourt does this—how he relapses, after his first self-devotion to the work of a social missionary, into continual outbursts of levity and confusion of new motives and old manners—is the subject of Mr. Oliphant's narrative, if narrative it can be called. He sets out with the intention of a crusade against society as actually constituted in all its developments—an attempt to reform everybody and change the character of modern civilisation; and he ends, as is natural, in entangling himself in the private affairs of a circle, bringing endless trouble upon his own head, being misunderstood all round, and finally sacrificing himself, his private feelings, and a slice out of his fortune, for the rectification of his neighbour's business—a proceeding entirely against his own interest, and, so to speak, out of his way altogether. That he does this in a confused, incoherent, half-mad way, baffling all his friends, and laying himself open to every kind of misconception, is a part of the plan of the tale; and it is this which gives it the strange stamp of originality, and of more than originality—absolute reality and truth—with which it inspires the thoughtful reader. It is intensely alive and real in the very exaggeration of its resolves, the air of levity and extravagance under

which its purpose is laid, and which at first puzzles the spectator, and prompts the question, Does it mean anything at all? what does it mean? which is a question so often asked by the matter-of-fact intelligence in presence of that tone of half banter, half solemnity, which hides the meaning of so many men in society itself. We feel with Lord Frank, as we feel with many in real life, that we don't know whether he is in jest or earnest; that what he says may be real and grave as life and death, or that it may be but a solemn jest, in uttering which the speaker laughs at our credulity, laughs at his own magniloquence, and at the possibility of any real reforming effort, and, in short, at everything in earth and heaven. Here, for instance, is the first statement of the purpose which has arisen in his mind while he has been watching the stream of carriages going to Lady Palmerston's ball—and while he has chattered to and got a cup of tea for Lady Veriphaast at that solemnity:—

“As I write, the magnitude of the task I propose to myself assumes still larger proportions. I yearn to develop in the world at large those organs of conscientiousness and benevolence which we all possess but so few exercise. I invoke the co-operation of my readers in this great work: I implore them to accompany me step by step in the crusade which I am about to preach in favour of the sacrifice of self for the public good. I demand their sympathy in this monthly record of my trials as an uncompromising exponent of the motives of the day, and I claim their tender solicitude should I writhe, crushed and mangled by the iron hand of a social tyranny dexterously concealed in its velvet glove. I will begin my efforts at reform with the Church; I may then possibly diverge to the Legislature, and I will mix in the highest circles of society in the spirit of a missionary. I will endeavour to show everybody up to everybody else in the spirit of love; and if they end by quarrelling with each other and with me, I shall at least have the satisfaction of feeling myself divested of all further responsibility in the matter. In my

present frame of mind apathy would be culpable and weakness a crime.”

With this grand but vague and wild statement of his intentions, Lord Frank, smiled at by his best friend, Lord Grandon, the ideal (but undecipherable) man of the drama, the Grandison hero, for whose benefit all the work is to be done—sets out, not in the least knowing how to begin upon his mission—his first step being the acceptance of a pleasant invitation to a pleasant house in the country. Here he meets with a colonial bishop, a converted Hindoo, an evangelical and stockbroking Lady Broadhem, an eminent member of the “worldly-holy” section of society, with her son and daughters—and several other remarkable specimens of good society. Nothing could be more amusing, more trenchant and uncompromising, yet less tinctured with gall or cynicism, than these sketches of social lions. Here, for instance, is our introduction to the new characters:—

“They had all disappeared to dress for dinner, however, and Dickiefield had not come home from riding, so that when Grandon and I entered the drawing-room, we found only the deserted apparatus of the afternoon tea, a Bishop, and a black man—and we had to introduce ourselves. The Bishop had a beard and an apron, his companion a turban, and such very large shoes, that it was evident his feet were unused to the confinement. The Bishop looked stern and determined; perhaps there was just a dash of worldliness about the twist of his mustache. His companion wore a subdued and unctuous appearance; his face was shaved; and the whites of his eyes were very blood-shot and yellow. Neither of them was the least embarrassed when we were shown in; Grandon and I both were slightly. ‘What a comfort that the snow is gone!’ said I to the Bishop.

“‘Yes,’ said his Lordship; ‘the weather is very trying to me, who have just arrived from the Caribbee Islands.’

“‘I suppose you have accompanied his Lordship from the Caribbee Islands,’ said I, turning to the swarthy individual, whom I naturally supposed to be a specimen convert.

"'No,' he said; 'he had arrived some months since from Bombay.'

"'Think of staying long in England?' said Grandon.

"'That depends upon my prospects at the next general election—I am looking out for a borough.'

"'Dear me!' said Grandon; and we all, Bishop included, gazed on him with astonishment.

"'My name is Chundango,' he went on. 'My parents were both Hindoos. Before I was converted my other name was Juggonath; now I am John. I became acquainted with a circle of dear Christian friends in Bombay, during my connection, as catechist, with the Tabernacle Missionary Society, was peculiarly favoured in some mercantile transactions into which I subsequently entered in connection with cotton, and have come to spend my fortune, and enter public life, in this country. I was just expressing to our dear friend here,' pointing in a patronising way towards the Bishop, 'my regret at finding that he shares in views which are becoming so prevalent in the Church, and are likely to taint the Protestantism of Great Britain and part of Ireland.'

"'Goodness!' thought I, 'how this complicates matters! Which of these two now stands most in need of my services as a missionary?' . . . As Dickiefield was lighting me up to my bedroom, I could not resist congratulating him upon his two guests. 'A good specimen of the "unsound muscular," the Bishop,' said I.

"'Not very,' said Dickiefield; 'he is not so unsound as he looks, and he is not unique, like the other. I flatter myself I have under my roof the only well-authenticated instance of the Hindoo converted millionaire. It is true he became a "Government Christian" when he was a poor boy of fifteen, and began life as a catechist; then he saw a good mercantile opening, and went into cotton, out of which he has realised an immense fortune, and now is going into political life in England, which he could not have done in an unconverted condition. Who ever heard before of a Bombay man wanting to get into Parliament, and coming home with a *carte du pays* all arranged before he started? He advocates extension of the franchise, ballot, and the Evangelical Alliance; so I thought I would fasten him on to Broadhem—they'll help to float each other.'

"'Who else have you got here besides?' I asked.

"'Oh, only a petroleum aristocrat

from the oil regions of America—an other millionaire. He is a more wonderful instance even than Chundango, for he was a poor man three months ago, when he "struck ile." You will find him most intelligent, full of information; but you will look upon him, of course, as the type of the peculiar class to which he belongs, and not of Americans generally.' And my warm-hearted and eccentric friend, Lord Dickiefield, left me to my meditations and my toilet."

Another, the heroine, who is unfortunately too much of the Grandison or high-ideal type, like Lord Grandon, to interest us deeply, is introduced, by a little classification of young ladies in society, as follows:—

"I ran over in my mind my young lady categories, as follows:

"First, { The wholly worldly
 and
 { The worldly holy.

"In this case the distinction is very fine; but though they are bracketed together, there is an appreciable difference, which perhaps some day, when I have time, I shall discuss.

"Second, 'The still deep fast.'

"This may seem to be a contradiction in terms; but the fact is, while the upper surface seems tranquil enough, there is a strong, rapid under-current. The danger is, in this case, that you are very apt to go in what is called a 'header.' The moment you dive you get caught by the under-current, and the chances are you never rise to the surface again.

"Third, 'The rippling glancing fast.'

"This is less fatal, but, to my mind, not so attractive as the other. The ripples are produced by quantities of pebbles, which are sure to give one what is called in America a 'rough time.' The glancing is only dangerous to youths in the first stage, and is perfectly innocuous after one season.

"Fourth, 'The rushing gushing fast.'

"This speaks for itself, and may be considered perfectly harmless. There are only two slows—the 'strong-minded blue slow,' and the 'heavy slow.'

"The 'strong-minded blue slow' includes every branch of learning. It is extremely rare, and alarming to the youth of the day. I am rather partial to it myself.

"The 'heavy slow' is, alas! too common."

Lady Broadhem is, however, a still more important character than either Chundango or "Joseph Caribbee Islands." Her cleverness and promptitude and invincible pluck and courage fill the reader with admiration, and even, it is evident, delight the carnal man, who is not quite subdued in Lord Frank himself. The way in which she trafficks with the hideous Hindoo for the hand of the beautiful and pure-minded Lady Ursula, and shifts and changes when Lord Frank, a duke's son and enormously rich, comes in as an opposition candidate; the duel between the two for a frank statement of her debts and difficulties on the one hand, and for her consent to the marriage of Grandon and Ursula on the other, — have ability and humour enough in them to set up half-a-dozen ordinary novels. Lady Broadhem is grand in her audacity, her strength of purpose, and unscrupulous resolution; her readiness to seize every loophole, and take advantage of every accident. "What, dear Mr. Chundango," she remarked, "matters the colour of your skin if your blood be pure? If your jewellery and your conversion are both genuine, what more could an anxious mother desire for her beloved daughter?" "He is a man of remarkable ability," she explains to her daughter; "*in some lights there is a decided richness in his hue.*" "I need not say what an escape I think she has had from that black man," she adds a few minutes later, when Lord Frank has declared himself. In every one of the many trying circumstances in which we encounter her, Lady Broadhem is grand and original. Mr. Oliphant has kept entirely clear of that vulgar folly sometimes to be found where we should least expect it, which introduces sketches of actual personages by way of giving life to the dead and blank story-spinning which pretends to be fiction. Lady Broadhem is Lady Broadhem, and

no other. She is complete and characteristic in every point — a distinct creature; and, curiously enough, though she is worldly and cunning to the highest, or rather to the meanest, degree, utterly unscrupulous in the means she uses, and actually employing religion as a way to social and other eminence, it is impossible to hate her, or to refrain from a certain sympathy with her amazing cleverness and wealth of resource.

Were we about to treat 'Piccadilly' simply as a work of art, it would be easy to enlarge upon the power of the conception, the wonderful ease and vigour with which the whole is treated; the knowledge of life at once in its ordinary and extraordinary developments which we find in every page. Had, indeed, the book been without that religious meaning which gives it its greatest charm, its singular ability would no doubt have procured its more general appreciation by the public, who can better understand even the fine and pointed satire which goes over the heads of the common crowd, than they can understand those motives which to the sober mind of respectable church-going folk, satisfied with just enough religion to keep them comfortable, cannot but look overstrained and extraordinary. As it is, the deeper significance which lies underneath is apt to confuse the reader in his perception of the amazing vividness and force of talent in these social sketches. There is not a stupid page in the whole volume. Every character is distinct and sharply outlined, and full of restrained power and humour. Even when we look at the subordinate personages in the drama, nothing can be more instinct at once with insight and with force than the outline of Mr. Wog, the American capitalist who has "struck ile," and has come to England to make notes on the aristocracy for the benefit of his countrymen. And the scenes in the City

with Spiffey Goldtip's wonderful negotiations and secret diplomatic service between the two grand yet contrasting rival powers of Money and Society, are wonderful in the vigour of their revelations. This is not the sort of thing we are used to in books that have a religious meaning. Perhaps, indeed, it might be said that the book, as a work of art, suffers by the meaning that is in it, as well as that its undercurrent of deep and serious thought is subject to misconception in consequence of the wonderful brilliancy of the secular matter which accompanies and is wound in with it. The two qualities injure each other so far as common favour and understanding go. But in a higher sense—as an exposition of the way in which religious feeling affects the educated and refined and elevated intelligence of the nineteenth century; of how it works, betraying on every side the hollowness of artificial life, the sins of civilisation, the aching misery of contrast between all that is and all that ought to be—this book is unique in modern literature. We do not remember the time when any such voice has been raised before to point out to gentle and simple, churchman and layman, the amazing difference between faith and practice, or rather between the professions of faith made by Christendom, and the actual life lived by the kingdoms and societies that are included under that title. "It seems to me quite the best sermon that has been written for a long time," says a distinguished preacher, himself one of the most influential religious teachers of the day; "and it is a comfort to know that there is some one who will hit hard and not care." When we glance aside at the real motive of the book, we are stayed in our applause of the wit, the talent, the power of observation, and insight into character, which appear on every page. Not this, we are sure, is the appre-

ciation the author looks for. His brilliant panorama of society is brilliant, as it were, by the way. His conscious meaning is a very different one. And we, too, only pause by the way to remark that we know no one volume produced in recent days in which there is so lively, so sparkling, so able a picture of contemporary society and all its weaknesses, before we proceed to discuss that purpose which is all in all to the writer, and which is still more original, still more remarkable, than the high literary power and insight of the book.

We have said that the highest conception and the truest in this work is that of the strangely confusing, bewildering effect produced upon a man's mental condition and thoughts, when out of the calm, passive, semi-contemptuous observation of the world and its ways, which is so usual among thoughtful men, he is roused to the fact that Christianity is not passive but active, and that his own knowledge of a better way throws upon him a solemn and seldom-realised responsibility. It is but slowly and by degrees that the fact dawns upon his mind that he, and we, and all about us, hold as our creed that religion of sacrifice and self-renunciation which is so strangely different from anything we do or attempt to do. The mere discovery is of itself a shock. The convert's first idea naturally is, that he is the first who has found it out; and that the greatness of the ideal Christian life, and the meanness of the actual social one, will strike everybody else as forcibly as himself, when it is once shown to them. But when he finds that the new creed which he has thus suddenly realised is the old one by which the race has been guided, or has professed to be guided, for centuries, the wonder strikes him wild with a sense of hopelessness and maddening impotence. This Gospel, which runs counter to every rule of society, and every secret unwrit-

ten canon of individual conduct, is theoretically (he finds) the foundation upon which all modern society is built. It is professedly the creed we are born and die in—the hope of Christendom. We accept it with a blind pagan confidence as our safeguard from certain distant evils of an unknown life hereafter, even while we contradict its spirit and precepts in every action of our lives here. We write it up upon those standards, under the shade of which we play, heaven knows, such pranks! Of all the characteristics that distinguish us, this is the one of which we are most certain. We may modestly disclaim being clever, or good, or learned, or gifted in any special way; but the man who doubts that we are Christians assails us in our last stronghold, questions the one fact of which we are sure, and insults even the worst and most obdurate of sinners. The very murderer on the steps of the scaffold, not to say a hundred other criminals of less conspicuous, but perhaps scarcely less real, guilt, would resent bitterly, as the last injury, the imputation that he was no Christian. Can it be wondered at if a man, newly and vividly impressed with the spirit of Christianity, should stand aghast when he realises this bewildering fact? To live under the delusion that you have been a Christian all your life, and then suddenly wake up in the middle or the decline of that life to find out what Christianity really is, is scarcely even so confusing as is the discovery by a hitherto careless spectator of the wonderful living spiritual force of a creed which everybody makes believe to hold, and nobody acts upon. It is not dead after all, but instinct with vital energy. It has power to lay hold upon and possess the mind even now at this advanced period of the world's history; and yet it is the creed of all those selfish, ease-loving, wealth-acquiring, pleasure-making egotists who fill the world with oppressions, small and great, with injury and misery and pain! The

fact is sufficient to paralyse or to drive into maddest bewildered action every mind which makes the discovery. And this is the discovery which, in the midst of a life entirely secular and *mondaine*, Mr. Oliphant's hero suddenly makes, with the effect of perplexing his whole being, and throwing him into that chaos from which only one of the wild expedients resorted to by humanity in desperation can save the struggling soul. We quote the following conversation which Lord Frank holds with young Lord Broadhem on the sacred flags of Piccadilly itself. The two young men have just left a private missionary meeting in Lady Broadhem's house, at which Lord Frank has expressed himself with a wild disregard of all conventional proprieties, and deadly sincerity, which have sadly discomposed the assembly:—

“ ‘Broadhem,’ said I, ‘I have hit upon an entirely new and original idea. I am thinking of trying it myself, and I want you to try it too.’

“ ‘Well,’ said Broadhem, ‘I am never surprised at anything you say or do; what is it?’

“ ‘It has been suggested to me by what I have seen at your mother's this evening—and you may depend upon it there is a great deal to be said in its favour; it is an odd thing it has not occurred to anybody before, but that leaves all the better opening for you and me.’

“ ‘Go on,’ said Broadhem, whose curiosity was getting excited.

“ ‘Don't be in a hurry; it is possible you may not like the idea when you hear it, and under no circumstances must you tell it to anybody.’

“ ‘All right,’ said Broadhem, ‘but I hope it has nothing to do with companies—I hate dabbling in companies. I believe one does more harm to one's name by making it common than one gets good through the money one pockets.’

“ ‘Well, there is more truth than elegance of expression in that remark: it needs not have to do with companies unless you like.’

“ ‘Now if it has anything to do with politics, I am your man.’

"You would make a great *coup* in politics with it; it is especially adapted for politics, and has never been tried."

"You don't say so," said Broadhem, delighted; "don't go on making one guess as if it was a game. Has it anything to do with the suffrage?"

"It has to do with everything," I said; "I don't think I can do it myself; I made a lamentable failure just now by way of a start," and I paused suddenly. "Who am I," I thought, "that I should venture to preach? what act have I done in life which should give weight to my words?" but the fervour was on me, and I could no more check the burning thoughts than the trumpet can control the sound it emits.

"Well," he said, impatiently.

"LIVE THE LIFE."

"I don't understand you," said Broadhem.

"If you did," I said, "do you suppose I should feel my whole nature yearning as it is? What better proof could I desire that the life has yet to be lived than that you don't understand me? Supposing, now, that you and I actually put into practice what all these friends of your mother profess, and, instead of judging people who go to plays, or play croquet on Sunday or dance, we tried to live the *inner* life ourselves. Supposing, in your case, that your own interest never entered your head in any one thing you undertook; supposing you actually felt that you had nothing in common with the people around you, and belonged neither to the world of publicans and sinners, nor to the world of Scribes and Pharisees, but were working on a different plane, in which self was altogether ignored—that you gave up attempting to steer your own craft any longer, but put the helm into other hands, and could complacently watch her drive straight on to the breakers, and make a deliberate shipwreck of every ambition in life—don't you think you would create rather a sensation in the political world? Supposing you could arrive at the point of being as indifferent to the approval as to the censure of your fellow-men, of caring as little for the highest honours which are in their power to bestow now, as for the fame which posterity might award to you hereafter; supposing that wealth and power appeared equally contemptible to you for their own sakes, and that you had no desire connected with this earth except to be

used while upon it for divine ends, and that all the while that this motive was actuating you, you were striving and working and toiling in the midst of this busy world, doing exactly what every man round you was doing, but doing it all from a different motive,—it would be curious to see where you would land—how you would be abused and misunderstood, and what a perplexity you would create in the minds of your friends, who would never know whether you were a profound intriguer or a shallow fool. How much you would have to suffer, but what a balance there would be to the credit side! For instance, as you could never be disappointed, you would be the only free man among slaves. There is not a man or woman of the present day who is not in chains, either to the religious world or the other, or to family or friends, and always to self. Now, if we could get rid of the bonds of self first, we could snap the other fetters like packthread. . . . Tell me, Broadhem, what you think of my idea?"

"It is not altogether new to me, though I did not exactly understand what you meant at first," said Broadhem, who spoke with more feeling than I gave him credit for possessing. "I never heard it put in such strong language before, but I have seen Ursula practise it, and I was wondering all the time you were talking whether you did."

"I never have yet," I said. "I began by telling you that the idea only occurred to me lately in its new form. I had often thought of it as a speculation. I began by assuming that purely disinterested honesty might pay, because an original idea well applied generally succeeds; but when I came to work the thing out, I found that there was a practical difficulty in the way, and that you could not be unselfish from a selfish motive a bit more than you could look like a sane man while you were really still an idiot. And so the fact is, I have talked the notion out to you as it has been suggested to me, though Drippings nearly drove it out of my head. I think the reason I felt impelled to do so was, that had it not been for your sister I should never have thought upon such subjects as I do now. I know her love for you, and the value of her influence over you. Even now she is devoting herself to guarding your interests in the most impor-

tant step of a man's life, and I seem instinctively to feel how I can best please her. Don't you think she agrees in what I have said to-night and would approve of the conversation we have had?' "

"'Yes,' said Broadhem. 'Do you know you are quite a different sort of fellow from what I imagined? I always thought that you did not believe in anything.'

"'That was because I lived exactly like my neighbours, without adding to my daily life the sin of professing belief in a religion to which it was diametrically opposed.'

It is perhaps hard for the contented denizen of ordinary life, the man who is not consciously engaged in any selfish struggle for wealth or power or social advancement, but is living peacefully and doing his best in the midst of a world which he has neither leisure nor inclination to examine too closely, to enter entirely into this. But yet there is no thoughtful reader who will not perceive the intense and serious meaning in it, and its truth. When we are driven to consider the question, What Christianity has done for us? we are prone to fall back upon the fact that it has insensibly ameliorated all the works and ways of the world—has invented, so to speak, the quality of mercy, and brightened the perceptions of justice—has made the general mass less cruel, the laws less hard, the treatment of man by man less brutal and unbrotherly. When we are driven very close indeed, we fall back upon the profound impurity, the matter-of-fact and callous ferociousness of the most polished and splendid societies of old, to prove to ourselves that all the countless labours and sacrifices which have been made to enforce upon us the divine rule of the Gospel have not been in vain; but yet, when we have put the best face upon it, and given ourselves credit for every possible amendment, there remains this extraordinary fact against us, that the man who literally follows the first canons of Christianity would in any Christian society be considered simply a madman. What!

"If he take thy coat, give him thy cloak also," and not call a policeman and give him into custody instead? "If he smite thee on one cheek, turn the other," instead of knocking him down for that insult? So strange is it, that even when we recognise and acknowledge that grand law of self-forgetting, which is the primary rule of Christianity, the mind stumbles at these details, which are specially noted by the divine Maker of the law. The flesh is too weak to receive doctrines so hard and unintelligible. Would not such a course of proceeding lead to an utter rule of anarchy, a triumph of strength over weakness, and the wicked over the good? we ask each other. Is it not impossible, simply out of the question, a precept to be translated spiritually as referring to the moods of the mind, not the possibilities of external conduct?

We discuss this question with endless perplexity, or we quietly ignore it as a thing impracticable, while all the time it stands upon the table of our law, unrepealed and unrepealable, acknowledged in word, never obeyed in fact. And when we go from detail to principle, and consider the rule which is meant to be expressed by such actions, what is it? A lifelong giving up of self, a relegation of all its interests to a secondary place, a life for others, full of brotherly duty and responsibility—not aid and pity merely, but a taking upon ourselves of the burdens of others. This—can it be possible?—is the theory of our present existence. We say it is the rule of our life; and yet let but one of us be placed in a position which makes such abnegation necessary, and the few applauses which indiscreet persons give to his conduct as something exceptionally noble and generous, are lost in the storm of comments on his folly, his weakness, nay, his guilt and failure of duty to himself. Throughout all the textbooks and laws of the Christian life we do not remember to have heard anything of this duty to one's self. It is a duty which never

seems to have occurred to the mind of the Founder of Christianity, or to His apostles. "He saved others, Himself He cannot save," is the all-expressive comment, said in ignorance, yet summing up the whole matter, of the first spectators of the divine sacrifice—a commentary of which we are able to see the full force and significance. He of whom these words were said is professedly our grand model and example in all the exigencies of life; yet by way of support in the path which we profess to travel after Him, there has been invented that other doctrine of duty to one's self. Duty to one's self involves a great many things unknown to Christianity. It stays our steps in the other dangerous way, and insinuates a serviceable doubt in almost every emergency. Give when you can, be sympathetic when you can, but by all you hold dear avoid responsibility, it says to us in terms of affectionate pleading. "Are you your brother's keeper?" This is written on the page of social law, which we have invented for ourselves—a kind of Christian Talmudical appendix to the Gospel; whereas, on the other page, not half so much studied, which is divine, there is written, "Bear ye one another's burdens." "He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

We do not remember in modern literature any other serious figure standing between these two codes, aghast and bewildered, making a vain attempt to reconcile them, except this one in Mr. Oliphant's book. Are they reconcilable? Are God and Mammon at last to be yoked together, and a compromise made between their respective pretensions? It is not a question of speculative interest, but one which, even in our own generation, has been to some a matter of life and death; and it gives the most wonderful additional force to this book and its sentiments when we remember that men have been known, for this cause,

to show themselves still greater madmen than was Lord Frank Vanecourt when he sacrificed (like a fool) five thousand a-year to secure the happiness of the woman he loved with his rival. Men have been known to sacrifice themselves, their position, comfort, and even the high ambition of influencing the world, for no better reason than an overwhelming necessity laid upon them to live the life of a Christian—a life which, rightly or wrongly, they have judged to be impossible amid the circumstances surrounding them in ordinary life. The example of those who, at the height of life, all boyish enthusiasms over, could thus resign everything that a mature man holds most dear—not only realities of position, and prospects which exceed the reality, but all the prejudices of education, the pride of culture and experience, the satisfaction which may most legitimately be felt in a worthy vocation—speaks to us with an authority which no theorist ought to command. And such an example will doubtless recur to the mind of many readers while they listen to the lesson contained in the pages of 'Piccadilly'—the lesson repeated by many a prophet, but by few so impressively: that Christianity and the world are as far apart as ever they were; that it is impossible to reconcile them; that the only hope of the earth is in the formation of a new society, based on those principles which we have forgotten or ignored. There is so much in the author's reasoning which we can neither contradict nor oppose, that the conclusion he has drawn becomes doubly interesting and important. We may object to his details; we may doubt the existence of such unmitigated self-seeking as that which he finds under the fair outside of Lady Broadhem—under the demonstrative Christianity of Chundango, or the greasy comfort of Mr. Beevy, the butcher's son, transformed into a missionary, who has given up everything for Christ's

sake, and yet has been promoted by that sacrifice to a comfortable income, a place in Lady Broadhem's drawing-room, and a horse that cost £65. There are gentle readers who will think Mr. Oliphant is too hard upon the poor missionary—but the matter of fact is one difficult to be confuted. And underneath all these individual instances there remains the certain truth, that Self is, and, according to every theory received by man, *must* be, more or less, the foundation of the universe. Every law on our statute-book, and every one of those more subtle laws which are of universal application, though written in no table, agree in concluding this to be the case. "Boys go to school," says Lady Ursula, "with strict injunctions, if possible, to put self at the top of it. They take the highest honours at the University for the sake of self. . . . Who is there that ever tells them that personal ambition is a sin most hateful in the sight of God, the *first*, and not the last, infirmity of noble minds?" Such a suggestion is utterly foreign to all our ideas. So entirely have we departed from that humility which is certainly held forth as of the highest importance in the Gospel, that personal ambition, except when it absolutely injures others, is considered among us as not a vice, but a virtue.

The aggrandisement of self by and for itself is honest and honourable in the estimation of all classes; and a man's struggles for the aggrandisement and increase of self in the more subtle form of his family, is more than honest—it is worthy the highest praise. To do well for one's self is a reason for men thinking well of us—for the world going well with us. It is, we may safely say, the principle upon which all progressive society is built. That primitive unmovable level on which every son is contented to succeed his father, and daily bread is enough for the necessities of the unambitious

mind, is as a blank in the history of social advancement. Wherever it occurs, life is supposed to be stagnant and enterprise dead. But even there, where selfishness is passive, not active, it has not lost its force. There is no class, perhaps, which will fight so fiercely for a handful of money, or which will contest a scrap of land or the last morsel of an inheritance with such deadly determination as a peasant whose position is exactly the same as that occupied by his father before him. Life is a series of struggles which is the best man, not in the sense that might be given to the words, but in the vulgar sense—meaning, which is the strongest, which the richest, which the man whom it is most "safe" to back, who is most sure to push his neighbour out of his way and secure the prize for himself. And this is all done in the direct face of that injunction, "Whosoever would be greatest amongst you, let him be least."

This is the difficulty upon which Mr. Oliphant and men of his way of thinking stop short. The contradiction is one which cannot be glossed over or explained away. In private life, as in public, self-interest is enthroned supreme. "In honour preferring one another," says the Gospel; but in life emulating, striving every hour to surpass one another is the way of the world. If a man tries to oppose this onward current, the results are simply disastrous to himself. If he insists on telling the truth at all times, he is a nuisance to his friends in private life, and a scourge to his party in public, should he possess one. If he insists on acting according to the precepts of the Gospel, he is at once set down as a madman by everybody who is capable of judging. There cannot be any doubt that many a man has sat at a missionary meeting, as Lord Frank did, with as distinct a sense of the falsehood of the whole

concern—knowing that the Bishop of the Caribbee Islands was on his promotion; that the Hindoo convert was seeking name and fame in the civilised West; and that Mr. Beevy had gained a great deal more than he had lost by his mission to the heathen—who yet would not, for anything in the world, have ventured to say so, or throw a doubt upon the apostolic magnanimity of all concerned. Except Lord Frank, we know no one who ever did, except the great preacher Irving, who drove the London Missionary Society frantic by preaching to it about missionaries on the apostolic model—men without scrip or shoes or staff; who wanted no organisation to support them, no missionary collections to carry on their work. The great society, which wanted money, and a sermon calculated to draw it plentifully forth, were ready to tear the indiscreet preacher to pieces on that occasion, though they knew as well as the preacher did what were the imperfections of their system; and so it is in public life, secular as well as ecclesiastical. How many big evils have to be passed over because of the power of those who sustain them, about which we keep silent, flying wildly to indemnify ourselves upon the little evils kept up only by little men, who are defenceless, and unable to protect themselves! how many things have to be winked at, put the best face upon, explained away—things for which there are a hundred excuses to be made, and only this one fault to be found, that they are contrary to truth and justice! But if truth and justice are the absolute rule, what then?—if the Gospel is the absolute rule, which forbids self-love, and condemns falsehood as the chief of evils?

When a man has this alternative put to him, he has to come to a decision one way or other. Either he eludes the question, re-

presenting to himself that some things, though right, are not expedient, and that ordinary life cannot be regulated by absolute principles; or he faces it boldly, makes up his mind that the teachings of Christianity are esoteric, and have only a spiritual significance, leaving all that is external free to private judgment and the varying necessities of different ages; or, finally, he takes his stand upon the truth, and casts aside everything that interferes with it. Very few are the unhesitating Christians that can make up their mind to this latter course. Most of us compromise. Most of us feel that in fact entire unselfishness is impossible—that we must be ruined and driven from every standing-ground if we do not take a certain heed to our own interests, and join in the universal struggle. Before the time comes when we are able to make up our minds on so difficult a point—before life and its experiences have brought us to see the abounding falsehood and unreality of things about us—we have, the chances are, taken upon us responsibilities and hung ourselves about with dependants who would be ruined, and unwillingly ruined, along with us, did we turn thus uncompromisingly upon the rest of the world, and make our stand against its deceptions and vanities. So we compromise. We say to ourselves: I will be as true as I can—as just as I can. I will think of myself as little as possible. I will endeavour in my struggle upwards to kick no man down; and God, who sees my difficulties, my wife, and my children, will forgive me if my service is defective. Such is the most ordinary way of meeting the difficulty; but there are some who can be content with no such compromise. And what are they to do? To live like Ishmael, turning their hand against every man, and every scheme of man? or to go out of the world, and try once more,

sadly or enthusiastically, that spasmodic, ever-recurring, pathetic human attempt after a new earth and a new heaven?

An attempt of this description, deeply interesting on account of some of the individuals involved in it, and vaguely indicated in some portions of '*Piccadilly*,' has lately been made by a personage quite obscure and unknown to the general world, though of unprecedented influence and importance in his own sphere. It is now ten years since Mr. Harris, a preacher, we think, originally of the Swedenborgian community, preached for some time at the humble Mechanics' Institute in Edwards Street, Portman Square, a series of discourses, expressed in florid American eloquence, but full of earnest religious feeling. There are many strange things in these discourses. They were preached at the time when the first outburst of so-called spiritualism was rousing the world into a certain fresh and vivid interest which the subject retains no longer. Mr. Harris treated this question, about which so many people were struggling to come to a conclusion, with the easy familiarity of a knowledge which was almost contempt. He believed in its wonders, not with the tremulous serious belief which most of the bystanders who were at all impressed by its claims gave to it, but rather with the disdainful certainty of one who had gone far beyond such beggarly elements of spiritual knowledge, and to whom the phenomena which excited the ignorant were but trifling beginnings in a well-recognised way. He himself had much greater wonders to tell—wonders not aimless like those of the ordinary spiritualists, but full of the deepest and most serious meaning. He believed in himself as under direct inspiration from on high. He claimed for himself a power like that of Paul and Peter—direct per-

sonal communication with God. His references, however, to this high power and inspiration in his early volumes are brief and limited. He gives them rather by the way—rapid intimations of a secret almost too great for any man's breast, than as claiming authority in their right; and the leading characteristic of his first discourses is a profound and fervent piety, to which no compromise with the evils of the world is practicable. He calls his hearers to no half-way house of comfortable Christianity, but to absolute truth, purity, and obedience to God—duties which no miraculous pretensions can discredit, and which, indeed, no new revelation is needed to enforce. There are not even any new doctrines disclosed in these remarkable sermons—nothing but that unusual fervency of religious feelings which naturally marks a man, to whom religion is the one thing in the world worthy the entire devotion of heart and life. He calls upon us for no new belief, demands no new observance; but only with a vehement voice—sometimes, let us acknowledge, painfully and floridly American—adjures us to love and serve God, and strive after a higher life.

Mr. Harris's system, however, develops as he goes on. We have a feeling that it is almost profane on our part, not being able fully to believe or enter into his peculiar faith, yet having the highest respect for his earnest Christianity, and for that attempt to reform the world which he has had the courage and strength of purpose to make, to enter into the secret of that strange mystic life, in the world, yet above it, which this prophet of modern times professes to lead, and which he teaches his disciples to aspire after and hope for. It consists not only in a spiritual union with God, such as all saints and holy persons have striven after, but in some actual physical change,

which has the same effect as that touch of Elisha's hand which opened the eyes of his servant, and showed him the angels guarding the prophet. To come down from lofty visions of heaven and high hopes of a purified world, to discuss anything that concerns our bodily organs, seems the most curious downfall and anticlimax: and yet, could we but obtain full evidence on the subject, this bold appeal to sensation and unmistakable physical revolution would be, no doubt, more satisfactory to the weak faith of modern times than any other proof. It is Mr. Harris's theory, as it is also, we believe (speaking in ignorance), the theory of Swedenborg, that the influences of heaven so act upon the man who throws himself fully open to them, that it ceases to be the common air which he breathes, and that instead the breath of God expands his breast, an air of heaven which purifies while it inspires, and which immediately admits him to privileges which are beyond all calculation. His eyes are open, and he sees all the spiritual wonders that are hidden from unenlightened eyes; his understanding is opened, and he knows the mysteries and wonders of heaven and earth: and being thus in direct communication with God, he feels and perceives what his Father would have him to do, with a certainty which takes away from his human obedience all that painful strain of doubt and difficulty which oppresses the darkness of ordinary men. This is the esoteric doctrine, the inner hope of Mr. Harris's community. How far it has been realised by anybody but himself, we are not informed—nor indeed do we know how any proof but a man's assertion could be given of so strange a revolution, a change which is half fleshly, half spiritual, moving both body and soul.

But in Mr. Harris's own case, he believes, and his followers be-

lieve, this mysterious change has undoubtedly taken place; and he is thus naturally constituted the head and leader of the little community which he has grouped round him.

We are not able to narrate the steps by which he attracted to him a number of earnest souls, deeply moved by religious feeling of the kind which we have already described in the first pages of this paper—that is, not by conviction of personal sin, according to the old model, or any fear of hell and eternal punishment, so much as by that deep dissatisfaction with the world and its ways, that painful sense of its falsehoods and levities and self-seeking, which is almost a harder burden to bear than any personal weight. Mr. Harris's followers, we may suppose, judging at least from the instance before us—the sentiments of Mr. Oliphant's book, and the characteristics of his mind—were not likely to be very eager about a simple escape for themselves individually from the penalties of ill-doing. No one could speak contemptuously of a motive which no doubt has much, and beneficently, affected the common mind,—that fear of punishment and love of reward which are planted deep in human nature; but still there are many minds more likely to be affected by the hope of getting into harmony with God and the laws of His universe now, than by any future escape from judgment. And such we imagine to have been Mr. Harris's converts. There must have been a time during which the mysterious leader, who was aware of their difficulties without any confession of theirs, came and went through the gathering confusion of their lives in that last attempt to reconcile the world and the new life which some of them, no doubt, were making, as a certain mysterious and nameless leader does in the pages of 'Piccadilly,' suddenly ap-

pearing to decide an argument or settle a difficulty. We may quote the account of this wonderful anonymous personage, not as a distinct description of Mr. Harris's work among his followers, but yet as without doubt referring to him, and the manner of his influence. The incident occurs at the conclusion of Lord Frank's conversation with Lord Broadhem, quoted above:—

"As I was thus speaking, we turned into Piccadilly, and an arm was passed through mine.

" 'Why is it,' asked Broadhem, 'that men are not all conscious of possessing this spiritual agency?'

" 'Why is it, ask you?' and the clear solemn voice of my new companion startled Broadhem, who had not seen him join me, so that I felt his arm tremble upon mine. 'Ask rather why sects are fierce and intolerant; why worship is formal and irreverent; why zealots run to fierce frenzies, and react to atheistic chills; why piety is constrained and lifeless, like antique pictures, painted by the old Byzantines upon a golden ground; why Puseyism tries to whip piety to life with scourges, and starve out sin with fasts; why the altar is made a stage where Ritualists delight a gaping crowd, and the pulpit a place where the sleek official drones away the sleepy hour; why religious books are the dullest; why the clergyman is looked upon by the millions as a barrel-organ, whom the sect turns like the wandering Savoyard, unable to evolve a freeborn note. There is but one answer——,' and he stopped abruptly.

" 'What is it?' I said, timidly, for I was overwhelmed by the torrent of his eloquence.

" 'We have lost our God! that is why men are unconscious of His force within them. It is a terrible thing for a nation to lose its God. History shows that all nations wherein the religious inspiration has gone down beneath formalism, infidelity, a warlike spirit, an enslaving spirit, or a trading spirit, shall burst like so many gilded bubbles, most enlarged and gorgeous at the moment of their close. Think of the old Scripture, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.'"

" 'Who is this?' whispered Broadhem. 'I never saw him before.'

" 'I want to be alone with him' replied. 'Good-night, Broadhem. You had better go back now, or you will find your friends gone. Think over what I have said. Once realize the "*mystery* of godliness," and the martyrdom which it must entail will lose its terrors.'

" 'Let Him sacrifice us if He will,' said he who had before spoken. 'The true man is but a cannon-shot, rejoicing most of all when the Divine Artillerist shall send him irresistible and flaming against some foe-man of the race risen from Pandemonium. Man—the true man—is like the Parthian's arrow kindling into fiery flames as it leaves the bow. Man—the true man—is the Spirit-sword, but the sword-arm is moved by the heart of the Almighty.'

" Ah, Piccadilly! hallowed recollections may attach to those stones worn by the feet of the busy idiots in this vast asylum, for one sane man has trodden them; and as I listened to the words of wisdom as they dropped from the lips of one so obscure that his name is still unknown in the land, I doubted not who at the moment was the greatest man in Piccadilly."

One other appearance of this stranger occurs at the very end of the book, when the hero, worn out with his unusual exertions and excitements, after his final grand sacrifice and triumph over himself, falls into the lowest depths of exhaustion. "I am conscious," he writes, "of Drippings helping me into a cab, and going with me to Piccadilly, and of one coming in and finding me stretched on my bed, and of his lifting me from it by a single touch, just as Drippings was going off in search of a doctor. It was he who had met me that night when I was walking with Broadhem, but his name I am unable to divulge. 'Stay here, my friend,' he said to Drippings, 'and pack your master's things; there is no need for the doctor. I will take him to America.' And my heart leaped within me, for its predictions were verified, and the path lay clear before me." A man possessing this kind of influence over his followers cannot, it is clear, be a common man.

It was only two or three years ago, however, that the final step was taken. Mr. Harris's disciples, under his direction, then decided upon an actual attempt, not indeed to regenerate society, but to form a new spiritual society, in which God might be served as He had not been for ages. They decided on making their essay in America, not from preference for its institutions, but because America is a country large and liberal of her soil, and where such an experiment could be tried more easily than amid the many landmarks of an old and firmly-established society. We do not know how many there were who sacrificed their living and career to this wonderful scheme; but of one, at least, we know, who gave up everything to put himself under the guidance of the prophet, and make one grand effort, at the cost of his life and all its prospects, for the realisation of the Christianity of the Apostles. And it is enough to say that one man has been found who, out of the highest circles of English society, out of all the refinements of civilised life, and those wants additional to, yet not less urgent than, the primitive wants of humanity, which are the growth of extreme civilisation, has gone cheerfully away into the unknown wilds, making of himself a farm-labourer, a teamster, anything or everything that his spiritual leader exacted and the new-born community required—and this not even for the sake of an enthusiastic doctrinal belief such as has carried men to stake and scaffold before now, but because of the overwhelming desire in him to lead a life accordant with the will of God. Such a proof of devotion claims more than respect. It claims an audience for the principles and theory on which the sacrifice is made such as no lighter appeal merits; and even where the observer may doubt the expediency of the sacrifice, or fail to perceive

its necessity, is the highest lesson, the sharpest reproof, that can be read to us, who take things so quietly, who accept the evils of the world as inevitable, and do so little to mend its wicked ways.

We are not in a position to give any detailed account of the little community thus formed, except that it includes the once poor and the once rich, placing all upon a level of equality—that it devotes itself to agricultural and other industries, with the intention of doing all and producing all it needs within itself—that no necessary work of life is considered a mean office in the brotherhood, but the most highly gifted among them is as likely as not to be set to the least elevated occupation. Some sixty or seventy souls (we believe) are thus engaged in an attempt to reproduce the primitive ideal of Christianity in the midst of a world lying in darkness, no one of whom is admitted without some severe test of his or her readiness to relinquish self and live for others—a test always adapted to the individual mind of the novice, and usually striking at the very roots of personal feeling, requiring the sacrifice of the dearest and most cherished habits and sentiments of the heart.

The sacrifice thus demanded on the very threshold of the new life is often so hard that the struggle of the neophyte to conquer himself and give the needful obedience is a struggle of life and death. All personal ambition, all reputation outside the bounds of this little society, is relinquished—property is relinquished, and, what is more, private judgment would seem to be in great part given up, and the law of the community to be obedience to its head. But no doctrinal test is in existence—no man seems called upon to believe except according to his own conviction, nor is in any way forced or even persuaded into this or that interpretation of truth. It is life, not doctrine, that is the

object of the brotherhood. Their aim is to recommence, as it were—to put aside all old types, and begin again with the original idea of Christian society, giving to each other mutual help, sympathy, and comfort—possessing mutual interests and property—enjoying everything, if not absolutely in common, yet in share and allotment according to their necessities, not according to their condition or abilities for gain, or any artificial rule. So far as this goes it has been a favourite dream of social philosophers for many a day to bring such a brotherhood into being. Something like its simply secular side is to be found without difficulty in many dreams of reformed society well known to man; and nothing can be more familiar to us than the idea of its religious side taken by itself, an idea which has been the origin of all monastic institutions. It is the junction of the two which gives its peculiarity to Mr. Harris's brotherhood. It is as much under his control as head as any conventual order, and yet it is free as only a company of citizens in a land of absolute equality can be. It is founded on the highest spiritual ideal, holding the most solemn of all mystic beliefs as its very centre and seat of power, and yet its object is practical, and it sets up no standard of faith. There is a power in this combination which is very great; but we can scarcely hope (even were it desirable) that it is sufficient to counterbalance the many weaknesses involved in such a scheme, its dependence upon one absolute leader, and upon a personal inspiration which can scarcely be otherwise than fluctuating and uncertain. It seems cruel at so early a stage of its existence to read the lesson of decadence which is written on all human attempts at an ideal existence. Time will show, and time alone.

There is, however, something more wonderful in the conception of this

society than in that of any monastic order. It has no rule to guide it, no everlasting vow to bind. Its members live in conflict with all the difficulties of primitive nature, but with the hearts of mystics, seeking the most mysterious and intimate of relations with a God whom they hope to see, and in the mean time giving an obedience without doubt or hesitation, absolute in kind and in degree, to the one among them who already possesses the gift they seek. They have the further distinction from a monastic establishment that there are families in the community, husbands and wives, parents and children. Women, it is said, are more prone to obey religious authority than men; but certainly a married couple, the two who are one, are more difficult to bring into subordination than any individual of either sex can be; and yet this double being also exists, and submits itself, even to the extent of partially parting with its children, and permitting a certain amount of interference with its conjugal life in this strange community. Religious rule has certainly never gone further; and the impartial spectator, however sympathetic or respectful, cannot but feel that in this personal rule there lies the great danger for every community. The founder of this new brotherhood, like Benedict and Francis, is mortal, and must die; and who can guard the visionary walls and keep the ideal city from that old, old patient world, which has in its persistent and steady economy something that outlives all enthusiasms? But of this it is not our part to speak. Should it only last for a year—for a day—it is still an endeavour to deny and abjure the law of Self, and to claim for Christianity a vital force and purity, a real sway and power, such as would almost seem to have dropped from the thoughts of its most earnest disciples in these days when expe-

dieney and compromise rule supreme.

It may be asked, however, and asked anxiously, by people who share—and who does not share?—that primary dissatisfaction and discontent with the state of the world and society which is the beginning of all attempts at reformation, whether it is proved impossible to live a Christian life without making this tremendous sacrifice, or if the world is to be finally deserted and left to its fate? Even Mr. Oliphant, however, does not assert this. He leaves his Lord Grandon, his Lady Ursula, in that society which is not too much for them, which does not confuse and madden their minds, but which they are able to influence, and may guide back to better things. He does not in the least hesitate to acknowledge the greater power of self-command, the graver and more steadfast character which can keep its garments unspotted from the world in the very high places, where the throng and commotion are at their height. He does not, indeed, make any individual appeal, or set one path of duty or another absolutely before his readers. What he does is with

a cry which is as the cry of a prophet, to bid them stop short and realise the maze of confused motives, foolish occupations, vain ambitions, which we call life. This poor pursuit of one miserable object or another, perhaps to gain an invitation to Lady So-and-so's party, perhaps to induce Lady So-and-so to come to yours, to push yourself into notice one way or other, to gain a little money, to get a seat in Parliament—is it worth God's while to have made you for this? is it worth your own while to have struggled through childhood, got yourself educated, taken and given so much trouble, all for this? Or is there something better to be made of you, after all? Is it worth while protesting that you believe this or believe that, pretending to make sacrifices while you are but pleasing or advancing yourself, saying aloud certain formulas of religion as if there was no meaning in them? whereas there are worlds of meaning in them; they are trembling and burning with significance, not dead, but a hundred times more alive than you are in your petty, foolish trifling. This is the burden of as serious a message as ever was delivered to man.

EARL'S DENE.—PART XII.

CHAPTER IX.

ANGÉLIQUE waited for the return of Félix in vain. At last, however, it was so evident that all chance of his coming back was over for that night at least, that she made up her mind to pass the time till morning where she was: an arrangement to which Marie's landlady, whose mind was filled with nameless and impossible visions of terror, in which orange-peel, though it was now the summer, held a conspicuous place, made no objection. But she was never a very sound sleeper at the best of times; and on this occasion she found repose out of the question, even though, for once, she would have been only too glad to have forgotten herself altogether. It must be remembered that her love for Marie was real and genuine, even although the spire of its shrine was in general overshadowed by the tower of the cathedral that she had raised to her own self. Not knowing either what Félix or what Warden knew, and being perhaps more ready to suspect the extreme of evil even than most people are—for trust in human nature, if it be not altogether an act of folly, is still incompatible with such absence of foolishness as hers—she saw in the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Marie the most terrible end of all. In a word, she more than suspected Warden of having actually carried out what had in fact only passed through his mind. As soon as morning came she went straight to where Félix lived; but he had not been in all night. Then she went to Golden Square; but Prosper had gone out early, leaving word that the hour of his return was uncertain. Then she did what it might have occurred to some women to do first of all: she went to Cursitor Street, of which her

husband was still an unwilling colonist.

He had been reading the 'Trumpet' all the morning; and, as usual, instead of skimming its cream as formerly, in the space of a cup of coffee, had read it through from the first birth to the last auctioneer's advertisement, as a man does who knows that, when he has read his newspaper, nothing will be left for him to do but to read it through all over again. It is wonderful how a man will cling to his newspaper when it is the only link left that binds him with the great world. Hugh read with far more interest than he would have taken in the realities, accounts of debates that concerned him not, of budgets that made him neither richer nor poorer, of parties to which he was not invited, and of marriages of acquaintances in which the modern fashion of "no cards" was anticipated for him alone. It did not even concern him that "we understand that there is to be no contest for the representation of Denethorp. Mr. Prescott has not announced his retirement; but his active canvass has ceased, and it is considered certain that he will not go to the poll. Unless, therefore, as is exceedingly improbable, a new candidate should appear at the last moment, Mr. M. Warden will be declared duly elected at the nomination, which is fixed for the 29th instant. Mr. Warden, who will support the government, is a Fellow of St. Margaret's College, Cambridge, and a native of the town that he will represent."

"Angélique," he exclaimed, throwing down the paper as she entered the room. "I cannot stand all this any more. When I can once get out of this there will be nothing for it but to enlist;

and you must go back to Miss Raymond, if she will have you. There are plenty of better men than I turn troopers, I believe; and if one did one's duty one might get one's commission after a while, especially if there should be a war. I have done my best, and the game has gone against us. I've been thinking about it all night, and there's absolutely nothing else left to do."

Under ordinary circumstances the idea would not have displeased her. But now she had something else to think of. In a few words as she could she gave him a full account of her facts and of her fancies. Her story seemed to hang together well—better even than she had herself fancied. But to Hugh it seemed incredible. Unlike her, he was not prone to think extreme evil; and the thought of murder is always incredible to any but policemen—at least until it has developed into deed.

"You must be wrong," he said. "There can be no such villain in the world."

But the old legal test of "*Cui bono?*" upon which every one acts, consciously or unconsciously, and whether he is a lawyer or no, was only too applicable in this case. In a word, Marie had disappeared from the world, her husband was to marry Alice Raymond, and scarce anything was wanting but the *corpus delicti* to bring the case fairly home.

"I cannot believe it," he went on; "but it must be looked into, for Warden's sake as well as Marie's. She may—she must yet be found. I do not believe that any one can disappear without leaving traces of some sort. But what can I do here? Angélique, I *must* get away from this place. Can we make no arrangement, if only for a time?"

Every one knows the saying, "Talk of the devil." Every one accuses that luckless personage, who has to answer for everybody's ill-luck besides his own, of being the

father of all evil; and so it must logically follow, on the strength of the proverb that teaches that money is the fount and origin of all evil, that money and the devil are one. Hence, as often happens among doctors, there is a conflict of doctrine. On the one hand, speech of the devil brings about the projection of his horns; on the other hand, it is only too certain that one may talk of money as much as one pleases without thereby even raising so much as the shadow of a farthing's ghost. Probably Lester himself would have agreed with the great Cornelius, who, when some Wagner or other persuaded him to raise the devil,

"In the startled student's face
He threw—an empty purse."

But there is no rule without an exception. One may occasionally take the devil's name in vain without even seeing so much as the tip of a single horn; and it did once, at least, happen that speech of money had the same effect as that which comes from reciting the *Pater-noster* backwards.

It came about in this wise. A letter—in itself now an unusual event for one to whom every post used in the old times to bring a mass of correspondence of all sorts and kinds, from the scrawls of the Dene-thorp voter to the scarcely more legible scrawl of a fine lady—was brought to him by the hands of the young lady the hue of whose hair had excited Dick Barton's admiration. It contained two things. One of them was a blank cheque signed by Miss Clare; the other was the following, in the handwriting of Miss Raymond:—

"DEAR MR. LESTER,—I am sorry to have to tell you that Miss Clare was taken very ill suddenly, last night. We are in such anxiety about her. She has expressed a strong desire to see you, and I hope that you will be able to come at once. She bade me send you the

enclosed, in order that there may be no delay.—Believe me, yours truly,

“ALICE RAYMOND.”

There was certainly no occasion for Hugh to feel over-delicate now, even where money was concerned. At all events, Angélique had no scruples, and looked at the blank cheque, payable to bearer, with glistening eyes. She had learned the value of money by this time, and had discovered the extent to which the touch of Mammon may bring consolation, even for the loss of a sister.

“Oh, Hugh,” she exclaimed, “she will forgive you at last! and I shall not have been your ruin, after all!”

Hugh, however, looked very grave indeed. “Her forgiveness will not bring me much happiness if this is my doing.” He was looking at the letter, not at its enclosure. “But I must see her. How much will it want to get me out of this? I am detained by so many that I do not know how I stand.”

She made a rapid calculation. A very little, comparatively speaking, would suffice to set him free, at least for the present. Fifty pounds, she had told Marie. But she was not going to lose her opportunity, and so she said,—

“You will want not less than twelve hundred pounds. Shall I fill it up at once?”

“Yes.”

“And I will cash the cheque at once, and settle. Shall I?”

“As soon as possible. I must not stay here a moment longer than I can help.”

So, after another short calculation as rapid as the first, she filled up the cheque for three thousand pounds. It was altogether a good day's work for her. Whatever might happen now, she was secure of a capital to start with for the present, even though Miss Clare's death without a will in her hus-

band's favour might oblige her to begin the world again, and to fight its battle alone. At all events, she would not be without capital, even should she fail in her hope for better things. Perhaps had Miss Clare known which was the acting partner of the firm, she would not have left it to Hugh to fill up the piece of paper that was to be his passport to freedom.

It was evening before Hugh left Cursitor Street behind him, and was fairly on his way to his aunt's house. The door was opened by a footman who did not know him, and who told him that Miss Clare was too ill to be seen.

“I am Mr. Lester—Miss Clare's nephew. Is Miss Raymond with her?”

“Miss Raymond is with her, sir, and Mr. Warden.”

“Please to let Miss Raymond know that I am here.”

He waited down-stairs for a few minutes, and then there entered to him, not Miss Raymond, but Mark Warden.

“The servant told me of your visit, Lester,” he said; “but I fear it is too late.”

A few hours since Warden was the very man whom of all others he wished to see. But this was no time for him to attend to Marie's concerns, now that his aunt was dying.

“You do not mean——” he began.

“I am grieved to tell you that I fear we must make up our minds to the worst. It seems to be some kind of stroke or other; and that, in her state of health—— Dr. King has been with her, and we expect him again hourly. But the worst of it is the view that she herself has taken of her condition. She has just had a long interview with Mr. West——”

“The solicitor?”

“Yes—and she has been apparently terribly fatigued and excited.”

“I must see her, if possible.”

"I fear it is impossible, Any sudden shock——"

"Does she know I am here?"

"No. That is why I came down to you. She is now quiet and resigned. The sight of you would disturb her dreadfully after all that has happened."

"But she wished to see me."

"I am afraid the wish is over. You could do her no good, and you might do her a great deal of harm. I do not mean that all hope is over—far from it, thank God—but——"

"I suppose I may see Miss Raymond?"

"Miss Raymond is with her. Even I dare not disturb Miss Clare by going into the room."

Warden was beginning to play the part of master of the house a little prematurely; at least so it seemed to Hugh, who, disinherited as he was, could not see that anybody had so good a right to give orders in it as he.

"Even you?" he asked. "Then I will take the responsibility." He rang the bell. "Go up," he said to the footman, "and tell Miss Raymond that Mr. Lester is here."

The man looked at Warden.

"Do you hear?" repeated Hugh; "or must I go myself?"

"And make a scene in a dying room?" asked Warden.

"Yes, if you do not let me go quickly. Miss Raymond told me to come; and unless she herself, with her own lips, tells me to go away again, I must remain. One would think, Warden, that you had some desire to keep me away."

"Oh, not the least. Her will is made, if that is what you are thinking of. But, if you make imputations, go up quietly, John, and let Miss Raymond know that Mr. Lester wishes to see her. Do not disturb Miss Clare. You will be responsible, Lester, if anything should happen. I have done what I could."

"By all means."

The two remained without exchanging another word until Miss

Raymond came in, who, it was plain, had passed a night of watching. She did not look at Warden, but held out her hand warmly to Hugh.

"Come up-stairs," she said. "I thought you would never be here. She is better, and has not mentioned you; but I can see that she is longing for you. This is no time for pride. Come."

"But is it prudent——" began Warden.

Neither said a word, and they left the room together.

But Miss Clare did not by any means look like a dying woman when Hugh entered her room. On the contrary, her eyes were brighter and her colour warmer than they had been for many a long day. She was not even in bed, as he had expected to find her, but was sitting upright—she always sat upright—in an arm-chair.

It was altogether so different from what he had looked to find, that he paused for an instant upon the threshold of the room. And he felt the full influence of the awe in which he had always stood of her from his childhood, when he once more, after so long, found himself actually in her presence. Indeed the awe was increased; for, in spite of appearances, he could not but know that he was also in the presence of approaching death.

But if there was no sign of death in her looks, so was there none in her voice. She spoke firmly, though with a constrained effort, as he went to her and took her hand.

"I thought you would come, Hugh."

"You wished to see me, aunt, and so I came. I would have been here some hours ago, but——"

"I know. Never mind that. I suppose that you have been told I am dying; but I am not so fortunate. The blow that ought to have killed me is over long ago. I think it has numbed me, so that I can now feel nothing more as I ought to feel. I have not brought

you here, either, for what perhaps you might expect——”

“Aunt!”

“My dear,” she said to Miss Raymond, “will you leave us for a few minutes? I have something to say to Hugh——”

Alice left the room, and Miss Clare continued,—

“Hugh, when you disregarded my wishes, with your eyes open, there was nothing for me to do but to let you take the whole consequence of your folly. I had passed my word, and I was bound to keep it, be the consequences what they might; and you must have expected me to do so. I disinherited you at once, as you must have imagined. But it seems that I was wrong. You were not disinherited, for you never had anything to inherit.”

“Aunt, before you go on, tell me that though you punished me you still felt kindly towards me.”

“Does a mother ever feel unkindly to her child, however weak and undutiful? No, Hugh; I felt no more unkindly towards you then than I feel now—now, when I ask you to be once more my son.”

“Once more your son! You forgive me, then?”

“Wait. I do not forgive you, for there is nothing to forgive. What was a gross *mésalliance*—forgive me, but you know what I think about it—what was a gross *mésalliance* on the part of the heir of Earl's Dene is but of little moment on the part of one with no fortune and with his way in the world to make. I ask you to be my son, not my heir. Here is my will, which I have had drawn up by Mr. West this morning. I wish you to read it.”

He read:—

“This is the last will and testament of me Anne Letitia only child of Richard Colvil Clare late of Earl's Dene in the County of —— Esquire and of Letitia his wife both deceased and relict of

Louis Maximilian Victor Marquis of Croisville in the Kingdom of France I give and bequeath——”

He looked up at her wonderingly; but she only signed to him to proceed.

Then followed bequests of personal property for the benefit of the poor of her own parish and of Denethorp, to the hospital at Redchester, to some old servants, to Mr. White, her Denethorp solicitor, and to the vicar of her parish. Then followed a legacy of £10,000 to Hugh himself, and of some jewellery to Alice Raymond. And then he read,—

“And with the exception of and subject to the said bequests I give grant bequeath and devise absolutely to my only son Félix de Croisville otherwise called Félix Créville all the estate of which I am possessed at the time of my death whether real or personal of every kind whatsoever and I direct that he shall bear the name and arms of Clare together with and in addition to his own and I appoint the said George White Hugh Lester and Félix de Croisville executors of this my will.”

Naturally Hugh was unable to utter a word. He could but stare at this strange document in blank amazement.

“It is all true, Hugh,” she said.

“When I accompanied your father and mother to Paris, I became acquainted with that Marquis de Croisville, of whom you have doubtless read and heard as a leading spirit among the politicians of that time—of the time of the Revolution. He was the very ideal of what my dreams were then—a noble, but a democrat—a gentleman, but a philosopher, as we used to call men of his ideas. I was to be to him another Madame Roland.

“We were together to become the apostles and prophets of the religion of liberty, first in France, and afterwards of the world. You have no doubt read of him as an ambitious man—and he was so. But

that was no fault in my eyes. Well, I joined my life with his, and—need I say it?—without becoming a wife in any way that would be recognised by law. Do you understand me? It was the age of Reason, as we then called it—of blasphemous rebellion, as I call it now. I had one child, this Félix. Not that I named him so. I thought him lost: I thought he had perished with his father in that ravine in the Jura. You have read the fate of the Marquis de Croisville?"

"How in escaping to the frontier across the mountains with his wife he fell over a precipice?"

"That is a matter of history. But history knows none of the details, nor even do I. They are known to God alone; for I was ill and unconscious. When I awoke I was without either my husband or my child. Two men who found me there discovered the fate of the Marquis; and I could only suppose that he had carried the child with him to find for it a place of shelter. How I cursed the strength that had enabled me to survive that night!"

"And then?"

"The strength that kept me alive served me: it enabled me to recognise the justice of God. I wished to die; but I vowed that if I lived, it should be to expiate, so far as I could, my sins of disobedience to my father, of rebellion against one whom God had anointed king, and of my contempt of all His laws. It was I who had tried my utmost to bring Him into contempt, and a whole nation into wickedness and misery; it was I who had destroyed my husband, and, as I thought, my child; it was I who—I know it too well—caused the death of my father; it was I who had brought disgrace upon a stainless name. I scarcely know how it was that I was saved. I made no effort to save myself, but daily declared myself once more a royalist and a Christian. I was carried first to Besançon and then to Paris, where

I lay in prison, and as it were upon the very steps of the guillotine. Had the fall of Robespierre been but a day later, I should have mounted them in reality. I could not but believe that my vow had been heard."

"And——"

"You know what my life has been since then. I remained with my father till he died, and I have always for his sake, and for that of all whom I had injured, kept my disgrace secret from the world. Since his death I have tried to do all for the cause of order and of religion that a woman may; and in you, Hugh, I endeavoured to train one who would do for it all that may be done by a man. And then——"

Hugh bent his head with shame. It is a fearful and wonderful revelation when one whose life has been entirely upon the world's surface, who has but lived, and enjoyed, and loved, and suffered like other men, knowing no depths of passion or of sorrow deeper than it is given to most men to know, is suddenly admitted behind the scenes, and to secret depths which scarcely one eye in a million ever beholds. What had been his sorrow compared with her anguish—his disappointment with her despair? Beside her he felt immeasurably little. He understood her now; and he was borne down by a consciousness that, in the presence of a tragedy like hers, he ought to have found it as easy to sacrifice his love as for a child to give up a toy.

It was of course impossible that any of this could express itself in words. But his voice expressed much, though he only said, after a long pause,—

"So Félix Créville is your son?"

"In that sense. And he must not be made to suffer for his mother's sin—do you understand? Had I not sinned he would have been the heir to Earl's Dene. But, Hugh, though I can do him justice, I cannot transfer to him

the love of a mother that may be his of right, but that I had long since given away. And since I cannot transfer to him what I have given to you, that makes me all the more bound to do him justice."

"My dear mother!—I do indeed understand!"

"It is said that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. But that has always seemed to me a hard saying; and it is not for a mother to knowingly make herself the instrument of God's justice upon her son. And it surely is not for me, the sinner, to make others suffer through my own sin."

Hugh meanwhile had knelt beside her and taken her hand.

"No," she went on, "it is you that must be my son while I live. And say no word to any one. Our name must not be stained by scandal; and when I am dead let my act of justice be considered an old woman's caprice. You will be able to say that you know the circumstances; and if you acquiesce, so must all who have less claim upon me than you."

"I will indeed, dearest mother! I threw up Earl's Dene for the sake of love and honour long ago; and now I let it go willingly—gladly. But is it my part to be your son now? Has not Félix——"

"Yours only. Who can be so but you?"

"You do indeed forgive me, then? If I had only known——"

"And you will be content with my forgiveness and with my help while I live, and with nothing more?"

"More than content, dearest mother! And I will strive to be all that you would have me be. And Angélique——"

Her face grew hard again. "I

once said that you must choose between Miss Lefort and Earl's Dene. Of course I cannot say now that you must choose between her and me. I must not come between the husband and the wife; but that is no reason why the wife should come between the mother and the son. It is but a poor sort of affection that needs constant companionship; and I must spend the rest of my days alone. To that I have made up my mind. But oh, Hugh, you cannot think it part of your duty to her to refuse to give me the comfort of the only affection for which I care? You will not, because I cannot reconcile myself to her, forbid me to help you to the best of my power—to aid you in any career that you may choose—to let me hear of your success from yourself? Surely, though they may be parted, a mother and a son may be in heart and in truth a mother and a son still?"

The hardness had departed both from her voice and from her eyes when she had finished. They even seemed to plead to him in a way that filled him with pity, and made him feel that henceforth their relation was to be reversed; that it was she who had to lean upon him, and not, as of old, he upon her.

"It shall be so indeed, mother," he answered. "I never meant, much as I loved Angélique, to break myself from you."

"And now," she went on, "when I die—which must in the common course be before very long—I shall feel that I have done all that it has been permitted me to do. I shall leave London again on Friday. Come and see me to-morrow, and we will talk about your plans. Now I must rest. I never felt the need of rest before; perhaps the need may be the promise."

CHAPTER X.

Without again meeting either bewildered by what he had heard Miss Raymond or Warden, and and seen, Hugh at once returned

straight to Angélique. It is certainly not strange that speculation as to the fate of Marie had a little passed out of the minds of both of them. Hers was filled by revived hopes of victory and vengeance; his by the history of Miss Clare—a history that, had he heard it from any other than herself, would have appeared incredible. A man who is young both in years and in nature does not look to find a life-tragedy in the career of an old lady who has apparently lived alone all her days, and has never, within the memory of a whole generation, been more than fifteen miles from home. He was by no means of a romantic or imaginative tendency: but what he had heard had set such springs of romance and of imagination as were his fairly open, and he had caught a full glimpse of a real tragedy of human life such as he could otherwise never have conceived. He had at once been plunged to the very depths of sympathy. He could not only see but feel that her whole life, so outwardly tranquil, had been one of suffering incalculable, which had been by the very strength of the nature that had had to bear it rendered more incalculable still. Her very energy had drawn its sustenance, if not its birth, from suffering; and what had seemed the natural development of an active nature, had turned out to have been but the unnatural effort of one that had been stifled prematurely. There had always been much real sympathy between these two; but now sympathy had subdued awe, and drew strength and depth from compassion for a soul that has had to bear its load in silence and alone. Of course it was now his main duty to assist her, with all his strength in redeeming by what seemed to him as well as to her an obvious piece of justice, anything that touched the honour that was no less dear to him than to her. There was only one thing of which he was incapable. Filled as he was

with pity and a sort of reflected remorse, it is still always a relief when secrets are over and barriers thrown down; and he was always incapable of observing the reserve of the eyes. His heart was lightened of a great load, and the expression of his face in consequence misled Angélique very considerably. What she read in it was the result of good news indeed, and she supposed that the news was good for her.

"Well?" she asked, anxiously.

"Thank God," he said, "we are friends again!"

"And how is she? Better, I trust?"

"I was led to expect to find her dying; but, on the contrary, I found her apparently well and strong."

Angélique's face fell, ever so little.

"And she has forgiven you?"

"I hope fully; and, my poor child, I hope, too, that your troubles are over now. How well you have borne them! so well that you have scarcely allowed me to feel unhappy about you, and for the life into which I led you."

"O Hugh, dearest, I am so very, very glad! Do not think about me—love makes up for all! I have cost you nothing, then, after all—not your aunt's affection—not even Earl's Dene!"

"Oh, as to that, Earl's Dene is gone; that was gone long ago. But what then? I shall be able to make a career now, and we shall be rich enough to be happy."

She looked at him blankly.

"What! Earl's Dene still gone?"

"Yes; my aunt showed me her will."

"And yet she has forgiven you? I do not understand."

Hugh, as must have been seen, was one of the most unsafe men in the world with whom to intrust a secret; for he was one of those whose confidences are his wife's also. If he had ever dreamed of keeping anything in the world from Angélique it was not likely that she would not have found it out in

time; and in fact he never did dream of keeping anything from her. He read the prophecy literally, that "They twain shall be one flesh," and even extended it beyond its literal interpretation.

"Yes," he said, "in such a way that I cannot refuse such aid as she may still give me. But to Earl's Dene I have no claim. It is not you that have lost it to me, my darling; it must have gone from me anyhow."

"What! and you have seen her will? It is to be Miss Raymond's then?"

"No; not Miss Raymond's."

"Surely not Mark Warden's?"

"Warden's? Surely not. What put him into your head of all people in the world? what right would he have to come between me and my aunt?"

"And she has no relations but you?"

"So we thought; but we were mistaken. She has the nearest relation in the world—she has a son."

"A son? Miss Clare a son?"

"She herself did not know it till yesterday. It is a strange story—almost incredible. It is Félix Créville."

"Félix?—Félix Créville the son of Miss Clare? Are you laughing at me?"

"Laughing, Angélique? On the contrary, wonderful as it is, it is true. When she was a girl she was—privately married—to the Marquis de Croisville or Créville—there seems some vagueness as to the name—who died in the French Revolution. This Felix Créville is their son."

"He? How should he be her son—a mere adventurer—"

"You may well wonder, but—"

"I do not believe it; it cannot be true. I have known Félix—"

"It is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. A lawyer would be satisfied. There is proof and to spare."

"And you submit to such a monstrous imposition—"

"Angélique!"

"Yes—to such a monstrous imposition? You see her, she forgives you, and yet she leaves everything to an adventurer—"

Hugh looked at her amazed. But he was anything but clear-sighted where Angélique was concerned. "But his being an adventurer," he said, "does not prevent his being her son."

"But her real child? Her child in marriage?"

"But even then—"

"I see—and you submit to her leaving Earl's Dene to a bastard!"

"Angélique, it is I who do not understand. She has an entire right to dispose of her property just as she pleases, without any one interfering or complaining. My only claim to it depended upon her own will and pleasure, and, of course, I must resign any claim that I might fancy I had in favour of one who has a right to it beyond all living."

"And be content with barren forgiveness!"

"I should have been content with even so much as that. But did I not tell you—"

"And she has left you nothing?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"That is nothing. It is not four hundred a-year."

"It is not very much, of course; but it is clear that the election could not have left her much to leave without damaging the estate; and then there is the chance of another contest, too. That she has done as much for me as she can do without wronging her heir, I am as sure as that I stand here."

And he was right. Could Miss Clare have made her inclination square with what she considered to be her duty as mistress of Earl's Dene, Hugh would even yet have been a rich man. But, though she was not always just, she had at least the merit of never being just by halves, whatever might be the cost to her and hers.

But Angélique took a different view of the matter. "Four hundred a-year!" she repeated; "and meanwhile?"

"There are plenty of things—the army, for instance."

"The army!"

"Do you not like the idea? Or there is the church—or there must be something or other."

O hunchbacked shadow, who every day, every hour, art returning to remind us of that world of beasts and birds in which every man finds his own likeness, every man his own story! Thou didst not write fables, if a fable is but another word for a lie. The dog bearing the meat did not only cross the running stream of thy fancy, but is every moment crossing the streams of all our lives, and grasping at the thousand shadows reflected in them as they flow.

It once happened that a youth was sent out by his good fairy into a ripe field of corn that was waiting for the harvest, and was told beforehand that his future good fortune should be in proportion to the number of corns borne by the single ear that he should pluck therein,—only he must pluck but once, and no more. By the gate through which he entered stood tall stalks that had borne an hundred-fold; but he saw how the red and golden field stretched before him, acre after acre, and he thought, surely there must be finer ears than these; peradventure I shall come to where the stalks have borne a thousand-fold. Then he went on till he came to where they had borne fifty-fold: and he thought, surely here must be a space of poor soil; I will tarry till I reach the taller

stalks again. Then he went on till he came to where they had borne but ten-fold; and these he scorned. Then he came to where they grew in patches, bearing scarce two-fold: and at last, after passing by a few withered straws bearing perhaps a single mildewed grain, he went out as empty as when he went in.

And so would Angélique, had she but plucked her first straw and held it fast, have been the lady of Earl's Dene after all; and it is by no means impossible that the memory of certain passages of the old time made her feel, now, that she would just as soon have been so under the name of Mrs. Créville, as under that of Mrs. Lester. But, as things were, to have to look forward to the day when she might take rank as the wife of a half-pay major as the summit of her hopes—it was simply intolerable. She guessed only too truly what Hugh meant by a career, whether in the army or elsewhere; and she had not by any means such belief in him as to believe him fit to do anything but live upon ten thousand a-year.

No wonder, therefore, that the poor girl lost her temper when she thought of the full, ripe ear of wheat that might have been hers. She must have done so sooner or later, and it had been long upon the ebb. And now unutterable contempt was added to her disappointment.

"*Grand Dieu!*" she exclaimed outright, with flashing eyes and at an incisive pitch of voice that is peculiar to agitated macaws and exasperated Frenchwomen—" *Grand Dieu*, that I should be tied for life to a fool!"

CHAPTER XI.

Of course there were plenty of rumours about Marie's disappearance, both in the profession and elsewhere, each and all of which were founded upon authority of the

highest, and proof of the most irrefragible kind, to account for a step on her part which seemed altogether unaccountable. A successful artist does not throw up the prospect of

a career such as hers promised to be for nothing; nor can a woman of flesh and blood suddenly disappear from the world in these unsupernatural times without a natural cause.

One rumour was—of course—that she had gone off to the Continent with a certain notorious *roué* and spendthrift; the evidence being that she had been seen dining at a hotel, at Dover, in his company, on the evening on which she had been due in Park Lane.

A second was—also of course—that her companion had not been the *roué* aforesaid, but a married and intensely respectable man of high rank and great wealth, with whom she had been seen on board a steamer at Liverpool at the same hour of the same evening.

A third, that the immaculate Marie had, on her way to a concert, been suddenly attacked in a hackney-coach by the pains of labour, and that she had retired into the country for a month, more or less; the evidence being positive assertion, and the number of the coach, which was said for certain to have been 8531.

A fourth, that she had run away to avoid a criminal charge, the nature of which was variously quoted as shop-lifting, swindling, forgery, arson, and murder—but more especially murder. There was overwhelming proof, supported by ample evidence of time and place, to prove each and all of these.

A fifth, that she was over head and ears, not in love, but in debt.

A sixth, that she had been claimed by a husband, who had just completed his term as a *forçat* at Brest, or, as others said, Toulon.

A seventh, that she was in the pay of the secret police of Paris—or, according to others, of the *bureau des affaires étrangères*, and, having completed her mission in England, had been recalled.

An eighth, that she had been driven from the field in shame by the marvellous playing of the talented

Miss Smith. This was believed in by the immediate friends of that young lady, but by no others; and was indeed stoutly denied by the immediate friends of the talented Miss Green.

A ninth, that her real name was not Marie Lefort, but the Princess Alexandrovna Suloff: that she had been implicated deeply in a conspiracy to assassinate the Czar, instigated thereto by her lover—of course she had a lover—who was a sub-lieutenant of hussars serving in the Caucasus: that, upon the plot having been discovered, she, after receiving eight hundred and ninety-seven lashes with the knout, had escaped from prison, and walked, dressed as a Polish Jew, from Moscow to Königsberg: that thence she had made her way, hidden in a cargo of timber, to London: that she had been recognised, in the course of a performance, by an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy, who had been an unsuccessful rival of the sub-lieutenant: that she had been seized while walking in Oxford Street, at dusk, by three men, disguised as watchmen, but in reality *employés* of the Embassy: and that her piano must henceforth lighten the labours of the miners of Tobolsk. This report, of course, bore its truth upon its face.

A tenth, that her disappearance was a dodge of Monsieur Prosper's.

Thus for nine days were the waters disturbed, and then the circling wavelets of which she had been the centre ceased, and she seemed to have sunk like a stone beneath the surface of the lake of life, and to have left no sign. Félix, aided by Monsieur Prosper, sought for traces diligently, but in vain. No corpse was discovered upon the piers of the bridges, or floating among the river craft; no hospital walls had witnessed the parting of her soul and body; no sail had carried her away from that England where she had been so unhappy. Most strange of all, in the case of one in whom thought for

others was a habit unconquerable by any emotion short of despair, she had apparently deserted the orphans to whom she had devoted all the strength that she had not given to her husband and to her art. At last nothing was left to him who sought for her the most ardently but certain despair, tempered only by the hope of vengeance, even though the position of Warden was so far unassailable before the world.

Now it was all very well for Barton to be free from confinement, and to be trying to negotiate loans for other people; but he was most sorely in need upon his own account. As to how it happened that, once being in confinement, he ever became free, or that, being free, it was ever worth the while of anybody to take his freedom from him, is only one of those daily and hourly mysteries in the life of such a man that can no more be solved than the great mystery of the universe itself. There are, as every one who is tolerably acquainted with great cities knows, hundreds of men who do not earn so much as the wages of a west-country labourer, and who yet somehow drift along, no one knows how, without being able to obtain a quarter of what are usually—but, in such cases, to all appearance falsely—considered the necessities of life, such as meat and lodging, but existing upon what are usually considered its luxuries, such as, in one case, lavender gloves, in another cabs, in another tobacco, in another brandy. The mystery is certainly not rendered the less insoluble by others by reason of its being equally so by such men themselves; nor, seeing that this is not the history of Dick Barton, is there any need to attempt to solve it here.

It almost looks as though, for purposes of mere existence, supposing mere existence to be worth having for its own sake, it is sufficient to live by Faith: by Faith, that is to say, in Accident. But

sometimes even he who lives by Faith must think, and, like Barton himself, occasionally catch a confused and barren glimpse of his position. And now this believer of believers was sober by compulsion. There was absolutely no one left of whom to borrow half-a-crown. He was roofless, dinnerless, breakfastless, supperless, penniless, friendless, all at once; and brandyless into the bargain. His sole possessions were clothes which were not clothes, as his friend Euripides would have called them, his Horace, and his hunger. But perhaps what weighed most heavily upon him was his quarrel with the only real friend that he had in the world.

"Unlucky devil that I am," he said to himself when his anger with Warden had cooled down, and the troubles of Hugh Lester had passed away from his mind, "that no one should ever take me up but to let me fall again—not even a French fiddler. Why in the name of the Fates and Furies was I ever born? I have never even got so much as five minutes' enjoyment out of this world that canting blockheads are always crying up as so beautiful. But I doubt if I'm alone in that, for that matter—and so what is the good of trying? Man made to be happy—Bah! Man was born to eat thistles, and be soundly cudgelled, and be an ass. I have half a mind to put an end to the whole business altogether. But in this black-hole called England—not that I suppose it's blacker than any other hole called anything else—one can't make even so cheap a *quietus* as that without a fee. One can't hang one's self without rope; and rope costs something; and it might as well cost a thousand guineas as a penny to a vagabond like me. One might starve to death, it is true—but that, in my case, would not be suicide: it would be natural death with a vengeance. And, after all, I doubt if I should have the energy to do

anything very deliberate without having my belly full—and a full belly means content with things even as they are. It is sand for the hunted ostrich. Well, it comes to this, I suppose, that I must live and see the farce played out. It can't be very long, I suppose. But what a preposterous joke it is that a man should have muscle and stomach and brains better than those of half the world put together, and yet at the age when he ought to be at his best, be starving here in the streets when idiots whom I could twist round my little finger and thrash with it afterwards are washing down ortolans with Tokay! The world beautiful indeed! It is the masterpiece of Momus, the arch-joke of the devil's court-jester. But even so, I must be fit for something; and if the people had the spirit of a mouse, we should see. If I could but cry out, 'To the Barricades!' with any hope of an answer! I am almost tempted to give up the game and turn—respectable. But even for that it is too late now."

He had by this time walked on until he found himself in Lombard Street—a quarter as exciting to a man without a penny as Vanille ice to Tantalus.

"I remember once proposing to Félix to take to the road. Suppose I take to the city instead? One would get one's rope *gratis* then—there's no fee to the hangman—and I would make my last dying speech in Demosthenic Greek. It would be worth it, only for the joke's sake: I fancy it would puzzle even the Ordinary. By Jove, there's Prescott! Drink—beggary—crime: that's the regular *facilis descensus*, I believe. I've gone through the first, so I suppose it's time to try the second. Holloa, Prescott! good morning. How are stocks or funds, or consols or discount, or whatever you call it, to-day? And which is your present constellation—Taurus or Ursa Major?"

It was part of the banker's policy to be popular. But he simply stared at his old instrument and passed him by; but Barton followed him.

"Can you lend me half-a-crown?" he went on. "I've got nothing but thousand-pound notes in my pocket, and I want change."

"You are an impudent black-guard," answered the banker, increasing his pace.

"You won't? Is that your gratitude? You're not going to stand for Denethorp again, then? For I'm worth buying still, I can tell you—and all for the small price of half-a-crown. Remember Tarquin and the Sibyl."

"You are worth more than that to be rid of. There," said Prescott, tossing him a guinea, and turning into his bank, at the door of which they had now arrived. He did not wish it to be thought that he had been stung, and he liked to be contemptuously munificent.

"Now," said Barton to himself, when he was left alone with his new wealth, "I suppose I ought to have thrown it back in the fellow's face. But—*non olet*. And this time no one shall call me prodigal. I'm almost tempted to drill a hole in it and hang it to my watch-chain—if I had such a thing. A guinea is the true charm against evil after all. Who was it said that the definition of riches is the immediate possession of five shillings? But yet, hang it all, what's a guinea? Any way I'll no longer sign myself *impransus*."

So he turned into a small tavern, from which, after a while, he emerged in a better humour with himself and with the world. But though he did not eat very much, his pennyworth of bread necessitated the consumption of an intolerable deal of something very much more potent than sack; so that a hole was made in his guinea of another kind from that which he had contemplated.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. Not knowing what

to do with himself he returned to his home in the streets.

It may be noted that when a man has even a shilling or two in his pocket, not to speak of fourteen and sixpence, and has no object for a walk, his steps invariably turn westward. From East to West is as inevitably the course of the smallest coin as of the sun itself. So he proceeded slowly and meditatively along Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, the Strand, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, until he reached Park Lane. But he was a very long time in the process, for a reason that may be readily conjectured when it is said that, on turning into a public-house to refresh himself he found that his guinea was a thing of the past altogether. And so, in obedience to the law of nature, he bent his steps eastward again. For the course of the penniless man is from West to East as surely as that of the sun when it is on the right side of the world.

But he was tired with walking, and it was getting late; and it was growing dark also. He therefore, knowing from experience that it is well on a warm summer's night to choose a comfortable place for repose betimes, sought at once his favourite bench in St. James's Park, and, finding it unoccupied, disposed himself to pass the night there as one of the numerous lodgers of that particular chamber of the *hôtel d la belle étoile*, as Félix would have called it. Nor, when the weather is fine and warm, as it was now, is such a lodging by any means to be despised. It is true that it is apt to grow a little chilly, if not a little damp, about a couple of hours before sunrise, and it is impossible to be altogether secure of privacy; but the air is sweet and pure—one is not tempted to oversleep one's self when the chorus of sparrows chirps its *aubade*—and, above all, there is nothing to pay.

So he laid himself down luxuriously on the hard bench, which was soft to his weary and accustomed

limbs, and began to read his Horace, as one reads a book that one knows by heart, by the light of the stars which looked down upon him and upon London, and seemed to assert that, in spite of both, the world is beautiful in some ways after all. He was disturbed by no nightly birds of prey, either male or female; for these, with the unerring instinct of their kind, single out their proper quarry with an infallible eye, and leave unmolested a fellow-vagabond. And, after a while, night and weariness, that bring consolation to all men, brought him as sound and as sweet a sleep as if he had not been Dick Barton.

For some five or six good hours, he slept his usual dreamless sleep, unbroken by any drunken refrains of songs that from time to time passed by him or by any others of the equally agreeable voices of the night, as nights are known in London. But at four o'clock he woke with the sun streaming into his eyes, and was Dick Barton once more.

Those who have not seen it under the spell of sunrise may laugh; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that at that hour of a summer morning our hideous capital is simply one of the most beautiful of all cities. It then enjoys all, and more than all, the beauty of silence, of sunlight, of opal skies, of clear and sharply-marked outlines, and of fresh air that—until it is destroyed and blotted out by the foul breath of crowds and of coal-fires—belongs to any other place that can be named. Beauty of streets and of buildings depends far less for its existence and for its perfection upon the skill of the architect than upon the sharpness and clearness of form given by the nature of the atmosphere, both around and above; and the atmosphere of an English morning is simply without a rival. And then London, seen in silence and in sunshine instead of in noise and in smoke, has, in addition, the beauty of pathos and of contrast

also. Such a prospect is a passing revelation of the fact that, however deeply the outward form of nature may be buried by the hand of man, her soul is immortal after all, and of how she is able to transform even her grave into her throne when all her foes are asleep, and when none but they who love her or who need her are abroad.

Barton was one who needed her, if he did not love her. He drew a deep breath of renewed strength—one is not subject to "next mornings" after a night spent out of doors—as he looked across what by day is a duck-pond, but which then—in all soberness it is said—looked like a fairy lake where it lay half hidden by green leaves made clean and fresh by the dew that sparkled upon them like a rain of emeralds, to where the Abbey stood, not in the dingy cloak of brown that it wears by day, but in a morning robe of clear grey just tinged with the reflection of the rosebud of dawn. Not a living creature, save the sparrows, was in sight; for he was a late riser for a tenant of that chamber whose roof is the sky and whose walls the air. He drew himself together, gave a long stretch, stood up, and shook himself, like a dog making his toilette after he has uncured himself from his straw.

And then he saw that he was not quite alone with the sparrows. There is no separation of the sexes in that hostelry of the poor; and his eye lighted upon a neighbouring bench upon which lay a woman who seemed likely to be a still later riser than he.

"What!" he thought; "has trade got to be so bad as this, that the Haymarket itself is glutted with lodgers? Why, we shall have a revolution after all, when the very — But now for some breakfast. That comes of economy." And he turned to go, when the woman—so much too well dressed for her situation as to leave no room for doubt as to the nature of her calling—

moved suddenly, and woke up with a deep sigh.

She passed both hands over her face, and then, seeing Barton, timidly shrank to a corner of the bench, and drew her shawl round her closely.

"Good morning," he said, seating himself at the opposite corner. "I didn't know I had had so near a neighbour last night, or else perhaps— What time did you come to bed? I hope I didn't snore: I do sometimes, I believe."

"Sir," she said, in a sweet voice that struck him as being not unfamiliar to him, "could you tell me—"

He looked her full in the face. "Impossible," he said to himself, "if anything were impossible." But she, whose eyes had hitherto been fixed upon the ground, now raised them to his suddenly.

"Well, possible or no," he continued to himself, "it is no business of mine. Every one has a right to do what he likes with his own. 'Could I tell you,' you were saying—"

Poverty is not the only guide to the resting-places of the poor. Barton might wonder at such a meeting, and even disbelieve his very eyes; but not those who have ever wandered about the streets with no purpose beyond a longing to flee from the wretchedness of soul that is their only guide. To such as these, times and places are all as one. They would lie down to sleep in a den of lions without a thought of fear—their home is everywhere but at home. She, more homeless than the most homeless there, must have wandered all night without heeding how or where. Barton, wanderer upon the face of the world of London as he was, might exercise some choice as to the time and place of his repose; but not she. Yet neither were so ill-chosen after all. Though even Una may not sleep safely everywhere, yet he must have been armed with something more than the devil's courage who would

have disturbed her when the big form of Dick Barton lay so few yards distant from her as to make her seem to be neither without a companion nor a protector. Truly our guardian angels take strange shapes sometimes!

But before he could finish his question she was gone.

He stood looking after her for some time, as though in doubt whether to follow her or no. "What is it to me?" he thought again. "No, I won't follow her." And so of course he did follow her, keeping her well in sight—which, as there was no crowd, was easy—but at the same time preserving a sufficient distance between himself and her so that she might not suspect she was being observed.

She went straight along the Mall till she reached Spring Gardens. Then she paused, and seemed in doubt as to which way she should turn, but finally took the direction of Westminster.

When the Abbey was again in sight she stopped once more. Then she went on again at a hurried pace, and, when opposite St. Margaret's, turned suddenly to the left. Barton at once quickened his pace, and gained upon her, till in a few seconds he was by her side.

"You were beginning to ask me a question just now," he said.

"Can I be of any use to you?"

"No—you can be of no use to me."

"I think I can, though. I'm not going to preach—but do you think I don't know where you are going? It was only yesterday I thought of taking the same journey myself."

"Indeed——"

"Never mind now. It wouldn't have mattered a curse what had become of me; and I expect my cause was greater than yours, and so I had double reason. Yes, greater cause—I mean what I say, and I say it deliberately. Do you know what a wasted life means to a man who might have been any-

thing he pleased? No doubt you will say that a broken heart means a great deal more—but that only shows how little you know about the matter."

"But——"

"You are trembling all over; and as if you had not had enough of the cold air you are going to try the cold—Pshaw! what an ass I am. Put your shawl round you as closely as you can, and come with me."

"But what shall I do? where should I go? why do you hinder me?"

She spoke as if she did not know what she was saying; and, whether from cold, or from fear, or from excitement, or from all three, she was indeed trembling like the bough of an aspen. He himself wrapped her shawl round her, awkwardly, but not ungently.

"As for why I hinder you, it is because I am an ass, I suppose. The river's the best bed for most of us, I fancy; and I should be wiser if instead of keeping you back from it I became your bed-fellow. But one can always come to that, at any time. Meanwhile, as to what you should do, I should say, come and get some breakfast; and as to where you should go, you had better go for the present with me. It strikes me that we are both pretty well outside playing at propriety; and I don't suppose that you'll be afraid of your companion? Besides, no one's up yet that you or I are likely to know."

As he had said, he could not preach; but he had made a sermon all the same.

"I will never say another word about this," he continued, "so you have nothing to fear. Only I will not apologise for having followed you. Damn it, if you will not let me help you, you must help me. So you see I am not so very unselfish in having gone after you two miles out of my way."

"I help you? I? *Mon Dieu!*"

"Yes—I'll tell you how, pre-

sently. And you needn't say a word about your story. I can see it all, and it's as old as the hills. But how a fellow like that——"

"He was always good to me."

"There's the woman all over! By God, you are enough to send one mad! Let the rascal—well, then, let the cad—go; you must see he's not fit to clean your shoes."

"But you do not——"

"Understand? But I do, though; perhaps more than you do yourself. I haven't been among men and women for nothing. Have you no friends?"

"Not one."

"Not Mrs. Lester? Not Miss what's-her-name—Miss Raymond?"

"None."

"But is there no one left whom you can help—for whom you can live still? Not even a kitten? I know more about women—I, Dick Barton, who never cared for one of them and for whom not one of them ever cared, and who don't think them worth caring about either—than Prosper, with all his brag. And you're just the girl to have a deaf great-grandmother, or a blind canary, or a sixpenny doll, to work her fingers to the bone for."

Ernest and Fleurette! were the memories of you as fast asleep as your bodies) that it needed Dick Barton to recall you to the mind of your sister—of your mother? But let it be remembered what is meant by despair—not sorrow merely, not

even anguish, but the mad hopelessness that, when it comes, overwhelms even the strongest soul, and draws a black veil between heaven and the hearts of those of whom alone it has been written that they shall see God.

"Oh, I am too weak even to die!" she cried out; "what does anything matter—even life? Do with me what you will—take me where you please; only I am Marie Lefort no more. I will earn my children's bread; but for God's sake let the secret of my life be known to you only. Indeed I have cause to be dead to all who have known me."

"Poor child! I fear there is something outside the old story after all. So be it, then. I promise—on my word of honour, if I have anything left of that rather vague article. But say—are you afraid of me?"

"Of you? oh, no; why should I be afraid of you?"

"Some people might think so. So be it, then. I had a sister once who was lucky enough to be put underground before she was six years old; and for whom, I suppose, therefore, the gods entertained the whole of the very small amount of affection that they had to spare for me and mine. She was called Esther, I remember. Very well, then; you for to-day shall be Esther Barton—and for as many more days as you please."

CHAPTER XII.

It has been said that there was but one thing left for Félix to do. It was shortly this: and, if he has to any extent succeeded in obtaining the sympathy of the reader so far, it is much to be feared that he may run some risk of losing it now.

The literature of the duel is fast dying out. That duelling itself should have ceased to be an English institution may or may not be well; but, whether it be the one

or the other, it is at any rate highly inconvenient. Its decadence has to a very great degree unmodernised the life of only fifty years ago, and made it in a very essential feature as unsympathetic to readers of the present day, who require, above all things, for their mental food the realism of their own daily life, and to exercise their imagination upon real tea-cups and real saucers of the most modern fashion,

as a romance would be of which the scene should be laid in the Campus Martius, and in the year of the city 753. The hair trigger has become as obsolete as the *pilum* or the *sica*. Not only in character, but in ideas and in conduct also, must our grandfathers be made to resemble their grandsons, in order to be made presentable in what one would think should be the cosmopolitan and cosmoeval society of literature: and, on the same principle as that on which the French painter dressed the guards of Dido in the uniform of the *mousquetaires du roi*, must we dress the neckclothed and padded dandy of fifty years since in the shooting-jacket of to-day. It is therefore an essential characteristic of the virtuous hero of a modern story that he should hold duelling either in abhorrence or in contempt, according as he is a good Christian or a good man of the world; and it is, in fact, really hard to call to mind that the man who would now be considered a sensible fellow, would only half a century since have been called a coward, and cut dead by every man of honour. Had Félix lived in these days he would, doubtless, after having been smitten on the one cheek, have turned his other to the smiter in the most orthodox manner possible; and, as it was, this would doubtless have been the commendable course. What does a word signify, after all, that affords no ground for an action for damages? If fine words butter no parsnips, neither do hard words break any bones. It is a highly useful and sensible policy, that which is contained in the great principle of "It does not matter," and saves its disciples from scrapes innumerable. But, unfortunately for his credit, he did not live in these days; and, being quick-natured and sensitive, and having, perhaps owing to his social position, almost exaggerated notions of the duties, although he denied the rights, of gentle blood,

he thought that an insult mattered a great deal. There is no such aristocrat in the whole world as the thorough-going republican who happens to have been born a gentleman; and though a marquis might be entitled to no privileges, a De Créville could never cease to be a De Créville, though his name might be ignored not only by the world but by himself also.

After all, whatever people may think, no fact can be changed by any amount of change of view. Plenty of good men have fought duels, and yet have been no more murderers in their hearts — by which, and not by their deeds, it is to be presumed that men ought to be judged — than the most forgiving and meek-tempered of their race; and plenty have not only fought them, but have killed their man, without a thought that a gentleman, if not exactly a Christian, should be ashamed to own. The tenderness for human life as such, and not because it is particularly worth having or keeping, which seems to have culminated in recognising in the body of the foulest murderer a holy temple not to be lightly meddled with by human hands, did not exist in days when even so purely arbitrary an institution as honour was held to be something better than human life. It is very lamentable, of course, that Félix lived in times that allowed him to behave as no one would be justified in behaving, now that the idea of moral courage is almost opposed to that of physical. He had not even the excuse of being forced into what he did by the pressure of public opinion; for, though in his own eyes there was now no course open to him but one, the world would certainly not have wasted a thought upon the matter.

But Félix was his own public opinion; and in due course Mark Warden received a challenge. How he took it may be imagined: he

simply laughed it to scorn, and only sent back word that he should call in the assistance of the law if he found himself farther annoyed. In fact he only did what any sensible man in his position would have done, whether in those days or in these.

It was written, however, that the matter was not to end here. The mass of circumstances, slight and apparently trivial in themselves, of which this story is composed, was gathering like a mass of snow, which is composed of the finest particles, but which, by gradual accretion, becomes an avalanche. If mountains are mothers of mice, it is from mole-hills that we must look for monsters.

One passion only now filled the breast of Angélique. It was simply a wild passion for revenge—for revenge against Warden, against Félix, against Hugh, against Miss Clare—in short, against all the world. The last blow had been too cruel, and the remorse of self-interest only made matters worse a thousand-fold. She was enraged with herself for having been so befooled, and for having lost her temper when perhaps all else had not even yet been wholly lost; and, after her fashion, she vented her rage upon everybody but herself. She left her husband in his amaze, and hurried to the chambers of Mark Warden in the Temple. He was out, but she waited there till he returned, much to the excitement of the boy, who had never opened the door to a female visitor in his life before.

Warden himself was surprised to hear that a lady was waiting to see him, and that she would not give her name. He was still more surprised when he saw who the lady proved to be.

"Mr. Warden," she began at once, without giving him her hand, "we have been bitter enemies. I know it now as well as you who have known yourself my enemy all along; and we shall be worse enemies still,

perhaps, when we have to reckon about my poor Marie. Yes, you are her murderer, in one way or another. But we must be at peace now, though I hate you from my soul. Miss Clare has made her will."

"This is strange language, Mrs. Lester. Do I understand that you are come to accuse me of the murder of—of your cousin? Do I look like a murderer—have I acted like one? I can pardon much to your grief, in which I also share; but——"

"Oh, you can look like what you please, except like what you are; and that is a — But did I not say there must be peace between us now? If you are what I think you, there will be proof enough in time; and even if you choose to take my warning, you are a ruined man any way. No—I do not come to accuse you of anything; I come to tell you that Miss Clare has made her will."

"I know it."

"But do you know what it is?"

"Of course not—how should I? And if I did, I should respect her confidence."

"And you do not know who is her heir?"

"I certainly did not inquire. Your husband, I hope."

"No—her son."

"Her son?"

"Yes—Félix Crévillé."

And she told him the story as she heard it from Hugh.

When she had come to an end Warden was as pale as death.

"And why do you come to me?" he asked.

"Why? do you wish that Félix should have Earl's Dene? You are not the man I take you for if you can think of no means——"

"Thanks for your information; and thanks for letting me know your opinion of me. I am neither disappointed nor angry. Earl's Dene is nothing to me; and I can make any number of excuses for your anger under the circumstances.

But I cannot help you, and I certainly can think of no means."

If he could, he would certainly not have taken her into his confidence.

"No means? No means to keep from the hands of another what you have been plotting and lusting for all your days? Are you a lawyer, and can you think of *no* means? Perhaps the will may be a bad one: perhaps——"

"You had better be careful, Mrs. Lester; I am lawyer enough to tell you that. As I have said, I can understand your disappointment; but it seems to me that you are suggesting to me that I should commit a crime. Now, supposing that I were disposed to figure in a criminal court—which I certainly am not—I should prefer the crime to be for my own benefit."

"I said just now that I will fight you still; and so I will, to the end. But neither of us can conquer if this will is to stand. Between us, you certainly have the best of it. And yet can you be so tame as to——"

"What you call tameness, Mrs. Lester, I call submission to ill fortune. And what interest have I, I should like to know, in Earl's Dene? I should like it to have gone to your husband, of course, but——"

"You are a greater hypocrite even than I took you for. But I am not altogether blind. You found me willing enough to take your hints once before, and I see that you are not unwilling to take mine now in return, however much you may try to throw dust in my eyes. Good morning."

"The woman must be mad," he said to himself when she had left him; and he really almost thought so. But what she had said had made him regard a duel with Félix with somewhat different eyes than before.

"No, she is not mad," was his second, and therefore his best, thought. "I see it all. No—Earl's

Dene is not gone, and must not go. I must not have worked all this time for nothing, though it has come to staking my life against success—though the question is reduced to that of a chance bullet between him and me."

His being possessed with one idea had given him the most dangerous quality of all; and in fact there are no men in the whole world more dangerous than men possessed by one idea. When put to it, they become as reckless of themselves as of others, like a mad Malay. He had not gone so far to draw in his horns now; and he now saw that the cunning brain must give place to the strong and ready hand. If he should fall—well, he was no coward, and fully ready to take all ordinary risks of the time.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small
Who fears to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

sings the soldier-minstrel of the cavaliers; and though the song is of noble things, it will apply to the ignoble also. Warden was confident in his fate, and in his deserts as well. And the chances that such men should rise the winners are myriads to one. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—it is cowards and doubters who lose. He was neither. He had risen to the occasion, and felt that he had made it his own.

"MY DEAR ANDREWS,—Can you do me a very great favour? I have a disagreeable and rather delicate affair on hand just now, in which it is difficult to know how to act. I fear, however, that it must end seriously, and I very much wish for your advice in the matter. If you will give it me, let me know where I can see you to-day, and at what hour.

Yours most sincerely,

"M. WARDEN.

"MAJOR ANDREWS."

"Mr. Warden presents his compliments to Mons. Créville, and, on

consideration, will be glad to receive any friend of Mons. C., with a view to a final arrangement of the misunderstanding between them. Mr. W. will be found at his chambers, 7 Elm Court, Temple, during the whole of to-day."

These he despatched forthwith, and then turned to Coke upon Littleton to pass the time while waiting for their effect.

The answer to the first soon arrived. It was merely as follows:—

MY DEAR WARDEN,—All right. Come and dine with me here at six o'clock. Such things are always best discussed over a bottle.—Yours very truly,

"A. R. ANDREWS.

"M. WARDEN, Esq."

But in the matter of the second the delay was very much longer. The fact was that for the *soi-disant* Marquis de Créville to find a friend for such a purpose and in such a sense was no easy matter.

Prosper would certainly not do: nor, *a fortiori*, any of his orchestral *confrères*. It would be to cover the affair with ridicule.

But find one somewhere he must. At last, as a *pis-aller*, he bethought him of Dick Barton. Any way he was a graduate of Cambridge, and might therefore take brevet rank, as it were, in such a case.

This thought, however, scarcely diminished the difficulty. It was easy to think of Barton, but by no means so easy to find him, seeing that his address was something like "Richard Barton, B.A., The Streets, London."

CHAPTER XIII.

No time, however, had to be lost. So he went straight to the office of the 'Trumpet,' and inquired if anything had been seen or heard lately of the most errant of its contributors. He could scarcely be said to hope for success, and was almost surprised to learn that Barton had called there the very day before, and had given an address somewhere in Lambeth.

Lambeth was not a very likely quarter in which to look for a friend in an affair of honour. But there was no help for it; so he set out at once, and, after another series of difficulties, at last succeeded in discovering, not far from the Bishop's palace, No. 48 Saragossa Row, to which he had been referred.

He who invoked the

'Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and stinks'

could never have paid a visit to Saragossa Row, Lambeth, or he would never have libelled the city of Johann Maria Farina. A whole

flood of Cologne water would not have served for a sufficiently powerful baptism to regenerate Saragossa Row, of which the prevailing feature was an odour that would have defied the analysis of the most skilled of chemists, except so far that the most unscientific nose could trace in it a strong element of cabbage-water of a peculiarly outrageous kind. The shops that it contained were for the most part those of small butchers, grocers, and chandlers, redolent of short weight and adulteration; and this may have had something to do with the matter. Its inhabitants apparently consisted of troops of very small boys and girls, who, having rolled for pleasure in the mud-bank of the Thames, were in the habit of cleansing themselves in the gutter of their native street; and this, no doubt, had to do with the matter still more. At any rate, the three kingdoms of nature must have combined to produce the atmosphere in which Félix now found himself.

But what words can describe a smell, whether of rose or of bilge water? Easier by far would it be to describe the hopeless poverty of the neighbourhood; its filth, of which the part that was unseen was worse, if possible, than the part which was seen; its hot and all-pervading dust, every mote of which must have been a seed of fever; its squalor, and its despair. Saragossa Row exists no more. But its family has grown and multiplied a hundred-fold, and, baffling description, grows more prolific from year to year. Let those who need a description go and see for themselves. The sight will not prove un instructive, and they will not have to go far.

No. 48 proved to be the shop of a small dealer in *articles de luxe*—though not, indeed, made of *papier maché* and ormolu. The window was stocked with clay pipes, white mugs ornamented with blue letters, and blue mugs with white; penny song-books, and guides to dream-land; slices of plum-cake, and sticks of liquorice; lucifer-matches, and an old umbrella;—so that Dick Barton was lodged aristocratically indeed. The tenant was from home; but Félix, on making the old woman who reigned over this multifarious stock understand that he would write a note—probably a new idea to her altogether—was shown into his room, which was certainly a far worse lodging than the Mall, for the purpose of finding pen, ink, and paper, articles of too surpassing luxury to be contained even in the window.

The up-stairs room, appropriated to Dick Barton, was very much what might have been expected from the external surroundings. There was one unsteady table, that contrived to balance itself after a fashion upon the carpetless floor; there were three chairs, of different orders of architecture, and of different ages; there was a corner

cupboard, a broken poker, a dozen rat-holes,—and that was about all. The day was warm and close, but the window was closed; and, considering all things, so much the better. Félix looked around him in vain for writing materials. He did not know that people whose profession is literature in any of its forms never by any chance are the owners of a pen that will write, of ink that will run, or of a clean sheet of paper. Such things are *articles de luxe* indeed, that brand the amateur. But his search, though vain in this respect, was not without affording material for the exercise of curiosity.

The room, though grimed with the dust of ages, was free from the least suspicion of the dust of to-day. The table and the three chairs were ranged as symmetrically as they might be: and, wonder of wonders, there stood in a white and blue mug, apparently rejected from the stock for having lost its handle and a large piece out of one of the sides, a real purple hyacinth, which seemed to fill that one room, after what he had passed through on his way, with a breath from heaven, and with dreams of the fair face of nature, unmarred by such foul spots of leprosy as Saragossa Row.

Now, in all consistency, any room occupied by Dick Barton should have been inch-deep in dust and neck-deep in disorder, while the only odour at war with the foulness without should, at best, have been that of the stale fumes of departed spirits within. And as for a flower upon the mantel-piece, it was as much out of place as it would have been in his button-hole. It was clear, therefore, to Félix, than whom no one was better acquainted with all his ways, that he was not companionless in his new abode, and that his companion was a woman.

Of course, that such a thing should be was not in itself wonderful. But it was wonderful in

Barton, who hated the whole sex, both in theory and practice, with a perfect hatred, tempered only by the sentiment of the scholar for Lesbia and Chlœ and Lalage. But to imagine him actually living with even Lesbia herself was as easy as to imagine him living without brandy. Like most men whose speech is exaggeratedly foul, his life, where women were concerned, was, from whatever cause, as pure as that of St. Anthony himself, or rather purer, for he seemed beyond the pale even of temptation. But still all things are possible; and as he had, in the experience of Félix himself, been known to go five weeks without brandy, so he might, within the bounds of possibility, have fallen into a sort of domesticity for five days or so. Perhaps it had suited some decayed or neglected beauty of the southern side to make a convenience even of Dick Barton; perhaps she had followed him for love—who could tell? For he possessed just that kind of strength that would have made many a foolish girl or woman follow him even there.

Félix was thus engaged in speculating upon the character of him whom, in spite of their quarrel, he knew to be his friend still, when he heard the well-known elephantine tread which slowly ascended the stairs like the statue of the *commendatore*, and an instant afterwards the big voice that belonged to it calling out,—

"Esther, are you in? By God—Félix! No—she's not in. Confound it all, though—Mrs Wood! If Miss Barton comes home, tell her I'm particularly engaged—do you understand?"

"Miss Barton?" asked Félix.

"Yes—my sister. Why shouldn't I have a sister, like any other man?"

Félix held out his hand.

"I have been angry with you without cause, and very ungrateful. Will you forgive the anger of a man who had but just recovered

from brain fever? For the sake of your own kindness to him?"

"Forgive! Not I. I'm only too glad to see you again. As for forgetting, that's another matter. The waste of good liquor is not a thing to be so easily forgotten; and yet if all the brandy that has been poured down my gullet had been poured into the gutter instead——"

"You remember the cause of our quarrel?"

"Of course I do. To think that you and I should quarrel about a woman! Félix, old fellow, I don't think I ever made an apology in my life, and so I don't exactly know how to begin. Much cause there is for me to forgive you! Mind, I don't think a bit better of women now than I did then. I still think them all——, every one of them. But there is one who is an angel."

"Yes an angel in heaven," said Félix, sternly, "She is nothing more to you or to me. But there is a devil upon earth who is something to me still."

"I know who you mean, the canting scoundrel. What, in the name of the fire of hell, made you save him from the fire of that theatre? But no matter for that. He'll come to the fire at last, all in good time."

"Barton, I did not come to ask you to forgive me, or to talk about—her. On the very night that she disappeared I challenged Mark Warden, and he refused to fight me, like a coward. To-day, however, I received this."

"He will fight you? Oh, how I envy you! If I only had him before me on a good smooth piece of hard ground, such as I used to know in Cumberland, I would soon see if I had forgotten how to try a fall! There should be none of your twelve paces—that's the number, isn't it?—between him and me. And I promise you his fall should be to the bottom of Styx; and I'd pitch my last *obolus* after

him, to pay his passage, with all the pleasure in hell."

Here was promising material for a second! But Félix continued,—

"Will you go to him? You know what I mean. We must fight—not play at fighting. If I put a bullet through him the world is rid of a scoundrel; and if he through me—*tout mieux*."

Barton looked steadily at Félix, and sighed.

"I hate duels," he said. "I'm not a coward, I fancy; but what's the good of having thews and sinews if one doesn't use them? You call it chivalry, I suppose, to give up one's advantages; I call it folly: and you ask me to stand by and help Warden to shoot you—for I'd back the beast against a man like you, at twenty paces, twenty to one. I know you. You'd be as nervous as a tiger, and he'd be as cool as the steadiest shot that ever brought a tiger down."

"You won't stand by me, then?"

"Stand by and see you shot? No."

"Then I must find some one else, that's all."

"Félix, don't be an ass. And yet——" He suddenly paused.

"Well?"

"Damn it, I can't tell you why. But you mustn't be the man to shoot Cram Warden, even supposing that he didn't shoot you. There are reasons—I have it! You mustn't: but there's no reason why I shouldn't shoot him fifty times over; or if he shoots me, why, then, as you say, *tout mieux*. What do you say? Shall I try my luck?"

"I wish you would be serious for once."

"And so I am—in sober seriousness."

"Of course I could not think of such a thing for a moment. Then you will not carry my message?"

"No, by God! not a fraction of it. I'm not a gentleman, and I don't pretend to be one. If you

will fight, of course I can't help it. But——"

How Barton finished his sentence Félix never knew. Before he knew the cause he felt his heart beating violently; and though he turned mechanically towards the door, a kind of faintness prevented his seeing anything but vacancy. His senses were acute enough; but on this occasion his heart was quicker still.

It was Marie!

Of this alone he was conscious. All other facts vanished away into imperceptible nothingness—the place, the mystery of her disappearance, the strange companionship in which he found her again. The soul's love is in itself a dream; and in dreams, they say, one never feels surprise.

She herself stood in the doorway, without resolution either to advance or to retire. Indeed it would have been useless to retire, now that she had been seen by him from whom she had been seeking to fly. Barton, who had been speaking warmly, had not heard her step upon the stairs, which had indeed been too light to be heard by the ears of any but one. But he suddenly looked up, and saw what the reader has also seen.

He stopped abruptly, and there was silence for a full minute. Then he spoke again.

"Esther—Miss Lefort—this is not my doing, though I am glad it has happened. Félix found me out, and——"

But he was unheard. Félix had broken from his dream, and was by her side. Barton looked at them both once more, and sighed deeply, and then for a moment turned away.

"Marie, my own Marie!" exclaimed Félix at last; "heaven has sent me to you—nothing can part us now."

Would it have been wonderful if she also lost her sense of right and wrong—if she also had seen the

hand of God in this chance meeting?

As it was, she could scarcely speak. "O my God!" she at last exclaimed, "am I never to find peace—never to be forgotten? And you—cannot you have mercy upon me?"

Their companion, whose presence both had forgotten, began to drum upon the window-pane. Then he turned round and spoke.

"You seem to have got yourselves both into a mess—and I for one see no way out of it except by giving some one we know of rats-bane. But how about the duel now, Félix? Don't look so scared, Miss Lefort—I beg your pardon—Esther. That seems to me to be a worse mess still."

"Marie," said Félix, "it is true. I have challenged your husband, and he has accepted the challenge. That is what Barton means."

"I beg your pardon, that is not by any means what Barton means—at least not the whole of it. I could scarcely have prevented your fighting before, without betraying confidence, but now——"

Félix certainly found himself in a horribly awkward position. To fight a duel with Marie's husband, she still living, was obviously impossible: it was equally impossible for him to betray her existence to him, which, since he had himself discovered it by accident, would amount to a breach of confidence: and to withdraw without sufficient reason would be to stamp himself as a coward, and to justify the opinion that Warden entertained of him as an impostor, when he had claimed to be of gentle blood.

Barton went on. "What do you say, Félix? You had better have accepted my offer—you know what I mean."

"I see no way out of it but one," he answered.

"And that is—I guess what you mean. Here are three poor devils—by God! I think we had better subscribe for a few pennyworth of

charcoal, after the fashion of your country. Besides, we should be doing a little good for once in our lives—the air of Lambeth smells feverish, and charcoal, they say, is a disinfectant."

"Barton, I believe you would joke on the day of judgment."

"My dear fellow, don't you know me yet? Laughing is my way of crying—that's all. If I were one of your lucky ones, I believe I should never make a joke again. It isn't your Mark Wardens that laugh—it's the shorn lamb that skips and plays, even when it sees the butcher. But what, then, is your one way?"

"My way at present leads away from you—but not in the way you mean. Good-bye, my friend, who have been a brother to me—be a brother to her also. Good-bye, Marie: you are right, we must part for ever. And do not fear for me, or for any one. I have loved you so dearly! Dearest, those who love as we do cannot part for ever. One day we shall meet again. Till then——"

But Marie threw herself into the doorway.

"No, Félix," she said, in a clear and firm voice, "you shall commit no sin for me. You are a brave man; you must not act like a coward."

Both started. It was not the Marie whom they had known that now spoke.

"It is I," she said, "who have brought about all this misery and all this sin. Yes, I mean it—it is I. And I will stand here until I am obeyed now, unless you choose to force your way by killing me first. I know the way you mean—it is to kill or to be killed—or both, perhaps. Will you listen to me?"

She paused, and then went on.

"In a good cause, I, the daughter of a French soldier, would not seek to keep back him I loved the best from certain death—or worse, from

the certain shedding of the blood of another. But in a bad cause, I would rather that the whole world should call him coward than that I should have to think him weak or base. I vow, though I am a Christian woman, and though I have already seen death face to face, that your death, whether by your own hands or by those of my husband, or the death of my husband by yours, shall be my own. Nothing shall keep me from it—no, not Ernest or Fleurette. If you fear the world's scorn, do as I have done: the world is wide, and this one spot of it will no more miss Félix Créville than they have missed Marie Lefort. But I think better things of you than to think you would fear any scorn of men when undeserved. You will be strong in your own conscience; and there is one, at least, who the more you are scorned by those who do not know you will love you all the more. Yes—who will love you. There is no harm in saying so now. For my sake, let me have the consolation in my desolate life that he whom I love is a brave and a true man."

"Oh, Marie, how unworthy I am to dare to love you! If you could share my fate—and why should you not? If we are both dead to the world——"

"That is impossible. You do not even tempt me. If I am in my heart to love a brave man, you must also love a pure woman. We must be worthy of one another. If you are brave and true for my sake, I must be true and pure for yours."

"Then I am to revoke this challenge—I, a De Croisville? Marie—do you not understand that a man's honour is his life?"

"Such honour as that? No. Once more, I have said it. It is not your life I wish to save—it is your true honour, and my own love."

Félix bowed his eyes to the ground. The contest in him was bitter, but it could have but one ending.

"Curse it all!" said Barton, after a long pause. "I suppose it must be so; but—that that infernal scoundrel should get his own way after all!"

ON FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

WE believe that every one who reads at all, every one to whom books were anything in childhood—and it may be taken for granted that all readers in manhood were readers in childhood—every man who ever took up a book for his diversion, can look back to some particular book as an event in his inner history; can trace to it a start in thought, an impulse directing the mind in channels unknown before, but since familiar and part of his very being. He perhaps wonders how the book, being such as it is, should have wrought such marvels, but of the fact he cannot doubt: he was different after reading it from what he was before; his mind was opened by it, his interests widened, his views extended, his sense of life quickened. And he will surely find that the book thus influential came to him by a sort of chance, through no act of authority or intention. He seemed to find it for himself: it was a discovery. His teachers had surrounded him with books, whether of instruction or amusement, suited to his dawning faculties; but to these, however well adapted to their purpose, he can trace no conscious signal obligation. No doubt he owes much to them, but the methods and processes are lost. As far as his mind is stored and cultivated they have an important share in the work: but his memory is treacherous as to individual services. They are associated with the routine of duty, when the fancy is hard to enlist. Because they were suited there was nothing to startle.

Books are founders of families as well as men—not meaning the great books, the folios that overshadow the world of thought and teach ages and generations to write and think with a family likeness—the Aristotles, Augustines, Bacons, and so forth; but books of infinitely less

weight, composed under certain conditions of fervour and vivacity. For we take it that no book gives the start we mean, let who will be the author, which was not composed in heat of spirit to satisfy a necessity for expression, and with vigour of execution.

It may be granted that of all reading novel-reading, as usually performed, is the slightest of intellectual exercises—one that may be discontinued with least perceptible loss to the understanding. As we view the enormous amount of novels issuing from the press, it can be said of few that any of the readers for whom they are expressly written are materially the better for them. A chat with a neighbour, or a nap, or a game at bezique would fulfil every purpose they effect on the jaded, hackneyed attention. Any one of the three modes of passing an hour would leave as lasting an impression as the average serial manufactured for the monthly demand by even fairly skilful hands—that is, on the mind familiar with such productions. Yet to judge by the autobiography of genius, the novel plays a part second to none—we might almost say, the foremost part—in the awakening of its powers. It is a point on which memory and present observation are not only not agreed, but strangely and absolutely at odds. There is no comparison between the novel of recollection and the novel of to-day. We do not mean in literary merit, but in the sway and telling power on the reader. Who can forget his first novel? the tale that entranced his childhood, introducing him to those supreme ideas of hero and heroine; opening a new world to him—not the nursery, school-room, play-ground world, but a veritable field of cloth of gold, of beauty, achievement, adventure, great deeds, success! He reads the story now, and wonders where its

power lay—that is, unless his lucky star threw some masterpiece in his way, such as ‘*Ivanhoe*,’ entrancing to childhood, and still delightful at every age. But this is a chance. The exquisite vision of life may have come in the shape of a classical story—the action is stilted to his mature taste, the language turgid. Or in a tale of chivalry, he can only laugh now at impossible feats of heroism. It may have been an historical romance, such as *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, which Thackeray harps upon: the whole thing strikes him as at once false and dull. It may have been a tale of passion, flimsy to his mature judgment, though the author’s heart was in it. His mind can scarcely, by an effort, revive even a faint echo of the old absorbing excitement; but not the less is he sensible of a lasting influence—a permanent impression, following upon the first enchantment.

Who that has felt it but will class such hours among the marked ones of his life? What a passionate necessity to unravel the plot, to pursue the hero in his course; what a craving for the next volume, stronger than any bodily appetite; what exultation in success; what suspense when the crisis nears; what pity and tears in the tragic moments; what shame in these tears—the shame that attends all strong emotions—as they are detected by unsympathising, quizzing observers; shame leading to indignant protesting, pertinacious denials, haunting the conscience still, and deceiving no one! What a blank when the last leaf is turned, and all is over!

Who cannot contrast the weariness with which he now tosses the last novel aside, with the eager devices of his childhood to elude pursuit and discovery, to get out of earshot, or to turn a deaf ear, when the delightful book is in his grasp which is to usher him into another world? What ingenuity in hiding, behind hedges,

in out-houses and garrets—nay, amongst the beams and rafters of the roof, to which neither nurse nor governess, nor mamma herself, has ever penetrated. Even the appearance of the book devoured under these circumstances lives a vivid memory—torn page, thumb-marks, and all. But it is the way of such things to disappear when their mission is accomplished—to elude all search; though for some we would willingly give as much as ever book-hunter did for a rare pamphlet.

If it were possible, as has been more than once attempted, by a system of rigorous and vigilant exclusion, to confine an intelligent child’s education within certain exactly defined limits—to impart what is called an admirable grounding in all exact knowledge, and at the same time to shut out every form of fiction from its mind—to allow it to receive no impressions through the fancy—to compel its powers of thought and perception into one prescribed direction—to suffer it to read and hear nothing but fact, to imbibe nothing but what is called useful knowledge, to receive its history purified of all legend, its grammar without illustration, its arithmetic without supposed cases, its religion through direct precept only,—and to compare it with another child of equal age and powers, which had learnt nothing laboriously, nothing but through unrestricted observation and the free use of its senses—knowing nothing that lessons teach, reading, if it could read, only for amusement,—but familiar from infancy with legendary lore, fairy tales, and the floating romances of social life,—some interesting conclusions might be drawn. As the first case is an impossible one, we can only surmise which mind would be most developed, which would be possessed of the truest, because most clearly and largely apprehended knowledge. Either system is mischievous followed out to its full length:

these victims of experiment or neglect would each be wanting, perhaps permanently, in supremely important elements of intellectual power; but there is no doubt what would be the voice of experience as to the extent of loss where the higher faculties are in question. All the men of genius who tell us anything of themselves give it—whether intentionally or not—in favour of feeding and exciting the imagination from the first dawn of thought, as a condition of quickening that faculty in time, and sustaining the human race at a due elevation.* There are indeed dry men, who are satisfied with the restrictive system which made them what they are, by stopping some of the mind's outlets for good and all; while Fancy's child, on the contrary, is often painfully conscious of something missing, some strength needed to carry out the brain's conceptions: but satisfaction with an intellectual status is no warrant for its justice. The poet has both types in his thought when he pictures the model child, the growth of the system of his day, as

“A miracle of scientific lore.
Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
And tell you all their cunning: he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the polities of foreign lands:
Can string you names of districts, cities,
towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of
dew
Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he
weighs:
All things are put to question; he must
live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart;”

and contrasts the little prig with the child expatiating, all unconscious of self, in the free range of fiction and fairy-land. It is thus

Wordsworth congratulates Coleridge on their mutual escape:—

“Oh! where had been the man? the poet
where?—
Where had we been, we two, beloved
friend,
If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through
vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched, and
noosed,
Each in his several melancholy walk;
Stringed, like a poor man's beifer, at its
food,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather like a stalled ox, debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may not
taste
A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelibation to the mower's scythe!”

It is common, however, for men of genius to complain in their own case of a defective intermittent education in a tone which gives it for elaborate training; it is their grievance against their special belongings or against society generally. They assume their imagination a giant no chains could have bound; while exacter, more varied, and deeper knowledge would have added strength and power to their crowning faculty. We discover this querulous humility in men who have acquired distinction; to whom, therefore, the world allows the privilege of talking about themselves. They are aware of inequalities, and perhaps feel themselves pulled back by deficiencies which would not have disturbed them had their education been more regular and systematic at some early period than they were left to themselves, and allowed to follow their own devices. Under the desired circumstances their powers would have been more on a level. This is probable, but the level might be attained through the checked exuberance of their

* Bearing upon our subject is a well-considered lecture recently delivered and since published by Lord Neaves on ‘Fiction as a Means of Popular Teaching.’ The line of thought leads him chiefly to dwell on the value of parable and fable as moral teachers for all time and every age. His numerous examples in prose and spirited verse are not only apt and varied, but show a familiar acquaintance with the literature, both European and Oriental, of the subject.

highest and most distinguishing faculty; a sacrifice they would be little prepared for, though the average of capability might be raised.

Mr. Galton, in his work on hereditary genius, asserts genius to be irrepressible. To us it seems, like all other kindling matter, to need a spark; and whatever is not inherent, but imparted, may be wanting. It may be wanting either through abject circumstances, or effectual repression in childhood, the period when the divine touch is given—given in some moment of careless leisure, through the medium of delight, using fancy for its ministrant. There is a critical moment in childhood when it is open to impressions with a keener apprehension than at any other period of existence. Scenes and images strike on the dawning mind, and elicit a flash of recognition, which later on in life, and taken in through gradual processes, would effect no such marvel. It is perhaps when the first glimpse of the possibilities of life falls on a just-awakening intelligence that the light is caught most readily, and tells most lastingly on the intellect. The idea must not only interest, it must be new—something hitherto undreamt of. A child's first apprehension of poetic fiction is a revelation,—fiction, that is, that either tells something absolutely new, like the heroic aspect of life—great deeds and wonderful adventures—or which gives an insight into the passions, the stir, and excitement of manhood. Nothing written for children can produce this commotion in the whole nature; it must be something absolutely out of the sphere of experience, representing life in a new and wonderful aspect, of which before there was no conception, and which yet is recognised at once for truth. And, as we have said, it must be come upon by accident and at unawares. There is fiction, noble fiction, in all classical training; but men don't look back upon their lessons for the moment of illumi-

nation we speak of. Probably it has come before to them; for early childhood is the time when wonder, curiosity, expectation, susceptibility, and pleasure itself, are separate from personal consciousness. It is when a child is lost in a book or heroic tale, to the utter forgetfulness of self, that the germ springs into life. The poet is *made* as well as born. It is here that the making begins. Walter Scott had received his bent at three years old, long before he could read, when he shouted the ballad of Hardyknute to the annoyance of his aunt Janet's old bachelor visitors.

Children's tales of the moral sort, however well told, and however valuable for safe reading and innocent amusement, work no wonders of this kind. A child's story deliberately treats of matters with which the child is familiar; all the grown-up characters are drawn from his point of view. Miss Edgeworth wrote nothing better than *Simple Susan*, but it touches on no new ground. No one looks back upon it as a starting-point of thought. Still less influential in this direction are those that draw society; that bring boys and girls together, and make them talk and act upon one another as it is supposed that boys and girls do act. At best, a child learns appropriate lessons for its own conduct from them. Miss Sewell's valuable tales on the one hand, and *Tom Brown* on the other, open out no vision of life; they are not of the fiction that sows the seeds we mean, though they induce swarms of imitators amongst their older readers and admirers: no doubt, for one reason, that a child's criticism, its questioning satirical temper, is at once roused—the posture of mind least akin to inspiration. In the domestic tale there is a constant appeal to the probable. Here the child cannot but feel as a judge. It has quick sight to detect bombast and want of nature, which might have passed

current in unfamiliar scenes, and enacted by men and women. And because verse is more out of the range of a child's critical judgment than prose, and a tale sung is lifted into a higher region than a tale said, we find romance in harmonious numbers take the first place as instigator and stimulant to the latent spark of genius. How much of our poetry, for instance, owes its start to Spenser! when the 'Fairy Queen' was a household book, and lay on the parlour window-seat! Before the drawing-room table had a literary existence, the window-seat fulfilled its function as the home for the light literature of the day. The parlour window was the form of popularity Montaigne affected to despise and dread for his essays, as placing him within everybody's reach—not of critics only. Clearly the window-seat was better adapted for the explorations of childhood than its modern substitute, as being easily climbed into, more snug and retired, a miniature study, in fact, presenting a hiding-place from curious observers behind the curtain; and the window itself, a ready resource for wandering eyes, when the labour of reading, of attention, even of excitement, demanded a pause. "In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,'" writes Johnson of Cowley, "in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents," he goes on to say, "which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius." With his self-chosen studies Cowley acquired that disinclination for the asperities of a formal education which mature genius so often laments, "and he became such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could

prevail on him to learn the rules of grammar." Pope says, "I read the 'Fairy Queen' with infinite delight at twelve." Dryden calls Milton the poetical son of Spenser; and all recent biography gives to Spenser the same pre-eminence as a prompter of the nation's genius. And this not only because the flow of his verse and his charm of narrative naturally attract children, but that the brilliancy and the strangeness and the utter difference between life as he draws it, and life as the child knows it, especially qualifies it for the work. The 'Fairy Queen' does not so much suggest imitation as other poems do of equal power, but it awakes a faculty. The poets adduced never followed their first teacher; they caught nothing from him but the impulse—the flash. Another remarkable and eventful impulse of the same nature, and for the same reason, was the publication of the 'Arabian Nights,' awaking power without giving its direction. To this Wordsworth testifies:—

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are
ours,
And they must have their food
In that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,
And in the long probation that ensues
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconciliation with our stunted powers.
Oh! then we feel, we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye
dreamers then,
Forgers of daring tales! We bless you
then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you; *then* we feel
With what, and how great might ye are in
league,
Who make our wish, our power, our
thought a deed,
An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's
clay.
Space like a heaven filled up with northern
lights
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at
once:"

and Dr. Newman, in his recollections of early childhood, writes: "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought

life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Dryden gives it as his opinion that "it is the genius of our countrymen to improve upon an invention rather than to invent themselves;" and though he is speaking of the obligations of our earlier English poets to Italian sources, rather than of the mission of Oriental fancy to help Western imagination to the use of its wings, yet his argument takes that direction, and shows the necessity of a first impulse from without in opposition to the irrepressible theory lately put forth. No doubt a work of far less decided force of invention falling on a kindred fancy effects the same purpose. We have always regarded the 'Autobiography of David Copperfield' as in some points imaging Charles Dickens's own early experiences. When his hero amuses Steerforth at school with repetitions of his early novel-readings, we doubt not they were the tales that had impressed the author's own childhood, and given the bent to his genius. When little Copperfield pays his first visit to Mr. Micawber in the Marshalsea, and recalls on his way Roderick Random's consignment to that dreary prison, and there encountering a debtor whose only covering was a blanket, it was probably the recollection of a similar vivid startling impression on his own feelings which made the humours of prison-life at all times a congenial subject for his pen.

Curiously illustrating this view is Cobbett's history of what he calls the birth of his intellect. Cobbett's was certainly an irrepressible character; but the intellect which gave such weight and impetus to it needed an awakening which, except for an accident, might not have happened in childhood—the age essential for its full development. And

unless Swift had chosen to express himself through the medium of fiction (so to call it), his mind, however congenial with Cobbett's, would never have come in contact with it at the impressible period, and probably never at all. It is one of the main gifts of influence to know the right means to an end, and Swift knew invention to be his means, saying, "In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys."

"At eleven years of age" (Cobbett writes), "my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave me such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set with no other clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two penny-worth of bread and cheese, and a penny-worth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny that I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red gaiters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, 'The Tale of a Tub, price threepence.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but then I could not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before, it was something so new to my

mind, that, though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awaked me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. . . . I carried it about with me wherever I went, and when I—at about twenty years old—lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds."

Who can tell how much Cobbett's admirable style, so remarkable in a self-educated man, turned upon an early acquaintance with such a model? The choice and collocation of words owe much to early preference, and the rhythm which first charms the ear.

The child's first visit to the theatre plays a telling part in the memory of genius. Our readers will recall Charles Lamb's vivid recollections of his first play, "Artaxerxes," seen at six years old, when the green curtain veiled heaven to his imagination—when, incapable of the anticipation, he reposed his shut eyes in the maternal lap—when at length all feeling was absorbed in vision. "I knew nothing, understand nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all, was nourished I could not tell how." And Walter Scott, at four, shouting his protest, "But aint they brothers?" as Orlando and Oliver fought upon the Bath stage. Goethe's childhood-recollections are all of the theatre and living actors and puppets, his earliest and lasting inspiration. But the excitement of the scene commonly makes a child too conscious of the present, and of his own part in it, for the magic of new impressions to work undisturbed. A clever child is stimulated to immediate imitation of what it sees. The sight of the

actors, the gaudy accessories, the artificial tones, lower the level. The noblest language, the most impressive scenes, don't work on the mind as they do pictured by the busy absorbed fancy. No child reading "Macbeth" or the "Midsummer Night's Dream" could conceive the idea of composing a play; but, taken to the theatre, play-writing proposes itself as an obvious amusement. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said Southey, at eight years old an *habitué*, "to write a play." "Is it, my dear?" said the lady he addressed. "Yes," he answered; "for you know you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it:" a notion very current with children, who expect the words to come with the situation, but unpromising for future success. We find always a period of gestation between the first prompting and great achievement.

The most striking conjunction of favourable circumstances for intellectual education is seen where severe study imparts the strength essential to the forcible development of ideas, and gives vigour to the mind's conceptions, yet leaves leisure and opportunity in the season of "unperilous choice" for the due working and entertainment of happy accidents; infusing new images through the medium of pleasure, the more delightful from an experience of task-work and labour imposed. The intellect labours still, but it rejoices even in a strain to full tension, exacted neither by duty nor teacher's will, but by curiosity catching a glimpse of what life may be, and what the world offers, to its choicer spirits. Where to these is added the excitement of stirring times, and the clash and conflict of great interests, we recognise the circumstances under which Milton's genius developed itself, and later on the scene of our Lake poets. Sometime great political events are sufficient of themselves to give in-

him, to pay his passage, with all the pleasure in hell."

Here was promising material for a second! But Félix continued,—

"Will you go to him? You know what I mean. We must fight—not play at fighting. If I put a bullet through him the world is rid of a scoundrel; and if he through me—*tant mieux*."

Barton looked steadily at Félix, and sighed.

"I hate duels," he said. "I'm not a coward, I fancy; but what's the good of having thews and sinews if one doesn't use them? You call it chivalry, I suppose, to give up one's advantages; I call it folly: and you ask me to stand by and help Warden to shoot you—for I'd back the beast against a man like you, at twenty paces, twenty to one. I know you. You'd be as nervous as a tiger, and he'd be as cool as the steadiest shot that ever brought a tiger down."

"You won't stand by me, then?"

"Stand by and see you shot? No."

"Then I must find some one else, that's all."

"Félix, don't be an ass. And yet——" He suddenly paused.

"Well?"

"Damn it, I can't tell you why. But you mustn't be the man to shoot Cram Warden, even supposing that he didn't shoot you. There are reasons—— I have it! *You* mustn't: but there's no reason why *I* shouldn't shoot him fifty times over; or if he shoots me, why, then, as you say, *tong mew*. What do you say? Shall I try my luck?"

"I wish you would be serious for once."

"And so I am—in sober seriousness."

"Of course I could not think of such a thing for a moment. Then you will not carry my message?"

"No, by God! not a fraction of it. I'm not a gentleman, and I don't pretend to be one. If you

will fight, of course I can't help it. But——"

How Barton finished his sentence Félix never knew. Before he knew the cause he felt his heart beating violently; and though he turned mechanically towards the door, a kind of faintness prevented his seeing anything but vacancy. His senses were acute enough; but on this occasion his heart was quicker still.

It was Marie!

Of this alone he was conscious. All other facts vanished away into imperceptible nothingness—the place, the mystery of her disappearance, the strange companionship in which he found her again. The soul's love is in itself a dream; and in dreams, they say, one never feels surprise.

She herself stood in the doorway, without resolution either to advance or to retire. Indeed it would have been useless to retire, now that she had been seen by him from whom she had been seeking to fly. Barton, who had been speaking warmly, had not heard her step upon the stairs, which had indeed been too light to be heard by the ears of any but one. But he suddenly looked up, and saw what the reader has also seen.

He stopped abruptly, and there was silence for a full minute. Then he spoke again.

"Esther—Miss Lefort—this is not my doing, though I am glad it has happened. Félix found me out, and——"

But he was unheard. Félix had broken from his dream, and was by her side. Barton looked at them both once more, and sighed deeply, and then for a moment turned away.

"Marie, my own Marie!" exclaimed Félix at last; "heaven has sent me to you—nothing can part us now."

Would it have been wonderful if she also lost her sense of right and wrong—if she also had seen the

hand of God in this chance meeting?

As it was, she could scarcely speak. "O my God!" she at last exclaimed, "am I never to find peace—never to be forgotten? And you—cannot you have mercy upon me?"

Their companion, whose presence both had forgotten, began to drum upon the window-pane. Then he turned round and spoke.

"You seem to have got yourselves both into a mess—and I for one see no way out of it except by giving some one we know of ratsbane. But how about the duel now, Félix? Don't look so scared, Miss Lefort—I beg your pardon—Esther. That seems to me to be a worse mess still."

"Marie," said Félix, "it is true. I have challenged your husband, and he has accepted the challenge. That is what Barton means."

"I beg your pardon, that is not by any means what Barton means—at least not the whole of it. I could scarcely have prevented your fighting before, without betraying confidence, but now——"

Félix certainly found himself in a horribly awkward position. To fight a duel with Marie's husband, she still living, was obviously impossible: it was equally impossible for him to betray her existence to him, which, since he had himself discovered it by accident, would amount to a breach of confidence: and to withdraw without sufficient reason would be to stamp himself as a coward, and to justify the opinion that Warden entertained of him as an impostor, when he had claimed to be of gentle blood.

Barton went on. "What do you say, Félix? You had better have accepted my offer—you know what I mean."

"I see no way out of it but one," he answered.

"And that is—I guess what you mean. Here are three poor devils—by God! I think we had better subscribe for a few pennyworth of

charcoal, after the fashion of your country. Besides, we should be doing a little good for once in our lives—the air of Lambeth smells feverish, and charcoal, they say, is a disinfectant."

"Barton, I believe you would joke on the day of judgment."

"My dear fellow, don't you know me yet? Laughing is my way of crying—that's all. If I were one of your lucky ones, I believe I should never make a joke again. It isn't your Mark Wardens that laugh—it's the shorn lamb that skips and plays, even when it sees the butcher. But what, then, is your one way?"

"My way at present leads away from you—but not in the way you mean. Good-bye, my friend, who have been a brother to me—be a brother to her also. Good-bye, Marie: you are right, we must part for ever. And do not fear for me, or for any one. I have loved you so dearly! Dearest, those who love as we do cannot part for ever. One day we shall meet again. Till then——"

But Marie threw herself into the doorway.

"No, Félix," she said, in a clear and firm voice, "you shall commit no sin for me. You are a brave man; you must not act like a coward."

Both started. It was not the Marie whom they had known that now spoke.

"It is I," she said, "who have brought about all this misery and all this sin. Yes, I mean it—it is I. And I will stand here until I am obeyed now, unless you choose to force your way by killing me first. I know the way you mean—it is to kill or to be killed—or both, perhaps. Will you listen to me?"

She paused, and then went on.

"In a good cause, I, the daughter of a French soldier, would not seek to keep back him I loved the best from certain death—or worse, from

the certain shedding of the blood of another. But in a bad cause, I would rather that the whole world should call him coward than that I should have to think him weak or base. I vow, though I am a Christian woman, and though I have already seen death face to face, that your death, whether by your own hands or by those of my husband, or the death of my husband by yours, shall be my own. Nothing shall keep me from it—no, not Ernest or Fleurette. If you fear the world's scorn, do as I have done: the world is wide, and this one spot of it will no more miss Félix Créville than they have missed Marie Lefort. But I think better things of you than to think you would fear any scorn of men when undeserved. You will be strong in your own conscience; and there is one, at least, who the more you are scorned by those who do not know you will love you all the more. Yes—who will love you. There is no harm in saying so now. For my sake, let me have the consolation in my desolate life that he whom I love is a brave and a true man."

"Oh, Marie, how unworthy I am to dare to love you! If you could share my fate—and why should you not? If we are both dead to the world——"

"That is impossible. You do not even tempt me. If I am in my heart to love a brave man, you must also love a pure woman. We must be worthy of one another. If you are brave and true for my sake, I must be true and pure for yours."

"Then I am to revoke this challenge—I, a De Croisville? Marie—do you not understand that a man's honour is his life?"

"Such honour as that? No. Once more, I have said it. It is not your life I wish to save—it is your true honour, and my own love."

Félix bowed his eyes to the ground. The contest in him was bitter, but it could have but one ending.

"Curse it all!" said Barton, after a long pause. "I suppose it must be so; but—that that infernal scoundrel should get his own way after all!"

ON FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

WE believe that every one who reads at all, every one to whom books were anything in childhood—and it may be taken for granted that all readers in manhood were readers in childhood—every man who ever took up a book for his diversion, can look back to some particular book as an event in his inner history; can trace to it a start in thought, an impulse directing the mind in channels unknown before, but since familiar and part of his very being. He perhaps wonders how the book, being such as it is, should have wrought such marvels, but of the fact he cannot doubt: he was different after reading it from what he was before; his mind was opened by it, his interests widened, his views extended, his sense of life quickened. And he will surely find that the book thus influential came to him by a sort of chance, through no act of authority or intention. He seemed to find it for himself: it was a discovery. His teachers had surrounded him with books, whether of instruction or amusement, suited to his dawning faculties; but to these, however well adapted to their purpose, he can trace no conscious signal obligation. No doubt he owes much to them, but the methods and processes are lost. As far as his mind is stored and cultivated they have an important share in the work: but his memory is treacherous as to individual services. They are associated with the routine of duty, when the fancy is hard to enlist. Because they were suited there was nothing to startle.

Books are founders of families as well as men—not meaning the great books, the folios that overshadow the world of thought and teach ages and generations to write and think with a family likeness—the Aristotles, Augustines, Bacons, and so forth; but books of infinitely less

weight, composed under certain conditions of fervour and vivacity. For we take it that no book gives the start we mean, let who will be the author, which was not composed in heat of spirit to satisfy a necessity for expression, and with vigour of execution.

It may be granted that of all reading novel-reading, as usually performed, is the slightest of intellectual exercises—one that may be discontinued with least perceptible loss to the understanding. As we view the enormous amount of novels issuing from the press, it can be said of few that any of the readers for whom they are expressly written are materially the better for them. A chat with a neighbour, or a nap, or a game at bezique would fulfil every purpose they effect on the jaded, hackneyed attention. Any one of the three modes of passing an hour would leave as lasting an impression as the average serial manufactured for the monthly demand by even fairly skilful hands—that is, on the mind familiar with such productions. Yet to judge by the autobiography of genius, the novel plays a part second to none—we might almost say, the foremost part—in the awakening of its powers. It is a point on which memory and present observation are not only not agreed, but strangely and absolutely at odds. There is no comparison between the novel of recollection and the novel of to-day. We do not mean in literary merit, but in the sway and telling power on the reader. Who can forget his first novel? the tale that entranced his childhood, introducing him to those supreme ideas of hero and heroine; opening a new world to him—not the nursery, school-room, play-ground world, but a veritable field of cloth of gold, of beauty, achievement, adventure, great deeds, success! He reads the story now, and wonders where its

the certain shedding of the blood of another. But in a bad cause, I would rather that the whole world should call him coward than that I should have to think him weak or base. I vow, though I am a Christian woman, and though I have already seen death face to face, that your death, whether by your own hands or by those of my husband, or the death of my husband by yours, shall be my own. Nothing shall keep me from it—no, not Ernest or Fleurette. If you fear the world's scorn, do as I have done: the world is wide, and this one spot of it will no more miss Félix Créville than they have missed Marie Lefort. But I think better things of you than to think you would fear any scorn of men when undeserved. You will be strong in your own conscience; and there is one, at least, who the more you are scorned by those who do not know you will love you all the more. Yes—who will love you. There is no harm in saying so now. For my sake, let me have the consolation in my desolate life that he whom I love is a brave and a true man."

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It may be granted that of all reading novel-reading, as usually performed, is the slightest of intellectual exercises—one that may be discontinued with least perceptible loss to the understanding. As we view the enormous amount of novels issuing from the press, it can be said of few that any of the readers for whom they are expressly written are materially the better for them. A chat with a neighbour, or a nap, or a game at bezique would fulfil every purpose they effect on the jaded, hackneyed attention. Any one of the three modes of passing an hour would leave as lasting an impression as the average serial manufactured for the monthly demand by even fairly skilful hands—that is, on the mind familiar with such productions. Yet to judge by the autobiography of genius, the novel plays a part second to none—we might almost say, the foremost part—in the awakening of its powers. It is a point on which memory and present observation are not only not agreed, but strangely and absolutely at odds. There is no comparison between the novel of recollection and the novel of to-day. We do not mean in literary merit, but in the sway and telling power on the reader. Who can forget his first novel? the tale that entranced his childhood, introducing him to those supreme ideas of hero and heroine; opening a new world to him—not the nursery, school-room, play-ground world, but a veritable field of cloth of gold, of beauty, achievement, adventure, great deeds, success! He reads the story now, and wonders where its

the certain shedding of the blood of another. But in a bad cause, I would rather that the whole world should call him coward than that I should have to think him weak or base. I vow, though I am a Christian woman, and though I have already seen death face to face, that your death, whether by your own hands or by those of my husband, or the death of my husband by yours, shall be my own. Nothing shall keep me from it—no, not Ernest or Fleurette. If you fear the world's scorn, do as I have done: the world is wide, and this one spot of it will no more miss Félix Créville than they have missed Marie Lefort. But I think better things of you than to think you would fear any scorn of men when undeserved. You will be strong in your own conscience; and there is one, at least, who the more you are scorned by those who do not know you will love you all the more. Yes—who will love you. There is no harm in saying so now. For my sake, let me have the consolation in my desolate life that he whom I love is a brave and a true man."

"Oh, Marie, how unworthy I am to dare to love you! If you could share my fate—and why should you not? If we are both dead to the world——"

"That is impossible. You do not even tempt me. If I am in my heart to love a brave man, you must also love a pure woman. We must be worthy of one another. If you are brave and true for my sake, I must be true and pure for yours."

"Then I am to revoke this challenge—I, a De Croisville? Marie—do you not understand that a man's honour is his life?"

"Such honour as that? No. Once more, I have said it. It is not your life I wish to save—it is your true honour, and my own love."

Félix bowed his eyes to the ground. The contest in him was bitter, but it could have but one ending.

"Curse it all!" said Barton, after a long pause. "I suppose it must be so; but—that that infernal scoundrel should get his own way after all!"

ON FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

WE believe that every one who reads at all, every one to whom books were anything in childhood—and it may be taken for granted that all readers in manhood were readers in childhood—every man who ever took up a book for his diversion, can look back to some particular book as an event in his inner history; can trace to it a start in thought, an impulse directing the mind in channels unknown before, but since familiar and part of his very being. He perhaps wonders how the book, being such as it is, should have wrought such marvels, but of the fact he cannot doubt: he was different after reading it from what he was before; his mind was opened by it, his interests widened, his views extended, his sense of life quickened. And he will surely find that the book thus influential came to him by a sort of chance, through no act of authority or intention. He seemed to find it for himself: it was a discovery. His teachers had surrounded him with books, whether of instruction or amusement, suited to his dawning faculties; but to these, however well adapted to their purpose, he can trace no conscious signal obligation. No doubt he owes much to them, but the methods and processes are lost. As far as his mind is stored and cultivated they have an important share in the work: but his memory is treacherous as to individual services. They are associated with the routine of duty, when the fancy is hard to enlist. Because they were suited there was nothing to startle.

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the osiers to where a black row of eel-pots stand up against the glimmer of the western sky. Here is a man punting noiselessly up the stream with his children, the strange dark boat heaving about in vague meanders half shadowed by the bank, and he and his long pole relieved against the evening light. Here is another punt moored across the stream with a solemn party in it upon chairs fishing, most melancholy of all imaginable pleasures. There are the cows upon the projecting bank, looking out, one would say, up and down the river for some small herdsman to lead them home. How tranquil, how soft, how full of subdued colour and pleasant suggestions! Our boat glides down the silvery unknown stream. We ask each other, Do they go on living here all the hours and days, summer and winter, dark and light, those unknown people? What are they doing—what will they be doing—when we are a hundred or a thousand miles off? Will they go on punting? will they sit there silent on their chairs for ever, with all those dimples on the water, and all those nibbles that come to nothing? How strange to glide by them so—to receive them into our life for the moment, and then to pass on without a word spoken, and in all this wide life and wandering world never meet them more! And then comes the lock-keeper at his monotonous work—opening and shutting, opening and shutting those weary yet kindly gates. He stands and chatters on his bank, while we sink down and down into the bowels of the earth, or rather of the water, between those cool, dripping, weedy walls. So many miles to the next lock, and then so many farther, and then the lovely day it has been, and the want of rain, and the name of the squire at the great house—and then good-night! Good-night, good man! but you mean good-bye—farewell for ever and ever! And so we leave him, and pass out of his

life with a sixpence and a greeting, and go on and on.

On the whole we doubt whether the first explorers, dropping down an unknown stream, would have had nearly so much good of it. For us those houses were built with their black beams and yellow walls, those pointed cottage gables, those old Norman church-towers, square and low, which have stood there for how many hundred years. For us those pretty rectories and vicarages were made so green and trim. The clergy are not so grand as the squires, but their lines fall often in pleasant places; and Chatsworth itself could not present anything more perfect than the velvet green lawn, the baskets of brilliant flowers, the soft bank that fringes the water, perhaps with a family of floating water-lilies, perhaps with a blue edge of forget-me-nots. With a curious thrill of surprise we read in the papers afterwards that something was happening in one of those calm fair places at the very moment when we paused and admired. Surely there is peace there, if peace ever was, we say to ourselves; and instead it was death that was there, or birth—one of the mysteries of nature, bringing agitation and trouble, sorrow or joy. Life goes on in its windings deeper than Thames, more various than the moving water, and embraces every human home and life. Yet, after all, events are exceptional, and quiet and monotony the usual rule of existence: and how pleasant must be the gentle stream of living, soft as the river at the foot of the lawn, which glides past those priests' houses! The quiet hamlet, the old grey tower of the church, the pleasant Sunday, all hallowed and sweet with natural calm; what a contrast they are to the moaning comfortless masses, the wickedness and ignorance which crowd our narrow streets! The echo of the world is subdued before it reaches those sweet retreats. And if the man should become an optimist who

dwells among his oaks and elms on the edge of the flowing river, how can we wonder at it? Village life has its hideous tragedies, its unsuspected horrors—but these, too, are exceptional; and the existence of the rural parson, like his house, is surely one of the fairest and most peaceful given to man.

Does the reader remember how by times there will come upon him in his holiday a sense of the pain and anguish and misery that walk unseen about, until it seems to him that the whole world remonstrates with indignant comment? What! take your rest, your pleasure, your ease, while all of us here are writhing and pining—make merry while we are mourning! Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by? The most innocent keeper of holiday, and he who has worked hardest for it, will be now and then arrested by such an under-current of thought. While we play, how many are toiling; while we enjoy, how many are suffering! Were we to relinquish our little relaxation it would not probably be of the least advantage to our brother; but the contrast seizes upon us when our peace is greatest; it seizes upon us when we float by the parsons' pleasant houses. They are so quiet, and the world is so unquiet; and we are so much at ease, and our brethren so hard bested. The contrast is beyond our power of lessening—beyond any human power. It is like the "death-peal" which Mar-mion heard in the midst of Fitz Eustace's song; and intrudes itself somehow, an impertinent spectre in the midst of the most peaceful scenes.

This, however, is a long way out of the modest excursion from Oxford to London on which we intend to conduct our readers. Oxford itself is, as everybody knows, as attractive to many people as if it were in Germany or Italy, and, in its annual fair, draws as great a crowd as a French play. How it lifts its old towers above the silvery

river, St. Mary's noble clustered spire, the crowned towers of Maudlin and Merton, the narrow cupola of Christchurch, and the bigger dumpy dome of the Radcliffe, with many a lesser pinnacle to complete the picture, most people know; and hosts of men who once were young remember with emotion the names of Ifley and Sandford, and the look of those meadows thronged with the ghosts of past years and friends, which are to the present generation so full of pleasant recollections. The Thames is not much more than a full and fine stream as it traverses these sunny flats. We are three in our boat—one who sculls, and one who steers, and one who studies the map and pays the locks, and attends to general utility. There is a hamper in the bow which is pleasantly packed with such provisions as may afford, upon some shady spot, a mid-day meal; and three small travelling-bags in the stern, behind the sitters, which provide for the necessities of the night; and our destination is the Lamb, Wallingford, a little more than twenty miles down the river. The arms that ply the sculls are strong and patient; the hands that hold them, hardened by much use: steadily, regularly, calmly go the flashing oar-blades through the water, without ostentation or show of speed—steady and sure as the motion of a pendulum. It is a serious undertaking for one man's strength, and we do not recommend future travellers to run such a risk unless the oarsman is thoroughly trained and tried, as patient and yet as sanguine as was ours. Modesty forbids the writer to dilate upon the prudence, keen sight, and ready instinct of the steersman, for are not these the hands that held the strings? We started too late—as who does not start?—from all the fascinations of Oxford, even when it is out of term, and the deserted streets sleep in the sunshine, and only a few lingering Dons remain to do the honours of

the University; but once afloat and pursued by the sense of time lost, went steadily down between the two lines of sun-scorched meadows and broken edges of willows, down to the lovely woods of Nuneham Courtenay, which clothe the left bank of the stream for more than a mile. They rise like a leafy screen behind the house, shutting it up safe from the cold winds and the unkindly north; they are like Clifden, like Bisham, true Thames scenery, planted as nature loves to plant her favourite banks. This kind of repetition occurs often as we go on. It is as characteristic of the country as are the church-towers in the background, which are all low and square like the tower of Merton. Like every other great artist, nature makes a hundred studies—modifies, enlarges, elevates, through one trial after another, until the noble masses of trees at Clifden perfect and carry out the design,—upon which she leaves off, feeling her work complete.

Nuneham is one of the points at which the traveller would gladly land and enjoy the delight of sylvan scenery; but time and the hour are inexorable, and on we glide past many a lengthened reach and many a tortuous channel. The locks are objects of the first importance to us: they furnish us with gentle jokes suitable to the intellectual ebb which tones down all too lively faculties of mind or imagination. The lady who has the map and the purse, and disburses knowledge and sixpences, and counts the delusive miles for us upon our chart, goes through a little struggle with herself at every one of these interruptions. She objects conscientiously to pay for the lock which frightens and perplexes her soul. She reasons, with no small justice, that it is we who should have sixpence for putting up with an interruption so disagreeable—not the lock-keeper, who vexes us with that preposterous wooden wall across the stream.

"Why is it?" she asks; and shakes her head with incredulous superiority when the principle is explained to her. It is all very well to speak of the rise and fall of water, the equalisation of surfaces. They are a Nuisance, created for the purpose of bringing us back to common life out of the paradisiacal gliding of the stream. Such is the obstinate feminine theory, which no explanation will modify. She asks indignantly why she should be frightened—why we should be stopped short and made to lose at least ten minutes, being, as we are, so much too late, all to please the Thames Conservancy and give the lockman a sixpence? Lady Anne, if she could, would "boults the pike," like the Irish post-boy. She would even risk the rush of the adjacent river, though it boils and foams; and is too much put out to observe, like her companions, which lockman takes a cheerful and which a gloomy view of life—which adds on to and which subtracts a mile from the next stage of the watery way. Instead of rejoicing when our friend is sanguine, she counts the miles on the map with her fingers, and trembles as she looks at the slowly sinking sun. "Fourteen miles to Wallingford," she murmurs, when we turn the corner upon Clifton Hampden, the prettiest village, with its church and rectory high up on the cliff, and its red roofs half hidden in trees.

The river sweeps below the cliff green and shadowy like a river in a dream. How deep and cool the shadowy depths of lucid greenness under the floating boats! how the willows tremble in the soft breeze, turning all their downy edges to meet it! "The sun has gone down," says Lady Anne. She is not to be deluded by any representation about the shadow of the cliff. Down we float soft and steady by the delicious bank, willows drooping over us, stately trees grouping themselves behind. At Bishopscourt a boat starts out from the water's

edge with its family group: a bright-haired girl sculling, a young mother with her child, the school-boy brother standing in the bow, directing, with all the lore of Eton, where the little vessel is to cross. "They are going out to enjoy the evening," we suggest, with specious pretences of delight. "But they have not to go fourteen miles to Wallingford," says Lady Anne. In short, our lady passenger is afraid, and perhaps not altogether without reason. On we go and on through unknown reaches, guiding ourselves dubiously by the towing-path. Lonely stretches out the level meadows, eerily wave the willow-branches. Wittenham Clump, a round crest of wood upon a bare hill, looks over its shoulder at us, now here, now there, mysteriously appearing and disappearing as the stream winds and winds. The tall reeds rustle, the shadows fall confused and broken. Not a house, not a friendly gleam of light—not a passing boat on the water, nor wayfarer on the land—to restore confidence to the nervous traveller. How lonely it is! how dark! how drearily still! No sound but now and then the whirr of a bat, the leap of a fish—ghostly movements in air and water. There ought to have been a moon, but there is no moon—there is not even a ferryman's cottage in all that wildering solitude; and on and on, winding and turning, goes the black river, with one liquid pale spot of clearness just before us, and no more.

Oh for those sunny hours we spent vainly in Oxford seeing deserted colleges! Oh for those lost moments of daylight in the locks! Lady Anne sinks into dead silence, out of which comes now and then the half-sob of a long-drawn breath. Her panic creeps over us, we cannot tell why; quicker go the sculls in unconscious sympathy. The coxswain peers closer and more warily into the turnings of the bank. Presently we shall come to Shillingford, where we

may perhaps stop instead of pursuing our journey to its intended resting-place. There is a light at last—but where?—glimmering upon us at corners, disappearing—some inland window, distant and tantalising. Turn upon turn, wind upon wind! "Not interesting here," we venture to say blandly yet humbly; "how fortunate that we are not passing anything that is worthy of daylight!" But these feeble attempts at conversation are lost in the subtle atmosphere of panic that has crept among us. How oppressive is that silent breath of fear! how it subdues us and lengthens out the way, and exaggerates the solitude! But, heaven be praised, here at last is Shillingford, where we may stop. Is it Shillingford? a dark village lost in sleep and night, with the backs of its inhospitable houses turned to us—no light, not a living creature about, nothing stirring or promising succour. Now speaks a voice out of the dark, with weighty utterance timed to the ceaseless steady movement of the oars: "I vote we push on. I have been watching for half an hour and it grows no darker. The moon is behind that bank of cloud. Three miles more and we are at Wallingford, where there awaits you that telegram about the babies—" Cynical veiled satire is in the bachelor voice, which is indifferent about the telegram and the babies. Courage, Lady Anne! She draws a long breath and sets her teeth, and says, half choked, "Go on." Hurrah! Now a fresh spurt, a last inspection of the changing towpath, a dash into the darkness. And lo! as a reward of the sufferer's valour, out-breaks all of a sudden, lighting up the way for us, a great lambent three-quarters moon!

This is the tragic part of the voyage, which we record truthfully for the benefit of travellers. It might, we confess, have been attended by risks, which at the moment we declined to contemplate. But for desperate clinging to the

towpath we might have gone wildly astray among darkling willowy islands and beds of reeds; but for the sudden moonlight it might have been hard work enough to get into, or rather out of, the new works at Benson's Lock. Even a night *à la belle étoile* is not pleasant to a lady, and still less pleasant would have been a confused and devious wandering in the side currents of this unknown river. The moral of which is, Do not stay too long at Oxford visiting colleges. Luncheon is good, and so are (some) Dons; but two hours of darkness on the river is not expedient, especially when there are clouds that cover up the moon.

"Be you the gents for the Lamb?" says a voice out of the moonlight and the willows as we approach Wallingford Bridge. It might be a shock, perhaps, to be hailed with accents so homely out of that elevating poetic light, if it were not an immense relief and comfort out of our troubles. Even Lady Anne, in a soft little shout that might be heard two yards off, says "Yes." Yes, we are the gents for the Lamb; and never was that gentlest of creatures as welcome to the anxious shepherd as it was to us, where it stands motionless and golden in the Wallingford street. The Lamb is one of the old English inns of pre-railway times. It has an open gateway and court, into which, no doubt, many a post-coach must have rattled in the quiet times of leisurely travel, and has a certain look of kinship with its brothers and sisters abroad. The pretty young deputy-hostess, the landlady's daughter, comes out to greet us at one side, while our bags are carried to the other. And the telegram is produced, and it is found that the babies are well, the boys in no special mischief, the home standing where it did, so that with easy mind we go to our meal. The table-cloth is white as snow, the meal served by no greasy second-

rate waiter, but a clean and handy maiden. Everything quite homely, pleasant, a thousand times more refined than the elaborate failures of the imitation hotels usually to be found in English towns. "Will you order what you would like for breakfast?" says the young mistress, with a half-protecting, half-maternal air, as she comes to see how we have liked our supper; "or will you leave it to mamma?" Imagine the grateful sense of relief from responsibility, and absolute dependence upon benign authority, with which we leave it to mamma! and then imagine the grateful repose which falls upon us in the big four-posters—big enough for six people—with which the bedrooms of the Lamb are furnished. Such hospitable magnificent beds—beds that make you think you are in an old country-house, roomy and liberal—beds in which you can roam about if you are restless, as big as a small room, with sheets that smell of the summer grass and daisies. And when the early sun stole in and roused you, and fresh air and cold clear water (plenty of it, for the Lamb is rich in tubs) had revived all your forces, how nobly had mamma fulfilled her trust! Chops, such as one dreams of, on the white-covered table, hot and hot. Ham blazing rosy red amid the softening clouds of milk-white and golden-yellow egg. "I hope you like your breakfast," says the young mistress, once more looking in benign. And pleasantly the handmaid smiles, enjoying your satisfaction. No wonder if the Lamb at Wallingford is beloved and renowned among boating men.

And now behold us once more afloat upon the sunny stream, in all the freshness and softness of the morning—our hamper repacked, our cushions rearranged, our courage restored, though, indeed, our courage has not failed us since we set foot last night upon the Wallingford bank. This morning even Lady Anne laughs at the

terrors of the dark. It was dramatic, it was impressive, it was the necessary shadow of something tragical which gives character to the peaceful tale. So she thinks, now fortified by the sense that ten long hours of daylight and sunshine are before us. The weeds thicken about us as we go on—tall waving islands of rushes, tropical in their height and strength; which here and there a little group of men in a punt, half hidden in the tall green cover, are cutting and binding in sheaves, a watery harvest. Round them, like a floating exquisite border, big leaves on the water and white cups opening to the sun, are worlds of water-lilies, weeds of glorious feature, filling up every little corner and inlet in the fields of rushes. What a pleasant time they have of it, these men in the punt! They cut the rushes leisurely, as we should do were we in their places. They thrust up their heavy boat securely into the shelter of that green thicket, and there sit and picnic all day long, with a little rush-cutting at intervals, or an occasional nibble from the rods which they have fixed by way of amusing themselves, as relaxation in their toil. And the amusing part of it is, that they are paid for this hard day's work as if it were labour instead of play, which is a thing very confusing to our faculties. On one side of them are the fringing trees of the river-bank fanning them with light branches, musically swaying in the pleasant breeze. On the other, to delight them with colour, rise tall banks of purple loosestrife, gorgeous in the sunshine, and fleecy-white tufts of meadow-sweet. The water runs underneath the black stern of their boat, and on either side of their rushy island, making little dimples and eddies among the lilies, and showing golden wreaths of other weeds below its brown or crystal-green surface. Lucky fellows! they are enjoying their picnic, which lasts all day long, in the middle of

the rippling gurgling water, and think they are earning it, in their innocence—little thinking how much harder they would find the operation were they earning it in Pump Court or Printing-House Square. We pass them with envy, though Lady Anne, with misplaced pity, murmurs, Poor fellows! Why poor fellows? Because they are full in the sunshine, notwithstanding their safe anchorage among the rushes. Nonsense! we cry indignant and with one accord, and so make our way on, creeping through the weed-forests. What an amazing undergrowth there is under the cool surface of the stream!—long delicate shoots struggling up to the light, slim and strong, yet so strangely elastic—miles of the varied tints of those long sweeping rushy stalks which bear the pretty white blossom called the water-buttercup—masses of lily-leaves, all limp and crumpled, under water, which will spread out and look like green velvet as soon as they have reached the surface. Sometimes the green arrowhead, raising its deeply-cut and pointed leaves and delicate waxy white flowers from the very centre of the river, forms a little luxurious island of its own. And what with fish and flies, and nameless living creatures—big dragon-flies, that skim the air, bees that murmur in the flowery banks, water-insects that frisk along the line of the water—the river is alive.

And to-day the scene is not so softly tame and sweet as yesterday. About Goring, the country, which has begun to swell for some miles, throws itself up against the sky in round wooded hills, folding themselves over each other, as is the custom of such undulations. Here there is another rich bank of wood, a leafy screen, with feathery fringing trees standing up all along the ridge, and a village, a lock, and a weir nestling at the foot of the green hills.

There is nothing grand about these hills—not so much as an in

dication of the mountain woods, the fair, free summits reaching into the blue, which we have seen elsewhere; yet so peaceful, so modest, so full of rest—so rich in sober English wealth of colour and air, and rich simplicity. Then the beauty changes like the tow-path, as it is always doing, from one side to the other. Curious to think why it should be impossible to have the same woodland wealth, or the same stately repose, on both sides at once. The big trees settle like flocks of birds, now on one side, now on another, never on both; but, perhaps with a certain kind intent of compensation, the waving banks of loosestrife, the great rich tropical leafage of the river-side, creeps to the open meadow and clothes the plain water's edge that has no other beauty. It seems hard to see these great houses among their lawns and trees, standing apart all shut up and motionless at the fairest season. "If I were these people I would lend my house to my friends, if I could not use it," says Lady Anne with a wistful glance; but, alas! we are not "these people's" friends, even were they so generous.

And in the mean time here is *Maple Durham*, a name which has a certain freshness and coolness in the very sound. Here dwelt Pope's ladies, his friends or patronesses, or lovers as the gossips say, who know no other relationship between man and woman—Teresa the passionate, and Mrs. Patty, who lived to be a neat old woman, and was kind to her poet to the end of his querulous days. Curiously enough the Thames has more to do with Pope, a poet of manners rather than nature, than with any one of all the melodious line that have succeeded each other on English thrones. Here we think of him, and again at Twickenham; but except the great shade of Shakespeare upon princely Windsor—a shade not personal but poetical—

there is no other poetic presence about these banks. But Mrs. Patty and her sister are dim in their interest; a great deal more important immediately is the fact that here, on an island surrounded by the coolest-flowing currents and broken bits of stream, with other islets set round it like gems in an old-fashioned ring, the fairies have spread for us a velvet lawn, under the tremulous tall poplars and waving elms, where we can dine. Lift out the hamper from the bows, lay the wine in this little fairy bay among the rushes. Just within sight is the foaming stream that rushes over the weir; on our other hand is a little lane of clearest water, bubbling over the pebbles between two lines of rushes and flowers that part one island from another. In the background there lies an orchard, with something red, which must be a tiled roof, shining through the trees. It was in that direction that we watched two boats, with the usual party of three men each, pulling along the shallow water-way—true boating men in flannels and jersey, with their red-and-blue caps. If you look closely across the green, you will see them behind there, gliding among the apple-trees. This sudden retirement of theirs can mean but one thing—it means beer. Perhaps this is one of the places named in the notes which have been furnished to us by one of the fraternity for our guidance on the river. Nothing can be more accurate than his distances, his topography and local information; but here and there a note of vital human interest strikes in, in the record of weirs and locks—"Bad beer at the Clifton Hampden—*soap-suds!*" "Roebuck, below Maple Durham, excellent beer"—these are the two extremities of the scale; and thus real life comes in with a seriousness not to be questioned amid all this rambling up and down.

The orchard isle close by the weir is a dependence of

the Roebuck, where the beer is excellent; for as we watch the modest boating men, who disturb nobody, in the distance, lo! there suddenly dashes up upon us, up to the very edge of golden pebbles where our own boat is moored, the nuisance of the river, the British Cad. We do not believe that any other country produces the like of this greatest and most painful Philistine. There are points in plenty at which they might land without disturbing us; our corner, in short, is a long way from the real spot they are aiming at. But the glories of our white cloth under the trees, and the sight of our hamper, are too much for them. They must come and have an opportunity for one good stony British stare. And before we have finished our luncheon up comes another, attracted by the same vulgar curiosity. They are a feature in the landscape not to be altogether ignored. The British cad is of different ranks and classes. Our immediate visitors who invade us on our island, and glare at our modest provisions, are probably little shopkeepers from the nearest towns, and comparatively harmless; but sometimes the cad appears in handsome boating costume, with a boatful of fine ladies, rushing headforemost into other people's course—dashing, with utter disregard of all decorum and river laws, down the wrong side of the stream and through the locks. He does his best to upset himself and other people, and to show his beautiful insular independence to all social courtesies. He takes the *pas* wherever he may be, keeps no look-out, throws himself across the stream, makes the soft evening hideous with his vulgar merriment. It is he who causes all the accidents, and even when nothing more serious occurs, occasions such loss and injury to temper as we would not willingly undergo. True it is that in England generally this obnoxious individual is always to be met

with, but perhaps he is nowhere so objectionable as on the river, and nowhere has he the power of doing so much harm.

However, after all, we eat our luncheon, dismissing all intruders from our thoughts. Surely nature never made anything sweeter than an island. An island in the sea has its disadvantages, though even there—dear Capri, lovely Arran, north and south, each fairer than the other—can the traveller ever forget your charms? It has its disadvantages when one knows that, be it storm or be it calm, a certain wild span of uncivilised and untamable sea-water has to be got over before one can return to the common world. But an island in a river is innocent of any harm. The water splashes softly at its feet as if it were a child at play; the cool green rushes and flags, the wild brilliant watery weeds, the soft bits of verdure on the bank, the drooping willows and quivering aspens, and bigger serious trees that lend a background to that shimmering foliage, make it beautiful in every variety of light. And then what a delicious gamut of sweet sounds, here less, here greater in compass! perhaps a broad tumbling waterfall striking bold notes into the murmurous low accompaniment; perhaps a little trickling current, filled out by whispers of the wind and fluttering symphony of leaves. Songs without words—the music to which articulate meaning is not needful, which soothes and lulls and satisfies the soul. To associate all this with luncheon is, we admit, a lowering and vulgar idea. Yet there are circumstances in which eating is not vulgar. And then it is so necessary. Forgive us, but we cannot live without it. And what wholesome creations are bread and wine!—almost as poetical as the water and the willows—this from the waving golden English fields, that from the blazing slopes of France, the *côte d'or*, braes of gold. True, when we come to the chicken, sentiment is a little

confused ; but still, had you ate that luncheon with us, gentle reader—had you made the Thames your wine-cooler and the island lawn your dining-table—the chances are you would have grown a little foolish on the subject too.

Time, however, will not suffice for all those lingering details. That night we slept at Henley under the guardian wings of the Angel, who gave us a bow-windowed parlour on the river, and treated us tenderly and charged us still less than the Lamb. The Lamb and the Angel! gentleness breathes in their very names. O Highland innkeepers, would you but learn their touching lesson! Whereas we think of you with dread and horror, or at the best with awe and trembling, those soft names swell mellifluous in our memory. The Angel at Henley is not unknown to fame. It commands the winning-post of the Henley regatta, prettiest and gayest of river festivals. Opposite, with one willow drooping into the water, is the little bit of ground fondly known to Eton as "The Lawn," whence the school champions issue forth to win their yearly race. To see the river now, so quiet, so lonely, and silent, in the full moonlight of the summer night, or breezy freshness of the morning, is strange after our last glimpse of it on the great Henley aquatic festival. Nothing could be better calculated for racing than the noble reach down from the bridge to the little island, set expressly with wonderful providential forethought, in the middle of the stream, from which the boats start. Green meadows fringe the stream on either side—one of them rich with clumps of trees, and sacred to the picnics of a hundred boating parties; while on the towing-path at the other side rush the shrieking, cheering crowd.

The regatta is a public festival, and worth description; while it lasts the river is crowded with boats of every size and description

—big boats and small boats, arrogant little steamers that fuss and fret about and alarm the small fry, big four-oar "tubs" full of gaily-dressed ladies, private boats sent up from Eton and other places to accommodate family parties, sailing-boats with their white canvas furled—a crowd of every size and kind. There are big barges moored by the bank with gay awning, and gay inmates closely packed, near the Stand, where there are toilettes brilliant enough to attract the bees and butterflies—a bank of flowers; and where, full in sight of all men, stand the plates and cups and glittering prizes of the different contests. Now sounds the sharp report of a gun; and with a general hustling of the spectators' boats together, and hoarse cries to clear the way, two specks are seen to detach themselves from the waving foliage of the island far down the river. Plunging, roaring, shouting itself hoarse, rushes the crowd on the other side. The unused looker-on for the first moment can see nothing but that wild Berserker charge, which seems to him utterly aimless and without meaning—a mass of men, mostly in flannels, shouting, rushing, tumbling over each other in the wildest excitement. "Well pulled, Eton! well pulled, Oxford! well pulled, Stroke, Bow, Two, Four!" whatever the popular favourites may happen to be—if you could make them out, such are the wild cries that confuse the ear. Meantime the specks enlarge, and present to you, like an early lesson in perspective, the winged narrowness of two racing boats, scarcely to be distinguished except by the measured gleam of the oars, sweeping, four on each side that move like one, out and in of the disturbed waters. The men, in their rising and falling, like white or striped threads, as they bend to their oars, are scarcely to be made out at all until they come opposite your boat, and the roar surges and envelopes you like a sudden storm. "Well

pulled!" shrills the small Etonian at your elbow; "well pulled, indeed!" with a sense that his gnat's hum of approval will count for something with the valiant crew upon whose exertions rest the credit of the school. The excitement rises wilder and wilder as the racers near the winning-point. Then of a sudden quietness falls upon the gleaming river. The race is won and lost, and nobody wastes another thought upon it. The boats that have been wedged close in an excited crowd, separate and flit about with minds relieved, all except the steersman's (or should it be a steerswoman's?), upon whose soul rests a burden which admits of no levity. Ease and smiles, and difficult yet pleasant movement up and down, and greeting of friends, and recognition of acquaintance made perhaps at the other end of the world—for is not everybody at Henley?—occupies the leisurely moments until "another race is on;" and then once more the spectators fall back, the two specks on the water rise into momentary importance, the crowd on the bank howls and shrieks, and tears along in a Berserker rush. Heaven be praised when the tumult has passed us, and we have time to breathe again! for few are the members of the general public who take an interest in more than one or two races. The men in flannel on the bank would seem to have an inexhaustible enthusiasm. When you are pulling up to the bridge for the six o'clock train to town, or dropping down under the willows to row home in the sunset, you will still see a hoarse but faithful remnant pursuing the neglected athletes of the last race. But as for ourselves, after the flashing blue oars of our Eton champions have carried them safe to the winning-post, our minds are free and our hearts at rest.

And then comes the English rite of eating, never neglected in

any of our holidays. There are groups all over the meadows on the left side of the stream; groups in boats, under awnings, in the shade of the willows, wherever a corner is to be had; a hundred picnics all going on together. And it is the prettiest scene. Epsom or Ascot may be more distinctly national holidays, but they cannot be so pretty or so innocently gay, and they are not so characteristically English. France now has its carnivals of racing, and even Germany its steeplechases; but these river-games—where the vulgar crowd counts for so little, and where the audience is full of genuine personal interest in some one part at least of the sports—where there is so little dissipation and so much quiet pleasure, and where all the surroundings are so beautiful, and the mean and shabby and conventional are so sparingly involved—belong more to the heart of England than even Ascot or the great Derby Day.

There is another river holiday not less pretty than the Henley races, but without even that gentle element of sport to corrupt its simple pleasure—the 4th of June at Eton, or rather at Windsor. It is the great holiday of the great school. Windsor stands on one side of the river, Eton on the other; and the great grey majestic pile of the castle, noblest of royal palaces, shoots half across the stream, looking gently down upon the children of to-day as it has looked upon them since Holy Harry's time. On ordinary occasions during the summer the river is gay and bright enough. The little wharves above the bridge swarm with the boats of "the gentlemen"—light gigs and slim outriggers, and here and there a canoe. "The gentlemen" themselves swarm in still greater numbers than the boats. They have their bathing-places up the river—at "Athens" and other spots—and thither they swarm up on summer mornings in the mystic hour known

as "after twelve." Here, too, in the afternoons which are half-holidays, in the delicious hours of leisure which intervene between the "absence" at three o'clock and that at six, or in the righteous calm of the evening before lock-up, the river is gay with the young voyagers. The outrigger is the favourite boat, being the lightest, slightest, and most dangerous thing that can be put on the water. The outriggered rowlocks stretch out like iron wings on either side, and the thing capsizes without warning or reason given if any inexperienced rower lets an oar get out of balance. Dangerous to us who are looking on looks the upset, but it is not really dangerous to those river-birds, who have all "passed" the examination for swimming, and to whom being swamped is "fun." The regulation in respect to swimming is an inestimable advantage. It makes the boys confident, and gives them all the necessary presence of mind in an accident; and it reassures the heart even of the trembling mother who leaves her boy behind her to be batted and bowled by vehement cricketers, knocked to pieces at football, swamped by any foolish companion. The urchins live through it all, which is wonderful; and perhaps of all the pastimes that are going on all the year round, boating is the least dangerous. The river is full of watermen, who are the swimming-masters and guardian angels of the spot, and who are always at hand to go to the assistance of any young boating man in trouble.

But on the 4th of June the school blossoms out into its glossiest jackets, its whitest waistcoats, and spends all its spare sixpences in rosebuds for its coats. It is the substitute for the old Montem, and is still faithfully held on poor old King George's birthday, who was fatherly and kind to Eton—and Eton, without knowing it, is grateful to his memory. The morning is occupied with "speeches," a somewhat dole-

ful ceremony, in which a dozen or so of the elder scholars exhibit themselves in court costume, and recite, more or less badly, select scraps in various languages. But the glory of the day is on the river. If you hasten thither about six o'clock of the June afternoon, the chances are you will run against your hero of the speeches in garments strangely different from the tights of the morning. Now he wears a wonderful flannel shirt of his boat's colour, bright necktie, amazing straw-hat, garlanded with artificial flowers; or if he is small, and no better than a coxswain, drives you wild with surprise and admiration in full admiral's uniform, with cocked-hat on head and bouquet in his bosom, like a coachman's at a drawing-room. There is no racing on this solemn occasion. The vulgar newspapers and the vulgarer railway call the unconstructed world's attention to the event by the title of the Eton Regatta. But there is no regatta: what really occurs is a procession of "the boats," nine in number—boats which contribute to form the Eight, but which, so far as we are aware, have no actual function in this world but that of furnishing colours to their crew, and making this solemn procession to Surly, two miles up the stream, twice a year—on the 4th of June and Election Saturday. However, let us not look too closely into their uses. Twice a-year at least they afford us as pretty a pageant as is to be seen in England. The great green meadow called the Brocas, with its noble clumb of elm-trees, is thronged with a brilliant crowd, in carriages, on horseback, on foot, surrounded and accompanied on every hand by boys. Boys swarm on the edge of the river, stream across the grass, hang on to every available point—eight hundred of them and more. The river is alive with boats crammed with visitors and yet further supplies of boys, waiting for the start.

It is the Eight,* with Eton blue on their coats and caps and oar-blades, acknowledged lords and princes of the river, that lead the way. A noble simplicity distinguishes these potentates. No adventitious advantages of dress are necessary to them. The highest distinction which, in one kind, Eton can bestow, is already theirs. As they pass, the souls of their brethren bow down before them. They make no outward homage, but in their hearts, with awe and reverence, utter their Ave. Hail, O Eight! victors at Henley, future victors at Oxford or at Cambridge; boys of Neptune's own training, or, what means the same thing, fresh from the skilful hands of Warre! Thus the school in its heart addresses its champions.

The other boats follow up the stream, gorgeous in green, and pink, and mauve, and cherry—Defiance, Monarch, Thetis, St. George, and so many more. When they have all passed, a certain cloud falls over the scene; the crowds melt away from the banks and the river; the boys stream in a dusty crowd afoot, or cling, with a privilege of the day, on any passing carriage that will take them up to Surly, where the aquatic heroes have a banquet spread for them on the river-bank.

The crowning event of the evening is the fireworks which follow, and the scene and its accessories are so fair, that the exhibition is perhaps better worth seeing than anything of the kind in England. On the bend of the river sits the great friendly guardian spirit of the scene—the historic castle, with its grey towers, its glimpse of red roofs and gables, and the flag of England flying on the donjon. The bells are chiming in the curfew tower, and twilight falls softly, and, if the year is propitious, a little

moon starts up, a silvery crescent, over the soft-voiced dreamy scene. The crowds gather on the great meadows; the boys pour back in masses, dusty and happy; at nine o'clock the boats return. Their coming is the signal for a noisy salute of guns and fireworks; and low on the stream glow Bengal lights, red and blue and green, throwing their strange illumination upon one compact mass of upturned faces on the bank, upon the boats floating down, with each rower standing at his oar,—a sight which makes the whole sky ring with plaudits from the bystanders. As boat after boat glides down, it becomes a point of honour to repeat this ceremony. If any boy hesitates he is hailed with derisive shouts. "Get up, Seven!" cry a host of tormentors from banks and boats and galleys, and up creeps the unwilling oarsman. At this moment the sight, of its kind, is magical, and not to surpassed by any imperial display. The coloured lights reveal those eight stalwart young boatmen and their little cox gliding softly down the current, and light up hundred of faces like daylight, displaying in all the confidential freedom of excitement and laughter, the various expressions of the crowd; while darkness covers the soft dewy meadow behind, where the horses are being led about, and where the brilliant sparks are dropping; and beyond and above all, appearing and disappearing in the smoke as if a battle were raging around it, rises the noble, serene, old castle, ringing still with sympathetic humanity the evening bells from its curfew tower. And over it the young moon, rising with a tender air of far-off tranquil surprise, throwing out in curious sympathetic relief the momentary tumult, the little earthly exhibition, which is so human and so brief.

* An Eton critic, aged 13, interposes, indignant—"What can you be thinking of? On the 4th of June, the Eight row stroke in the other boats;" it is only on Election Saturday, a much less important occasion, that they lead the way.

It passes in an hour, and all is still; and the crowds pass away into other scenes—into the serious universe, into the passion and pangs of life. Yet for all that, the little festival is more lasting than the crowd, to whom it is an affair of an hour. Next year it will come again, and the next, and the next, when so many of us will have gone out like the fireworks. New crowds will tread the dewy Brocas, new oarsmen stand erect in the boats, new boys shriek at them from the banks. And the castle will still appear, amid the smoke, grand and calm and everlasting. Every thing, in short, lasts but man—even the rockets and the champagne, most transitory of earthly delights.

We have paused in our journey to record these pageants of the Thames, and now there is scarcely room to take it up again, and lead the gentle reader past Clifden and its lovely woods, by Bisham and Marlow, and along the margin of the lawn where the Guardsmen hold their river headquarters, and all the world streams down of Sundays to "Skindle's" and Maidenhead. "Skindle's" is not as the Lamb or the Angel; it is civilised, sophisticated, cosmopolitan—a hotel like other hotels. Neither is Windsor like Wallingford. It also is on the highway of the world, and has lost the simplicity of nature. The crowd comes down by railway to stare at its park and forest—to go through the vulgar show of State apartments, and cast dusty glances at Virginian water. Below the royal borough the stream runs on, past the noble elms and green lawns of the Eton playing-fields; past the wooded banks of Old Windsor and Cooper's Hill; through many a lilled reach, and past many a flowery island. The "old river," for instance, between Datchet and Old Windsor Lock—to which we gave familiar playful nicknames in our fondness, but which the tourist, except under skilful guidance, must avoid —

what a wilderness of flowers and sweetness was it in the early summer, covering itself over with a white and golden mantle of exquisite tiny flowers! what delicious green, brown, pellucid currents carried the keel of our light boat, by the edge of those floating flowery meadows, into the broad stream below the weir! what banks of May! what wilderness of wild roses! what lovely lights and reflections upon the magical circle of sky and water!

At every step the traveller makes below he will find the river more and more populous. As he drops down past the Bells of Ouseley, past the woods of Old Windsor, past the little isle of Magna Charta—where our great charter of liberty was, or was not, signed under the old walnut-trees, but where other things came to pass which we wot of, more interesting than any charter—the boating parties increase at every step. Towing up in the morning sunshine, floating down in the evening calm, there they go, wandering, towing, rowing, all those white-clad stalwart fellows. Do they think of anything as they lie there in the bottom of their boats? do they suppose they are doing the business of life when they trot along in the towing-rope, while their boat whistles through the water? sometimes the holiday traveller who has earned his leisure will pause to think and to inquire. For they are always about, in the early summer, when other men are at work, as well as in the rosy autumn, when the rest of us, with grateful hearts, begin to play. Wood and water and open air are very delightful things, but they are not always moral influences, and perhaps our dear boating men give themselves a little too much of it. A little work now and then, harder than the towing or the rowing, might, who knows? be a pleasant change.

Sometimes the traveller will see

a sight upon these banks which will shock him or touch him, according to his mood. When Ascot is holding its festival, and the lights on Cooper's Hill betray the arrival of princely visitors for that august ceremony—in the meadows underneath, Runnymede, and the neighbourhood of Egham, and all the level land about, are vocal with the voices and encumbered with the encampments of "tramps." Those extraordinary nomads are no great improvement to the scene; they speak and shout with voices which the summer air refines, but in words which even the summer air cannot purify. But on a quiet Sunday morning, when the solemnity of the races is approaching or over, and a little leisure comes to the dusty Arab, human tendencies towards at least external improvement come upon him. You will see him up to his knees in the cool water washing his only shirt. You will see him, or rather you will see her, for the being is of both sexes, scrub her baby in the healthful stream, and make what attempt may be possible to clean off the soil of travel, of want and dissipation, strange yet not unusual companions. Something pathetic is in these small attempts at purification; perhaps the church-bells have suggested that lingering remnant of old times, the desire to be clean on Sunday; perhaps some faint far-off recollection of other

days, when they were, as others, dwellers in rural cottages, or possessing something like a home. But anyhow, as you float along, clean, fresh clothed, well provided, skirting for your pleasure the margin of that outdoor life which on them is compulsory and full of hunger and nakedness, and heat and cold—kind fellow-traveller, you will throw the tramp a sixpence, and be glad that once in a way his shirt is a clean one, and think that the Thames water might have been worse employed.

Through dozens of picnic parties on either bank, and scores of boating men all afloat in leisurely enjoyment, you glide on to the widening river, the well-known shades of Hampton Court, the green beauty of Twickenham and Richmond. There, where everything is familiar, and you have no longer need of a guide, we thrust our boat to the shore, and leave you, gentle reader. We have had enough of it, or perhaps you have had enough of us.

Float on, O friendly river, through the rushes and the lilies, past the river-barges and the softly-tinted woods; flow, and flow on, gentle, imperceptible, noiseless, like this life, which steals away from us hour by hour and day by day! Let us hope there will still be rivers, brooks, springs, and running waters to brighten the face even of that country where there is no more sea.

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE.

Time was when the British Parliament was as close and as jealous as a Freemason's Lodge, and allowed no stranger to report, or even to listen to, its debates; and when it was almost as dangerous to be a "stranger" taking notes in the House of Lords and Commons, as to be a "special correspondent" attempting to thrust himself into the French or Prussian armies, to tell the tale of their reverses or their victories. Time is when the presence of strangers, though theoretically prohibited, is practically and even ostentatiously invited. The great inquest of the nation is held with open doors, and what is said and done is made known to the world with a rapidity and an accuracy which have only ceased to be wonderful by becoming familiar. But the right of the people to know not alone what their representatives did, but what they said, was not easily won. The struggle of Parliament against the Press, and of the Press against Parliament, was long and arduous; and though the victory has been finally secured, few know under what force of hostile circumstances the three estates of Kings, Lords, and Commons were compelled, against their inclination, their prejudice, their sense of dignity and even of security, to admit into a real though unacknowledged partnership a fourth estate, which, backed by a consenting and sympathising public opinion, can over-throw them all. The "Stranger in the House" is one of the greatest social and political powers in Great Britain, in America, in France, and in every civilised country of our time. To exclude him once in a way, for reasons assigned, is possible;—to exclude him permanently is beyond the power of Parliament, which is sometimes said to be omnipotent.

Although the invention of print-

ing is in its fifth century of vigorous activity, it was slow to develop itself into that marvellous product of our modern civilisation, the daily newspaper. And the daily newspaper itself, mighty as it is in our own day for good, and powerless for real evil, can scarcely be said to have grown to maturity, if it be mature—which is by no means to be positively asserted—until the abolition of the newspaper stamp-duty, and the repeal of the excise duties on paper,—results which were only accomplished in Great Britain within the memory of men who are still young. A much more rapid growth was anticipated for the art of printing by the far-seeing spirits of bygone ages. "When I consider the consequences of this invention," says Martivalle, the astronomer to King Louis XI. in Sir Walter Scott's admirable novel of 'Quentin Durward,' "I read with as certain augury as by any combination of the heavenly bodies of the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease; how liable to be diverted or altogether dried up by the invasions of barbarism;—can I look forward without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated and unbounded; fertilising some grounds and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms?"

These eloquent words contain a prophecy that every passing day helps to fulfil. It was not long be-

fore the printing-press operated mighty changes in men's religious belief—(possibly there might never have been a Luther if there had not previously been a Faust and a Guttenberg); not long before it produced a sensible effect upon the social and political life of the civilised world; but it took a considerable time before it presented humanity with such broadsheets as grace our breakfast-tables in the year 1870. In words that have become historical, the unknown author of 'Junius' declared, a hundred years ago, "that the liberty of the press was the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of Englishmen." But in the days of Junius—writing under a pseudonym and jealously concealing himself for fear of the law—the liberty of the press was but a partial and restricted liberty compared with its present fulness, and many trammels had to be unloosened, and many fetters had to be broken, before public opinion was free to declare itself on any and all of the great questions, the discussion of which constitutes the political life of a healthy and progressive nation. From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the printing-press was but a century old, when John Stubbes and William Page had their right hands cut off by sentence of the law for publishing a libel on the Duke of Anjou, and when Elias Thacker and John Coping were hanged in Suffolk for distributing a seditious libel written by one Robert Browne against the Book of Common Prayer, down to the age of George III., a mighty progress had been made. Men were no longer in danger of life or limb for the expression of their opinions on any subject, unless the dissemination of such opinions amounted to high treason. The Censorship and the Star Chamber had been abolished; and the writers and publishers of political and other opinions were left to say and publish what they thought proper,

subject to no preliminary control, and responsible only to the law after publication, if they had wronged or maligned any one, or sapped the foundations of public order. Prior to the time of Junius, the literature of the daily newspapers was not of a high order, and consisted for the most part of summaries of foreign and domestic events, and of letters, rather than of what are now called leading articles. There was but little of literary and dramatic criticism, and small pretension even in the most noted journals to be other than reporters of news. Something higher had been attempted forty or fifty years earlier by Daniel Defoe in his 'Review,' which he conducted for nine years, and also in the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator,' journals that not only recorded, though in the slightest manner, the leading political occurrences at home and abroad, but that devoted great learning, eloquence, and talent to the discussion of the minor morals of the time, and to questions connected with literature and the arts. Neither the 'Tatler' nor the 'Spectator,' admirable as they were, and highly prized as they still are by those who, being themselves writers, desire to emulate the graces of an easy yet elegant and classic style such as those journals exhibited, were destined to length of days. The 'Tatler' lived but for two years, and the 'Spectator' but four, and were succeeded by various others, similar in plan, but inferior in spirit and execution, and lacking, many of them, that element of news for which the public appetite was becoming more and more eager. Wilkes in the 'North Briton,' and in a far higher degree the author of the Letters of Junius, had shortly before and during the year 1769 accustomed the public mind to the vigorous denunciation of obnoxious men and measures, and to a system of angry polemics, in which the free British and American intellect

seems especially to delight. But strangely enough the newspapers had not taken to reporting the debates in Parliament. Both Houses were exceedingly jealous of their privileges; and if a stranger, admitted to either House as a special favour, was seen with a note-book or a pencil in his hand, the sergeant-at-arms very summarily expelled him by his own authority; or if the case seemed unusually flagrant, drew the attention of the nearest member to the fact, in order that Mr. Speaker might take cognisance of the outrage. During the reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and up to the reign of George I., there were no professional reporters. Not only were the privileges of Parliament opposed to such publication, but the newspapers were too small to be able to afford space for long speeches. Nevertheless the debates were preserved after a certain fashion, and were from time to time, but generally at long intervals, published in volumes. Many celebrated and some illustrious members of both Houses either wrote out beforehand the speeches which they delivered on great occasions, or wrote them out from memory at a later period, and handed them over for publication in the shape of little books or pamphlets, or to such editors as Cavendish, whose early debates are exceedingly valuable. But there were times when even this course of procedure was offensive to the House. In 1641 Sir Edward Dering was expelled for causing his speeches to be printed. All copies that could be found were ordered to be burned by the hands of the common hangman in Palace-yard, at Cheapside, and in Smithfield. Sir Edward was brought to the bar of the house, where he was ordered to kneel in token of his penitence, and was sentenced to imprisonment in the Tower. He was released after a few days on payment of the fees.

In this year the Star Chamber was abolished, and printers began to be somewhat bolder than they had dared to be during the existence of that tribunal. Among other publications referring to the proceedings in Parliament appeared 'The Diurnal Occurrences, or Daily Proceedings of both Houses in this great and happy Parliament, from the 3rd of November 1640, to the 3rd of November 1641. London: Printed for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop at Furnivall's Inne Gate, in Holbourne. 1641.'

In 1642 there appeared 'The Heads of all the Proceedings of both Houses of Parliament,' 'A Perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament,' &c. These were weekly reports of the votes and abstracts of the intelligence communicated to Parliament, and were all published "by authority."

In the same year appeared 'The passages, in Parliament from the 3d of January to the 10th, more fully and exactly taken than the ordinary one hath beene, as you shall find upon comparing. And although the weeke past doth yield many remarkable passages (as hath beene any weeke before), yet you shall expect no more expression either now or hereafter. London: Printed for Nath. Butter, at St. Austin's Gate, in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Pyde Bull. 1641.'

In the year 1662, a question arose in the Irish Parliament concerning the publication of its debates in an English newspaper, called the 'Intelligencer,' and the Irish speaker wrote to Sir Edward Nicholas, the English Secretary of State, "to prevent such publication in those diurnals."

In the time of Charles II. dry summaries of the debates appeared in the 'London Gazette.' All other publication of Parliamentary proceedings was prohibited. In 1694 complaint was made to the House of Commons that one Dyer, a publisher of news-letters, had

ventured to print the proceedings of the House, which thereupon ordered him to be summoned by the sergeant-at-arms to attend at the bar. He was induced to acknowledge his offence, and ordered to kneel down and receive the reprimand of the Speaker "for his great presumption." The House next proceeded to vote "that no newspaper writers do, in their letters or other papers that they dispense, presume to intermeddle with the debates or any other proceedings of this House." The unfortunate Dyer was afterwards horsewhipped in a coffee-room by Lord Mohun, for the sole offence of having mentioned his name in his paper.*

In February 1729, the Commons again solemnly resolved, as a warning to the printers of magazines and weekly periodicals, and not to newspapers, which devoted very little attention to Parliamentary affairs, "that it is an indignity and breach of the privileges of this House for any person to presume to give in written or printed papers any account or minutes of the debates or other proceedings of this House, or any committee thereof; and that upon any discovery of the authors or printers thereof, the House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity." But it was impossible to prevent such publication. It was too profitable to the printers, and it pleased too many members who liked to have their names paraded before the public, to be lightly abandoned; and it was furtively continued in spite of the opposition of an adverse majority.

Parliamentary reporting, as now understood, may be said to have been commenced in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' a short time before the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, essayist, and philo-

sopher, was induced by Cave, the publisher, to sell his great talents for small pay to that publication. Cave's first reporter was one William Guthrie, a Scotsman, a *littérateur* of varied acquirements, and with a tenacious memory. He is disparagingly spoken of by Disraeli the elder, in his 'Calamities of Authors,' as "a great dealer in literature," "a political scribe," "a man of unblushing venality," "a recipient of State bribes," who would hire himself to one lord as he would to another, and as "a stipendiary who would change his principles with his livery." Mr. Disraeli was rather too severe upon this person; for in a time of political agitation, when newspapers had scarcely grown to a fiftieth part of their present importance, and when "leading articles," as they are now called, were, scarcely known, it was necessary for the Ministers of the day to make use of the services of pamphleteers to defend their policy against attack, or to carry the war of words and ideas into the quarters of the enemy. Guthrie was one of these pamphleteers, and, as such, deserved his stipend quite as well as a barrister who defends a cause which he is paid to advocate. Besides writing pamphlets, he wrote voluminous histories of England, Scotland, and the World. Sir John Hawkins describes the manner in which Cave and Guthrie managed their Parliamentary business. "Taking with him a friend or two, Cave found means to procure for them and himself admission into the gallery of the House of Commons, or to some concealed station in the other House, and then they privately took down notes of the several speeches, and the general tendency and substance of the arguments. Thus furnished, they adjourned to a neighbouring

* This was the Lord Mohun who afterwards fought the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton, when both were killed. Lady Mohun, when the dead body of her husband was brought home, expressed her indignation that it should have been laid on her best bed!

tavern to compare and adjust their notes, by means whereof, and the help of their memories, they became enabled to fix at least the substance of what they had lately heard and remarked. The reducing this crude matter into form was the work of a future day and an abler hand—Guthrie the historian, whom Cave retained for the purpose.” Guthrie had been engaged for two years at this work, and he gradually grew bolder by the impunity he enjoyed, when suddenly the attention of Mr. Speaker Onslow was called to the subject, who brought it under the notice of the House. In a debate on the 13th of April 1738, Sir Thomas Winnington wrathfully warned the House of the danger it incurred by tacitly permitting and encouraging such publication. “You will have,” said he, “every word that is spoken here by gentlemen misrepresented by fellows who thrust themselves into our gallery; you will have the speeches of the House every day printed, even during your session, and we shall be looked upon as the most contemptible assembly on the face of the earth.” Sir William Wyndham took a more sensible view. “*I don’t know*,” said he, “*but what the people have a right to know what their representatives are doing*.” The result was a resolution in nearly the same terms, and in entirely the same spirit as the one which had been carried ten years before:—“Resolved that it is a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of the privileges of this House, for any news-writers in letters or other papers (as minutes, or under any other denomination), or for any printer or any publisher of any printed newspaper of any denomination, to presume to insert in the said letters or papers, or to give therein, any account of the debates or other proceedings of this House, or any committee thereof, as well during the recess as the sitting of Parliament; and that this House

will proceed with the utmost severity against any and all such offenders.”

Cave seldom went so far in defiance of the House as to publish the names of the members who spoke, but contented himself with giving their initials, as in the following specimens:—

“The speech of Wm. B—ley, Esq., one of the representatives for W—wick, who is rechose for the same place, on making the motion for repealing the Act for Septennial Parliaments March 13, 1733-4.” After reporting the speech at fair length, the reporter adds that, “The motion was seconded by Sir J—n A—yn, Bart., one of the Knights of the Shire of the County of C—nwall.”

Yet when the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine’ did not report a speech, but merely mentioned the fact that such and such members took part in the debate, it sometimes printed the names at full length, as in the following:—

“The motion thus seconded, a debate ensued, wherein the following gentlemen spoke on the same side—Sir Wm. Wyndham and Sir John Hynde Cotton, Baronet, and Lord Charles Noel Somerset; who were answered by Sir William Yonge, Sir Robert Walpole, and Sir Wm. Lowther, &c.” To this passage is appended a note: “Being well assured that these and the following pieces are originals, we have inserted them as desired, as we shall do any others appearing equally genuine, either singly, or in the course of the debates.” Cave was in no hurry to publish, and sometimes a speech did not appear until several months after it had been delivered.

After carrying on this imperfect and unsatisfactory mode of reporting for four years, either Cave or Guthrie hit upon the expedient of presenting the debates in an allegorical fashion—as the debates of the Parliament of Lilliput. The device was transparent, and not parti-

cularly ingenious. But it answered its purpose so far as to deter the House from making itself ridiculous by prohibiting such fictions, as it might have done had it come to the conclusion that the cap fitted, and that it was itself the Parliament of Lilliput. Swift had not only discovered Lilliput and Brobdingnag, but had invented various uncouth names for his imaginary personages, and Cave and Guthrie followed the example. As in Lilliput, the Dukes and Lords of the Upper House were called "Nardacs" and "Hurgoes," and the members of the House of Commons "Clinabs," their names being indicated under such flimsy veils as Bettfort for Bedford, Tolbat for Talbot, Ooyn for Wynn, Walelup for Walpole, Blatirome for Baltimore, Agryl for Argyle, Haxilaf for Halifax, &c. France was Blefuscu; Europe, Degulia; New York, Nova Borac, &c. After Guthrie's dismissal, Dr. Johnson began to labour in the same style on the 19th November 1740, and continued for about two years and a quarter, "fixing upon a speaker's name," as he said to Mr. Nichols, "then making an argument for him, and conjuring up an answer," always managing, as he afterwards told Boswell, "to give the Whig dogs the worst of it." The following will serve as a specimen of the great lexicographer's method, under date of September, 1741:—"In the fourteenth of Gorgenti II., on the 24th day of the seventh session of the 8th senate of Great Lilliput, it was ordered that leave be given to bring in a bill for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning his Majesty's fleet.

"The Advocate *Campobell* (Campbell) said—A sailor, sir, after having perhaps willingly entered himself, is either frightened away by the oppression of his officers, or allured into the service of the merchants by prospect of advantage; but not-

withstanding, his apprehensions on the one side, and his hopes on the other, he is to be seized by violence, and condemned without a crime to that condition which he dreads and abhors. . . . He is dragged to tyranny and hardships, he is punished for endeavouring to avoid them, and involves in the same misery with himself any friend whom charity or gratitude shall prompt to protect him. To infer from the scarcity of seamen that such severities are necessary, is to consult nothing but that lust of dominion by which men are often incited to use violent measures, lest they should seem to make too great concessions by softness and moderation."

Various other speakers are represented as following in the debate, under the names of Admiral Nessor, the Wig (Whig) Gero, the Wig Snodsy, &c. Johnson was not happy in imitating the styles of the various orators into whose mouths he put words. They all spoke Johnsonese. They were all grandiose and ponderous, and never used a short Saxon word where a longer Latin one would answer the purpose. Johnson, who felt that he was made for better things than the conduct of an elaborate hoax, and whose poverty rather than his will had consented to the work, relinquished the post in February 1743, after an uncongenial service of two years and three months; and Dr. Hawkesworth, partly, if not wholly, because he had modelled his style on that of Johnson, was appointed as his successor. Johnson told Boswell in his later years that as soon as he found that people looked upon the speeches as genuine, he determined that he would write no more of them—for he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood. "Such," adds his biographer, "was the tenderness of his conscience, that a short time before his death he expressed his regret for having been

the author of fictions which had passed for realities. He nevertheless agreed with me in thinking that the debates which he had invented were to be valued as orations upon questions of public importance."

But though Parliament had, as it were, been circumvented by the contrivance of Cave, it was still hostile to the publication of its debates; and in 1747, Cave, and one Thomas Astly, printer of the 'London Magazine'—who also published Parliamentary reports—were complained against in the House of Lords, and ordered into the custody of the Black Rod, for printing in their respective Magazines an account of the trial of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, for participation in the great Rebellion of 1745. The Peers, however, did not press very heavily against them. After undergoing several examinations at the bar of the House, they were severely reprimanded, and discharged from custody with a caution as to their future behaviour, on payment of the fees. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' continued 'its absurd Debates in Lilliput' until 1752, when Cave resumed his original system of publishing real summaries of the debate, with the initials only of the names of the speakers.

It was not until the year 1769 that Parliamentary reporting was placed on a better basis. The two Houses remained as jealous as ever of their privileges, and looked upon the presence of strangers as something only to be justified or tolerated as long as the strangers acted the part of dummies—who might hear, but who would not repeat what was said. But a stirring time was at hand, and the public interest in politics, always great, was rapidly increasing. Important events were in progress not only in England, but in Europe and America. George III. had been nine years on the throne, and had managed to retain his personal popularity in spite of the unpopular Ministers whom he

called to his counsel. The Parliament was corrupt, the Ministry was unscrupulous, the people were discontented. Canada had just been acquired by conquest from France, but the older American colonies were aggrieved by neglect and outraged by taxes imposed upon them by a distant legislature in which they were not represented, and already threatened the rebellion which they converted in later years to a revolution and a successful declaration of their independence. The aristocracy of France was dancing and fiddling on the crater of the revolutionary volcano which was destined so shortly to engulf it, together with all the ancient institutions of the country. The Empress Catharine of Russia, "that great and enterprising woman," as she is called in the 'Annual Register for 1769,' "was exciting and supporting insurrections of the Greek Christians against the Porte—trying to gain a port in the Black Sea, and plant her foot in Constantinople." The affairs of the Turkish empire were in a very critical position, and the Sultan was as sick a man in political estimation as he was in 1854. A certain Napoleon Bonaparte was born in Corsica, and a certain Arthur Wesley, afterwards called Wellesley, was born in Ireland—to manufacture between them more than a quarter of a century's worth of such tremendous history as Europe had never before known. The Duke of Grafton was Premier of England, described by Junius as one "who became minister by accident, who was adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favour,"—and one who, he predicted, would, when the proper time came, "be discarded without regret." The Earl of Chatham was in the plenitude of his fame and influence, and had already condemned the policy which was goading the Americans into rebellion; and Junius was puzzling the world—delighting the Liberals—goading and exasperating the Tories—libelling his enemies,

sparing not even the King himself, under a cowardly mask that has never since been lifted to the thorough satisfaction of the impartial and unprejudiced public, that has striven to penetrate the secrecy with which he so successfully enshrouded his identity.

Public affairs were in this state when, on the 23d of October 1769, twenty gentlemen in London, feeling the want of a better and more fearless daily newspaper than any of the three then in existence, entered into partnership to establish and conduct a daily morning newspaper in the Whig interest, but more especially to report the debates in Parliament with greater fulness and accuracy. These gentlemen were the pioneers of a political literature and of a daily journalism which have in our day attained vast dimensions. Their names were: William Kenrick, Esq., of St. James's, Westminster; Richard Heighway, Esq., of St. George, Hanover Square; William Griffin, bookseller, Catherine Street, Strand; John Nicod, gentleman, Rupert Street; Thomas Evans, bookseller, Paternoster Row; Samuel Webb, pattern-drawer, Shore-ditch; Lewis Lenoir, silversmith, Bell Savage Yard, London; John Richards, gentleman, Somersett House, Strand; David Richards, gentleman, St. Mary le bone; James Spilsbury, Esq., St. Michael, Cornhill; George Kearsley, bookseller, Ludgate Street; James Fletcher, bookseller, St. Paul's Church-Yard; James Robson, bookseller, New Bond Street; William Woodfall, printer, White Fryers, London; Peter Elmsley, bookseller, Strand; Peter Crawford, Esq., Cold Bath Fields; John Murray, bookseller, Fleet Street; James Bowles, stationer, Newgate Street; Henry Barford, upholster, St. James's, Westminster; James Christie, auctioneer, Pall Mall. The name of the proposed journal was 'The Morning Chronicle and Daily Advertiser.' The second title was so closely similar to that of the

paper in which Junius was dazzling, puzzling, and incensing the political world, as to finally suggest the notion that an opposition was intended. Its specialty, as already stated, was to be the reporting of the Parliamentary debates, in defiance of the rules of both Houses. Its sole reporter as well as printer was William Woodfall. It was nineteen years before the establishment of its afterwards great rival, the 'Times,' that the 'Morning Chronicle' came into existence. Its sole *raison d'être* was Woodfall; and his sole qualification for conducting it was his wonderful power of memory, which had some years previously procured for him the *sobriquet* of 'Memory Woodfall.' He was the second son of the printer and proprietor of the 'Public Advertiser,' and younger brother of Henry Sampson Woodfall, so well known to the people of that age for his mysterious connection with Junius. Both brothers were remarkable men. It is recorded of the elder that before he was five years old he understood Greek, and read a passage from Homer in the original before Alexander Pope with such fluency and correctness that the poet presented him with half-a-crown. He commenced to print and edit the 'Public Advertiser' at the early age of nineteen, in conjunction with his father; and at his father's death continued the paper for upwards of thirty years, during which time he declared "that he had been fined by the House of Lords, confined by the House of Commons, and fined and confined by the Court of King's Bench, and indited at the Old Bailey." His brother William's lines fell in pleasanter places. Brought up in his father's printing-office, he was led by his love of the stage to run off to Scotland with a strolling company of players, with whom he remained for some time, and among whom he is reported to have found a young lady whom he afterwards made his wife. On his return to

London he resumed the printing business, and at the early age of twenty-four entered into the service of the 'Morning Chronicle.' He remained connected with that journal for nearly twenty years—first as sole reporter, and, after some time, as editor and reporter. His reports were merely summaries, and even these were not always published until two days after the speeches were delivered. On great occasions, if a great Whig spoke, a request was made to the orator for a copy of his speech, which was published when the space at the editor's command permitted, even if it were a couple of months after the event. "Without taking a note to assist his memory," says the obituary notice of Woodfall in the 'Annual Register,' "and without the aid of an amanuensis to ease his labour, he has been known to write sixteen columns, after having sat in the crowded gallery for as many hours, without an interval of rest."

The other daily papers, of all shades of politics, speedily followed in the track of the Whig 'Morning Chronicle,' and Parliament began to tolerate a practice which it was unable to prevent. There was consequently no monopoly of reporting; and Woodfall, though *facile princeps* of his art, found himself confronted by many rivals, who relied not on memory alone, but on notes furtively taken, to report the debates with fulness and precision. Among the most noted of the young men who devoted themselves to this pursuit was James Perry, son of a builder at Aberdeen, who, coming to London in 1777, in his twenty-first year, received an engagement, after a hard struggle with adversity, on a paper called the 'General Advertiser.' On occasion of the memorable trial of Admirals Keppel and Palliser, he was despatched to Portsmouth, whence he transmitted daily eight columns of a report of the proceedings—a great newspaper

feat at that time, and a great individual feat at any time. During the trial, the sale of the 'General Advertiser' was increased by several thousands a-day, and Perry's reputation as a newspaper man was firmly established. It was Perry who first introduced the system of relays into reporting, for dividing the work formerly undertaken single-handed by such men as Woodfall among several, who took hourly or half-hourly turns in succession to each other.

The 'Morning Chronicle' did not prosper greatly under Woodfall's management, and had fallen so low in reputation and value by the year 1789, that the copyright was offered for sale for the small sum of £150. It was purchased by Perry and another young Scotsman named Gray, with money advanced for the purpose by Mr. Bellamy, the keeper of the refreshment-rooms of the House of Commons. Woodfall shortly afterwards set up a paper called the 'Diary,' which he carried on for a few years with indifferent success. He died in 1803 in comparative poverty, worn out with disappointments, and hard but scantily remunerated labour. Perry was more fortunate. He conducted the Chronicle with spirit and success; set an example of copiousness and accuracy in Parliamentary reporting which made his journal the most influential and important of its day; acquired a handsome fortune, and spent his superfluity in generous acts, especially towards literary men in the outset of their career, when opportunity and delicate as well as liberal aid might help them to tide over the evil day, and march forward, footsore perhaps, but relieved and encouraged, on the thorny road that leads to renown. Both Houses of Parliament tacitly acquiesced in the publication of their debates, contenting themselves with an occasional assertion of their right to sit with closed doors, and to punish any offending reporter who erred

ever so little in the accuracy of his reports. It was not until after the disastrous expedition to Walcheren, under the Earl of Chatham in 1809, had created an unpleasant feeling both in the House and country, that any serious attempt was made to enforce the standing order for the exclusion of strangers. While the Earl's personal conduct was under discussion, no objection was made to the presence of the reporters; but when the conduct of the Ministry came under the fire of the Opposition, the standing order was put in force, and all strangers were ordered to withdraw. This occurred on the 25th of January 1810, and for eleven days no Parliamentary reports appeared in the newspapers. On the 6th of February, Richard Brinsley Sheridan moved the appointment of a committee to inquire into the propriety of a step the strict legality of which was not disputed. He expressed his opinion in the most emphatic terms that the publication of the debates was highly conducive to the public interest. He asserted that the conductors of the public journals in communicating the transactions of the House were guided by the strictest impartiality; that they never exerted any undue influence, or gave way to any improper bias; and that if there were a point on which they were more scrupulous than on any other, it was in correctly and fully communicating the details of evidence that was taken at the bar. He added, "that even if the editors were inclined, from motives of their own, or corrupt views of self-interest, to excite any improper prejudice by mutilated or unjustifiable statements, he was confident that not one of the gentlemen who were in the habit of taking the reports of that House would lend himself to such an improper service."

Mr. Wyndham replied to Mr. Sheridan, and though professing himself to be favourable to the liberty of the press, he astonished

his friends by confessing that he could not see any advantage in the publication of the debates. "What," he asked, "was the value to their constituents of knowing what was passing in that House? If this practice had been tolerated, winked at, and suffered, it was no reason that persons should make a trade of what they obtained from the galleries, amongst which persons were to be found men of all descriptions—bankrupts, lottery-office keepers, footmen, and decayed tradesmen." "He did not think that reports in the daily papers were so desirable as others did. He did not know any of the conductors of the press, but he understood them to be a set of men who would give in to the corrupt misrepresentation of opposite sides, and he was therefore determined not to lend his hand to abrogate the standing order which was made to correct such an abuse." A long debate ensued, in which Lord Folkestone, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Tierney, and Mr. Lyttleton took part. Mr. Sheridan wound up the discussion with a telling speech in reply, when his motion was rejected by one hundred and sixty-six votes to eighty.

The ungenerous and unfounded abuse of the press which had been uttered by Mr. Wyndham excited quite as much surprise as anger—and all the coffee-houses and clubs were full of this subject, which affected the public even more than it did the newspapers. An incident which arose out of it provoked a still more animated, because still more personal, discussion. Among the most eminent of the Whig members of the House was James Stephen, a Master in Chancery, who had formerly been a Parliamentary reporter for the 'Morning Post,' and was suspected to be a contributor to the 'Morning Chronicle.' A resolution was passed, and a by-law enacted by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn (after dinner it was said, and while the bottle was passing), de-

claring that no one who had ever written for a newspaper for hire should be allowed to enter that Inn as a law student. The requisition to this effect was signed by eight Benchers, but the by-law was enacted by four only. A Mr. Farquharson, a law-student of Lincoln's Inn, and a Parliamentary reporter, aggrieved by this proceeding, petitioned the House of Commons, and Mr. Sheridan agreed to take charge of the subject. On the 28d of March Mr. Sheridan rose to address the House. The irrepressible Mr. Wyndham immediately, and before Mr. Sheridan had spoken a word, called the attention of Mr. Speaker to the fact that there were strangers present. The gallery was forthwith cleared. Of course what took place was known all over the town the next day, though no report appeared in the newspapers. Mr. Sheridan, addressing himself to the illiberality of the Lincoln's Inn Benchers, rather than to the Parliamentary question of clearing the galleries, declared that of the twenty-three gentlemen who were at that time regularly employed in reporting the debates in Parliament for the daily press, eighteen had been educated at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and that most of these had graduated. The other five had distinguished themselves in other fields of action by their literary attainments. Mr. Wyndham would not remain in the House to listen to the eulogium of a class of men whom he had stupidly, if not maliciously, attacked, but went out ostentatiously whilst Mr. Sheridan was speaking. Mr. Stephen followed Mr. Sheridan, and in an eloquent speech, to be found at full length in Hansard, vol. xvi., supported the prayer of the petition. He described the hardships that too often awaited friendless young men of talent at the commencement of their career in London, especially if they devoted themselves to the study of the law, and the immense

advantage it was to them to procure such employment as the practice of reporting afforded. He made a great impression on the House by describing the struggles of such a young man studying law by day, reporting the debates by night—qualifying himself for the greater profession of the two that as yet yielded him nothing, by practising the minor but highly honourable and more immediately lucrative vocation which the newspapers afforded; adding that it was no fancy sketch which he drew, for thirty years previously the case had been his own. He also bore testimony to the high character of the Parliamentary reporters as a body, and made special allusion to Mr. Perry and his excellent staff. The Attorney-General opposed the consideration of Mr. Farquharson's petition—not on the merits of the case, which he admitted—but because the remedy lay with the judges rather than with the House of Commons. The Solicitor-General paid a warm compliment to Mr. Stephen, expressed his regret that in an unguarded moment he had signed the requisition to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, and his desire for the abolition of the by-law. Sir John Anstruther, also a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, who had neither signed the requisition nor voted for the by-law, suggested that if the subject were allowed to drop in the House of Commons, the Benchers would reconsider the action they had taken. Mr. Croker followed in the same spirit. The motion was withdrawn; and at a subsequent meeting of the Benchers, specially summoned for the purpose, the uncharitable by-law was repealed by a large majority.

Among the speakers who were most strongly opposed to the exclusion of reporters during the debates on the disastrous issue of the Walcheren expedition was Sir Francis Burdett. In the course of the debate he asserted "that the House, in point of character and

reputation, had nothing to boast of." For this he was called to order by Mr. Perceval; but Sir Francis retorted by ridiculing "that sensitive delicacy which, while it connived at the most corrupt practices, shrank from a bare mention of the truth." There was at this time in existence in London a debating club or society known as the British Forum. At a meeting of this society called to discuss the great question of "Strangers in the House," and the evident desire of a majority in Parliament to prohibit the publication of debates in which the people were so deeply interested, one Gale Jones, an apothecary, and a noted demagogue, made such offensive remarks on the conduct of Mr. Wyndham, and more especially on that of Mr. Charles Yorke, that the latter gentleman brought the subject under the notice of the House as a breach of privilege. The House was in the humour of severity. Mr. Gale Jones was summoned to the bar; and although he apologised to the House for the error into which he had fallen, his apology was not accepted, and he was ordered to be committed to Newgate. Sir Francis Burdett, who was wholly unaware of Mr. Yorke's intention to bring the matter before the House, was not present during this scene. He no sooner heard of what had happened, than he hastened to the House. He inveighed in the severest terms against what had been done—declared it to be an outrage on the right of free discussion—and moved that Mr. Gale Jones should be forthwith discharged out of custody. Fourteen gentlemen voted for the motion, and a hundred and fifty-three against it, and the peccant apothecary was led off to prison. Sir Francis Burdett was full of wrath; and instead of venting any portion of it in the House of Commons, he penned an "Epistle to his constituents denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England,"

which he sent to William Cobbett for publication in his then influential 'Register.' Sir Francis also issued the letter in the form of a pamphlet, together with his speech in favour of the liberation of Mr. Gale Jones, in which he denounced "the domineering spirit of that unreformed and corrupt assembly, the House of Commons." The House had not recovered its good-temper, or the common-sense which usually characterises its proceedings; and it was moved and seconded, and carried by a majority of one hundred and ninety against one hundred and fifty, that the letter of Sir Francis was a gross and scandalous libel, and that he should be committed, not to Newgate, as Mr. Gale Jones had been, but to the Tower of London as a State prisoner.

The sergeant-at-arms to whom was intrusted by the Speaker's warrant the duty of capturing the eminent offender, had great difficulty in accomplishing his purpose. Sir Francis had public opinion on his side. He denied the legality of the Speaker's warrant; and successfully defended and barricaded his house in Piccadilly against the sergeant and his force for a whole fortnight. Not only Westminster, of which Sir Francis was the Parliamentary representative, but all London, was in a fever of excitement. The question was considered to be one between a tyrannical Parliament and a free people who had not, but ought to have, the making of Parliaments. Sir Francis was the people's champion, and the people took to the streets with the intention of rescuing him from the sergeant-at-arms, should a capture be effected. The house of Sir Francis in Piccadilly was like a besieged fortress, though the military that were stationed in the street were posted rather to preserve order among the populace than to aid the sergeant-at-arms, or to act any other part than that of observers. The result was the famous Burdett riots, consequent upon

the final arrest of the member for Westminster by a ruse, rather than by a *coup de main*, and his transference under military escort to the Tower. All London was in a ferment of agitation. The mob hooted the escort, and pelted them with stones; and on the return of the soldiers from the Tower, where they had safely deposited their prisoner, they were assailed with such volleys of stones that they fired upon the crowd, killing two people, and wounding several others. This increased the popular excitement. Public meetings were convened night after night to denounce the proceedings of Parliament. Sir Francis was the hero and the idol of the hour. The praise of his pluck and patriotism was on every Radical and Liberal tongue, and filled every Radical and Liberal newspaper. As Parliament had not the power to keep their prisoner in hold an hour after the prorogation of Parliament, it was resolved that on the last day of the session he should be triumphantly escorted from the Tower to Piccadilly, by processions of the trades and of the people generally; and immense mobs with banners and bands of music collected on Tower Hill for that purpose on the day appointed. Great apprehension was felt of a possible and but too probable collision between the troops and the people; but Sir Francis, with a rare discretion in a popular favourite, and not wishing to have the blood of perhaps hundreds of people upon his head, gave his uproarious admirers the slip, and while they were awaiting him in the streets, took a boat at the Tower stairs, and was quietly rowed up the river to Westminster, where on landing he entered a carriage, and was conveyed to his own house before any one knew that he had left the Tower.

This was a very high-handed assertion by the House of Commons of its right to sit with closed doors. It was provocative of public tumult and bloodshed, and if it had oc-

curred among a more excitable people than the English, might have proved the precursor of much greater and more prolonged violence and ill-feeling. Several times during the last sixty years the House has in fits of anger or caprice banished strangers from its galleries, but the occasions have for the most part been temporary and trivial and have excited but little interest, except among the reporters. Possibly, if all the truth were told, these gentlemen are very glad when such acts of parliamentary authority are exercised, saving them as they do from many hours of hard and responsible work. So thoroughly have both Houses reconciled themselves to the necessity of consenting to publications of their debates; so fully are they convinced that it is not conducive to accuracy that reporters should be compelled to take notes as furtively as if they were picking pockets, and reduced to the extremity of scribbling in their hats, looking as unconcerned all the while as if they were merely listening without a purpose, lest the watchful eyes of justice in the awful form of the irate officers of the House should detect them *in flagrante delicto*, red-handed, or rather black-handed, in the commission of crime,—that after the great fire which destroyed both Houses in 1834, every architect who sent in plans for the new buildings, included, as a matter of course, a gallery and anterooms in each House for the accommodation of the reporters.

Thus, after a long and losing battle, Parliament has not only practically resigned itself to the inevitable, but has come to the wise conclusion that it is best, alike for Parliament and for the nation, that its debates should be as public as if the whole world were their audience. At present, however, its rigid maintenance of the old theory, that the Speaker has only to be informed that strangers are present, to compel the House to order the

said strangers to withdraw, puts too much power into the hands of an individual member, who may happen to be a crotchety and unreasonable person.

No less competent and ancient an authority than the Book of Job informs us that "great men are not always wise;" and the same may be said in our day of some of the great men who represent us in Parliament. The exercise of the privilege—possibly against the wish of every member in the House but the one who draws this very rusty bolt out of its old armoury—may lead, as in a recent case, which must be fresh in every one's memory, to delay, difficulty, and impediment in the transaction of public business. This last case promises to become historical, and will probably bring about a reconciliation of theory and practice in the procedure of the House as regards the presence of strangers.

The Commons were about to discuss the delicate, and, in some inevitable respects, the very indelicate details of the Contagious Diseases Act. Anticipating the debate, which should never have been raised, and with a prurient curiosity unpardonable in modest women, a bevy of ladies—or, more properly speaking, "females"—took possession of the gallery set apart for them, and prepared themselves, to all appearances, for the enjoyment of a pleasant evening. But the Fates were unpropitious; and a Scottish member, who had not forgotten how to blush, and who very properly considered that many details fit for scientific discussion by medical men, and for legislative discussion by law-makers, ought not to be, and could not be, openly discussed in the presence of women, availed himself of his right to notify to Mr. Speaker that there were "strangers in the House." Had it been a case for the reporters alone, there can be no doubt that these gentlemen, in the exercise of the wise discretion which they always employ in their

reproduction of the debates, would have taken proper care to purify their reports of all matters and details not fit to be printed. But as the "females" could not be excluded unless all other strangers were excluded along with them, the House was cleared, and for the first time during many years—and possibly for the first time within the memory of men in their early manhood—the morning papers of the following day contained no report of an important Parliamentary debate which had taken place on the previous evening. The Scottish member who took upon himself the responsibility in this case has incurred considerable blame in some quarters—and, as we think, very undeservedly. However much opinions may differ on this point—and it is one into the discussion of which we have no inclination to enter—it has to be said in favour of Mr. Crawford's proceeding, which it was competent for any other member to have adopted, that it has led to the re-consideration of the whole question. It is felt and admitted, both in and out of Parliament, that the two Houses possess, and ought to possess, the right to debate in secret, if they see, or fancy they see, reason to believe that publicity would be injurious to the public or to themselves. Such right is always reserved by courts of law; and much scandal and evil might ensue if the right were not to be recognised in such great courts of law as the Houses of Lords and Commons. Mr. Crawford's exclusion of strangers—twice repeated—is likely to produce good effect in the future: to put the theory and practice of Parliament in accord with each other and with common-sense; and to make the act of exclusion, when for exceptional reasons it is resorted to, the act not of one member, but of the majority of the House, voting on its propriety as it would vote on any other matter brought under its notice. This will be a great point

gained, and will rescue a valuable power from the exercise of caprice, and place it in the hands of responsible and deliberative authority. There is no fear in our day that Parliament will ever abuse the right—to most, if not all of its members, the reverse of a pleasure—of making war upon the indispensable “Stranger.” Without the “Stranger,” Parliament would scarcely be a Parliament—not even a voice in the wilderness; for it would be no voice at all beyond the limits of its own chamber, unless a voice strangely perverted, and uttering errors where it meant to utter truths.

As it was the ‘Morning Chronicle’ a hundred years ago which first became a powerful “Stranger in the House”—for Dr. Johnson was but a mocking-bird at the best—and which first detailed in fulness to the nation what its representatives said, it may be interesting to conclude this brief history of Parliamentary reporting by recording that the ‘Chronicle’ died of atrophy and inanition, and possibly of mismanagement, in the year 1864, in the ninety-sixth year of its age. A tradition is current among those who affect to know the “inner life” of the newspaper press of the metropolis, that this once powerful journal is not wholly dead; that the copyright of its title is still considered to be of commercial value; and that every now and then, in some dingy back

printing-office in Fleet Street, or the neighbourhood, the forms of another journal are rearranged, the old title placed in the front as in the days of yore, and a few copies printed, and affixed to the wall of the printing-office aforesaid—so that the printers, the printers’ devils, the clerks, and the proof-readers, and a chance customer happening to look in, may be enabled to swear in a court of justice, in case of need, that on such and such a day they saw a newly-issued copy of the ‘Morning Chronicle;’ and that on such and such a day next week, or the week after, they expect the old Whig journal once again to make an appearance.

Many great names besides that of Dr. Johnson might be cited as among those who were once “Strangers in the House,” and who, in the exercise of their vocation as reporters, fought their way up to eminence in law or literature. It may suffice to mention “plain John Campbell,” afterwards Lord High Chancellor of England; William Hazlitt, a critic of a school which considered criticism one of the fine arts, and one as difficult to excel in as poetry, painting, and music, or any other creative exercise of the mind; and last, greatest, and most brilliant, Charles Dickens, whose recent and too early loss the world deploras. There are others still living who climbed up the same ladder to Fame and Fortune, but whose names it would be indecorous to mention.

CANADA: THE FENIAN RAID AND THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

THE last half century has been signalised by the rise of a sect whose members have appropriated or have complacently accepted the designation of *Rationalists*. Few departments of human knowledge and inquiry have escaped their invasion. We have Rationalists in religion, Rationalists in art, Rationalists in politics; and although it cannot justly be disputed that the world owes much to the new philosophy, it yet appears to us that a higher intelligence, looking down with inscrutably calm view on our petty mundane controversies, would be not unlikely to pronounce the judgment that the prophets of the new sect, as represented by the Rénans, the Goldwin Smiths, and the Dilkes, are in many respects as credulous and as narrow-minded as the most bigoted adherents of the old superstitions whose errors they have made it their business to expose.

Our present concern is with the teachings of the political Rationalists, and more especially with that branch which treats of colonial relations to the parent state.

"Nothing can be a greater error than to suppose that we are indebted for any very considerable portion of our national greatness to the extent of our colonial dominions. In all those cases in which we carry on a really beneficial trade with a colony, the chances are ten to one we should carry it on to an equal extent were it independent; while the numbers of our colonies, their distance from the United Kingdom, the ease with which some of them may be attacked during war, and the difficulty and expense of defending them, are very grave considerations. On the whole, it will probably be found, if rightly examined, that the retention of distant territories, as colonies that have overcome the difficulties incident to their establishment, and are in a condition to defend and govern themselves, is a source of weakness rather than of strength. We derive our superior

wealth and civilization from totally different sources—from the moral and physical advantages which have made the United Kingdom the headquarters, as it were, of freedom, civilization, and manufacturing industry; and while we possess these, we need not fear that any serious injury will result from circumscribing the extent of our colonial dominion."

That is the creed, as expounded by McCulloch, which is professed by the school of thinkers we have alluded to; which makes the greatness of a nation's trade and the greatness of that nation convertible terms bearing identically the same signification; which holds that nothing in the world is of any account that does not possess an exchangeable value in cash.

We hold, on the contrary, that the motive forces of the world are to be found in ideas and sentiments. France makes war for an idea, as we have learnt on high authority; and two millions of men are at this moment withdrawn from the blessed productive labours of peaceful industry, and are engaged in cutting each other's throats, for no material object whatever, but solely for a sentiment—the sentiment of national honour.

What is the motive which sends a man charging up the slope of "the imminent and deadly breach" with all the ardour of a young lover about to clasp his bride, but the thirst after the "bubble reputation"?

What is it that makes old men tottering on the verge of the grave—men of ancient names, titled men, rich men, who possess one would suppose all of this world's good that heart can desire—what is it, we say, that makes them restless and miserable with a dissatisfied longing after an impalpable something, represented perhaps by a ribbon of a particular breadth and hue, but the craving for increased considera-

tion in the eyes of their fellow-men during the few and evil days that are left them?

Do we not know that men individually are ready to imperil their lives—nay, their very souls—for some object or sentiment more impalpable than air? and yet we are to trust the economists—whose peculiar dictum is that what is best for the individual must also be best for the nation, which is only an aggregation of individuals—when they tell us that Great Britain would be *Greater Britain* if stripped of her transmarine empire and limited to her two little islands in the north sea, just in proportion as her expenditure and responsibilities would be diminished.

Are we then to believe that there is no moral power in the pride which the citizens of a state may feel in the greatness of its empire? Is there no moral power, for example, in the Englishman's boast that he is the subject of a dominion on which the sun never sets? An empire must be perilously near its fall where the notion exists to any extent that the distinction and the prestige and the moral force which are the attributes of empire are not worth preserving, if so be their preservation entail an expenditure of money.

But it would not suffice for the anti-colonial party that her distant dependencies should cost England nothing. They advocate the severance of the connection on the ground that its continuance involves the inconvenient and dangerous obligation of defending them in war.

Fortunately these views, although held until lately by an apparently increasing party, have fallen into discredit with the public; and the present Government has declared that the whole strength of the empire would be put forth to defend the colonies if attacked—a declaration which, there is shrewd reason to suspect, was extracted sorely against the grain.

Of late years the complaint has been, and not without affording a plausible text to the anti-colonial party, that the connection is maintained exclusively for the benefit of the offspring, and at the sole charges of the parent. Not only are the colonies allowed to regulate their trade with foreign nations as they think proper, but even to tax, and in some cases to tax heavily, the manufactures and produce of the mother country. The one contribution which the colonists make towards the cost of the connection is in the payment of the salaries of their respective governors; and those officers constitute the only remaining symbol of England's authority over her lusty offspring—an authority which is practically little more than nominal.

On the other hand, England has until lately maintained in her distant dependencies a large military and naval force, towards the cost of which—save in the exceptional cases of Australia and New Zealand, and to a small extent also in Canada—the colonies have contributed nothing; and she is, moreover, saddled with the inconvenient and dangerous obligation of defending them in war.

That is the case against the colonies; and though our limits do not permit a minute examination of the general question whether the possession of great and loyal dependencies such as Canada and Australia do or do not increase the power of England, we hold it to be easily demonstrable that our colonial empire gives us consideration and prestige with other nations; that consideration and prestige are synonyms for influence and power; that the colonies do not form any drain on our resources in peace; and that, far from being a necessary weakness in war, they might, if properly organized, be made the source of greatly increased strength to the empire.

We postpone to some future occasion the arguments by which we

conceive the foregoing conclusions might be established, and turn now to our special subject, the exceptional case of Canada.

The policy of both the great governing parties of England has been for some years past to reduce the colonial military garrisons, and to throw on the colonists the cost of maintaining such garrisons as they may respectively desire to retain. And in general terms this policy is just and wise, provided always the diminution of our forces serving abroad is not made the excuse—as it has lately been, and with what wisdom the present condition of Europe bears convincing testimony—for a *pro tanto* reduction of the army. But this is a danger to which we must always be exposed by our form of government, by the operation of which, while wisdom is with the few the power of the purse is with the many, who will never be persuaded to tax themselves to provide against a danger which is not certain and pressing. And whenever, by reason of the withdrawal of colonial garrisons, the number of troops at home becomes largely increased, there is a certainty—except in a case like the present, when war is raging around us—that the public will cry out against the extravagance of maintaining the increased numbers brought under their eyes, and will force on the Government a reduction of the army.

But although the policy of requiring the colonists to maintain the military force stationed among them for their convenience and protection is abstractedly just, it would be quite as absurd and illogical to apply it to all colonies alike as to fit all mankind with boots of the same measure. There is no analogy between the case of Canada and that of colonies like New Zealand and Australia, which have maintained the garrisons at their own charges.

New Zealand is inhabited by savage tribes, whose friendly or

hostile demeanour depends very much on the acts of the self-governing colonists; and it is fitting that these latter, if they provoke a war with the natives, should bear the charge of carrying it on.

The military force stationed in Australia is principally necessary for police purposes in connection with the gold-fields; and as it is solely for the comfort and convenience of the colonists, it is right they should bear the burden of the cost.

Canada, on the other hand, possesses a vast length of frontier separating her from a foreign nation of an aggressive and jealous disposition, greatly her superior in wealth and population, and with purely democratic institutions, which render it always difficult, sometimes impossible, for the executive to control the popular feeling; and if a regular garrison is required in Canada at all, it is for imperial and not colonial purposes. Lord Granville and Mr. Cardwell assert that a regular garrison is not needed in Canada at all; and Lord Granville has on more than one occasion advanced the singular argument, that the withdrawal of British troops would remove what has been heretofore a standing temptation to Americans to attack Canada, the principal inducement being supposed by his lordship to consist in the wish to humiliate England by the capture of her red-coats.

This is certainly a remarkable conclusion, the direct opposite of which appears to us to be the true one. So long as Canada remains a dependency, the presence of a hostile force on the Canadian soil is the same in principle as the presence of a hostile force in Sussex or Yorkshire. England cannot escape insult from the act of any foreign power invading one of her colonies by the withdrawal of her troops; neither can she evade the obligation to resent and oppose such invasion. In view of a war with the United States, it might fairly be-

come a question whether, accepting the obligation to defend Canada if attacked, the maintenance therein of a regular military force would be the best means to that end in the absence of adequate support from colonial levies and colonial fortifications.

In the event of a war there are two possible methods of defending Canada—the one direct, the other indirect.

The direct method would consist in opposing an invading army on Canadian soil.

The indirect method would consist in waging a naval warfare against the United States seaboard, in the hope of inflicting such damage as should compel the enemy to make peace on our own terms; a method which would have the disadvantage of leaving Canada temporarily to her own resources to wage an unequal contest against an invading enemy greatly her superior in numbers and in all the appliances of war.

Now, with respect to the direct method of defence, it would obviously be a great disadvantage to England, if Canada were to be the battle-field, that the communications of that battle-field with its base of operations should be by a line three thousand miles in length across a stormy ocean, while the enemy would be fighting at his own door. The base of operations for the defence of Canada should be organised in Canada itself, and to this end the following measures are necessary, viz.:—

1st, The organisation of the militia of the Dominion.

2d, The construction of intrenched camps in the great centres of population, where the arms and stores which would be required for the warlike equipment of the militia and fighting population of the different districts might be kept constantly in readiness for an emergency.

It must be borne in mind that only the volunteer militia, number-

ing 40,000 men, who can be regarded merely as the advanced-guard of the main Canadian army, have as yet received any training or equipment. But the intrenched camps would form rallying-points for the fighting population of their respective districts, who would find arms and supplies, and would soon acquire some military organisation, within the secure area of the camps. Without these fortified places there would be no means of utilising the strong and willing arms of the population; for the depots of arms and warlike material being now fixed at one extremity of the long frontier, and the communications lying just within and parallel to the frontier, a powerful enemy could easily forbid the transport of any part of these stores to the different districts west of Montreal, and to this end his first efforts would be directed.

Both of the measures here enumerated have, since the close of the American Civil War, been repeatedly urged on the Canadian Government by successive English Ministers; and the Canadian Parliament responded by passing in the session of 1868—

1st, A Militia Law, applicable to all the provinces of the new Dominion, which provides for the yearly training of 40,000 men of the active or volunteer militia, as well as for the enrolment, by a very simple machinery, of the whole male population liable to military service; and the bill contains the important proviso that *the enrolment of the men has the same force in law as their embodiment*, so that the Governor-General has the legal power, by a stroke of the pen, to place the whole or any part of the militia of the country on active duty without the further intervention of Parliament.

2d, A bill empowering the Government to raise a loan of five million dollars for the construction of fortifications on the guarantee of the Imperial Parliament, the works

to be executed at such localities and on such plan as might be prescribed by the Home Government.

These measures were passed against the strong opposition of a large party of economical reformers; but the working of the Militia Law depends of course on the yearly voted estimates, and no expenditure can take place under the Fortification Bill without the previous approval by Parliament of the details; and the Canadian Government will want all the strength they can command to give practical effect to those measures.

We confess our inability to discover on what equitable grounds Canada can be called upon to provide the cost of fortifications of which the object is altogether imperial; and we hold that England would be bound to defend Canada *directly*, if attacked, by the employment of an English army on Canadian soil, even though Canada declines to assume any responsibility beyond the equipment and training of her 40,000 excellent volunteer militia—a force which, in proportion to the wealth and population of the two countries respectively, is much larger than the English army and militia, and even exceeds that army with all its reserves taken together.

The strength and tenacity developed by the Northern States of America during the progress of the civil war, appear to have impressed many public men in England with the belief that it would be quite hopeless to oppose the vigorous Anglo-Saxon republic on its own continent; and utterances found expression in Parliament and elsewhere which almost went so far as to imply that in the event of the United States resolving to take Canada by force, we must submit with the best grace we might command.

The feeling, in short, seemed to gain ground, that if we could divest ourselves of the obligations entailed

by our connection with Canada without absolute dishonour, it would be a great relief. All, or nearly all, admitted the abstract obligation, but there were not a few who appeared to be seeking for some ground or other on which to satisfy their consciences that they were acquitted of it.

For instance, Mr. Lowe justified his opposition to the "Canadian Fortifications" Bill on the ground *that the defence of Canada against the power of the United States was an impossibility; and that, as it could never be the duty of an individual or a nation to do that which it is impossible to do, we were absolved logically from the attempt.*

To argue thus was palpably to beg the whole question at issue: people easily bring themselves to believe what they wish to believe; and it is evident that the desire to be quit of a troublesome obligation was father to the belief so flippantly expressed.

Another member opposed any expenditure on Canadian fortifications because *his instinct revolted against the possibility of defending Canada*; precisely the argument a man holds with his manhood before he runs away—his instinct revolts against the idea of being shot!

Without entering minutely into the question, let it suffice here to say that in the opinion of some of the most able and experienced officers the army could produce, the successful defence of Canada, even when the termination of the civil war left the United States at the flood-tide of their military power, was not only possible, but presented no very extraordinary difficulties.

This opinion—held vehemently by the late General Shaw Kennedy, representing the school of Wellington, and no less confidently by the late lamented Major-Generals Sir W. Gordon and Sir E. Wetherall—was based always on the presumption that the North American colonists were not only desirous to maintain their connection with

England, but that they were prepared to make for its preservation all the sacrifices that would be implied by that connection in the event of war between England and America.

The presumption was not unfounded. The colonists were not only united in their wish to maintain the connection, but were prepared to see their country become the battle-field whereon any quarrel between the two nations must be fought out, and to bear, in consequence, an infinitely larger share of the real burdens of the war, in devastated farms and ruined homesteads, than the English people would be called to endure. England would suffer principally in pocket; but the blood spilt would be for the most part Canadian blood, and the ravages and ruin occasioned by the war would fall exclusively on Canadians.

It is surely no small proof of attachment to England, and one meriting a generous return, that Canada should choose deliberately to perpetuate a connection involving risks of such magnitude.

Has that generous return been made by England?

Here is the way in which it is regarded by Canadians, as expressed by the Toronto 'Globe,' a newspaper whose circulation in Upper Canada is almost universal, and which has always been a strenuous advocate for British connection. Referring to Lord Northbrook's speech in the House of Lords on the 20th June last, it remarks:—

"Canada, far more than any other colony, requires to have it distinctly understood what are colonial duties, and what imperial obligations. It is quite true that the population of the Dominion, as Lords Granville and Northbrook say, is over four millions, and that our country is prosperous and progressing. But there are 754,000 square miles in British America, and only 121,000 in the British Isles. Is it expected that on this handful of people shall be thrown the defence and development of this half continent? Has

Lord Northbrook no shame, that he ventured to cast up that the British Treasury had guaranteed the debentures of Canada for the construction of the intercolonial railroads? His father knew, if he does not, that Canada bonds are as good and as promptly protected as the consols of Great Britain—that the guarantee was tendered by successive English Administrations to the Canadian Government on the plea that the road was necessary for imperial military purposes—and that this wonderful act of generosity for imperial purposes will never cost the people of England one shilling. Had Lord Northbrook no feeling of shame when he cast up the British expenditure on fortifications at Quebec, and the surrender to Canada of certain military buildings and munitions of war that could not possibly be transported to Woolwich?

"What Canadian cares one straw about the defences of Quebec? Who does not know that Canada will be gone, indeed, before Quebec could be profitable for defence, and that the main object of the new works at that place was to keep open a safe mode of escape for British soldiers, should they unhappily be beaten? And what could be more monstrous than the boasting avowal that every soldier is to be withdrawn from the Red River enterprise in the month of October coming? Is it for imperial or for local purposes that those great north-western territories are to be opened to settlement? Who are to settle those magnificent plains of the Saskatchewan but the redundant population of the British Isles? The people of Canada proper have land enough and to spare, and more business to do than they can now well manage. They don't want to emigrate; they are not to have one iota more benefit from the settlement of the north-west than their fellow-subjects in England. And was it not enough that they agreed to pay \$1,500,000 to extinguish the unjust claims of the Hudson Bay Company, and \$1,500,000 more to open up a route to Red River: and no one can tell how much more to survey the lands, establish civilised government, and protect and foster the English immigrants who will pour in? Yes, we are four millions, but our country is six times the size of the British Isles with nearly eight times our population; and a British Minister thought it not disgraceful to chuckle over the petty thought that after October the Canadians were

to have thrown on them the whole burden of the Red River expedition. Thank God the British people are not of the spirit of Lord Northbrook! and assuredly it is full time the whole subject were fully and fairly placed before the British people."

Although the foregoing extract is more remarkable for vigour than for elegance, the writer, easily to be recognised by his impulsive style, is at once the leader and exponent of public opinion in Western Canada.

The necessity or the policy of maintaining a small force of regular troops in Canada has no reference to the contingency of war with the United States, but depends on causes partly political arising out of the state of opinion in Canada, partly material in connection with the organisation of the Canadian militia.

The ground on which Lord Granville and Mr. Cardwell justify their declared intention of denuding Canada of regular troops is, that the convenience and safety of the empire are concerned in concentrating the whole of the forces of the crown within the circle of the British Isles; and they have, moreover, pronounced the withdrawal of our colonial garrisons to be necessary to enable the Government to effect what they have been pleased to term the *reform* of our military system—a reform announced with a great flourish of trumpets, but which so far has resulted only in a reduction of our battalions and squadrons to a numerical strength which excites ridicule or alarm according to the disposition of the observer; and which, viewed by the light of the conflagration now ablaze in Europe, can only be regarded as an unstatesmanlike subserviency to the ignorant cry of an unintelligent majority for economy at any price.

So far as economy is concerned, the cost of keeping a force in Canada is somewhat less than it would be at home. As regards strategical reasons, the telegraph places a Canadian garrison at the distance of not more than fifteen days from English soil from the moment when

its recall might become urgent. And as regards the safety of the empire, surely if, as appears to have been the case, the condition of recalling our battalions from the colonies is to deprive them of half their numbers, a regiment of one thousand men at fifteen days' distance must be worth more than one only five hundred strong though serving at our own doors, when we know that it will require many times fifteen days to raise the weak battalion to its proper strength, and also that when its depleted ranks shall be again filled, the machine will be decidedly inferior for immediate use to what it would have been if left at its original strength.

Whether rightly or wrongly, the belief in Canada is very general that the presence of an English garrison is at once a symbol of the British connection and a guarantee that England is prepared to maintain that connection.

On the other hand, the withdrawal of the troops is almost universally regarded as the first step towards casting off the towing-rope and turning the colony adrift, and would afford a convenient text to the opponents of all military expenditure in the Canadian Parliament. "If England," they would say, "does not think us worth [the support of a few regiments, there is no use in our doing anything for ourselves. It is better to take our chance of a war with the United States, in which we do not believe, than to burden ourselves with an expenditure on militia and fortifications which we cannot afford, and which the chances are a hundred to one we shall never require." This sort of argument, though highly illogical, will attract many supporters, and the whole military policy of the Government will be in danger of collapse.

Lord Carnarvon lately informed the House of Lords, and we possess ample means of corroborating his statement, that there exists unhappily a *feeling of deep and intense soreness* throughout the breadth and

length of Canada, arising from the belief that it is the settled policy of the English Government to abandon as soon as possible the connection with that colony. The feeling has not been diminished by the alacrity with which her Majesty's Ministers hastened to thank the United States Government for its loyal fulfilment of international obligations on the occasion of the latest Fenian raid; obligations of which, in point of fact, the fulfilment was delayed until after the Canadian volunteers had settled the matter for themselves. In one point of view, this tardiness on the part of the American Government is not to be regretted, since it served to bring out in strong relief the excellent qualities of the Canadian militia.

The state of public feeling in Canada on the subject is expressed in the Toronto 'Globe' of 6th July as follows:—

"The speeches of Lords Granville and Northbrook hardly touched the real issues now exciting feeling between England and her great colonies. The absolute right of the imperial Government to increase or reduce the strength of the British army or navy as it pleases no one has doubted. The absolute right of the imperial Government to determine where British troops shall be quartered, no colony, as far as we have seen, has denied for one moment. The duty of every colony to maintain a force sufficient for the preservation of peace and order within its borders no one has questioned. And we are persuaded that if the imperial statesmen ever muster courage to submit a just and efficient plan for making colonial contingents available for the defence of the empire in time of war, a hearty response will be given to it by all the colonies. The colonies are well content with their position—they gain great advantage from their connection with Britain—they are most willing to meet all the just claims upon them that connection may impose; but they want a clear understanding as to their duties on the one hand, and the obligations of the mother country on the other. They want such a settlement as will put a

stop to the insolent reproaches that are constantly coming to them from English statesmen and writers, that the colonies are a burden to Great Britain, that they are useless to her, that they only cling to her in hope of favours, and that she would get quit of them to-morrow could she do so with decency.

"The thing that seems most needful to determine is, whether Great Britain desires to retain her colonial empire or not; whether the connection is a mutual benefit, or merely a burdensome protection extended unwillingly by one party to the other. If the people of Great Britain are tired of their colonies, or any part of them, assuredly they have but to say so formally to be relieved of the burden. But if, as we undoubtedly believe, the people of England obtain immense advantages politically, socially, and financially from the colonies, far exceeding the annual cost they may entail—and if they are, as we confidently believe, proud of their colonial empire, and determined to maintain it—then it is full time to look the whole matter fairly and squarely in the face, and devise some colonial system that will bind the whole empire in one bond of common interest.

"The position of Canada is different from that of any other colony. The vast extent of her domain, the sparseness of her population, the anxious desire of her powerful neighbours to possess her, and the great length of her boundary-line of defence, place Canada beyond the scope of the ordinary colonial argument. But we are persuaded we speak the mind of the whole people of Canada, with a very insignificant exception, when we say that notwithstanding the peculiarity of their position, and the exceptional burdens that may thereby be imposed on them, our people are prepared to respond to any just plan for the organisation of the colonial empire, and to meet all the claims it may entail. But the people of Canada, beyond all other colonists, have the deepest interest in demanding a clear and permanent settlement as to the duties they owe to the empire, and the obligations the empire owes to them. The people of Canada do not ask Great Britain to pay one sixpence for their internal government. They do not ask Great Britain to leave one soldier in Canada except for imperial purposes

They do not seek to meddle in the slightest degree with the number of troops or ships of war Great Britain may think proper from time to time to maintain. But what they ask is, that their soil and their rights and their interests shall be as dearly and as jealously regarded and protected by the imperial authorities as those of the people of Scotland or Ireland. What they ask is, that while all the authority of England is instantly put in motion to coerce the Greek or Spanish Government into stopping the operations of a pack of bandits harbouring on their soil—years of open plotting, and recruiting, and drilling, and gathering munitions of war, avowedly to invade British soil and to murder British subjects, may not be permitted to go on openly for years without even an explanation or protest. What they ask is, that while millions of money are spent, and thousands of lives placed in jeopardy in Abyssinia to recover a few British captives, Canada may not be invaded by hordes of cut-throats from the United States, and her people slaughtered—without the slightest interference of the American Government until after the ruffians have been defeated and driven back across the lines; and the smiles and thanks of the British ambassador, and the laudations of English statesmen and the English press, showered (to his utter astonishment) on President Grant, for his generous and prompt protection of the Canadian people."

We feel regretfully there is too much reason for the reproach expressed in the concluding portion of the foregoing extract—viz., that the most energetic attitude is assumed by England to obtain redress from a weak power, while many thousands of American citizens have been allowed, during the last five years, publicly to preach and openly to prepare for the invasion of Canada—and on two occasions to proceed to the overt act—by which many Canadian lives have been sacrificed, and a heavy outlay has been occasioned to the colony; and the United States Government, which is responsible for these flagrant injuries, is not only not called to account, but is thanked with effusion for having

graciously moved to enforce her laws, after such movement had been rendered useless by the exertions of the Canadians themselves.

In bringing the subject before the House of Lords on the 23d July, Lord Carnarvon is reported to have said, we conclude ironically,—

"It is impossible for us not to be sensible of the intentions of the United States Government. We may regret that it was beyond their power to send troops to the frontier in sufficient time to stop the attack altogether, but their good intentions were very marked: and any one conversant with American affairs knows the difficulty with which the Government is able to act in such a case."

The downright English of the foregoing paragraph being, that the United States Government wilfully and deliberately neglected their international obligations, from the fear lest their interference should lose them the Fenian vote at the oft-recurring elections.

Verily it is not surprising that the Canadians, who have felt the pinching of the shoe, should think there has been somewhat too much of obsequious demeanour on the part of the imperial authorities towards the United States Government, recalling as they do the facts following:—

1. That in 1866, although the Fenian preparations were as open as day, and though parties of armed Fenians were collecting and drilling at different points along the frontier for weeks before the raid actually took place, the President's proclamation was not issued until after the marauders had entered Canada, whereas its publication a few days earlier would not only have prevented the violation of Canadian territory on that occasion, but, by demonstrating that the executive was in earnest, would probably have prevented the repeated attempts of the same nature that have since been made.

2. That in 1866, as in 1870, the only effect of the presence of United

States troops, when they did reach the frontier to the number of a few dozen, was to shelter and protect the Fenians in their flight.

3. That the arms captured from the Fenians by the United States authorities in 1866 were, a year later, and just when the Fenians were openly preparing for another raid, restored to those excellent men. After such a scandalous measure, is it wonderful if the poor deluded wretches could never be brought to believe that the United States Government had any real desire or intention to interfere seriously with their operations?

4. That every year since 1866 the Canadian people have been subjected to a heavy military outlay directly, and to a serious industrial loss indirectly, by the necessity of calling out an armed force to repel threatened incursions, for which the Fenians made their preparations in the most open and deliberate manner; *establishing depots of arms and military stores at various points within the territory of the United States along the line of the Canadian frontier*; and even *concluding contracts for the supply of biscuits and provisions for the subsistence of the invading army*! All of which measures were matters of notoriety, and were published in the American and Canadian journals.

The above are a few of the facts, for the literal correctness of which we can vouch of our own knowledge, which explain and go far to justify the soreness of feeling now prevalent in Canada; but whether justified or not the feeling is there—it is intensely real—and it would be fatuous on the part of our rulers to disregard it.

In direct opposition to the representations of military officers who had served in Canada, and in disregard of the remonstrances of the Colonial Ministers, who declared that their hands would be seriously weakened for the maturing of their military policy by such a measure, the English Government at the end of last year resolved to persevere in

their declared intention of further denuding Canada of troops. In vain it was represented that the state of affairs which necessitated the despatch of reinforcements to Canada in 1866 had not passed away; that the Fenian organization still retained sufficient vitality to give trouble; that any sweeping reduction of the Canadian garrison would be magnified by the Fenian leaders for the purpose of persuading their followers that Canada would prove an easy conquest; that those leaders were careful to proclaim, *more Hibernico*, that they did not come to make war on Canadians, but on England for the liberation of Ireland; and that the Canadians felt, and justly felt, that so long as their country was likely to be made the battle-ground of the Fenians against England, the efforts they were both able and willing to make in their own defence, even although those efforts were more than sufficient, should in honour and justice be powerfully seconded by the presence and co-operation of English troops.

The following extract is from a letter written during the summer of 1869 by a gentleman who commands a frontier battalion of volunteer militia in Canada:—

“I am not very apt to take a gloomy view, but I must confess that things look rather dark in Canada just now. Here we are with the military force of the Dominion only partly organised, the troops of the line ordered home, and the Yankees, I honestly believe, preparing for war. What is to become of us? You know that the men of Kent or of the Lothians are not more devoted to Britain or more loyal to her constitution than the Canadians are, and Britain ought now to say whether we are wanted or not. If the English Government is not prepared to leave enough experienced officers to handle us, or enough regulars to steady us till we get licked into shape ourselves, they ought to tell us plainly, ‘We don’t mean to fight, even to save the Canadas.’ That would be a far honester course than the present shilly-shallying of cold

shoulder and wet blanket, varied by an occasional fine period in the House of Commons that 'war with the colonies means war with England.' The colonies don't make war, and if we have to fight it will be in England's quarrel; yet they strip Canada of troops, not even leaving men enough in the country to form up the movable columns which it was judged necessary to organise and to keep in hand against the Fenians. I hope I am wrong, but sometimes I cannot help thinking that English statesmen nowadays don't think the possession of half a continent, and the prestige belonging thereto, worth striking a blow for; and that the sentiments of Messrs. J. S. Mill, Goldwin Smith, and Dilke in his 'Greater Britain,' are the opinions which are entertained by the ruling classes of England generally. It looks very like it; and there are thousands in Canada who cannot help thinking what I have endeavoured to express.

"If such is the policy of the Cabinet, they ought to tell us plainly, 'Make your own arrangements either for independence, or with your neighbours. We neither intend nor can we afford to help you.' And yet we don't want a great deal of help to hold our own. The Yankee frontier is as open as our own, *and far richer*; and if it came to harrying, they might discover the meaning of *the war being carried into Africa*. The sack of Buffalo would pay for all the towns on the Niagara frontier, and Detroit would compensate for Windsor. Oh! I do think we could, even if we did get a thrashing, give Uncle Sam such a taste of what war meant, that he would be satisfied to live in peace with us afterwards for another fifty years—and by that time I hope Canada could stand alone."

Although the views above expressed, especially with reference to the Americans being desirous of war, are doubtless exaggerated, they indicate faithfully the state of feeling along the Canadian frontier, the existence of which is of itself dangerous to the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries.

The Fenian operations during the past spring had so far the effect of modifying the policy of the Home Government, that the withdrawal of

the regiments, which were ordered home in April and May, has been postponed till the autumn. There is no doubt the Fenian move was premature. It was not intended to be made until after the troops had departed, in the one direction to the Red River, in the other to England. The attack was first ordered for April, and the assembly along the frontier of armed bodies during that month rendered it necessary to place 6000 volunteers on active duty to oppose them.

But finding the Red River expedition had been delayed, the Fenian leaders postponed their intended invasion to the 22d May, a week previous to which date the Red River troops, including the 60th Rifles from Ottawa, had reached but not yet quitted Toronto, *en route* to the north-west.

In the debate in the House of Lords on Lord Carnarvon's resolution in praise of the Canadian militia, it is to be regretted that the new Colonial Secretary should have taken a line of argument somewhat detracting from the services of that force. Lord Kimberley's words were:—

"My second objection is, that however strong our feelings may be of the services performed by the volunteers, we must measure the occasion by what actually occurred; and considering that this was a raid of certain marauders in time of peace, who were driven back, after they had advanced a few hundred yards over the frontier, in a way as discreditable to them as it was creditable to the volunteers, it would be quite contrary to precedent that this House should by solemn declaration record its sense of the services of the troops and volunteers."

Lord Kimberley knows little of the peculiar blessings of the United States constitution, if he measures the gravity of the occasion when these bands of marauders crossed the Canadian frontier by the result; and he fails to do justice to the officer to whose judgment and promptitude of action, more than to any other circumstance, England

and America are indebted for escape from a very serious difficulty.

The gravity of the occasion consisted in this, that several thousand Fenians were distributed at different points along the frontier, while more thousands were *en route* from different quarters. If the first party which crossed the line had been unopposed, and had been able therefore to occupy and intrench the strong position of Eccles Hill just within the Canadian frontier, it would have fallen to the lot of the Canadian volunteers to dislodge the enemy from a strong position, in place of defending it against him. The Canadians would not have been in a position to attack with prudence for at the least twenty-four hours, the news that the Fenian flag had been displayed unmolested on Canadian soil for twenty-four hours' communicated by telegraph to all parts of the Union, would have brought to the invaders a large accession of strength. The Fenians would have fought with confidence, as their backs would have been almost touching United States territory; and if the first attack on their position had not been completely successful, a storm of sympathy for "the war" would have swept over the Union, tens of thousands of filibusters would have entered Canada, and the United States executive would have been powerless to prevent a state of war between the two countries.

Fortunately the command of the Canadian frontier where the first collision took place was confided to lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith, formerly of the 39th Regiment, whose energy and ability in executing the same trust during the raid of 1866, gained for him the confidence of General Lindsay, who then commanded the troops in Lower Canada, as well as that of the high-spirited frontier farmers of whom the Canadian line of defence is composed.

When it appeared certain, from

information he received, that the Fenians were gathering on the frontier for the second time, and that they were really in earnest, Colonel Smith, without waiting for orders from Ottawa, and sensible that every moment was precious, acted on his own responsibility, under one of the clauses of the new militia bill, by calling out all the frontier volunteer corps of his district for active duty. But as the distances the men would have to travel to their respective alarm-posts would render the concentration of the different battalions impossible under twenty-four hours from the time of despatching the orders, and as it was vitally important to forestall the enemy before they could obtain a footing on Canadian soil, he telegraphed to Lieutenant-Colonel Chamberlain, the commander of the Missisquoi battalion—a gentleman who combines the occupation of a journalist with the attributes of a cool and daring soldier—to occupy the strong position of Eccles Hill with such of the armed residents as could be got together in anticipation of the muster of the volunteers.

In immediate response to Colonel Chamberlain's appeal, thirty-five yeomen of the frontier, carrying their own weapons, good marksmen, proceeded on the evening of the 24th May, under Mr. Asa Westover of Dunham, to take possession of the important hill; and this advance-guard was reinforced during the night by one officer and twenty-five men, being the earliest arrivals of the volunteers at their place of assembly. The arrangements for the defence of the post having been personally made by Colonel Smith, to Colonel Chamberlain was left the honourable charge of keeping this gate of entrance into Canada against all comers.

These measures were by no means premature. At noon on the 25th, a few hours after they were completed, a body of Fenians to

the number of 200, anticipating no serious resistance, crossed the frontier line at the run, advancing toward Eccles Hill, which they hoped to find unoccupied; about 350 more remaining in reserve just within American territory. As the leading files entered Canada, the farmers and volunteers opened a fire which killed one Fenian and wounded others more or less severely. The fire was returned both by the reserve from American territory and by the attacking column, which last, however, scattered like a shell at the first discharge, and instead of advancing sought shelter in groups, some behind houses, some behind the stone fences, and a desultory firing was kept up between the two lines for some hours. At 6 p.m., Colonel Smith, who had meanwhile arrived with 26 troopers of the Montreal Cavalry and a company of the Victoria Rifles from Montreal, ordered a general advance, the immediate effect of which was to drive the Fenians from their lurking-places in ludicrous terror to the shelter of the woods on the American side, the runaways dropping arms and accoutrements, and everything that could hinder them in their flight. They had indeed received such a fright that all idea of a renewed advance at the same point was at an end.

The moral effect was however very noticeable in another quarter. On the 26th May, a body of 250 Fenians entered Canada in front of Huntingdon, and intrenched themselves with their backs close to American territory. On the 27th they were attacked by the "Huntingdon Borderers," a fine corps of frontier farmers, commanded by that good soldier Lieut.-Colonel M'Eachern, supported by one company of the 69th, the whole under Lieut.-Colonel Bagot of the 69th. If the Fenians had stood their ground, they might have inflicted considerable loss on the assailants; but, cowed as they were by the

moral effect of the failure of their comrades at Eccles Hill, after delivering two wild volleys they ran like frightened sheep across the frontier to the shelter of the woods beyond, throwing away rifles, packs, belts, and overcoats.

"The war" was ended, although several thousand armed ragamuffins had come up calling themselves Fenians, and hoping to share in the plunder of Canada. Finding, however, the cat had not jumped in the proper direction, these worthy creatures loafed about for some days, to the annoyance and alarm of the American frontier inhabitants, and were at length persuaded by the authorities kindly to accept a free passage by railroad back to their homes.

It is gratifying to learn from all sources that the discipline and alacrity of the Canadian volunteers would have been a credit to the troops of any nation; and it is fortunate that the officer in chief command of the troops was one in whom, from their long previous acquaintance, the colonial levies had learnt to place the fullest confidence. Lieut.-General the Hon. James Lindsay had the experience of former raids to guide him, and it is the merest justice to say that no measures were omitted on this occasion which local knowledge, directed by military ability of no common order, could dictate.

In 1866 it happened to a friend of our own, a lady, to be travelling from New York to Niagara just at the time when the Fenians were making their first invasion at Niagara, and in front of Montreal. On arriving at Albany she found the people in wild excitement. Parties of Fenians, escorted and cheered by the populace, constantly passed along the streets on their way to the railway station. At the hotels, the waiters and chambermaids, all of them Irish, seemed to regard the wants of travellers as far too subsidiary for their attention at a moment when, after so many centuries

of oppression, the sun of liberty was breaking over the green hills of Erin. Our friend's party, being English, were subjected not only to black looks but to positive insolence from these enlightened patriots. The most absurd stories obtained implicit belief; and in the public room of the hotel, an American, who had been walking up and down the apartment in an excited manner, stopped suddenly in front of our friend, and addressing her nasally, without any preface, jerked forth the words, "Splendid news, marm, from *the war*." "Indeed, sir," was the reply; "what war do you refer to?" "The Fenian war, marm; the Fenians have taken Kingston with 500 regular troops, and are marching on Ottawa and Montreal!"

Such reports, mixed freely with "cocktails" and "moral suasions," worked up the lower orders to a state of bibulous enthusiasm, in which the plunder of Canada presented an object of attraction highly desirable in itself, and involving no great amount of danger to the patriot skin. Every train to Canada carried many car-loads of Fenians and their sympathising friends. Along the whole line from Albany to Niagara, at all the junctions whence side lines lead off to the Canadian frontier, detachments of these heroes walked off the trains into the arms of crowds of admiring citizens, who seemed to have voted themselves *en permanence* for the purpose of *ovations*. So long as Fenian successes obtained credit, the cry was still "they come;" but when the fiasco, both east and west, could no longer be concealed, the cooling-down process was very rapid indeed.

Albany was, in the scenes and feeling above described, only a type of every other town in the state of New York; and if the Fenians had obtained any successes either in 1866 or in 1870, the American people would have taken the bit between the teeth and would have

slipped out of the hand of their driver, as France, we learn from high authority, has done now.

Although we may conclude that Canada has seen the last of Fenian raids; and though, doubtless, the English Cabinet may adduce the present condition of Europe as a plausible reason for concentrating our military force as far as possible at the heart of the empire; we yet hold the circumstances of Canada to be so exceptional, that the troops serving in that colony should be left there until the necessity of withdrawing them shall be apparent; in which case they may be regarded as being at the distance of fifteen days from our shores. We are convinced that the Canadian people would not only cheerfully acquiesce in that necessity when it arises, but that they would respond with alacrity to any call that England might make upon them in common with other colonies, to contribute their quota on just and equitable conditions towards the armies of the empire.

The anti-colonial party have sought to persuade Canada to leave us, on the pretence that she would be greatly more prosperous as a state of the American Union than in her present dependent condition she can hope to become.

On the other hand, they have endeavoured to enlist the feelings of English people against the connection on the ground that Canada lays a heavy tax on the produce of British industry.

We propose to examine these arguments *seriatim*.

First, As to the prospective advantage to Canada of joining the Union.

By a comparison of the last census of the United States, published in June 1860, with the last census of Canada published in January 1861, it is established that the progress of Canada during the ten years preceding the taking of the census more than equalled the progress of the United States in

the same period in almost every particular.

Thus, in *population*, the increase in the United States was 35.08 per cent.

While in Lower Canada it was 27.88 per cent; in Upper Canada it was 53.01 per cent; and, consequently, in Canada as a whole it was 40.44 per cent.

In *increase of tillage*. During the ten years ending 1860, the number of acres under the plough had increased, in the United States, 44.30 per cent.

While during the nine years ending 1861, the increase was, in Lower Canada, 33.26 per cent; in Upper Canada, 63.75 per cent; and in all Canada, 48.51 per cent.

In *production of wheat*. In 1850, the production in the United States amounted to 4.33 bushels per head of population; in 1860, to 5.50 bushels per head; showing an increase of 1.23 bushels per head in ten years.

Whereas in 1851 the production in all Canada was 8.77 bushels per head, which had increased in 1861 to 11.02 bushels per head, showing an increase of 2.25 bushels per head in ten years, or nearly double the increase of the United States within the same period.

In *live stock*. In the year 1860 there were owned in the United States for every hundred inhabitants, 20 horses, 27 cows, 71 sheep; against, in Lower Canada, 22 horses, 27 cows, 63 sheep; and in Upper Canada, 28 horses, 32 cows, 85 sheep.

In *agricultural produce* generally, the United States are ahead of Canada in the one article of Indian corn only, and behind it in rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, peas and beans, and potatoes; the produce being calculated at so many bushels per head of population.

In the words of the Toronto 'Globe,' from which these particulars are taken,—“These facts need no comment: they tell their own story, and prove to demonstration

that instead of lagging behind our “go-ahead” neighbours, Canada has moved and is moving more rapidly than the most favoured districts of that much be-praised country, the United States of America.”

Turning now to the charge, that Canada has made use of her commercial freedom only to impose heavy duties on English products—while admitting its literal correctness, let us look a little below the surface.

The duties complained of were imposed solely for the purposes of a revenue of which the major part is absorbed by the interest on the cost of those great arteries of commerce, the Canadian railways and canals. These works, by immensely cheapening the transport of all articles from the seaport of entry, have enabled the traders of Western Canada to sell English goods to Canadian customers at a far cheaper rate, notwithstanding the duties, than they could have done under the continuance of the tedious and costly system of alternate land and water carriage, necessitating frequent transshipment, which the improved communications have superseded.

Thus, the very causes which necessitated the increased duties have occasioned an increased demand for the articles on which the duties are levied; and it is highly illogical that Free-Traders should complain of such a result, when it is a favourite article of their creed that duties are paid by the consumer.

Nothing less than a confirmation of the suspicion which, notwithstanding Ministerial assurances to the contrary, we know to exist in Canada—that England desires to rid herself of the connection—would suffice to drive the Canadians from the arms of their beloved parent. Wounded affection is proverbially the source of the bitterest enmities; and if Canada be driven forth, it will be to fall into the open and longing arms of the neighbouring republic.

Even supposing it possible that a separation could be entirely amicable, Canada standing alone could not resist the preponderating attraction of her powerful neighbour.

By the junction of Canada with the United States, it must be patent to all that the maritime power of the latter would be enormously increased, while that of England would be diminished. If that event should come to pass, our possession of the West Indian Islands would really be then, what the Americans persuade themselves our possession of Canada is now, one of sufferance by the United States. We can hold Canada without a doubt, and the chances of a war would not be against us, as too many Englishmen have despondingly assumed. But if Canada were incorporated with the Union, we could not retain the West Indian Islands one day longer than the good pleasure

of *United North America* would permit.

Would there be no loss of prestige—would there be no loss of character—would there be no fatal loss of strength, which among nations depends so much on prestige and character—in such a practical avowal that we are no longer able to retain our possessions? “Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte;” and if we could make up our minds to let Canada go, the effort required at a later period to give up the West Indies at the demand of America would cost comparatively little.

England would then discover all too late that if the connection with Canada is now “inconvenient,” the incorporation of that great colony with our only maritime rival, which is as yet the only possible alternative, would be productive of consequences that might be characterised by a term of graver import.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

MAKING A RING.

THERE is a species of engagement well known to financial people, by which the subscribers to an enterprise bind themselves not to withdraw their aid and support without due preliminary notice, so that the solidarity—I am sorry for the word, but I cannot help it—the solidarity of the undertaking should not be imperilled by the caprice or change of purpose of those who had devised it. It is just possible that the wise provisions of these contracts have suggested to recent diplomatic intelligence that marvel of statecraft which has just appeared in “the league of the neutral powers.” Here Italy, Austria, England, and Russia—I give them in the order I find them in an Italian newspaper—bind themselves to do nothing in the present war but look on, till such time as

any one or more of them deem it a fitting moment for something more; in which case, he or they shall announce his or their intention of seceding from the neutrality, such notice to be given at a specified time in advance, along with a statement of the reasons for the withdrawal. Had this engagement been entitled a “Non-Confidence Association,” or a “Compact for the Cultivation of Mutual Distrust,” I could readily understand its intention. To bind any one to do something as long as he likes it, does not seem an unfair or arbitrary exercise of power; but to tell him that before he means to do something else he must come forward and expose his change of purpose—what new convictions had broken upon his mind—what new views altered circumstances had opened to him, and

how interest urged him in a way he had not hitherto recognised,—all these seem to me to be very like treating a Government as you would an individual, and expecting a Ministry or a Cabinet not only to be outspoken and honest, but actually capable of having convictions, and being able to defend them.

Ordinary readers would probably be surprised to learn that it was necessary to draw up a regular formal compact to enforce what might seem a very natural mode of proceeding. Diplomacy, however, knows better. Some recent experiences, too, have taught us that great men and Ministers, besides that large game that they play before the world, have a smaller, finer, and more intricate one, which they play in secret, and on which they risk their heaviest stakes, and to which they devote their keenest faculties. Diplomacy also knew that the tendency of nations to indulge in political intrigue is generally in the inverse ratio of their solvency, and that countries whose five-per-cents are below fifty are invariably bellicose; just as the gentleman who had nothing, saw no possible benefit in the practice of economy. It is very hard to make Italy understand the disadvantage of going to war, or the inconvenience of a loan of which she cannot pay the interest. Secret negotiations, however—like the sum advanced by Lazarus Levi on personal security, and no questions asked—are very tempting baits to small States with a highly-taxed population and a low credit. They fall very readily into the hands of those Jews of politics, the Benedettis and Bismarks, and are so delighted with the accommodation tendered them, that they never higgles about the terms. It was, then, to guard against these dangers that our Ministers—for I believe the honour was theirs—invented this society for mutual suspicion and reciprocal distrust; pretty much as some staid elderly partner in a City house might

take precaution against the junior member of the firm being seduced into play at Homburg or the ring at Newmarket. Nor were the precautions unheeded. Baron Beust, half broken-hearted by the superior rogueries of Bismark, has been dying for an intrigue of some sort or any sort. It is now full two years since Victor Emmanuel has done an indiscretion, and he is pining away for want of a blunder. Continued interchange of messages has gone on between Florence and Vienna of late; and there is no saying what fatal mistakes they may have been hatching, nor to what extent they might not have compromised themselves, if it had not been for these Prussian victories, which at least warned them to hold their hand for a time.

This notion of a peace alliance came, then, in the opportune moment of their incertitude; and while they were doubting whether it were wiser to back Prussia or take the odds on France, the English project intervened, by saying, Why bet at all?

Both France and Prussia had done good services to the Italians. From the former they had got Lombardy and the Duchies; from the latter Venetia.

Both France and Prussia had behaved treacherously to Austria. The one had despoiled her of her Italian possessions, the other expelled her from Germany.

In consequence, Italy and Austria detested both the parties to the war, with all the hate of a gross ingratitude and a deep and rancorous jealousy. There were, besides, no sympathies, no distracting traits of love or affection, to divert either of them from their true interests; but even this very liberty increased the embarrassment of the situation.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that they both felt very—no, not grateful to, but—well pleased with their friends in Downing Street, who suggested the *tertium quid*, and saved them from what has so

often proved a mistake—"backing the favourite."

That France employed superhuman efforts to widen the area of the war, to have an alliance with any one anywhere that should extend the relations of hostility, and involve more interests in the struggle, is now well known. Had she even succeeded in drawing the Danes into the conflict, it would have sufficed for her policy, since the struggle would then be certain to engage others, and the contest become at last European. In one of his late conversations at Florence with some of the Ministers of the Crown, the Prince Napoleon is said to have so far forgotten himself as openly to accuse Italy as being the cause of the French disasters. "But for your backwardness," said he, "there would now be fighting on the Danube and the Vistula as well as on the Rhine; and even if things went ill with us we should have sharers in our affliction, and not a gallery of onlookers,

gloating over our disasters and chuckling over our downfall."

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If there be some degree of presumption in the manner in which our newspapers have determined on the terms of the peace that Prussia should accord to France, it must be doubtless a great comfort to M. de Bismark to learn what conditions will meet the approval of those "public instructors," who are able to vouch so confidently for public opinion, on the same principle that the City man did for his port—that "he made it himself." We are told by a number of these authorities that there must be no annexation of any portion of French territory—that by no combination of circumstances should Alsace or Lorraine, or any part of them, be added to Prussia; and they proceed to show the reasons, some of them of considerable strength, others less plausible, for this decision.

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French themselves, and that for M. Bismark's gift of a nationality to them they are something less than grateful! That these considerations will have their due weight with the prudent and thoughtful men who guide the fortunes of Prussia cannot be doubted. There is not anything in the late conduct of that nation that bespeaks inconsiderate action or rash resolve; but there is certainly no occasion to tell the Prussian people that annexation of the conquered provinces is forbidden by arguments even stronger than these!

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THE EUROPEAN HURRICANE.—PART II.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

THERE was a pause in the coming of war intelligence at the end of July, and a very similar pause at the end of August. The pause during the last days of July was supposed to indicate that the Emperor was making his final arrangements preparatory to the opening of the campaign. The pause with which August closed was understood, by those who still believed in French ability, to proceed from the execution of profound schemes of M'Mahon, and even of Bazaine, with the view of wholly retrieving the fortunes of the Empire; and by those who despaired of French success, was understood to signify secret transfers of Prussian corps for adjustment of the strength of the army of the Crown Prince and the army before Metz, so that the excision of Bazaine, the checking of M'Mahon, and the advance on Paris, might be maintained simultaneously. During both pauses people speculated as they are sure to do on such occasions. In July all the anticipations had reference to the time and direction of the Emperor's attack: in August the ponderings were as to the character of the delusions by which the Emperor and his Ministers were led to declare this war. When Aguecheck made a similar mistake, and got his head broke for his pains, he owned that he did not know that his adversary was valiant and so cunning of fence, or he had seen

him damned ere he had challenged him. But surely the French Emperor and the French Government knew well enough that Prussia was both valiant and cunning; the defiance could not have been produced by ignorance of those qualities in her. It is referable rather to a mistaken estimate by France of herself. She thought probably that great as might be the valour and the cunning of Prussia, the valour and cunning of France were greater, and would prevail. Alas for France! also for that renowned land! her valour is impotent to save; her right hand has forgot its cunning. She had changed, but she knew it not; her strength had gone out of her. Hereafter we may learn why and how she had declined from her high efficiency; at present we can but note with grief that we have looked in vain for one spark of ability, for one proof of military vigour and decision, from her that was once the most warlike of nations. So inferior has been her defence, that we are unable to estimate the qualities of her adversary. Success against a helpless inert foe, and success over the daring, the inventive, and the rapid, are two different things. Save the one article of valour, which shines in the French armies as brightly as ever it did, there is a disappearance therefrom of warlike ability. What would France now give if she had not thrown down the gauntlet to Prussia!

STRENGTH AND SKILL.

It was the first great Prussian—was it not?—who, less devout than the King William of to-day, thought that heaven rather favours *les gros bataillons*. If this were true in general, we should only have to count noses on the field, and arrive at the result

without carnage, as well as with it. But the saying is far from being universally true. Where other things are equal, indeed, the larger number may be expected to win. But how rarely are other things equal! Skill, determination, quick-

ness, energy, guile, have often enough sufficed to outweigh numbers. Had the secret of success lain in numbers alone, the elder Napoleon would not have succeeded—would never have known the advantage of having numbers on his side. The history of his early strategy and that of his last campaign in 1814, illustrate continually the power of genius against numerical odds. The heavy Austrian armies, what chance had they against his originality and dash, his perspicacity, comprehension, and readiness? It is not, then, unjust to say that in coming to the war with the larger army, as there is every reason to believe that they did, the Prussians started with only one point out of many in their favour. It was still possible, by patience and

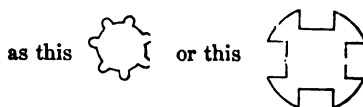
travail skilfully exhibited, to make up for the disparity in men, to gradually reduce that disparity, and finally to come victorious out of the conflict. This was possible, we say, to supreme genius. But even to ordinary ability there were opportunities of displaying some knowledge of the great game of war—of gilding even failure by brilliancy of conception and attempt. Yet no gleam of generalship came to brighten the French reverses. From the day of Weissenbourg to this day the French troops have been continually yielding ground. There is no glimpse of genius for even their most ardent admirer to dwell on. The campaign on their side is a sad blank. They do not enable us to say that they deserved better fortune.

TWO OR THREE NOTES ABOUT SIEGES.

While we wait the receipt or confirmation of interesting intelligence, we hear daily of the advance of the attacks on Metz and Strassbourg; and as the newspaper accounts of these operations are such as to mystify any intellect, it may be doing good service to state briefly, and in outline, what the operations are. And, as preliminary to speaking of the attack, a few words about the thing to be attacked—viz., a fortress—will be in season.

A fortified town, then, means in general terms no more than it did in the days of Nimrod—it is a town surrounded by a wall for defence, the wall itself being rendered difficult of approach by a ditch running round it on the outside. The wall would in primitive times, doubtless, stand on a ring or a rectangle, so that the plan of a city's wall would in outline be no more than  or . It is almost superfluous to add that the inside of the wall would be so built as to afford every facility for defenders, while the outside would present every difficulty

for the assailant. Only a short experience would be required for shrewd people to find out that this arrangement admitted but of each defender fighting directly to his front; he could not see *along* the wall, and therefore would not gain the greatest advantage of position over his foe. To gain this advantage projections were necessary, and the wall soon reached such a figure



so that the assailant not only encountered an enemy in front, but was taken also in flank as he advanced against the wall. Now the whole art of defence has grown out of these forms. Its essence is to interpose obstacles between the assailant and the attacked, and that every obstacle shall be flanked. As weapons of war have been altered, the character of the obstacles has been modified; and as the size of cities has increased, polygonal forms have

superseded in large works circular and rectangular ones. Thus we have now, to resist cannon-shots, instead of simple walls, thick ramparts of earth supported by walls; and we generally fortify on such

a figure as this



where

every line is straight, and where every line, however short, should be seen in flank from some other line. Of course defences may be multiplied. Covering the inner ring or *enceinte*, there may be out-works connected with it; and independent of these, there may be smaller detached works, more or less frequent, to guard the approaches to the place, or to cover parts which by nature or accident would otherwise be obvious to attack. As we fortify now, the retaining walls which support the ramparts of earth ought not to be, and generally cannot be, seen, except from the opposite edge of the ditch, or from the ditch itself; that is to say, the opposite side of the ditch is made of such a height that it shall cover the masonry, leaving only the earthen slopes above visible from without. From the *enceinte* outwards toward the surrounding country there is a continuous downward plane, losing itself at last in the fields, and although this plane may in reality be broken by ditches, the slopes are so arranged that the ditches are not perceptible to the eye till the observer is inside the works. To make this plainer, we give a section through a place with out-works.

Here the parts A, B, C are ramparts; D, E, F are ditches; the darkly-shaded parts are masonry; the town is inside. It is clear from the figure that a person looking from the outside toward the town could see nothing of the ditches—could see, in fact, only the green slopes at a, a, a, in a continuous plane.

The country outside the fortifications is kept clear of houses and everything that could shelter an assailant for a considerable space. Add that in some cases the difficulty of attack may be increased by flooding the ditches, and our little say is said about the object of attack. Now for the attack itself.

The assailant—who is, of course, numerically superior to the garrison of the fortress, otherwise the latter need not fight from behind walls—first uses his troops to prevent all communication between the town and the country without, or, in technical phrase, he *invests* the place. And by the time the investment is complete he will have selected the part of the fortress on which it appears advisable to make his attack. We put aside the idea of his attaining his object, or any part of his object, by stratagem, surprise, or even by escalade, which methods need little explanation; and suppose that from the strength of the works, and the vigilance and ability of the garrison, there is no way of getting in except the process *secundum artem* of beating down or blowing up the ramparts, and entering over the ruins by sap, or by an assault of “the imminent deadly breach.” Now, before you can breach a rampart with any cer-

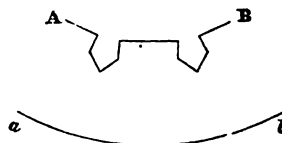
THE FIELDS.



THE TOWN.

tainty, you must be able to see its supporting wall; but, as was before said, that cannot be done till you are on the outer brink of the ditch, where you require to be protected from the fire of the defenders before you can take your measures for breaching with some degree of security.* To get to the brink of the ditch is, however, no such easy matter, forasmuch as the whole approach is swept by a deadly fire of artillery and musketry from the place, the gunners and musketeers being safe behind their works. It is a business to be set about very cautiously indeed, and one wherein the assailant must in a rough and temporary way also fight from behind cover. Accordingly he approaches openly only to such distance that the enemy is just unable to see very clearly what he is about, and cannot with certainty destroy his troops, although a portion here and there may be hit. In former days, when the ranges of firearms were much shorter than they are now, eight hundred or a thousand yards from the most prominent work on the side selected for attack, was considered a convenient distance. In these days, if a fortress happen to be defended with modern weapons, it would hardly be possible to venture so near. We have not experience of the new arms to say what the proper distance should be. It must depend upon the power of the defence, and would soon be discovered in each case. When, therefore, the besieger can advance no further without shelter, he opens a trench parallel in direction to the general run of the enclosure, and extending at each end a little beyond the portion to be attacked. Thus—if, referring to a preceding figure, the part to be attacked were from A to B, then the

parallel would be in the direction *a b*. This parallel is a good



broad trench with a mound of earth raised in front of it, so that men, carts, and guns may, if necessary, pass along it without being seen. For greater security from molestation, this parallel is made, or at any rate, begun, by night. As soon as it has been made, batteries are constructed of earth close to it for the purpose of pitching shot and shell over the ramparts, and annoying the defenders and dismounting the guns on the walls. This fire, as soon as opened, will of course somewhat distract the defenders; and, aided by the confusion so created, the assailants, working still by night, venture to push trenches in advance of the parallel, but not directly on the works, lest the enemy should see into and along them. The trenches are in zigzags thus, so that the assailant's troops when using them may always be concealed from the view of the fortress. It is a devious road, but a safe one. By-and-by, when along two or three different lines the besieger has got his zigzags, which are really covered roads, advanced to four or five hundred yards in front of his first parallel, he begins to see that it would be an advantage to connect his different lines of zigzags, to bring a strong body of troops nearer to the place, and to establish his batteries nearer to the place also. So he makes



* It is boasted that, from the range and accuracy of modern artillery, it is now possible to breach a wall, which cannot yet be seen, by judging accurately its position, the depth of the ditch, &c. We do not say that this is impossible, but we prefer to wait till the experiment has been generally successful before discarding the old rules.

another parallel hereabouts with batteries close in front of it, brings up his guns by the zigzag roads, and begins to drop his missiles from this nearer position. The execution of his own works has of course by this time become a dangerous affair, as he is within easy musketry range. But, on the other hand, he is near enough now to make his musketry tell on the defenders; his artillery, also, does something more than skim along the inner line of ramparts, dismounting guns, and killing gunners and musketeers—it begins to damage the upper parts of the ramparts themselves, and to subdue the fire therefrom. Indeed the shelter of his trenches would no longer be sufficient for him if he did not keep down the fire of the place by vigorous counter-battering. But, the batteries once in action, he must push forward again; he is now, however, so near to the marksmen within the walls, that he will have difficulty in executing ordinary trench-work even in the hours of darkness. By seizing favourable opportunities he will do a little in the ordinary manner—i.e., by letting his pick and spade men expose themselves to fire until they throw up their own shields; but many times it will be impossible to proceed in this way, and then there is nothing for it but the sap, which is merely a trench driven forward in such a manner that the sappers cover themselves as they work along. It is a much slower operation than common trenching, and therefore not resorted to except from necessity. Thus, by one method or another, the trenches creep along on two or three lines, and still in zigzags, while the artillery and musketry on both sides blaze away, each endeavouring to overpower the fire of the other, the besieger getting at last the advantage, unless he blundered in his calculations and was incompetent to reduce the fortress. If it became necessary now for the be-

sieger to advance his batteries before there is occasion for another parallel, he must dig so much trench in the form of a parallel as will serve to make a way to his new batteries, which having armed, he will push ahead as before. In a few nights he finds himself on a line joining the most advanced points of the works of the fortress, and here he must make another parallel (his third or fourth, as the case may be) to obtain a free roadway all along the part which he has chosen to attack. It has become vastly nervous work now, for some of the defenders are close to the parallel peppering the workmen unmercifully, and sometimes checking them. Under cover of a heavy fire, however, overmastering the fire of the place, the work must go on somehow; and then, when the batteries of the third parallel begin to talk, the besieged ought to feel that he is getting the worst of it—his works should be knocked about beyond the ability of his harassed garrison to repair, his force should be considerably diminished, and his artillery should be becoming rather reticent. If this be so, the time has come for getting the first footing within the fortified lines, by invading part of the enemy's covert-way, a sheltered passage which is outside his first ditch. The sap may be pushed right into the covert-way, but in general this work is cleared by a rush *de vive force* from the third parallel. However it be done the assailant must gain possession of it, and intrench himself there. He can now see down into the first ditch. The supporting wall of this must come down somehow, or be escalated. If the latter be too uncertain, then the besieger either blows in the outer side of the ditch, and, covered by a tremendous fire from his own guns, saps across the ditch, mines the opposite wall, and blows it up; or he brings up heavy guns, makes batteries for them on the outward edge of the ditch, and

proceeds to batter down the retaining wall, hitting it about a third of the distance up from bottom to top, and beating in a long groove about that level. By-and-by down comes the wall and the earth that was behind it, the ruins filling the ditch to the height of the groove, and the space where they just now stood gaping a shapeless breach. Perhaps it is not yet what engineers call practicable—i.e., not beaten down to a slope which the storming party can ascend: in that case it must be battered more and more until it becomes practicable.

While the breach is being formed, a descent is being made into the ditch by an underground passage; so that, by the time the wall comes down, the besieger has a covered passage to the bottom of the ditch; thus, whether he may have blown up the wall or battered it down, comes now to much the same thing—there is a breach in the wall, and he is in the ditch ready to mount the breach. If he is not pressed for time he may work up the breach by sap; but if to save time be an object, he must try his luck again at a rush, and force his way in, if not the first time, the second or the third. Get in he must.

The assaults of these breaches are generally terrible affairs. A strong column from the ditch scrambles up the breach, the men behind forcing on those in front. The enemy, of course, uses every expedient, and exerts the whole of his remaining strength to baffle and force back the intruders. It is commonly a most sanguinary hand-to-hand fight, the horrors of which are increased by the explosions of combustibles concealed by the defenders in the breaches, and by the wounds inflicted by all sorts of dangerous contrivances with which the path of the assailants is beset.

In the front of the attack fight a heroic few, who, in general, have volunteered for this post of danger. They are known to the French as

les enfans perdus, and to us as *the forlorn-hope*.

Should there be but the *enceinte* to penetrate, the process which has been described makes the besieger master of the town; but should it be only an outwork which has been taken he must work on again in the same way as before, intrenching himself on the ground gained, and battering and sapping his way to the interior defences, which must be won as the outer ones have been.

When there are detached works outside too strong to be carried by a *coup de main*, they must either be dealt with by the miner, or trenches must be opened against them.

And the mention of the miner leads to the remark that many fortresses are provided with subterranean galleries called *countermine*s, for the express purpose of baffling any little experiments in the explosive line which the besieger may try. Sometimes the miners from either side meet in the subterranean passages, and enter upon a horrible contest under ground, while their friends on the upper earth keep the world awake with shot and shell and bullets, and all the rain which "villanous saltpetre" can shower upon devoted combatants.

During the whole of his operations the besieger is liable to sorties from the place. The besieged (whose engineers can judge pretty well from their observations by day what works are likely to be proceeded with by night) come out under cover of the darkness in greater or less force, drive the workmen, if they can, from the trenches, beat or destroy the besiegers' guard, and give time for a working party which follows them with picks and shovels to fill in the trenches, knock over the earthen defences, uncover the batteries, and otherwise undo the benevolent husbandry that has been going on outside their gates; while a smart party of gunners tries to get into the batteries

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Strangely enough, however, they attach a very unwarrantable importance to the weak arguments, and only concede a small share of attention to the one unanswerable objection to annexation—the avowed dislike of the inhabitants of these provinces to change their nationality. It was supposed that a German-speaking population must be German in feeling and affection; that lapse of time and the growth of relations with another country could never obliterate the older ties of race and lineage; and that in the very forms of a language would traditions be preserved which would make a people long for the time when they should be restored to the land they had come from, and the kindred they had left there. "To dwell with one's own people" is so natural, and so powerful an influence in the human heart.

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Some Prussian strategists have declared that these frontier fortresses of France are standing perils to German security; that so long as they exist they constitute so many temptations to French aggressiveness, and are incentives to that spirit which, whether it take the form of haughty dictation or insolent command, France has been so long in the habit of employing towards neighbouring States.

The great argument, *the* argument assumed to be so irresistible that it requires no substantiation, is this: If any portion of French territory be taken, who is to guarantee us against French resentment? In fact, this pitiable demand for protection against the great bully of Europe is the last cry of faint-heartedness of those who will not open their eyes to see that the bubble of French invincibility has burst, and that the terror which it has exercised over the world, is henceforward to be reckoned

seems to take immensely, as it is forthwith copied into at least the whole of the provincial papers. But if any attention has been paid to what has been written above, it will be understood that trenches have generally been *first opened* at a distance of from 600 to 1000 yards from the place, and that in all probability 1000 to 1500 yards will be the extreme distance for opening trenches in modern sieges. It is clear, therefore, that they who utter this sounding talk, are open to the remark which Mrs. Lobb makes in Lord Lytton's novel of 'Paul Clifford,' concerning "them as talks

about a woman"—*videlicet*, "they little knows the natur of the thing they talks about." It is necessary that there should be technical terms in all trades, the trade of war not excepted; and these, to the initiated, form the most convenient vehicles for ideas; but it is quite possible for one to deliver these same ideas "like a man of this world;" and those who do not so utter them when addressing the general reader may fairly be suspected of seeking a veil for their ignorance, or a currency for what Mr. Weller called "gammon."

INCREDIBLE SIMPLICITY.

This is the nineteenth century, claiming to be the most intelligent of all centuries, and Paris is the capital of accomplished France, asserting itself to be the very centre of the intelligence and acumen of the age. Yet in Paris it was that the foremost statesmen, the leaders of the Government, were unable to perceive truths which touched their nation so nearly as did the perilous position of their armies, and the wellnigh irretrievable fortunes of the Empire, at the end of August of this year; for we put aside the idea that Count Palikao and his Ministry deliberately falsified announcements to deceive the public; we prefer to believe that the Ministers were themselves deceived—that they were unable to discriminate between true and false reports, and that there was no one in keen-witted Paris capable of pointing out the significance of such military events as none attempted to deny. Of all French shortcomings, this, when it has been reflected on, must seem the most remarkable. Whatever else we may have ascribed or denied to France, we have always confessed her supremely military. Aptitude for war, comprehension of warlike things, proneness to lose clear perceptions of right and

wrong in the absorbing desire for glory and for martial fame—these were attributed to Frenchmen, not so much in the light of acquirements as of some sort of moral birthmarks with which they came into the world. We used in England, not so long ago, with that intensely modest appreciation which Britons are wont to make of their own institutions, to compare our own soldiers—mere senseless fighting machines, as we called them—with the intelligent, dexterous, thorough French soldier, a fellow capable of exchanging ideas with his general concerning a position or a line of march, the embryo of a general, if never to be developed as such. O that France could have produced but one such sagacious man to convince Count Palikao how desperate was the condition of things, and to induce him to act rationally while yet a day of grace remained! But there came no sound of wisdom, no suspicion of the truth. And yet the significance of a great army while retreating cut in two, the one half severed from its base, the other half fleeing in confusion, must have been patent to any mind at all instructed in military knowledge. The disaster of Marshal Bazaine on the 18th August was known to us only a few hours before the September

number went to press, but we did not fail to see at once all that the defeat portended.* Even in this strait all was not lost if there had been ability to make the best use of the force that was yet available. But the military light in France had quite gone out. There was not a head in all that martial country fit to help her in her need, and avert her humiliation. The Government had no better resource than to accept and to pass on to the people fictitious tales of success, and to utter mysterious hints

of profound stratagems in operation to restore the war, and to vindicate the genius of warlike France. What they *did* was unworthy a tribe of Red Indians. Theodore of Abyssinia would have laughed it to scorn. The imbecility which God sends when he wills the destruction of a people was apparent in their councils, in their deeds, in their expectations. They fell down, and there was none to deliver them. Could this be the France "that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms"?

THE NOTABLE MOVE.

It must have been that the Ministers were entirely ignorant of how, after the disappearance of Marshal Bazaine within the walls of Metz, the Prussian host, leaving a corps to watch the fortress, moved on again in stern masses toward Paris. The Crown Prince, for some days towards the end of August, was not reported, but he was understood to be south of M'Mahon's line of retreat, threatening his flank as the latter now again fell back from Verdun upon Chalons. This movement of the Prussians upon the rear and the left flank of the retiring army—the old story of the two legs containing a right angle or thereabout—seems to have been one which the French had no power to frustrate. It is quite true that a general with an enemy on his flank ought to feel as uncomfortable as if he had a snake in his bed; there can be no calm exercise of judgment, no prosecution of design, until the unpleasant neighbour has been got rid of. Now the French antipathy to a flank companion was sufficiently sensitive—the presence of the Crown Prince at once rendered M'Mahon uneasy, but the only method which he followed for delivering himself was the oft-repeated one of retreating further and faster while the inex-

orable right angle kept behind and beside him like a shadow, controlling his movements and denying him rest. There were days when a French army pursued by twice, ay, or three times its numbers, would have given the columns on its flank at the very least a caution to take heed to their ways. It did not follow in those days because a situation was bad that it was irretrievable. The first Napoleon, by hook or by crook, would have gained a few hours' start of the general in his rear, and turned sharp to him on his flank, cutting off a portion of his force, and infallibly following up the blow; or he would have resorted to some other of those wonderful shifts with which the history of his campaigns abounds. He would not have suffered his army to be driven like a flock of sheep; and, whether he succeeded or not, he would have shown that he knew how to play for success. But M'Mahon, it seems, was only making for the camp at Chalons, where the great stand was at length to be made, and the decisive pitched battle to be fought. Expectation was, however, again balked. As the Reverend Melchisedec Howler consented to put off the millennium for two years by particular desire, so did the French leaders disap-

* See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for September, p. 399.

point the world of the mighty Armageddon which it looked for. To its consternation Europe heard that the camp at Chalons was broken up, and Rheims was now to be the scene of the great resistance. This postponement of the fight had happened so frequently that it is hardly to be wondered at if even the wary Prussians began to regard it as a matter of course. They followed toward Rheims as they had followed toward Chalons, and even pushed along the French flank more eagerly than before. The Crown Prince was now heard of as far west as Vitry, with his advance at Chateau Thierry: the King was at Bar-le-Duc. But M'Mahon's very dulness had at last lulled his enemies into a sort of security that the same moves would be repeated to the end; and, in reality, they had lost sight of him, and he had an opportunity of making an important diversion. He did make it, but he made it to his ruin. His action explained the dark sentences used in the Chambers, the hopeful, buoyant paragraphs in the Parisian papers, the wild sentences about broken Prussia endeavouring to flee from off the sacred soil, but remaining there because awakening France—old men and maidens, young men and children, rising with one consent upon the foe—would slay her last soldier, and leave not one to return with the tale. The plan was, that M'Mahon should turn to the north, pass the right of the Prussian King's army, fall upon the troops that had been left to beleaguer Metz, and so deliver Bazaine, who was warned of the coming succour, and instructed to co-operate with M'Mahon by a powerful sally from the fortifica-

tions. Independently of the folly of this scheme, there was, looking at the recent antecedents of both armies, an unpardonable impertinence in it. It gave to the long-sighted, prudent Prussians, credit for being ten times more helpless and improvident than the French themselves. It supposed that the sagacious Von Moltke had overlooked the possibility of a French corps (it need not have been M'Mahon's) slipping by on their right between the Belgian and Luxemburg neutral territory and the line joining Rethel to Verdun, assaulting the Prussians about Metz, bringing out Bazaine in triumph, and in turn cutting the Prussians from their base—i.e., in this case from Germany. The last card of France was played on the supposition that the Prussians who had delivered such hard knocks were utterly imbecile. And so, with the approbation of the Government, and to the delight of Paris, M'Mahon slipped away to the north. The people in England were not quite so blind as those in France. There were many here who saw the utter folly of M'Mahon's manoeuvre; but those who see most clearly are not always the first to speak: silly people who could form no judgment for themselves caught up the empty boastings of the French press, and disseminated the opinion that France had at last taken the initiative, and that the prospects of speedy peace which we had begun to indulge were not likely to be realised. Whereupon the stocks fell, the old alarms were reawakened, and the rumours of alliances, interventions and intrigues were current once more.

EXIT M'MAHON.

Two days' start of the Crown Prince, which, said the overjoyed Parisians, Marshal M'Mahon has now certainly got, make him master of the situation: let us dance and

be merry, for our turn is come at last; we are going to experience the joy of victory. But before this great secret was divulged, while we only knew darkly that M'Mahon

was about to do some astonishing thing, we were informed very clearly that a new Prussian *corps d'armée* had been formed and placed under the command of the Crown Prince of Saxony, for the express purpose of covering on the north the army that was watching Bazaine. All has been so dark regarding the means of the Prussians—the accounts which they have given us have been so rigidly confined to statements of results, uttering not a word concerning aims or preparations, reinforcements, supplies, or reserves, that their doings, when declared, take us by surprise, and affect us like the incidents of a romance. Thus, whether the formation of this northern army was simply a new arrangement of the forces already in France, or whether reinforcements coming up from Germany supplied the places in the old corps of its battalions, we have not clear means of determining. The probability is, judging from the number of Prussians reported from different quarters, that fully the strength of the Prince of Saxony's force had been added to the Prussian army since the middle of August.

The Emperor, no longer exercising a military command, hovered about the positions of M'Mahon's army with eccentric motions. Sometimes the Prince Imperial was said to be with him, sometimes to have been spirited away. It was by his meteoric appearances that M'Mahon's progress was guessed at. We knew at length that the Marshal was marching on Montmédy, but we knew nothing of his immediate design, though for the time we were fain to believe that it had been determined by common-sense, and with some knowledge of the enemy's movements. But M'Mahon seems to have been guiltless of the knowledge even that the fourth (the new) corps had been formed. He thought, and his friends in Paris thought, that he had completely outgeneralled the King and the Crown

Prince. And indeed, while in the very jaws of destruction, he moved along with the easy tread of a triumphant schemer about to realise the advantage which his sagacity had already won. So loose was his march, so little dreamed he of danger, that he passed a portion of his army to the right bank of the Meuse, leaving the remainder to follow leisurely. It was in this position, with the parts of his army divided by the river, that his fate first overtook him. The chastisement had been preparing for some days, for the fourth Prussian army was anxiously looking for him in the vicinity of Sedan; and the King and Crown Prince, having at length missed their quarry and paused a day, incredulous of his infatuated conduct, became assured of it, and moved north, with what forces is not exactly clear—but probably not with all that had been watching M'Mahon's westward flight, as there is reason to suppose that some of these never diverged from their line of march upon Paris up to the time when the King once more advanced toward the city. It has been remarked by some who judged by results, that but for the precaution of posting the fourth corps in the north, M'Mahon would have made good his boast of slipping past the King's flank, and getting first to Metz. But it must be remembered that the King knew very well where the Saxon Prince was, and so did not harass his own troops by exhausting marches. It seems to be overlooked, too, that if the interception of M'Mahon had been left to the King's army alone, there was a shorter road than that which the King took—namely, the north-east road through Verdun, by following which he might have made up for lost time, and stood before the fortress to await M'Mahon's approach. We cannot see justification of the French move, consider it from what point of view we may. But speculation as to what might have been

is just now of secondary importance; what did happen is, that while M'Mahon's army was partly on one bank of the Meuse and partly on the other bank, the fourth Prussian corps, under the Saxon Prince, was quite close to him—so close that there seem to have been collisions of the advanced parties—and yet the Marshal did not understand. Once more his very dulness might have been his friend; for the Prince of Saxony, unable to believe that an important portion of the French army could be over the Meuse—*i.e.*, on the right bank*—sent a part of his force to explore the left bank, and some of these ere long encountered and defeated a regiment of French chasseurs, by which encounter they knew that they were close upon the French army—no doubt the whole of it, as they thought. They were here joined by a portion of the King's army, and thus the Prussian force on the left bank outnumbered the French force on the same bank, while on the right bank there was also disparity of numbers in favour of the Prussians. For the present the reader is requested to note this fact, as we intend to speak of it again.

M'Mahon, then, by this time (and we are now at the 30th August) was with a part of his army on the right bank of the Meuse, in a sharp wedge of country formed by the confluence of the rivers Meuse and Chiers; he was advancing toward Montmédy. The other part of his army, under De Failly, was moving toward the Meuse on its left bank, with the intention of crossing at Mouzon. M'Mahon was encountered in front by the Saxon Prince; De Failly was taken in flank as he was marching eastward and his enemy northward. Both the French generals were in the end driven upon Sedan. De Failly's beating was administered without much diffi-

culty; but poor M'Mahon fought hard to avert his fate, yet without avail. He was engaged up to the night of the 30th, and fighting was renewed on the morning of the 31st. The Prussians by telegraph claimed to have inflicted much loss and taken much spoil, including De Failly's camp.

The wary Prussians, knowing the lost condition of their enemy, ceased for a while to press him, while the King's army, great part of which had now come up, extended itself so as to command his flank, a movement which he appears to have mistaken for a sign of distress caused by his fierce resistance; and this delusion may have lasted till the morning of the 1st September, when, attempting to strike another stroke for escape, he found an enemy's force on front and flank, while behind him was the neutral territory of Belgium. He fought, however, and his troops fought desperately. Himself was wounded early in the day; but fortune was again against the French, and finally they retreated once more into Sedan.

The effort of the 1st was their last. The consequences of the defeat will command a page of history for themselves a thousand years hence. The Emperor of France, surrendering himself a prisoner of war; the army of Marshal M'Mahon submitting itself to the will of the conqueror, and drafted away in bodies of 20,000 at a time into Germany;—these events, and the episodes belonging to them, will mould the future of Europe, and influence the character and policy of coming generations, while to the painter and the poet they will furnish themes that shall rouse human sympathies and emotions to the end of Time. Another great day of gloom fell on France, usually the gay, the bright, the prosperous—a day to be remembered as a day of

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THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

The saying about *les gros bataillons* tells only part of the truth. *Les gros bataillons* form a prominent item in prudent provision for war, and success follows prudence. Far more is the saying true in war, "*Nullum in venia abest si sit prudentia.*" A lucid forecast of the things to be achieved and of the means whereby they may be done—this is in the mind that compels fortune. Where decisions must be rapid, and founded often on imperfect intelligence, blunders are sure now and then to be committed. Napier tells us that he who never blundered, never made war. Blunders in detail, however, can generally be retrieved if the plan of the whole adventure has been rationally conceived. It is vague, undigested, half-designed plans that fortune will in no wise countenance. From the time when M'Mahon set his face to the north from Rheims, nobody who could weigh the value of his move entertained the least hope of his success. And the conduct of his expedition was not a whit less faulty than the original plan—no circumspection, no precaution, no information, though he was venturing into the neighbourhood of a watchful, prompt opponent. But, on the other hand, the acts of the Prussians, as we see them at this early time, do not seem altogether free from error. And this leads back to the two battles of 30th August, one on either bank of the Meuse, to which it was said that we would again call attention. It is stated above that on both banks the Prussians outnum-

bered the French; and this circumstance can be the only justification of the Prussians having fought as they did on the two banks at once. The blunder of M'Mahon, when he allowed his force to be divided by the river, lay in his exposing each fraction of it to be attacked by the whole power of the enemy, while the other fraction could not come to its support. But the Saxon Prince cancelled this imprudence by also dividing his own force. The question then is, Did he know of M'Mahon's situation? or did he know how near his countrymen were to his left? or did his gropings in the dark meet with better fortune than they deserved? In any case his operations were only part of a design, the whole of which was formed by a head used to profound reflection; and, notwithstanding a failure here or there in its parts, the superior design was the successful one. Von Moltke had prepared the fourth army to block M'Mahon's passage toward Metz, and he had detached divisions from the second and third armies to take the Frenchman on his flank, the whole force so combined being far more numerous than their enemy. It would have required more serious mistakes than either of the commanders was likely to commit to make this combination fail. On the French side, though Bazaine did his part faithfully—for he sallied on the 26th and 31st with great resolution—the disjointed scheme came to nothing. It was madly imagined from the beginning.

EVIDENCES OF DESIGN.

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The European Hurricane.—Part II.

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EVIDENCES OF DESIGN.

After the stirring events of the 2d September, nothing was more

worthy of note than the readiness and rapidity with which the Prus-

sian army resumed its march upon Paris. When it is considered that an army of 120,000 men, with their personal arms, artillery, camp, baggage, ammunition, military train, and military stores, had to be received and transported on a sudden, one is fain to suppose that such a strain would wellnigh break down the transport, store, and commissariat services, and the victors thus be overwhelmed by the magnitude of their victory. For, be it remembered, the men and horses thus coming into their hand required to be at once fed, and the sick to be provided for. If in a week's time the prisoners and spoil had been judiciously disposed of, we should have said that the Prussian auxiliary services were admirably officered, manned, and appointed. But what did occur was, that the Prussian march was resumed on Paris on the 4th, two days after the capitulation, as if the army had only

turned aside for a day or two of rest—as if, on a hostile soil, 120,000 additional soldiers to feed, horses' provender in proportion, and a stunning weight of stores and equipage to bestow, if not immediately to move, came in the ordinary course of things, and could be cared for like a friend dropping in to dinner. Truly the ease with which the consequences of this complete victory were encountered, was more astonishing than the victory itself. The masses that had done this great deed, not spoiled by success, not discomposed, not wearied, moving steadily upon Paris again, and leaving only the appointed staff to look to the fallen foe—this told a tale of forethought and provision such as may well make us marvel; this alone may give us an idea of how any operation which Prussia may determine to undertake against France, while in France's present condition, *must* end.

REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS.

The march was resumed, as we have stated, on the 4th September. It seemed only a little episode that had occurred, the demolition of the French army and capture of the French Emperor. The stern purpose remained unaltered and unshaken by the occurrences which had wellnigh taken away the breath of them who watched the war. The goal of the army was Paris. By

the 14th September the battalions were ordered to be each in position at a distance of ten leagues from the city, and on the 14th, spite of heavy weather, they were at their posts. End the war how it may, the relief will be immense when the German troops shall be once more on their march back—from Paris, if it be not then written, *Paris was*.

REVOLUTION.

Mercurial nations do not always express their emotions in the same way. Tidings of disaster have come upon France ere now, and have produced various moods. This time she vented her disappointment, rage, and shame, by expelling her Government; at least Paris expelled the Government, and France acquiesced. And this was done while the justly irritated enemy was marching steadily on the capital.

If the cries of a people, if the words of its legislature and its press, be any guide to its sentiments, then it is certain that France, heart and hand, went with her Emperor into this war. She shouted *à Berlin* with all her lungs, and bade her braves Godspeed with an intensity of martial ardour. To be sure, the shouts were borne back again upon the breeze a little altered in sound, but they were exactly the same kind of

shouts: *à Paris* instead of *à Berlin*, that was the only difference. But both sides could not possibly win; and those who play for stakes like this must be prepared for mischances. Mischances, say we? but how to measure the mischances that had occurred to France! Two huge armies paralysed—one of them annihilated; her camps, her guns, her munitions of war fallen into the victor's hands; her ruler a captive; an enemy marching up and down upon her soil enforcing requisitions, abrogating the laws, and none daring to gainsay him! It is questionable whether such a force as that which surrendered at Sedan had ever before so laid down their arms. The Austrians at Ulm were but 30,000 strong, and they marched out with drums beating and colours flying—while on the Meuse a host of 120,000 men went into action, and those who were not killed or taken in flight yielded themselves prisoners. Such an army, and such a fate! Surely such humiliation never before came upon any nation that could produce so numerous a host. It was a time for unity and decision, whatever might betide—for renewed energy, if energy might avail—for decent submission to hard fate, if misfortunes were found to be past retrieval; but it was not a time for rousing political passions, for unhinging the whole machinery of the State, for inviting the destruction of a capital city. France in her extremity showed neither resignation nor wisdom, not even common-sense. The imbecility which had been found in her armies was found in her citizens also. She chose to add to her afflictions, already great, by overthrowing her Government and proclaiming a republic; thus, probably, shutting out all hope of the immediate peace which she so much wants, and entailing incalculable evils on her wretched people. We blame a general who may change his front in presence of the enemy; but what

are we to say of a nation that attempts to change the form of its Government while it is under the very heel of an invader?

If we turn from the wretched scenes which France now presents, and look back upon the glories of her Empire, we may discern beneath its pomps the portent of inevitable decay. The monarch an adventurer; the legislature his selections under the guise of being popularly elected; the people not satisfied but kept amused by shows, by triumphs of art, by the cultivation of vainglory, by feeding their military propensities, and gratifying and keeping alive their love of territorial acquisitions. How little hold the Empire had except on the imaginations of the people is but too sadly proved by the ease with which it was unseated, and by the completeness of its fall. Probably the Emperor may still have adherents, but they were inactive and dumb when men rose up against him. As in the fall of our second Richard, "None said, God bless him;" he was broken at a blow. If there be a time at all when the Government should feel that its roots are in the people's hearts, it is during a general calamity. Then it is that the rulers should act boldly and vigorously as certain of the nation's support; then it is that the nation should feel confidence and comfort as leaning upon true guides and councillors. Oppressed by trouble, the people believe in only that which is stable. The creature that has been raised by their breath in the day of their pride, their breath will wither in the day of adversity. This is a lesson that is not wanted in Britain now. No doubt it is the echo of every man's convictions who reads from day to day the melancholy tale of France's decadence. It is in the piping times of peace and prosperity that these things should be remembered, in the days when the prudence of princes frets the impatience of the covetous and

aspiring. It is then that we ought to remember that a dislike of rash change is cognate with a belief in, and a loyalty to, our tried substantial institutions, is characteristic of those who are most deeply interested in the fortunes of the country. The people can confer enormous favours. In time of wealth and carelessness they never tire of rewarding those who flatter and humour them. Hence it is that we see men degrading themselves, selling their lives—their very souls; eating their own words, denying almost their own identity,—that they may keep pace with popular fashion, and continually enjoy the people's gifts. But none know better than the same people that these are but fair-weather servants—men too facile to be trusted on a rainy day. When the clouds lower, it is the steadfast, the unflinching—men whose lot is one with the lot of the country, whose roots are deep down in her soil—that alone can inspire confidence. Where there are none such, the advent of sorrow will be the advent also of such confusion as we now see in France.

Let us not fail to congratulate ourselves on the escape of the Empress and her son from the treason and peril that threatened them in France, and on their having found an asylum on British soil. Here, apart from all considerations of policy or interest, they will find kindness and sympathy. If we are cold and passionless when the wild ambition of States leads them to drench the world with blood, we are not callous when we witness distress. Let the fallen approach our shores, and for them neutrality ends; we will take part at once with the afflicted. May our guests find among us some balm for their many sorrows! Alas! alas! for that gracious lady. The last time we looked on her, hers was the chief figure in glorious pageants, when she was admired and worshipped not so long ago, and everything seemed to promise her enduring happiness; now, we fear,

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet
sleep
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

WHAT IS TO FOLLOW?

The English press has not failed to perceive how the mad act of changing the Government in Paris has clouded the prospect of speedy peace. It is possible that the Emperor's Government, having exhausted itself in boasts and promises, could buoy up the popular mind no longer, and yet that Paris, determined not to listen to the truth, insisted on stronger doses of the old stimulating bravado. The republican vein had not been worked for long, and the pent-up lava, once tapped, flowed forth with any conceivable strength of bombast. The standing army of France, the flower of its population, with all appliances and means to boot which Napoleon III. had been four years preparing for this contest, could not stand before the victori-

ous Germans. What of that? The people—*i. e.*, the classes which have not been trained as soldiers—will take the matter now into their own hands, and, by their devotion to *la patrie*, and indomitable will, make up for the want of training, *matériel*, prestige, and military knowledge. These it is that will drive back from the heart of their country the invaders whom the regular army could not stop on the frontier. To hear France now, one must imagine that the army which was dispatched *à Berlin* some two months since was the mere scum and refuse of their real strength—that they have kept the good troops until now. The London 'Times' said truly that if the Germans should be beaten now, the knell of regular armies has sounded.

As a proof of the wanton folly of the revolution, there is the idiotic Socialist manifesto, which, at this time of all times, offers to assist the German Socialists in suppressing the King of Prussia. There is an air of judgment and policy about this which argues well for the success of the Republic in diplomacy. But amid all the tall talk which is issuing from Paris, a calm observer must detect evidence of an inner consciousness that the big promises will not be fulfilled. There is an uneasy thought of disaster cropping out continually amid all the glorious phrases, which does not look so determined after all. It will be remarked that M. Favre, *malgré* all his comminations against the Prussians if they don't trudge at once, is nevertheless very anxious to make peace with them—on his own terms, of course; this is the only way in which he could mention the matter to his sensitive Parisians. It may further be remarked that the said terms are pitched a note lower in his second *rodomontado* than in his first. And now M. Favre in a personal interview is going by his powerful intellect to convince the weak brain of Count Bismark that Germany has nothing to do but take what the Republic will give her, and be off. Does M. Favre remember a proverb often repeated in Paris about *femme qui écoute* and *ville qui parle*? We have not time to look it up and give it *verbatim*, and therefore we further transcribe only the two last words—*SONT PERDUES*!

It is to be remembered, moreover, that, however unanimous Paris may seem, there must undoubtedly be two parties, if not more, inside it. The imperial party is silenced, but it exists somewhere. There must also be a large number of substantial people who, without any very strong party feelings, would desire to rest content with the first loss, who do not wish Paris to be destroyed or defaced in

addition to the misfortunes that have already come upon them. It may be, too, that these people have some lively impressions concerning a reign of terror—there has been such a thing. And from these facts it may be argued that the King of Prussia may have sympathisers within the walls; or, if not sympathisers, at least persons who look upon his entry as a less evil than the reign of a Marat or a Robespierre. For even the honeyed words of M. Favre must fail to deceive many who remember the admirable sentiments of a former Republic, and that one of the most bloody wretches of those days used to carry about a spaniel in his bosom to receive his overflowing sensibilities.

But leaving the discussion of these moral probabilities, if we take a more practical, material estimate of the chances of the siege (if siege there is to be), we must admit that oftentimes troops that would have made but a scurvy figure in the field have made an admirable defence from behind walls, and commanded high reputation by their constancy and bravery. We must admit, besides, that siege operations are those in which the Prussians throughout this war have shown the least brilliancy and expedition. The resistance of Strassbourg, Metz, Phalzburg, Toul, under circumstances of such great depression and desperation, deserves to be mentioned with the highest respect and admiration. The winter, too, undoubtedly, is not far off; and the trenches in fine autumn weather, and the same trenches in the rains and snows of Christmas, are very different things. We remember, likewise, that the bringing up of the siege-train will be no joke, supposing it not to be already up (for the Prussians are so close that we know but little of what is done or left undone). These seem to be the principal difficulties (independent of the works themselves) which have been held out as cav-

tions to the King. We have no wish to make light of these points. We suppose, but certainly cannot prove nor affirm, that Prussia has not put much strength into the sieges which have already been undertaken; and, concerning the other difficulties, we judge only from the remarkable forethought that has appeared in every other act, that, if it be intended to sit down before Paris, every contingency of the siege will have been well conned, and a mode of obviating all its difficulties been pre-arranged down to the smaller details.

It has already been pointed out by writers in the newspapers that the object of standing a siege is not in these days generally to prolong for many weeks a contest that is already hopeless. The defence of a fortress is commonly a means, and a powerful means, of detaining an enemy from the pursuit of his main object—of making him lose time and men, while perhaps the side in possession of the place may be bringing up their resources, or otherwise preparing for a renewed struggle. But in this respect the siege of Paris would be peculiar, as being the last act of a war already concluded in the field. And we do not say this merely to make disparaging remarks, but to show that a serious inference is to be drawn from this peculiarity of the siege. The whole attention of Germany will now be directed to this one operation. The whole of her vast resources will be brought against one devoted city. Granting it loyalty to the defence, unparalleled bravery, and constancy to the bitter

end, have we any right to expect that Paris can resist an attack of such force? We are not in Von Moltke's confidence, as some gentlemen of the press appear to be, but what we think likely to occur is this: The King of Prussia will put in battery siege-artillery of such size and in such numbers that, he will literally drown any of the Parisian outworks which he may choose to attack in fire. He will beat the fort to pieces and walk over it. Supposing this done, he has still the *enceinte* to deal with, and against this it is probable that he will be obliged to open trenches. There is no doubt that in spite of all that may have been destroyed in the last fortnight there still remains a great deal of shelter all round the city, and that siege operations will be greatly assisted and shortened thereby. The *enceinte* must be breached and entered if no opportunity of a rush be offered; but we cannot help thinking that it will be difficult to guard twenty-six miles of *enceinte* so perfectly that a vigilant besieger, picking his chance, may not make an impression by surprise somewhere.

We have only to trust that, for everybody's sake, the days of the siege may be shortened. And, however little bias we may have felt as long as the war maintained its old conditions, we must hope now, since the proclamation of the Republic, that for the sake of humanity, the Germans may succeed. The alternative is a victorious French revolution, and we know what that means—it means a scourge for the human race.

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NUREMBERG; OR, HOW TO BUILD HOUSES.

It is impossible to wander, of a fine summer evening, under the shadow of the tall grey gables, gradually yielding to the influence and power of the place, without becoming filled with the feeling that Nuremberg has about it a tone of mellow unity, as if it were a work of art created by one gifted mind. Perhaps this feeling comes on with all the greater strength and distinctness if one has just descended from Munich, that city of fantastic toys. We bow to the noble collections of art, the pictures and the statues, while holding little reverence for the buildings in which they are stored. Here we have a model of the Pitti Palace at Florence; there a repetition of a basilica in Rome. It seems to be held as an addition to the triumphant character of a triumphal arch that it is modelled on the arch of Constantine. All this mimicry may claim the merit of exemplifying the virtue of humility. Perhaps another merit may be conceded to it, that of providing instructive examples of a practice to be avoided. Every fine building is made for its own place.

VOL. CVIII.—NO. DCLXI.

The architect who is a true artist finds a great part of his materials in the surrounding conditions, be they natural, as in scenery, or artificial, as in other buildings. Take any of the masterpieces of architectural art from its own place and deposit it elsewhere, you run as great risk of losing its peculiar grace and influence as if you were to take its several parts to pieces and re-erect them in a fresh combination—as children pull down and raise again the architectural triumphs achieved by their boxes of wooden Dutch bricks. Either would be an outrage of the illustrious canon shadowed out in the opening of the "Art of Poetry:"

*"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem muller formosa superne;
Spectatum admittit risum tenebris amicti?"*

The mimicry that prevails in Munich was deliberately adopted by King Ludvic as a brilliant idea that would make his capital one of the finest in the world, and his own name one of the most illustrious among monarchs. To

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test the efficiency of the system, stand, if you please, for a good while, gazing on one of the sphynxes in the Crystal Palace. You have dreams of a visit to Egypt some day—will the Crystal Palace satisfy your desires? Is your gaze on that piece of painted plaster equivalent to a sojourn at Carnac or Luxor, among the granite monsters and the hot sands? Will it excite and inspire you to moralise in this fashion?—

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister Oblivion reclineth, semi-somnous, on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titianian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, who builded them, and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."*

Then that Alhambra chamber, with all its faithful duplication of mouldings, and incrustations, and mosaics, will it serve the part of the desolated palace castle of the Arabian kings of Granada, calling us back to the days when the Moslem's sword seemed destined to subdue Christendom, and his intellectual efforts to fill the world with light? Yet no one can dispute the beauty and perfection of the imitative work.

Let us not say a word in disparagement of the homage due to the imitative arts. They are so great and valuable that it is doing a vast service if one can analyse them with a view to separating their different degrees and forms, and assigning to each its proper position in the respect of mankind. The productions of imitative art are often infinitely more noble than the objects imitated. Cuypp and

Swanevelt could give beauty and sentiment on canvas to a dirty Dutch ditch. Murillo and Teniers, dealing with human materials of parallel grade—mendicants and sottish beers—could call admiration to the repetition of them on canvas, as objects that the eye delighted to look upon. Hogarth could confer a higher dignity still on the same objects by appealing to the heart and the conscience rather than to the eye and the fancy.

But there are other services for the mimic or imitative arts to perform besides those of the æsthetic. A great part of the teaching of mankind belongs to them. Claimants to the highest grade of intellect must admit that by no study of books, and by no diving into the unfathomable depths of their own individuality, could they have made, in attempts to realise a lion, an elephant, or a rhinoceros, any approach to the influence of a paltry print. Cuvier, Audubon, and Buffon knew, of course, what imitative art can teach to no one; but the objects brought within such high knowledge are more or less limited; and it is possible that for an idea of a Chinese pagoda, or of an Egyptian pyramid, or of an English cotton-spinning machine, even intellects of so high a rank as these might be indebted to imitative art—say in the prints of an encyclopedia or in some similar shape. Without pictures the knowledge of the common people—their knowledge of things actually existing—would be narrowed to their daily walk and work. There is a great arena of knowledge for which the world is indebted to productions of the drawer and the engraver—work not entitled to be counted as art, and claiming no rank above mere mechanism. Let us take it at its value, then, as

* This passage was first printed in the collected edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works by Wilkins. It is believed not to be the work of Browne, but that does not make it the less eloquent.

humble work that does humble duty in teaching mankind.

But there is no doubt that an exact model of anything gives a fuller knowledge of it than any representation on a flat surface can afford. Hence the services of the Crystal Palace. The imitative portion of its contents is simply a vast magazine of facsimiles for the purpose of making people's eyes acquainted with the form and colour of many of the most memorable and noble objects scattered over the face of the earth. But these mere mechanical repetitions must not be permitted to approach, in our estimate, the dignity of the original objects. To a mind fitted for the enjoyment of the real and the grand, the whole gaudy bazaar is incapable of affording even so much material for thought and luxurious rumination as an evening spent in pottering about Stonehenge, and reflecting on the impenetrable mystery shrouding the history and purposes of the mighty uncouth fabric.

There is here something like a parallel with cheap shallow literature. It is an excellent thing for the uneducated, but a pernicious thing if it be permitted to supersede the literature of those who are the educated, and should be the studious. The penny communicator of useful knowledge does a world of good to him who cannot obtain, or if he obtained could not apply to use, a higher apparatus of instruction. The great collection in the Crystal Palace is for imitative instruction what a popular encyclopedia is to literary instruction. Every one will perhaps find something there that will enlarge his knowledge, but nothing that will go to supersede the study of the reality of which it is an imitation, provided that be accessible. Few men have seen all the original things imitated in this collection, and therefore to many it affords instruction. To the lower grade of intellect it is

a show, conveying all the pleasures of a show. Wherever in this way it tends to supersede aspiration after great realities, it has that levelling influence on the intellect which we have attributed to superficial literature. Both civilise and improve the ignorant, and both have a tendency to bring down minds that should follow higher ranges of study to the level reached by the ignorant in this their improved condition. If we keep steadily to these distinctions we shall see the value of mere repetitions through a process of mechanical mimicry. They teach us merely something of the nature of the original. They are incapable of repeating the influence that the original may have on the mind of the observer and the student. To reach this we must have some new original, and discard the copy.

It is the object of this paper to be analytical, not dogmatical. Dogmatism in art, and especially in architecture, has of late become an æsthetic nuisance. Words have been chosen from the nomenclature of the vices as they are used in the wordy warfare of scolding old woman of the vicious orders, and have been hurled at men who have planned buildings on rules of art displeasing to the assailants. Why can we not have catholicity in art as in literature—prose and poetry—the epic, the satirical, and the pensive—all to be enjoyed in turn? We pity the man who cannot enjoy St. Paul's as well as York Minster. Go to hapless Strasburg, and spend an hour or two in admiring wonder in the cathedral, and a close examination of the carved mouldings that three hundred feet from the ground are as sharply and minutely cut as if they were intended for a drawing-room chimney-piece. We hope you have thoroughly enjoyed it; yet will our compassion extend to you if, after having exhausted your contemplative humour on this noble shrine, you scorn stepping

to the neighbouring church of St. Thomas and bestowing a morsel of admiration on the tempestuous monument to Marshal Saxe by Pigalli, filling the whole end of the church with complex florid details in marble. It is the very excess, no doubt, of the French Roubillac school, a kind of Saturnalia of chiselling; but it is, like many of Roubillac's own, a great work of genius.

With these preliminary foreshadowings, it is proper here to set forth the text of what is to follow. It is to show the influence of one of these æsthetic bigotries which took a revolutionary shape in breaking in upon the calm progress of an art that would have grown and worked on in peace to its own legitimate conclusion. We refer to the Renaissance, when the classical models broke in upon the Gothic. We have all read in our school-books how the Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, and so forth, broke in upon the Roman empire and scattered abroad its art, literature, and civilisation. It was with something almost like a retaliation that classic art arose from its ashes and rushed upon the quiet Gothic school, throwing it all into much-admired disorder. We have a few words to say for the purpose of securing for a moment the reader's attention to the influence this inroad has wrought on the domestic department, as we may call it, of architecture,—on the houses we live in, whether in street or lawn.

There is no pedigree more distinct than that of our several styles of architecture, from Thebes downwards. Even the invasion of the classical school is distinct in its nature and effects—more distinct, indeed, in its eruptive violence than the calm onward progress of other periods. The growth of the severe beauty of Grecian architecture out of the massive solidity of the Egyptian, is as distinct as the budding and blooming of the blossom

on a tree. When the perfect Greek models were handed over to the Roman he decorated them with the crowning honours of the Arch. This, conjoined with the mighty dome, enriched and beautified the old severe methods, symmetrical but limited, with elements of decorative development in boundless variety.

We have at this point reached an epoch in the dynasty of architecture. It is to present to us the strange phenomenon—a phenomenon so strange that it is difficult to make it credible—of an art deliberately degenerating and descending from the height of excellence reached by it. Roman architecture, gradually relaxing its rules as a high art and becoming slovenly, sank into the style known as Norman and sometimes as Romanesque,—the style of our oldest arched churches and castles. We may not at the first glance recognise in massive and gloomy structures, such as the White Tower, Rochester, Newcastle, and Bamborough, the legitimate descendants of the light, airy, many-coloured Roman villa. But in Italy and the south of France the pedigree may be easily and indubitably traced. There you may see the new architecture—the heavy structural style of the middle ages, growing, as it were before the eye, out of the degradation of the pure classic. In judging by the eye alone, it is sometimes a nice point to try the skill of the adept, whether he is looking on some work of the eleventh century, when the classic was lapsing into the barbarous germs of the Gothic, or of the sixteenth century, when the perfected Gothic was to make at least as barbarous a combination with the resuscitated classic. The purposes to which the new growth of architecture was to be applied tempered their character. It had to serve religion and war before it protected the domestic hearth. The Church of the Christian was all over civilised

Europe the simple adaptation of the basilica to the Roman. It is only curious to note that recent discoverers in outlying districts—as in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland—have found small devotional cells and temples built with great labour and considerable structural skill by a people unacquainted with the construction of the arch. For the military uses of the art, it has been supposed that the first rude square blocks of the Norman system of fortification were imitated from Roman fortresses, such as we see them in the mile castles of the great Roman wall in Northumberland. This idea is likely enough to be true, but the form is so simple and obvious that it might have occurred at any time to any people who could apply stone and lime to their legitimate purposes. Such buildings were known in Eastern States, and the great wall of China is a vast chain of them. In the countries where the square towers cropped out either at an early or a late period of the Gothic age—such as the British Islands—the primitive fortresses had been stone ramparts, turf mounds, ditches, and the like, within which there probably were temporary habitations like the barracks of a fort.

The use of the Norman architecture for fortresses before it was used for dwelling-houses gave these a peculiar character when it extended to them. Of how the people dwelt before the castle-fortresses were made, and down to the time when houses were built on their model, we do not know much. The dwellings were not of a character to reveal themselves plentifully to after-ages, as they were temporary structures made of fragile and exhaustible materials. Of the many holes and dark structures within the earth discovered by the antiquaries of the northern nations it is doubtful whether they were dwelling-places; let us hope that

they were not, and that our savage ancestors had sunshine and the open day to live in, even if they were not, to our notion, made quite comfortable. The crannoges or lake-dwellings lately brought to light with such curious identity of nature and simultaneousness of discovery in parts of the globe distant from each other, have given us much insight into the ways of those who lived on them, and promise a rich harvest of knowledge yet to be reaped. To be within the compass of surrounding water was among the safest of retreats to a people meagrely gifted with warlike apparatus, and the island had many advantages over the mountain fastness. It is no longer ago than the year 1839 that this source of archæological inquiry has been opened, and already it has arisen into a science with a literature and a nomenclature, the remains of the villages of the dwellers on the lakes being called crannoges. Some historical points of importance have been already settled by these remnants of a very fugitive form of domestic structure. For instance, the country where they most abound is Switzerland, and yet it is only in the lower and accessible lakes, as Geneva, Yverdun, Morat, Sempach, and Zurich. They have not yet been found in Lucerne, or in the lakes farther up, on the shoulders of the Alps. From this phenomenon, assisted by others, it is inferred that Alpine Switzerland was not inhabited until times comparatively recent—times long after the Romans had their celebrated struggle with the Helvetii. A small lake higher up the mountains than Lucerne, in the way towards the Scheidic Pass—Lungern—had an excellent opportunity of affording crannoges, had it possessed any. A barrier lay across its mouth, so that its waters were shelved up in a tank, as it were, above the continuation of the valley in which it lay; that barrier, thrown across in some geological

convulsion, had perhaps made the lake. It was literally tapped by the inhabitants. They bored a hole through the barrier and let out the water, trusting to the acquisition of land sufficient to reward them for the costly operation. Their success revealed some curious and dangerous things. The lateral banks, not having the partial support of the water, would not stand at their abrupt angle, and sank into the diminished lake, with the houses and trees standing on them; but no crannoge was revealed. Loch Doon, in Ayrshire, was treated in the same fashion. The object was to bring in some land covered with a white powder supposed to be the fertilising shell-marl. Those acquainted with the geology of the district might as reasonably have expected it to be covered with a coral-reef. The white powder was pounded quartz—about the least fertilising, or rather most unfertilising, commodity in existence. Expense was undergone, and scenery spoiled; but in this instance curious remains of lake-dwellings made some compensation.

It was in the draining of the Lagore, in Meath, that the discovery of a rich deposit of remains of the amphibious inhabitants of the crannoges opened the whole matter to the archaeologists. Artificial islands had often been known to the peasantry in Scotland and elsewhere, but down to this point the adepts left the whole rich store of phenomena unnoticed. They have now made ample amends for their negligence.* Artificial islands have supplied this class of antiquities much more abundantly than the natural. It cannot be supposed, however, that if men were content to expend vast labour and what skill they could

command in getting a standing-place in the water, they should neglect the opportunities offered to them by natural islands. No doubt when the northern pirates dragged their galleys along the flat isthmus of Tarbet, and floated them on Loch Lomond, they found a considerable population at their mercy, living in unconscious security on the many islands strewing the loch. But the household gods—weapons or other commodities lying on the surface of the island—were liable to be destroyed or carried off; it was when sunk in the depths of the still lake that they were preserved to tell a story to distant ages. In fact these crannoges were generally rather to be termed villages of dwellings perched on stakes or posts, than actual artificial islands. When their nature came to be fully known, some people remembered a passage in that worthy teller of many true stories, Herodotus, in which such a community and their lake-dwellings were precisely described; and so the passage passed, with the many others that have done the like in the same book, from the region of history to the region of truth. He tells how the Persian invaders of Thrace and Macedonia failed in their attacks on a certain community dwelling within Lake Prasias. With infinite labour, working in common, they had driven piles into the land under the water. A platform was raised on these, and on the platform was the hut with the household. There was a trapdoor in the floor or platform through which they could discharge their rubbish and catch fish. The children were tied by the foot to preserve them from falling into this hatchway. Among the Swiss specimens of this architecture there are to be seen in the present day

* For crannoge literature see especially 'The Lake-Dwellings of Switzerland and other parts of Europe.' By Dr. Ferdinand Keller, President of the Antiquarian Association of Zurich. Translated and arranged by John Edward Lee. 1866.

specimens where some thirty or forty thousand piles, supporting one large platform or several small, stretch even 1200 feet in length. Enough remains to show that the dwellings raised on these piles were wooden or log huts. Arms of many kinds are found in them; but the proportion of the unwarlike element is greater than in the cairns, caverns, and mysterious stone houses which have otherwise contributed a testimony of the ways of past generations. The quern or hand-mill for grinding grain is a frequent household god. There are remains of long boats or canoes, cut, like Robinson Crusoe's, out of trunks of trees by the action of fire. Decorations are very prevalent, and must be held to point to a people so far advanced beyond brutality as to have the secondary enjoyments of life. We have seen brass pans that would do credit to an eminent Birmingham house, brought out of the crannoges. From the prevalence of bronze and stone weapons it has been ingeniously inferred by adepts that the lake-dwellers were attacked and driven forth by people who had so far advanced before them in the art of war as to use iron weapons. As Herodotus records dwelling-places of this kind in use centuries before the Christian era, so the historians of the troubles of Ireland found them there in the seventeenth. Professor Lubbock, in his 'Prehistoric Times,' cites a passage whence it appears that while the great O'Neil, as usual at war with the English, had several castles, he thought his valuable possessions would be more secure "in certain fresh-water lochs in his country." There he kept not only his property, but certain prisoners he had taken, in defiance of Lord-Deputy Sydney. But in unrecorded lake-dwellings in unknown times, an amount of civilisation had evidently been reached by their owners excelling that of the Irish at the period of O'Neil—the reign of

Queen Elizabeth. It is noted that they give some testimony to a feeble commerce, in relics of articles such as stone instruments made of materials not belonging to the surrounding geological formations.

On the land as well as the water, in many ages and lands, the human being has sought shelter in some structure that would hardly be in the present day called a house. The Scots in their wars with England, when an invasion threatened them, destroyed their dwellings by fire or otherwise, and sought shelter in the hills; and they boasted to the perplexed invaders that they themselves lost nothing—when the starved armies of the enemy had gone back to England, they could reconstruct their devastated homes by felling a few trees. There are many traces of a kind of dwelling-house capable of being rendered very comfortable, yet a temporary structure soon worn out and easily destroyed. It consisted in two plates of strong wattle-work, with a narrow space between them stuffed with turf. In the 'Germania Antiqua' of Cluverius, containing many pictures of a very ferocious and turbulent tenor, representing the habits and manners of the people renowned by Tacitus, we find them huddled in naked groups in wooden sheds, like the shanties of the Americans, with great fires in the centre, and a wonderful amount of cooking and beer-drinking in progress, as is the fashion with Herman at the present day. Over great part of his land the dwellings and the other structural works must have been of an ephemeral kind. Beyond the mountain barrier which the Romans could not break through there are none of the antiquities that abound on the Rhine and in the south. We do not speak as those do who have specially examined a country to discover whether or not it possesses some kind of conspicuous object in greater or less abundance, and have searched minutely enough to

ascertain as a fact that it contains no one specimen of the object in question. But in that wide district one wanders about without resting the pleased eye on any ancient thing, Christian or pagan, domestic or military. There are no Norman castles, no churches of the earlier types of Christian art. But further, there is nothing of the monuments commonly associated with heathen worship, like our barrows, Druidical circles, cromlechs, and dolmens. Wandering in the valleys of the mountain barrier itself, in the Harz, or the Bohemian and Saxon Schweiz, one does not miss these objects; but the absence of everything to tell of past inhabitancy adds a touch of emptiness and dreariness to the naturally dreary plains of Prussia and Saxony. For the absence of the older class of monuments it has been said, that as Christianity reached that great district at a late period and in a hostile form, it sedulously destroyed whatever it found set on the earth by the hand of man as a relic of paganism. It seems strange, for instance, that in the range of the Broken—the terrible Bloesberg, so intimately associated with the kingdom of Satan and all heathenish incantations—there should be no visible relic that can be attributed to heathenism. Then, on the other hand, the comparatively recent entrance of Christianity and civilisation into that land accounts for its failure to participate in ancient buildings of the Christian period, like those which adorn the rest of Europe. There are houses, and good comfortable houses there; but they were copied from the dwelling-place as it had developed itself elsewhere, just as the houses in America were adapted from the European model. The history, then, of the development of the house, as we are here dealing with it, does not belong to those parts.

So much for certain classes of dwellings excluded from our pedigree as architectural descendants of

the Norman fortress. They have been touched for the purpose of rendering this exclusion all the more distinct. Perhaps there were good, comfortable, desirable dwelling-houses in their way among those lacustrine crannoges or the wattle-houses. But it may be safely said that none of them were as good for the supply of modern domestic wants, or so picturesque to the eye, as some houses in Heidelberg, Oxford, Edinburgh, or even London. At all events, they were of a totally different family, having another architectural parentage; and so, having done with them, we must go back to the great ancestor of houses—the Norman castle.

It is a peculiarity of architecture that its period and style are in many instances not so easily decided by the size and shape of the building as by its decorations. The investigator's eye sometimes runs over literally every inch of a building, searching for something that will tell him whether it is two or six hundred years old; and at last he alights on the chevron, or zigzag moulding, that tells him infallibly its rank as a Norman work of the twelfth century. We have seen how the decorative characteristics, if not the substance of the buildings, were left on them as relics by the decay of Norman art. From this sort of degradation architecture was, as we shall see, to revive in the glorious transitions of the Gothic school. Many people are passionate admirers of the pure Norman school, as they call it, denying that any other, Gothic or classic, can approach to rivalry with it. Historically it is worthy of all admiration and love as the first stage in a grand development. It had great capacities in the hands of gifted artists. Massiveness and simplicity, its chief powers, are brought out in Durham and Christchurch; but the Cathedral of Bamberg, and specimens such as the church of Kelso, astonish one by its capacity

for the light, airy, and fanciful. Yet undoubtedly, unless we condemn all the later deviations from it, we cannot accept the Norman as the noblest period of Gothic art, and therefore in the revival of Gothic we would have our architects work on from some later and higher school. There have been but few instances of modern Norman work, and with all charity and toleration for free opinion in this as in other branches of art, we think these few are a mistake. We do not call their work brutal, sensual or in any way guilty, and yet we know instances in which it is heartily to be condemned. We take, for example, one perpetrated by a man who had achieved some triumphs in practical art, but had more of artistic scholarship in him than our practical architects are apt to possess. It happened, by some unfortunate conjunction of chances, that he was employed to plan a church for a remote village, for a congregation of vehement and rigid Presbyterians. He adopted his favourite style—the style he believed in—and the village was adorned with a perfect model of primitive Norman. It was a style for a priest who read at the one point where any one could read—from a large-lettered breviary or missal which he had by heart; and here, such small round windows as of old remained unglazed, were to let in dribblets of light to a congregation every one of whom read from a Bible and Psalm-book in the most minute of print. The architect's rage for his peculiar style was innocent and perhaps laudable, and he might have employed it harmlessly on a chapel or pavilion in his own garden. Exercised as it was, however, it was neither laudable nor innocent. Worst of all, too—had he known himself and his works, he would have seen this—he being, to use the slang of his own school, among the earnestest of men, with the most robust hatred of all shams, had here perpetrated an arrant sham, a mimicry and mockery.

The Norman school, as we have seen, was the creature of revolution and anarchy. The transitions, however, that carried it on to the domestic architecture of the Tudor period were slow, quiet, and decorous. Even so great a transition as the deposition of the circular arch and the erection of the first pointed was so gradual, and partook so much of the silent nature of a growth, that no point of disjunction is to be found in it. There is a silly theory that the Gothic pointed ornament produced by the interlacing of circular arches suggested the erection of an arch so shaped; but we may assure ourselves that the strength and symmetry of the Gothic arch were tested gradually on a practical scale before it came into use. The great transition from the circular to the first pointed or early English being over, the other transformations were the natural effect of adjustments and combinations of the existing forms. The simple lance-headed windows of this school came closer and closer together till their separations were narrowed into slender mullions, and a covering arch was thrown over all, making the large traceried windows of the second pointed. These, again, by profusion of ornament and elaborate geometrical variation of form, bloomed, as it were, into the decorated. There came then another change—not so uniform over Europe as those preceding it—the Flamboyant, in France, great part of Germany, and Scotland; the perpendicular or debased Gothic in England. It was this style in the ecclesiastical architecture that, uniting with the baronial architecture—changed as it was from the baronial type—merged into the domestic Tudor style.

Types of architecture have sometimes a curious connection with epochs in history. The castle was essentially the device of the Norman. It has been remarked that it united three functions gene-

rally separated. It was a fortress, a prison, and a domestic dwelling-house—not merely a place where a garrison ate and slept, but a luxurious mansion according to the available luxury of the day. These buildings were thus peculiar to the countries swept by Norman power, or inhabited by kindred populations taking their habits from the Normans. Pasquier tells us that the reason for saying in derision of a boastful fellow that he has a *château en Espagne*, is because there are no chateaus in Espagne. The country was in the hands of the Moors when the Normans were consolidating their influence over the rest of Europe. The date when this influence began in each district, whether by invasion or otherwise, coincides curiously with that of the style of castle-building. England's oldest castles are the round-arched Norman of the Conqueror's period. Those of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales go back no further than Edward I.

The adoption of the unfortified house as a substitute for the feudal castle, in like manner marks the period when serious local war between one feudal landowner and another had died—the juncture when a central government had become supreme. Architectural antiquaries of eminence think they have discovered houses of peace existing in England before the Conquest. Two of these are in Lincoln, the Jew's house and John of Gaunt's stables. At Jarrow, too, there is a fragment of a wall and a small round-headed window, whence it is said that people may have seen, looking out in his meditative moods, Bede the Venerable—the earliest of English historians, and, if we take the rule of three and test him by a compound comparison with the conditions of his age and the works of his successors, the ablest of English historians. But these specimens are mere fragments, and if their antiquity were less doubtful than it is, they are

hardly significant enough to testify to an age of peace which admitted of an institution unknown for centuries afterwards.

England may boast of being the first of all European nations to substitute the mansion for the castle. Views of the old Palace of Richmond afford a good specimen of the transition state, and Nonsuch—alas! also no more—was a grand specimen of the completion. All are familiar, in some shape or other, with the attractions of the Tudor mansion-architecture, and the beauties taken by it both from the ecclesiastical and the baronial Gothic. The rich oriel windows come from the church. In the dignity of outline, and the symmetrical variety of clustering subsidiary buildings and roofs, we mark the influence of the castle with its outlying flanking works. When we look from some well-kept lawn, with its great trees, on the broad front, with its hospitable door and spreading oriel windows flooding the interior with light, it would be difficult to imagine a more imposing and emphatic testimony to the condition that peace and plenty reigned when that edifice was reared.

At this period the French and the Germans still required to retain their bastioned and turreted chateaus. In some parts of the great German plain—the regions of the great battles of the Seven Years' War—there is a testimony to recent troubles. There was no private warfare, and therefore dwelling-houses were not fortified for the use of weapons against an invading neighbour. But one sees in the heavily-stanchioned windows, and in the surrounding walls of the mansions and granges, something done for protection against the marauding soldier,—a troublesome fellow in all wars—but in the army of Fritz, highly disciplined as it was, a curse and a horror beyond all conception in the present day.

But the peace-and-plenty character of the Tudor architecture of

England is tested in its most emphatic shape by her nearest neighbour, poor troubled Scotland. Brick and timber were the materials of the widespreading hospitable Tudor mansion. Those of the Scots laird's house were still stone. The walls were thick, and slenderly perforated with windows, and height was affected instead of breadth. We find the features of the fortress lingering down to the Revolution, and departing reluctantly. Its latest traces in the far north may be seen when the dwelling takes the aspect of an oblong house with a slanting roof. There are no battlements, but at two corners opposite to each other bulge out turrets imperfectly developed, as if they were hiding themselves partially within the wall; and each of these, as the building is rectangular, flanks two sides. But the lank dark square towers so far did homage to the arts of peace and civilisation as to take on their tall heads coronets of graceful turrets and other decorations, presenting architectural types possessed of a beauty peculiar to themselves, and not unworthy of comparison with the stately halls of England. In France and Germany too much wealth of Gothic decoration was distributed over the chateaus. Those of France show with satisfactory distinctness how the flanking round towers that made them fortresses were drawn in, their walls flattened, becoming parallel with the wall-plates of the central tower, or house as it was gradually becoming. Thus the powerful flanking towers became mere inequalities of facing, the walls projecting to a small distance outwards at each angle, and giving opportunity for variations in the tall sloping roof. A curious relic of the old fortress clung to the mansion. This is the basement storey—in other words, the building of the house not on the natural surface of the ground, but in a square pit, so that the lowest storey is under the level of the ground;

and there is a walled passage, or covered way, as it is called in the language of fortification, all round the house. This represents the moat of the castle. The moat was more in use in France than in this country, or at least it was in use in a different form, one moat at least being close round the walls, whether there were others further off or not. The transition, too, is the easier seen in France from the numerous representations of great French houses preserved in engravings. You see one with a drained-off moat, and its neighbour is built according to its model, with a ditch round it that never was filled with water. Perhaps a use was found in this accidentally-adopted structure in its capacity for isolating the servants' department from the rest of the house; and so it has remained in towns after it has become unpopular as a practice in the building of country mansions.

The castle of the old turbulent days was thus subsiding into the peaceful domestic house—it had long so subsided in England, and put itself into decorous architectural order adapted to its new condition and duties—when the classical revival burst in upon the whole. It was something like hoisting the flag of defiance in the enemy's camp when Inigo Jones plastered a Grecian portico over the door of old St. Paul's, and somebody did the same service to the Cathedral Church of Geneva, where it may be seen to this day. Nothing could more effectually proclaim that the two styles would not work together in separate masses. Then followed the mongrel architecture called the Renaissance. This school—which some people say is no school, but a disorderly rabble—grew in Italy, the natural soil for the restoration of classicality, and spread through France into our own country. It made what might be called a fair division of the claims of both the

great orders. Gothic kept the primary form of the building—the details were supplied from the classical workshop. There are thousands of that confiding class known as the British tourist who lave out their innocent admiration on buildings of this kind in the belief that they are bestowing it on the purest Gothic. Earnest people have called this style meaningless, inexpressive, motley, grotesque, and debased. It has been the chief object of the bad language of the intolerants already referred to. At the risk of being ranked by them among fraudulent debtors or swindlers, we confess a capacity for admiring such buildings as the Chateau of Chambord, or Caius College, Cambridge. There is one especial group of Renaissance buildings to be ever beheld with interest, on account of their association with a great chapter in ecclesiastical history. The Jesuits build all their churches in the type of this order in use at the time of the death of the founder of the order, Ignatius Loyola—that is, in the middle of the sixteenth century. The Renaissance is essentially an unfixed school of architecture. It is indeed one of the charges against it, that it has no fixed types, and varies according to the genius or caprice of each separate architect who handles it. But these Jesuit churches have a fixed distinct type of uniformity, insomuch that an authority on architecture being asked what style he would attribute these buildings to, made answer that he could give them no other name than “the Jesuits’ style.” Whether this uniformity is in pursuance of any fixed rule we know not, but no observing traveller in Roman Catholic countries can fail to notice it, and it is useful as at once marking off the religious strength of the order in any given area.

We are here seduced into a slight digression by a curious little incident. Walking westward from

Princes Street, in Edinburgh, some months ago, we saw a building in progress, the character of which called from a companion the remark, “Holloa! there’s the Jesuits building another church in Edinburgh, and a very handsome one too. Where can they get the money?” It was one of the most thorough adaptations of the Jesuit Renaissance, exhibiting conspicuously on its face the split arch—a great object of the railing of the earnest school, who say it is not only in itself useless, but it proclaims in a brazen and indecorous manner its inutility, since if left to itself it would fall to pieces, and it is only kept up by support from behind. Well, what was our surprise, as the building went on, when, in the place usually occupied by the I.H.S. and the glory, we saw gradually growing the burning bush—the old symbol of the French Huguenots, who passed it on to their children, the Presbyterians of Scotland. It appeared that this was a temple for the ministrations of that reverend and acute gentleman who does duty as Leader in the Free Church of Scotland.

The motley compromise of the Renaissance was not to be enduring. There came at last a death-struggle between the styles. Classicality triumphed, and became intolerant. The vanquished enemy was at first heartily abused, and then committed to oblivion. It was lawful to speak in a general way of the barbarisms of the Gothic buildings—architecture was no longer a term applicable to them. But to discuss or criticise the school, or to mention any individual specimen of it, was something like a breach of the etiquette of polite literature. A virulent attack was opened against Gibbs for mounting a steeple on a Grecian portico and tympanum when he built St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields. The steeple was not in Gothic work. Gibbs had too good an eye to perpetrate such a solecism. But a steeple was a

thing of or belonging to the degraded style of the middle ages, and had not been known either to Greek or Roman. Here, however, was just an instance where a man of true genius had fallen on a new and harmonious combination. It was on a smaller scale a success, like Michael Angelo's in mounting the dome of the Pantheon in air. The public gave a verdict in its favour, for innumerable steeples have been mounted on churches built after classical rules without exciting a murmur. The first instance of the conjunction is admitted still to be the best, as often happens with any happy idea which gets its best expression from its inventor. See what St. Martin's is as a work of art beside its neighbour the National Gallery, which, seeing the purpose for which it was designed, should have been the glory of British architectural art. Perhaps St. Martin's is not, positively speaking, the most meritorious public building in London, but it is the least culpable.

The disreputability of Gothic art was probably enhanced by such wretched efforts to bring it into fashion as Horace Walpole perpetrated. His Strawberry Hill succeeded in proving that, with details taken out of the Gothic storehouse, it was possible to construct an edifice odious enough to be a companion to the rockery and grotto in the grounds of some retired magnate of Fenchurch Street, or as a residence for the mechanical dog and cat that bark and yell in a Dutchman's garden at Brook. Beekford's boasted Fonthill Abbey was not much more worthy. The tower the joint production of upholsterers and theatrical-scenery manufacturers, was made up in pieces in London and sent to be unfolded and put up. The Adams did little for the reputation of the Gothic as an available style in such a production as Inverary Castle. It is the more lamentable an effort that it superseded one of the most beautiful of

the turreted castles built in Scotland after the French models.

When the domestic home—the Englishman's castle—was brought under the dominion of the conquering classical forms, there was much tribulation, incongruity, and inconvenience. Neither the Greek nor the Roman domestic dwelling could by possibility be brought to the service; and if they had been so they would not have been acknowledged as classical, the models popularly recognised as belonging to that illustrious group being the great public buildings of the ancients.

The Roman house was made to keep out heat and admit coolness. The two great characteristics of a comfortable British residence were alike unknown to it—the fireplace and the glazed windows. It was necessary, therefore, to model our domestic architecture on the public architecture of Greece and Rome. Of course the comforts must be had however they might interfere with the harmony or legitimate classicality of the structure. There must be windows, and they must give light without admitting cold. There must be a fire, and it must burn and give heat, and the smoke must escape out by a chimney, however far this protuberance may be removed from classical models. Hence our villas and our street houses are—what they are. In gazing on St. Paul's—and we love to stand and gaze on its exquisite harmony and proportion—we have often felt that there was something wrong—some sordid element that marred the lustre of the grand design. At last the truth came like a flash—it was the windows. The feature that crowns the beauty of a Gothic pile was here not only anomalous, but unseemly and degrading. One of them is painted; but this only looks like one dirty face rouged, leaving many others in their unadorned filth. It has sometimes occurred to us, Would the removal of the sooty cob-

webbed-looking lattice-work, and the filling of each window-space with a single sheet of plate-glass, do anything towards the abatement of the nuisance?

To return to the matter in hand, which affects common domestic houses rather than castles or cathedrals, it becomes necessary to deal in generals. We cannot cite some individual private house as we might a castle or cathedral, founding on it as a specimen of beauty or deformity, of aptness or incongruity. Though we succeeded in finding out good and bad examples, we could not show either to the world. Houses must be taken in the mass like classes of men—the middle class, for instance, and the working class. A fanciful mind might perhaps pursue a successful analogy from the dwellings of either to their inhabitants, supporting this division in both. The houses we here deal with are those lying between the castle and the cottage—the houses, say, of the middle class—and we maintain that they could not well be, as a class of architectural productions, more ungainly and uninteresting than they are; just like their occupants, some one will say—solemn, plain, plodding, respectable—the most uninteresting of all the human race. Among the dwellings of the poor there is variety. Here is the thatched cottage embowered in roses and honeysuckle; there is the mountaineer's abode perched on the precipice, with the pines waving over it. Of a totally different kind from either are the squalid abodes of city poverty and misery. In the occupants of these classes of dwellings we pass from the decent peasant and artisan through the more picturesque grades of the poacher, the robber, the begging-letter writer, the thimblerrigger, and all the rest of "the canting crew." Unless in as far as sanatory authorities interpose in towns—and their interposition is not in the direction of the æsthetic—it

is useless to search after a law of good taste for the abodes of the poor—they are in some measure like trees and wild animals, coming to their best when let alone. At all events it may be safely pronounced that interference from a higher quarter does nothing for their picturesqueness. When any group of humble dwellings overwhelms you with a sensation of the ugly and the inappropriate, be sure that they are the hobby of some benevolent landlord, or the more elaborate work of some infallible association for the perfecting of "the dwellings of the working classes."

We return, then, to the humdrum middle-class house. We hold that in this country it is, "on the average," as people say, an ugly object. The reason why it is so ugly an object we think we have found in the event already alluded to, that while the old Gothic school of domestic architecture was quietly ripening itself through succeeding centuries, it became the victim of a ferocious outbreak of the classical school, and fell before it crushed and broken. It does not serve to appeal to examples in separate private houses; and for what the victor has accomplished by his own innate genius working through the spirit seized from the enemy we must take our estimate in the streets of our towns. Take London again, and what do we find? Ugliness—nothing but ugliness. Yet there have been efforts to show a better face to the world. The stranger in London—a native never looks at such things—finds the most successful of these efforts in Regent Quadrant. The segment of a circle, both sides corresponding, has a unity as of a single building on a mighty scale. The individuality of the houses, and even of the shops, is lost. There is a sense, too, as if the double curve—the convex and the concave—were parts of two concentric circles, completing themselves in an outer and inner range of some edifice at once gigantic and

symmetrical. If the wayfarer's imagination can summon such ideas by a prompt glance at the graceful curve, it will convey a feeling of unity and symmetry in pleasant contrast with the heterogeneous ramification of streets stretching all around. The general tone, perhaps, calls up a haunting association with something that has left recollections of grandeur—can it be the amphitheatre of the Coliseum? But from any such pleasant dreaming there must come at some point or other an awakening to the fact that the whole affair is a mere thing of plaster—a “sham.”

We name Nuremberg as worthy of attentive study both by the artist and the archæologist, because it is one of the best specimens of a town—speaking of its building only—that has grown fully and freely, according to the natural growth of such an institution when it has not been shaken by external convulsion. It has everything that carries us from the earliest feudal periods to the present time, in the baronial, the ecclesiastical, the municipal, the manufacturing, and the commercial; and these have succeeded each other in their natural order and form. There is the grim vast imperial castle of the oldest type of Norman; the city walls with their round towers, on which the curious in masonry will notice that the lower courses are rough chamfered blocks like Roman work, and the upper clean ashler, each stone having the craftsman's mark visible on its face. Here are the cathedral and its ancillary churches full of rich and beautiful material for the student of Gothic. There are the picturesque high houses with their gables, many of them richly decorated, but every one with an individuality about it courting attention. There is an infinite variety in the architecture, but nowhere a gap or convulsive reaction. All is Gothic—that is to say, down to the latest

period the style and ornamentation are the legitimate development of the earlier specimens. The shops, the warehouses, the manufactories, are Gothic; and in harmony with everything else, you see a Gothic crane with its proper penthouse for lifting goods into a Gothic loft. With us it is vain to seek to give beauty and harmony to a warehouse or a manufactory. Such things hide themselves in the back slums of towns, or proclaim themselves in their irredeemable ugliness with no attempt to become enduring in the eyes that look on them. They seem to say they are useful and necessary, and must therefore be endured for all their ugliness.

Of British towns perhaps the nearest in character to Nuremberg is Chester. England had two fortified towns on dangerous borders—Berwick and Chester. The fortifications of each tell its history. Berwick, with vast outlying flanking works according to the highest engineering science down to the time of the union of the crowns. Chester raised against the wild Welsh, with fortifications of no use later than the fifteenth century except to resist a surprise by a half-naked rabble. There is one conspicuous anachronism, as the French say, in Chester. While all else is hoary and venerable, what is called “the castle,” but is in reality the jail and the public buildings, is as conventional a range of common flat classical architecture as ever wearied the eye. It is the more offensive as the ancient engravings of the town represent, on the same spot—a hill overlooking the town—a grand coronet of round towers and screens. It is in the wall and the common streets that one feels the power of antiquity in Chester, and especially in those tunnels running through the houses a storey up, and parallel to the streets, called the Rows. There is something very like them in Innsbruck. Fuller calls them “a property of build-

ing peculiar to this city, being galleries wherco the passengers go dry without coming into the streets, having shops on both sides and underneath—the fashion thereof being somewhat hard to conceive." The framework of timber logs, pargeted with brick or lime, prevails in the house-fronts of Chester. A bold attempt has been made to restore this style on the front of a great hotel. We cannot pronounce it so successful as it is sincere. This kind of work, well known in many parts of Germany, seems suitable only for small buildings. Peelhall, in Lancashire, an old specimen of it on a large scale, looks as if it had overgrown itself; and so does the Chester specimen. A Norman colonnade in front is an anachronism testifying to the necessity of something to give balance and massiveness to the design.

And now then, passing from the exceptional to the normal dwelling-house, what is to be done? The question suggests itself as obvious, and yet we would rather avoid the responsibility of absolutely settling it, leaving all to the chance result of taking things thoughtfully, easily, and naturally. There has already been too much of the absolute and dictatorial. Let us if possible have no more revolutions, conflicts, and intolerances. It will be well if we gradually get back into the way of building with the materials that nature gives us for the work—stone,—and where that is not available, honest brick and wood. Let the frequenter of Babylon awaken to the fact that, to the stranger who lives as we do here in stone dwellings, his stucco, whether neat or gaudy, is to a real stone building only what the plaster cast is to a marble statue. The *compot* is an ephemeral and fugitive material. It requires perpetual renewing. It takes no dignity from age, and remains not long enough unaltered to be invested in the mellow glow of association. It is at its best when fresh from the

painter's brush, and deteriorates every day. When it takes the mark of age it comes not in the dignity of antiquity, but in slaternly dirt and raggedness.

Even entering the gorgeous vestibule of the mimic palaces in Pall Mall we feel that all is temporary and trumpery, like a race-stand or a bazaar that has to serve its purpose and be removed. Yet one feature of a satisfying kind has recently found its way into these edifices—so recently, that the Athenæum, not enjoying them in common with its recent neighbours, has decidedly fallen from its old architectural rank. We refer here to the pillars and slabs of polished granite. In them there is something solid and real, with at the same time a lustre such as no paint or varnish can approach. The union of these with their stucco and timber surroundings has something like the effect of gems in their setting. The application of machinery to the shaping and polishing of crystalline rocks is a new art, from which great things in architectural decoration may be expected. At Oberstein, in Rhenish Germany, the countless polishing-mills, driven by water-power, produce only *bijouterie*, or agate and crystal ornaments, being the general manufactory by which these articles are supplied to all the world. In Aberdeenshire and other granite regions of our own country, masses of stone have been for several years put forth large enough to take a place in architecture. We are not aware, however, of anything made of polished granite in this country so large as the *tazza* in front of the museum at Berlin, made of one of the boulders strewed on the great northern plain. And there are other rocks applicable to the same purpose—those of the jasper and porphyry character, and some of the traps. There are the serpentines, in which our coasts abound from the Lizard Point to Portsoy, two places where

but others are more grotesque and flagrant. Many of the grandest of the Gothic churches are incomplete. The age at which they were commenced did not profess an ability to meet the expense of completion, and left that to the pious generosity of succeeding generations. And even now workmen are busy on Cologne Cathedral, and St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, making this latter rather too unlike what it was. When a neat round sum is set apart for the building of a small complete church, the architect will slavishly imitate the old unfinished instance, making what in Irish phraseology might be called a complete specimen of an incomplete Gothic church. Then it happens sometimes that what was intended to be a spire stops short, and has to be roofed in like a house—this too, a mere humble substitute for what was intended, is mimicked as a “characteristic feature.”

It happens naturally that churches passing through different ages in their construction often pass through a like number of different styles of art. There is much historical interest in these fabrics of “a rich and rare mixed Gothic.” We have even some charity for imitations of these varying types, provided they are kept each in its proper place; but what shall we say when they are all jumbled together, and the old finds itself above the new? We have in our eye at this moment an exceedingly atrocious specimen of this kind of work—too

closely and emphatically indeed in our eye, since it happens to rear its horrible image right before us “whenever we take our walks abroad.” It is called the “Barclay Church,” and desecrates the Bruntsfield Links of Edinburgh—a blot on the horizon of beautiful scenery around. Who is guilty of it we know not—we would rather not know. There you may see aloft in air mimicry of the earlier Norman, while close to the foundation is the style of four centuries later. There is an apse, or the figure of an apse, on this building. The apse is, as most people know, the semicircular form given to the chancel, where the altar stood in Norman churches. It was a thing held sacred by those of old time, and there are people who still feel a lingering remnant of sanctity in it. It always, of course, bent its curve towards the east. In this mockery it looks westward. Internally it appears to be partly filled by a stair, partly by some sort of retiring-room. Perhaps any feeling of sanctity attaching to the apse is not a wise sanctity; but could not the builder have found some way of outraging good taste that might not have outraged something else? We have a good Protestant opinion regarding the kneelers before the picture of the Virgin and Child, yet can think it was ill done in Peter Aretin when, as a practical joke, he converted a village representation of the Madonna into the Virgin playing on the fiddle.

A VERY STRANGE CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR, — The newspapers will already have informed you that I have broken off all relations with Rome; and though the account given in the 'Osservatore Romano' is not strictly correct, there is that amount of general truthfulness that will enable the reader to see why I could no longer be patient under the shifty expediences of the Cardinal Secretary of State, or accept M. de Merode's Portuguese intervention as a grand policy.

It is not perhaps for me to say it, but it would be a poor affectation were I to conceal the fact, that when the Holy Father bestowed his parting benediction on me at the foot of the small stair that leads down to the orangery, his Holiness took his farewell of more than Miles M'Caskey! He bade adieu to the one man in all Europe equally a match for priest or soldier, no more to be bamboozled by the cloister than outmanœuvred by the camp. The occasion of our parting was so solemn—the very sense of its being the last time on earth of our meeting—restrained me from saying what I felt might be the source of very bitter reminiscences to the dear old man. I had, it is true—I have still—my misgivings, that a full statement of my policy, as displayed in the memorandum I handed to Antonelli, has never been placed before him. Kanzler and Talbot have long been my enemies; Cullen, too, in his own small way, has tried to injure me. He has never forgiven my refusal to accept the leadership of the Fenians, and convert that movement to the purposes of the Church. If I mention these things passingly, I scarcely expect you to be able to more than follow their indications.

I had reached the door of the orangery, when, turning to take

a last look of the dear old Holy Father, a gesture of his hand called me back. "Only one word, Milo," said he, in a stifled voice. "Is that really true—what you have told us of V—— E——?"

"It was Cavour told me, Santita," said I. "It was he that said, 'When he is too old to flirt with the ladies, he will flirt with the Church.'"

"And would Garibaldi in truth become a Carmelite?" asked he eagerly.

"My opinions, Holy Father," replied I, proudly, "have been given in the document Antonelli possesses. I have therein pointed out, besides, the policy your Government should adopt; what measures you should employ towards each of your enemies; how you should embroil them with each other. I have shown the state of confusion in which this entire peninsula might be involved. I have told you the names of the deputies—chiefly from Tuscany—who are ready to act in your interest; and I have demonstrated how the Church would come out triumphant from the confusion. You need no miracles"—here he frowned—"you want no Councils"—the frown grew darker. "My candour offends your Holiness, and I go."

With this I went. I arrived at Civita Vecchia the same evening. Captain Rigaud of the Dordogne, who had come to take away the last detachments of the French chasseurs, offered me a passage to Marseilles. Carolina Amari was going too, so I accepted; and now write these lines to say I am free, and at liberty to offer myself as your own correspondent with either army; and as the terms of my intimacy with Emperor and King are about equal, and as I might almost vouch for the cordiality of either on seeing me at his head.

quarters, I leave to yourself to say from which camp you prefer your intelligence. I would only premise one thing: I am a soldier and a statesman, but I am not a practised writer for public journals and reviews. I shall give my opinions and my impressions always with freedom, but with a sincere respect for the necessities of that secrecy that constitutes the essence of all strategy in war. I am on terms of intimacy, if not of actual friendship, with the princes and generals of the two armies in the field, and where I relate confidential conversations with any of them, you will substitute initials for the names which I shall write in full. Address me in reply, "Hôtel de France, Brussels," and as "His Excellency the Count M'Caskey, Chevalier of various orders, and now charged with a special mission." I have already arranged that my passport should be made out in this

form; and as such I am your very faithful servant,

MILES M'CASKEY.

To this note, and a small enclosure, marked "private," about Honiton lace, we returned a prompt reply; and Major M'Caskey became "our accredited commissioner" for the war. We make no apology for presenting to our readers the very disjointed scraps of a correspondence often delayed in transmission, once or twice apparently seized and garbled by the authorities. The Major has already told us what his deficiencies are likely to prove; and if the other qualities on which he relies as compensation be such as he believes them, his letters will possibly reveal "something not generally known" even to the accomplished writers who are now following the fortunes of the war. With this word of explanation, we leave him to our readers.—Ed.

CHAPTER I.—THE M'CASKEY CORRESPONDENCE.

BELLE SAUVAGE LUXEMBOURG.

I came on here last night. I could stand Metz no longer. The E. was as usual everything that was kind and considerate; told Le B. who I was, and what. We were four only at dinner. The Italian, La M., the fourth, a man I always disliked;—it is not a prejudice, it is a conviction impressed by long experience with the world. There is a special type of mental inferiority and intense obstinacy in the man who has a small head and a large face. Take note of what I say, and you will find that these fellows have an immense self-reliance without anything to support it—a very big cheque-book and no balance at the back. He had come here to give his opinions about the war; and I said, "How about Custozza?" Some sharp words followed; but Legrange came in to report that the Prussians were massing behind Saarbrück and in-

trenching at St. Jean, and so the conversation took a turn.

They are getting up a skirmish to-morrow to show the young Prince Imperial what war is like. They should have done this for him at Paris. The Porte St. Martin has a piece called 'La Patrie,' in which there is some far more picturesque fighting than the boy-prince is like to see down here; not to say that you can always reckon upon coming to see it again and again, which is more than you can promise in the other case.

There is a Swiss traveller for a house in the wine-trade here, a most bumptious bagman and a fierce politician, who tells me that "his firm" are preparing a large stock of Champagne and Bordeaux wines, to be forwarded to Berlin for the consumption of the French officers, who cannot bear the acid wines of the Rhine. "We are in

treaty for a house Unter die Linden," says he; "and I give you rendezvous there by the 25th or 26th August." He hands me his card, and I accept the invitation, and promise him my patronage.

The fellow is so overjoyed at my "protection"—I use his own word—that he has sent me a case of dry "Mum" to my room, and some bottles of such Bra-Mouton as I never tasted in my life. He appears to anticipate great difficulty in his transactions with Germans, as he knows nothing of the language, and has almost hinted to me how much more profitable an investment I might make in the wine-trade than in human carnage. He is evidently preparing to make me some offer of partnership, and I am balancing with myself whether I shall call him out and shoot him for his presumption—your *commis-royageur* will always fight—or make him pay an indemnity, war-fashion, for his impertinence.

I have supped with Schintz, a vulgar dog, but hospitable withal. I see I puzzle him confoundedly, nor does he well understand how it is that he himself should sit at table and be the host of a man who is on terms of friendship with emperors, kings, popes, cardinals, and cabinet ministers. The fellow's respect for me grew from the time of the soup to the dessert, when it became homage. I see that he is fully convinced the Prussians are to be severely thrashed, and perhaps dismembered. His great anxiety, however, is, that Bismark should be hanged. "I am so much afraid," says he, "they'll shoot him, and the whole moral effect would be lost if he isn't hanged!"

The idea has something in it, and I will think it over.

"Are we not losing time, Count?" said he—meaning by "we" the French.

"I suspect you are, sir," replied I. "The plan I gave Bazaine it is now too late for; and indeed I

incline to think we must expect to see the Germans attack."

"And what, if I be not indiscreet in asking, was your plan?" said he, in a most insinuating voice.

"A cavalry raid into Germany the day after the declaration of war. Twelve regiments of light dragoons, with two regiments of chasseurs-à-cheval, and five battalions of Turcos and spahis—I could have selected the corps; a dash upon Baden and Stuttgart; tearing up the lines of railroad, burning the bridges, smashing the tunnels, exacting heavy war-contributions as we went; seizing post-offices, telegraph-stations, custom-houses; making bonfires of public registries and the lists of the conscription; a regular Pandour march at a gallop from the Bavarian Tyrol to the Baltic—for we should have remounted ourselves every second or third day, hamstringing all the horses we did not need. We should not have conquered Germany, that I well know; but we should have thrown her into such confusion and turmoil as to throw her back in her war-preparations for full three months; and like a flash of devastating lightning, we should have pierced the nation, and disappeared as we came, by the aid of our ships in the Baltic."

"Don't you see," cried I—"cannot your counting-house imagination understand—that Germany is an old house-clock, that must be wound regularly to go at all? That plodding idiosyncrasy needs its own stupid slow procedure in everything. To hurry these people is to addle them. Stir the waters of their muddy natures, and they will not be clear enough for thought within the next half-century. I should have given these kraut-eaters such an indigestion, that they'd have had no stomach for gunpowder, I promise you."

"Count," said he, with enthusiasm, "you are a great man—a very great man."

"I accept a compliment," replied

I, "which has every charm for me but one."

"And that is?"

"Novelty! Schintz; novelty! You have but said what Felix Schwarzenberg said twenty years ago, what Antonelli said last week, what an English Cabinet Minister said when he asked me to take the command of the Abyssinian Expedition, and what the press of Europe has echoed after every mention of my name."

"And in this same raid that you speak of you would have killed and slaughtered as you went. It would have been a fire-and-sword affair."

"Most certainly," said I. "All taken with arms should have been put to death; unoffending citizens dealt with according to age and sex."

"Gaillard!" said he, with such an expression in his vicious old eye as only a Swiss and a bagman could summon; but I simply waved my hand in deprecation of what he implied.

"At all events," said he, "your proposal did not meet acceptance."

"What would you have?" replied I. "With Lebœuf Chief of the Staff, and Louis Napoleon Commander-in-Chief, don't you see that the war is to be a grand drama, in so many tableaux? Berlin is to close the fifth act."

"And we shall be there?" said he, interrogatively.

"Give me a map," said I, "and I will show you the campaign—first of all, what it might have been; and, secondly, what it will be in a week. I will fetch mine, which is already marked and annotated, and you shall see something, Schintz, that few bagmen have looked on, and it is Count M'Caskey that tells you so."

I went in search of my map, and was a long time in laying my hand on it. It could not have been the wine, for I only drank my share of three bottles; but I felt drowsy and confused, and I tied a wet towel about my forehead, and sat down to recover myself. Somehow sleep stole over me, and I threw

myself lazily on my bed, and did not awake till morning.

"You wanted a carriage to St. Jean," said the landlord, entering the room. "It has been at the door since seven."

"And what o'clock is it now?"

"Close on eight."

"Well, I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour. Tell Mons. Schintz to order breakfast: he is coming with me."

"Mons. Schintz is gone two hours or more," said he, with a strange chuckling laugh: "he's an early bird."

"He is a rude and vulgar dog, sir," said I, "for he begged my leave to be my companion last night, and now he has set off without me." And with this I dismissed my host and prepared to dress.

By means of the papers which have arrived I learn that the war has begun. Saarbrück was attacked yesterday morning by the French with a force, some say, of 10,000 men. The Prussians were not fully 3000, on the defensive. The old story, "an easy victory to begin with!" After all, the whole is a question of nationality. The Latin races require success to sustain their blood at valour heat. The Teutons are the better for being thrashed into resistance. It is only the Celt has the two qualities of courage, and has both dash and determination. And the real difficulty is, where to find him! The Celt element has, indeed, figured in some degree in all great commanders—Wellington had some, the first Napoleon had much of it. Old Pelissier was a Celt, so was Niel. As for the pure Frenchman, I hold him as cheap as I do the Italian. There has been a Bas-Empire for the Latin as well as for the Greek. I think, however, I know of one Celt—if only one—who remains to illustrate the race; and I perceive by the bill before me that they have charged him ten francs for a bad dinner, and four and a half for a worse breakfast.

"Garçon! what is the meaning of this? Is it for that miserable repast of rice-soup, bouilli, an emaciated pullet, and dried prunes, that I am charged ten francs?"

"It is for two, M. le Comte—yourself and your friend, le gros Monsieur, who laughed so much and ate so heartily."

It is true, I had forgotten "le gros Monsieur" was my guest, so I paid the arithmetic and departed.

I ruminated, as I drove along the hot and dusty road, whether I had not done an indiscretion in discharging this hotel bill. I had my misgivings, that in my character of a correspondent—own, special, or occasional—I had a right to free quarters. I must ask the first colleague of the craft I meet with if this be not the privilege of our order.

A hot dusty drive to Klein Machern to take the train, the rails being here blocked by a collision which took place yesterday. Nothing but doctors and sisters of charity on the road. How serious all these women are! It was a rare stroke of policy to put chignons and crinolines under ban. Nothing short of that would have insured all this earnestness and gravity. Women without toilette are as disarmed as a Turco without

his clasp-knife! Schintz was a vulgar dog, but the dry "Mum" is delicious drinking this hot morning.

We must be near the scene of warm work, but who would believe it? They are all busy in the fields, and the heavy waggons are toiling along with their loads of grain to the granaries, and the peasant-girls carrying their eggs and plums to market as though there were not marauding Zouaves or Uhlans within a few miles of them.

Just in time to catch the train, but do not succeed in securing a place without difficulty. Of course I'm not one of the health agents, as I tell the stupid fellow who asks me. I sometimes break bones, I never bandage them!

Show him Von Roon's pass. I don't believe that he ever heard of the name before, for he puts me second-class with four nuns from Düsseldorf, two doctors from Halle, and a Pole, whom, if I don't mistake, I saw some years ago at the galleys at Capri. As I shall not be able to pass the frontier with my wine, I treat the company, and we become social, musical, confidential, and almost affectionate. The Schwester Amalia is half good-looking; and I make, not love, but lint with her, till we arrive at St. Jean.

CHAPTER II.

STRUMBENSEE'S TABAC UND WAHREHANDLUNG, ST. JOHANN.

At my quarters in the above very humble establishment I am now domiciled. I wish to be accurate, and I have asked the date. Herr Paul says the 3rd, Frau Lotta says 4th, and the daughter Gretchen, who has blue eyes, blonde locks, and a lisp, whispers me, "Ach nein, es ist nicht so spät," thereby implying her fears that the Count McCaskey may shorten the time of his stay. They have asked me at what hour my Excellency would like to dine, and I have replied

that my Excellency will dine when they sup, and that we shall make the meal together. Frau Lotta curtsies in gratitude, and Gretchen gives me a look! Not but I remember the time when such glances have cost me a week's arrest. Ah, dear me! if I could but recall, I should see that pouting lips and languid eyes have had in my history some terrible relations with bread-and-water and dark rooms. I shall give the world my experiences one of these days, and show

by what a graduated scale a man's blandishments proceed from the spring-time of life, when a mere look entranced him, to the more mature autumn of his days, when the pressure of a dimpled hand left passively in his own was better than optics.

There is firing yonder over the bridge—they call it Saarbrück—and our Prussians have garrisoned it with only two regiments and a half-battery of artillery. I have just been over the top of the hill to see what is going on, and I perceive that the red trousers are in force. I have an excellent glass, and I can count eighteen regiments, and some cavalry, heavy and light, to the left. The guns, too, are in position at about two metres, and firing with a rapidity which says much more for activity than aim. There they are crashing heavily through these small houses. That clock-tower has been hit twice—there it goes! Why do the Prussians cheer? Don't the donkeys see it is their own disaster? It has crushed some forty of them. Oh, I see now what they mean; they have dismounted a French gun, and they are cheering again. You cheer too soon, my beer-loving brethren; there are fresh detachments coming up, and if I don't mistake they have not less than five-and-thirty thousand men between the oat-scrub and that ruined mill. Who is the fellow on the white horse? How audaciously he canters in front of his own artillery! Will no one oblige me by taking a pot-shot at him?—he's not twelve hundred yards away. Isn't the needle-gun good for that? That fellow provokes me. He is waving his sword now; I'll take my oath he fancies himself a hero. I'll convince him of the fact. I'll go and fetch my Martini-Henry and have a pot at him.

I go back to my tobacconist's, kiss Gretchen, and load my rifle. "Was hast du in sinn?" says she, half blubbering. "A great deal in

my heart, liebchen," says I, "and all for thee." I do love that "du" and "dich" freedom and fondness that our tongue denies us. As I stroll over the long bridge a sentinel tries to stop me. I open my vest and show him four war medals, and the Maria Theresa. He falls back and looks so faint that I have to recover him with my brandy-flask. The firing is very heavy now, and numbers of wounded are hobbling and groping their way over the bridge. The French have come down much closer, and they have planted a mitrailleuse right in front of the gate of the town. More wounded—these fellows are in carts. I think half of them are dead already. No, there is one yet living; he is beckoning to me. What is it, my man? what can I do for you? As well as I can make out, he wants beer. I explain to him that there is none here; but he is gone, and his comrade tells me that it was my blessing he wanted. He imagined I was a bishop, poor fellow. This wide hat of mine, and that grand serenity of look that never deserts me, deceived him, and I would have blessed him all the same, for that matter. I'd had given him the Pope's own blessing which I carried away with me from Rome, and never made any use of since he bestowed it.

About the fourth and fifth house after you pass the bridge, there is a small alehouse, what is called here a "weinschenke," the top of which is flat, and has been used, terrace-fashion, for parties to sup and make merry on. This, like the others on either side of it, was now closed; but a wide stone stair outside the building led to the upper storey and the roof, and I mounted this to get a wider and better view of the scene before me. I had hit the very nick of time. Just as I reached the terrace, a cheer that seemed to arise from the very earth and greet the skies rang from the French army. Anything more ringing and triumphant I had never

heard, and I said to myself, It is like the cry of Savoi! which the Piedmontese shout before a charge, and the French are going to pour down now at the bayonet; but the next moment the band of every regiment broke forth with "*Partant pour la Syrie*," and I now saw a brilliant staff issue from between the columns and advance to the front. I hastily adjusted my glass, and there was the Emperor, a good deal bent, and resting his second hand on the pommel of the saddle, like a man tired, or in pain. I could not see the boy, but in the second group of staff-officers I was certain he too was to be found. "*Partant pour la Syrie*," who knows? We have a vulgar phrase about going to Jericho, which may be a rough translation of the words. Not but a fortnight ago he told me how he could beat these Prussians. The militia, as he called them, "they are like your volunteers, M'Caskey," said he, "only they don't need so much beef, and they *will* obey their officers." There, they have turned to ride back. They mean to look at the battle from the rear, and they will see it equally well, and more at their ease besides. But what is this? The line is dividing, the battalions are moving in echelon. I see they are going to open with the mitrailleuse. Too long a range I should say, if they mean it for those squadrons that stand dismounted yonder. I thought so. It has frightened the horses; but I see neither dead nor wounded. Ah, there goes my friend on the white horse whom I have been forgetting all this while. How the fellow gesticulates! he is venting any number of blasphemies on that poor colonel who stands in advance of the group. Let us see, Miles, if your hand has forgotten the trick that carried away the prize of Appenzell. I do like those large-bore rifles. There's no pockmarking the target with them. You go smashing through it. Why won't the fellow hold his horse just one

moment? *Cavaliere mio*—only one moment—there! How they are gathering around—what a crowd it is! There goes the white horse without his rider—if he would only come this way I should mount myself suitably, and with an incident attached to the acquisition.

Here come a shower of shells—they have seen where the shot came from, and mean reprisals. Too late, my worthy friends! None of your bullets has his billet inscribed "*Miles M'Caskey*!" I descend the stairs, and then—I cannot say why—humming "*Partant pour la Syrie*," I saunter slowly over the bridge to my quarters. What a gambler's venture that was of the Emperor to introduce the "*Marseillaise*!" I could not help telling him so. There are memories, too, said I, men ought never to awaken. Never ask your wife—who has been married before—about the virtues of her first husband. Louis Philippe signed his abdication the day he sent out to St. Helena for the body of your uncle; and, take my word for it, that rollicking, riotous old chant has a ring of house-gutting and violence about it that will have a terrible fascination for the *canaille*.

How is it that women scent misfortune quicker than men? Not to go back to Marie Antoinette, there was the Queen Amelie, and she told Louis Philippe how the game was going; and I remember a very curious incident—what my old friend the English banker in Florence used to call "an anecdote that happened to myself." I was standing with the royal family of Tuscany on the balcony in front of the Pitti Palace on the day the populace thronged the piazza with acclamations and cries of welcome to the Grand Duke, who had just given them a constitution—all sorts of personal freedom—the chief being the right to dethrone himself! He was there bowing his venerable white head, and as proud and as happy as a fool's paradise

could make him; but the little old archduchess—the “Gobbina,” they irreverently called her, from her hunchback—was crying very bitterly at my side, and I turned to rally her, thinking it the excess of joyful emotion at the scene. “No, no,” said she, gently correcting me; “the tears I am shedding are for real misery. What I see before me there, is the scene of Versailles and the month of August. It is the story of Louis XVI. over again. These are but the shouts of joy over a fallen dynasty!”

Who could believe that stray shot should come thus far! It has actually splintered the rail of the bridge. I shall bring back the bullet to Gretchen for a souvenir. To carry out my train of thought, I reminded myself of that last dinner at St. Cloud, when the Emperor at dessert gave the orders for the band to play the “Marseillaise;” and while the officers wildly sprang to their legs, and cried “Vive l’Empereur!” the Empress held her napkin to her face to hide the

crimson flush that was spread over her neck, and proclaimed the shame, the woman’s shame, at the degradation. There should have been neither the song nor the shout; and when I heard of it, I said to Cardinal Caraffa, “There sounded the requiem of the Empire!”

What is it, Gretchen? what brings the dear child down here in such haste? I am not wounded, not even scratched. It’s not lead cast in that mould can hurt the body of a M’Caskey. She swears she’ll wear that bullet round her neck. If she but knew how many of her sisters are carrying similar amulets! ay, and they are the better for it. The love for certain men is like a religion—it elevates, it consoles, it sustains, and it cherishes. What is the “liebes kind” saying about her father? Does she fancy I’m going to propose for her in the morning? If I can summon up Plat-deutsch for it I’ll tell her the story of Brigham Young after supper, and mark what she thinks of the Mormons.

CHAPTER III.—AT SAARBRÜCK.

The girl was right: her father had a despatch for me, and would not trust it to any hands but my own. I had sent my card with certain letters to M. and B.—if they write Moltk and Bismark I shall be displeased but not inconsolable—and I had also forwarded some credentials to Lieutenant Field-Marshal Von Germersheim, first aide-de-camp to the King; and it was his answer Herr Paul had received from a mounted orderly, and was now so eager to deliver.

An immense envelope enclosed an enormous card, on which was written what I here give in translation—

“The Lieutenant Field-Marshal Von Germersheim, Aide-de-Camp in Ordinary to the King, Colonel of the Prussian Cuirassiers of the Guard, and Chamberlain in Service, Black Eagle of the Third

Class, ‘Bear’ of the Second, and ‘Badger’ in Diamonds, to the high and well-born the very illustrious, and all the better for that in many ways, with crosses bedecked and distinguished orders endowed, General M’Caskey, Count of the Roman Empire, and various knight-hoods—*Greeting.*

“The above written, thrice delighted at the fortunate arrival of the second described, asks in all humility, but with an eagerness not on that account ever so little the less, the same to supper to-night at nine o’clock.

“Not in uniform, and without decorations.

“HEADQUARTERS,
“MEERSUCHT AM DRACHE.”

Having read this document over twice, and imparted its contents to Herr Paul, I despatched him to se-

to my civilian attire as I descended from the *wagen*; but when I told the orderly that I was the Count M'Caskey, I could perceive that a sort of murmuring whisper ran around the group of officers, and the band at once broke in with "Patrick's Day." It may be a weakness in me, but I admit I did feel that this was, what our patriots might, with more than their usual propriety, have called a Great Day for Ireland! There, in a virgin forest of Germany, miles and miles away, surrounded by a barbarous host from the wilds of Pomerania to the snowy *jochs* of the Bavarian Tyrol—Uhlans, Black Brunswickers, and Jägers—there I stood, sole representative of that glorious land whose national melody then floated around me, every bar an embrace, every cadence a thrill of welcome!

I bowed blandly and gracefully in recognition of the courteous attention, and passed in. I had scarcely crossed the threshold when Germerheim kissed me on each cheek, and, still holding my hand, presented several generals and colonels to me, and the members of his personal staff. While he was profusely apologising for having no carriage to have sent to fetch me, supper was announced.

The thing was well done. Some little attempt at ornamentation had been tried, too, and with very fair success.

I have not much to say for the cookery. They *will* stew their beef to rags, and they *will* serve preserved plums with roast chicken; veal need not of necessity be surrounded with acid chicory, nor was a carp intended by nature to have a sweet pudding inside of him. The wine, however, was excellent—a dry Affenthaler, with bouquet and body too.

I could perceive that there was a certain curiosity—I might almost go farther and call it uneasiness—as to the character or capacity I had come in. It was clear I had no command; my very dress declared that much. Was I there,

then, in a diplomatic function? had I come to propose terms of accommodation? was I accredited to pronounce a suspension of hostilities? Though my host was possibly less beset with these doubts and difficulties than the others, I could detect that he was not without them.

We were chatting over the day's doings at Saarbrück, which were so far interesting that they were the first interchange of shots in the campaign, when an aide-de-camp arrived with a despatch for the General. He opened it at once, and read aloud:—

"St. Johann, eight o'clock.—Troops recalled. Heavy losses during the day. The 41st Regiment suffered severely. No movement of the enemy to occupy the town. Two deserters report that the French loss has been considerable, particularly in officers. General de Monceau killed."

"De Monceau," said I, as I lit my cigarette; "he rode a white charger—an arrant stupidity on his part."

"Why so, Count?" cried two or three together.

"It was that absurd mount of his provoked me," said I, indolently. "If the fellow had ridden a black or a brown—I will not say that even a roan might not have saved him."

"Was it your Excellency, then, who shot him?" asked a young staff-officer from the end of the table.

I bowed assent; and, after a pause, said: "A staff-officer on a showy horse has been always one of my antipathies. I try to reason myself out of it. I say all manner of things to myself as to the gross unfairness, the injustice, of the prejudice. I remember, too, all that poor Schangel urged about it that time I shot Stolepine in the Balcan, and I half believed I had conquered my old weakness, when, by ill fortune—for I suppose it was such—I strolled over that bridge to-day with my rifle. The devil

would have it; he was on a *schimmel*, and I almost suspect I brought him down without knowing it."

Old Germersheim, I fancied, felt a little jealous at the admiring wonder with which his military guests regarded me. I had become thus early—what there was no possible doubt that I should be, later in the evening—the great object of all interest and all attention, and the old soldier was jealous.

"It was little more than an affair of outposts this evening," said he to me. "If the French had been in force, as my despatches opine, they would have pushed forward and occupied the town?" This was said interrogatively.

"Excuse me, Herr General," said I; "they were too prudent for that."

"How do you mean too prudent, Count? We had not towards the close of the day three thousand men in line. They could have carried the town at the bayonet, and driven our fellows over the bridge at the *pas de charge*. What was to prevent them occupying St. Johann, and the very village we are supping in?"

With one glance I took in the whole situation, and saw why Saarbrück was so meanly defended—why the bridge was not mined—why, in fact, the French were tempted to pour into the town and over the bridge. The whole was an ambuscade! There was a half *corps de armée* waiting in the wood to fall upon them and cut them to pieces. The hope had even gone to the extent that the Emperor, to show "Louis" a bit of brilliant pursuit of a beaten enemy, would have taken the command; and thus, by one magnificent stratagem, he might have been captured, and the war ended on the very day it began!

"I am waiting for your explanation, Count," said Germersheim, rather pleased, as I thought, to see me posed.

"There are certain explanations,

General," said I, "that take the form of tactical opinions, and can only be given in a council of war."

I saw, in the faces around me, what a profound impression I had produced; and every look that was turned to me bespoke respect and admiration. A silence fell upon the party at this instant, as it will when men's thoughts are suddenly startled by some new and unexpected combination. At this moment an aide-de-camp entered, and whispered a word in the General's ear. "Yes, yes," said the General. "Give me a pen; I'll sign it here. Where is 'Staub?' Staub is my Commissary, Count McCaskey, and you'll forgive me signing his book in your presence. He's a vulgar dog," added he, in a whisper, "whom one cannot ask to sit down; but he'll not remain a moment."

I had not well imparted my acquiescence to his request when the man entered. I was filling my glass as he came forward, and did not notice him, when a sudden cry startled me. I looked up, and there, in front of me, staring with wide open eyes and almost standing hair, was Schintz, my Swiss bagman of Luxembourg!

"There he is, Herr General," cried he. "I'll go to the scaffold if I make a mistake about him. That is the little scoundrel I met at the Belle Sauvage in Luxembourg, and heard from his own lips that he had come from Metz, where he knows all the staff, and the Emperor himself. I bribed him with a dozen of champagne, and got all out of him. I here denounce him a spy, and I hold myself responsible for any consequences of a false charge."

"Have you seen this man before, Count?" asked the General, calmly.

"To be sure. I supped with the fellow at Luxembourg, and he dined with me. He was a vulgar dog, as you have just called him, and I believed him when he said he was a bagman."

"No matter what you believed of me. The important thing is, what I know of you," screamed the other.

"The fellow is a donkey," said I, as I rolled a cigarette. "You have only to look in his face to see it."

"I repeat my charge, General," said Staub; "and I am glad that I can do so in the presence of the whole staff."

"I must say, Count, we live in too critical times to treat an accusation of this kind too lightly, and as I now warn the Commissary Staub that if he persist in this charge——"

"And I do!" yelled he.

"If he persist in this charge," continued the General, "and should utterly fail to establish it by unquestionable proof, that the Commissary Staub is irretrievably, hopelessly ruined."

"And I persist," reiterated he more wildly than before. "The man not only confessed to me where he had been, and with whom, but how the French ought to have opened the campaign, and what he himself was ready to have done if Lebœuf and Bazaine, and somebody else, had not thwarted him."

"The *canaille* has an excellent memory, though it breaks down in regard to names," said I, calmly.

"Will he deny the champagne?" cried Staub.

"Not a flask of it. I finished the last with the Sisters of Charity, and we pronounced it excellent."

"Will he say he did not dine with the Emperor?"

"Far from it; and mean to do so very often again."

"Will he pretend that he did not leave in a huff because La Marmora snubbed him?"

"No, Schintz; there your mem-

ory indeed betrays you. Men argue, they dispute, they differ, with—they never snub—a M'Caskey!"

I hoped, by the assured gravity of this rebuke, to conclude this absurd discussion, and draw public opinion to my side, but the General rose sternly from table, and in harsh and severe voice said, "The accusation of the Commissary Staub has been made too publicly and too solemnly to permit me treating it in any way but the most strictly serious and regular; and I once more warn him that if this charge should turn out to be frivolous or false, he shall not only forfeit his position in the service, but be liable to all the damages of a cruel libel."

"I accept all the risk, and all the peril, sir," cried Staub.

"Silence, sir!" continued the General, sternly. "The Count M'Caskey shall now be placed in arrest, and Colonel Epstein will be responsible for his safe detention."

"Summon a court to-morrow for eight o'clock," added he to one of his staff; "and look to it that Commissary Staub is now relieved from duty, and detained on a special service."

The General bowed stiffly but politely to me, and the whole room, as they passed out, did the same. I returned the salute of each in turn; and as the last officer left, two sentries advanced to either side of me, and I walked away, smoking as I went, to a small guard-house in the rear of the building, where I was told I was to pass the night.

"Let me have pen and paper," said I, carelessly; and being provided with these, I made the notes you are now reading.

CHAPTER IV.—MAJOR M'CASKEY IN A DIFFICULTY.

By an early hour of the morning I was informed, in a short and not very formal document, that the members of my court-martial were already chosen; that they were six

in number—the President, a Lieutenant-Colonel Wetzlar, a name somewhat famous in the history of military justice and speedy executions.

A short list of the charges alleged

against me accompanied this paper, and I saw what in a measure I was prepared for—that my late visit to the Imperial camp, with the honours and attentions there bestowed upon me, the councils I had given as to the conduct of the war, the amount of confidence I enjoyed with the Emperor and his generals, my position of trust and importance generally, taken in conjunction with my intimate acquaintance with the German armies, numbers, armament, and resources, and my presence at that moment under the guise of a mere observer, made up a mass of evidence which, to any one unacquainted with my life and habits, might very well have seemed appalling.

I say this, because I feel that, to a vulgar apprehension, there are few things more damaging than a narrative of the ordinary incidents of an adventurous man! All the emergencies he has confronted, all the difficulties he has encountered, and all the perils he has met, are not so confounding as the very diversity of the characters he has mixed with. Common people—by whom I mean such as lead very uneventful lives—can never be brought to understand how catholic a thing is genius! how the same qualities that make a man fitting company for princes and potentates render him welcome to cads and costermongers; and that the same individual gifts can find favour with the bishop in his palace and the brigand in his den!

It is that attribute which—I believe we have stolen it from the painters—we call “breadth,” that confers this wondrous privilege, and it is in the apprehension of this that women so far transcend men, as I have often had occasion to remark in my own case. Whether men, from mere envy, are inadequate judges or not, I cannot say; but I am safe in asserting that I never fail to secure the good opinion of women. Photography spares me the ungracious task of dwelling on personal characteristics.

The man whose features are sold at one shilling from Belfast to the Bosphorus, need not be called on to declare what nature has done for him. But this much I will say, that however bountifully dealt with, I can with honesty and truth declare that I owe such success as I will not now advert to, to other qualities than external attractions; and that women earlier than men have recognised quickness of apprehension, stupendous energy, indomitable determination, and a courage that I should only disparage by calling it leonine.

While I was gratified to have a quiet quarter of an hour to record these reflections—at a greater length, I admit, than I have given them to you here—a man entered, and presented me with a visiting card: “Mr. R—, correspondent of the ‘Speedy Despatch,’ requests the honour of waiting on the Count M’Caskey.”

“So,” said I, “I am to be interviewed! Be it so: it is the fate of all representative men. Bismark and Beust have some of it. The poor dear Holy Father had his share, and how is Miles M’Caskey to escape?”

“Let him come in,” said I; and there entered a tall, burly, good-looking, and well-bearded man, with the assured air of one who could say, Show any coldness or hauteur to me, and look out for yourself in the ‘Speedy Despatch.’

“I have taken the great liberty to call early, Count M’Caskey,” said he, bowing profoundly, “as I just ascertained your time was so very limited here.”

“I am afraid,” replied I, “that I scarcely apprehend you. I was not aware of an immediate departure.”

“Then you have not heard the news?”

“Not a syllable, sir.”

“Is it possible they have not paid you the common attention to inform you that you were tried by court-martial this morning?”

“Nothing of the kind.”

“Have they not explained to you

the exceptional circumstances that compelled them to adopt a great informality?"

"No, sir. Not a word of it."

"Well, to be brief; it was this: The Crown Prince's *corps d'armée* has been suddenly called on in force to meet De Failly. They are now fighting at Wörth, about twelve miles from where we are. The cuirassiers quartered here have been ordered up, and old Wetzlar, a bit of a martinet as you know, did not like to leave without fulfilling all that he had to do down here; so that while they were mustering the division, he assembled the court-martial, and they tried you."

"Most laudable activity."

"Wasn't it, Count? The whole thing was done before daylight, and it was just dawn as they arose."

"The sentence being?"

"To be shot this afternoon at three. Eight Jägers and a sous-lieutenant are left behind to carry out the sentence, and I have determined to wait for the event, and take down any little statements you would like to have published, or to offer any humble services in my power at this hurried moment."

"Anything more considerate, sir, is not possible to conceive."

"It is the craft, Count—it is the craft does that for us! The lawyer is made acute, the doctor is made merciful, the artist becomes observant, and the moralist reflective, by the exercise of his calling; but we who record history as it passes—we who catch the lights that are passing over this great globe and crystallise them as they fly—we learn to feel what hours and minutes mean; and that in the most fleeting instants of existence there are often revelations to be made, to which the largest type would be inadequate. And then," said he, with the bland smile of a man confessing to a weakness—"and then, I do like this sort of thing."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes," said he, reflectingly. "I bed rather than omit the number

never missed an Old Bailey for eighteen years. I was then on an illustrated weekly, 'The Hearth and Home,' and our stock theme was "Calcraftiana." I saw Mary Manning hurried off. I shook hands with Courvoisier, and I should be charmed with that honour from you."

While I assured him how gratefully I felt to the happy accident that had secured me such companionship, I learned that he had not breakfasted, and would gladly join mine. There were still three bottles of "Mum" remaining, and there was certainly now no adequate reason to spare them. I ordered, therefore, a bountiful meal, and we sat and smoked while it was being made ready.

A cheerier, pleasanter companion, no man need have desired. As to the mystery of his art, he was frankness itself, not impossibly influenced by the fact that in the place whither I was bound for, candour would not necessarily become dangerous. "There are two kinds of correspondents," said he. "The circumstantial and the sensational, perfectly distinct and quite unlike. The 'Times,' the 'Daily News,' and one or two more, affect the former, with us. The 'Debats' tries it in Paris; and the 'Algemeine Zeitung,' and the 'Staats Anzeiger,' do something that way in Germany. They pretend to accuracy," said he, with a contemptuous smile; "and they don't ascribe to the Crown Prince what was done by the Prince of Saxony, or confound Saxe-Gotha with Mecklenburg; neither do they mistake the third corps for the fourth, nor take liberties with the course of rivers and the geographical characters of ground. Excellent traits all of them, and commendable in their way, and admirably suited to the sort of men employed on them—dry, prosaic, matter-of-fact fellows, who would forego a dinner rather than miscall a regiment, and forfeit a

of a battery. We have a public likes that kind of thing, M'Caskey," said he, "and they will have it. They fancy it is wholesome—like their raw beef, and their bitter beer; but I am proud to say we have another and a larger public, who are warm-hearted, glowing, poetical, and imaginative, who like the battles pictorially done for them, who don't care a rush for statistics, but love an incident. It is a pleasure to write for these people. It is at once high art and all the comforts of the situation. You don't go junketing about on commissariat rations, eating black bread washed down with vinegar, and dining once a fortnight with the staff, but you select your line of country, look out for the fellows who talk best and recount most. You educate your readers. The phrase is bold, M'Caskey, but you'll see it is no exaggeration—you educate your readers to look out for a personal adventure; it may be droll or ludicrous if on the march, solemn in the trenches, and serious, with a touch of the savage, in the fight. Then you know everybody—I mean to say, you report what they said to you, and what you said to them; of course the practice has no danger in it. Do you fancy Von Roon, or Bismark, or M'Mahon, or Bazaine, have not enough on their hands without rushing into print to contradict *me*? Besides, what arrant fools they would be to try it! They would have their one shot; ours would be a mitrailleuse firing fifty balls at a discharge.

"Look what the 'Figaro' has done in this way at Paris. In the five weeks that it has abjured fact it has more than quadrupled its circulation! See, again, what About has made of an inferior walk of the same art—'*la correspondance colorée*'—the flint soup, as one might say, of reporting, where an infinitesimal fragment of fact represents the meat, and the condiments of high imaginative seasoning give

flavour to the mess. Take my word for it, Count, the Stock Exchange and a few officials want fact,—dry, hard, naked and ungenial; but the general public, especially in the counties—the people in comfortable circumstances, leading uneventful, quiet lives—they 'go in' for sensation. Rural parishes are uniformly fond of battle-fields; and respectable watering-places can scarcely be over-supplied with the excesses of the soldiery, and the outages that follow a town taken by assault."

I was almost sorry when the arrival of breakfast cut short the torrent of my friend's eloquent confessions, and lost me what I should have preferred to cutlets—his critical exposition of his own art.

"I shall be distressed, sir," said I, "if, in the great enjoyment of your society, I shall be the cause of you losing what is now going on at Wörth."

"What do I care for Wörth, M'Caskey?" cried he. "Aren't you better to me than many battles? Would I not rather have, with a good heading of large print, 'A LAST MORNING WITH COUNT M'CASKEY,' than a defeat of the whole Prussian army, or the total demolition of Frossard's division!"

"You flatter me, R—," said I, bowing.

"No, upon my life, nothing of the kind. You are well known in England. They talked freely about you in that Fenian affair a couple of years ago. All the English who winter at Rome speak of you. Garibaldi writes to you, Caro mio M'Caskey. Palmerston once called you the incorruptible vagabond who had such influence in the Vatican. In a word, you are a cognate number; and that I should have hit upon the day you were arrested for a spy and sentenced to be shot is, with all its sadness, one of the luckiest incidents of a fortunate life."

"I am proud, sir, to have enter-

ed into any combination which has the fortune of affording you satisfaction. May I fill your glass again?"

"Where did you chance upon Mum, M'Caskey? I had calculated on tasting this after the sack of Frankfort; but seeing that the war has gone the other way I had resigned myself to red wines till we should reach Rheims. I have here"—producing an enormous leather pocket-book as he spoke—"I have here the addresses of eight houses in the wine trade who have private cellars, of which I mean 'to report' on arriving at Rheims. Here's Monsieur Sicardin near the ramparts with a special mark opposite his *Crème de Bouzy* and 'en extra,' in which I pledge my honour as a gentleman I shall drink to your memory."

"By the way," said I, "you have not yet explained to me how you got access to me so readily here. I should have thought they might have made difficulties about admitting a stranger to see me."

"Not with that, M'Caskey—not with that;" cried he, as he flung towards me a green card which he took from the recesses of the pocket-book, and which fell to the floor beside me—a circumstance that, owing to all the wine he had drunk, occasioned him no remark. "That card, signed by Moltke, and countersigned Von Roon, secures admission to 'the bearer Mr. R—— to all headquarter staffs and chief commanding stations in the army.' Our people of the 'Despatch' managed that;—don't fill it, I've taken a deal of wine already,—they can do what they like with the Government at home, for they could be ugly—you know what I mean, M'Caskey—precious ugly, if they were to go with the Rads just now, and so they sent over to us to say—to say, if we could make things comfortable, and not go too far, you mind—not too far—play neutrality mildly—that is, watch who was

getting the worst of it, and only sell him 'slack,' and export good swansea to the other fellow,—fill it up, and I'll finish the bottle! I'll take down the address of that wine merchant; that's a wine that cheeriates and does not inebriate, as the man said about tea;—and I'll now, with your kind permission, most illustrious Count, indulge in ten minutes of a nap, and when I wake up, we'll do the battle together—for I'd like to send off my despatch with this post."

"Take your sleep, old fellow," said I, gaily; "I'll look over the map and help you with your geography when you need it."

He did not hear my polite offer, and only acknowledged my courtesy with a snore. I sat motionless till I had fully assured myself he was sound in slumber, and then, stooping, I pocketed the green card and stole quietly from the room.

As I passed into the hall, a sentry barred the passage with his musket and called out "Halt!" "I have a word for your captain," said I, haughtily; "tell your sergeant to call him." The fellow shouted for the guard, and the officer made his appearance at once.

"I have done all I could for that poor devil yonder," whispered I to the officer. "I have taken his last wishes, and I must now be off."

"And who are you," said he, somewhat sternly.

"That will perhaps inform you," said I, producing the green card, and watching his eyes as they ran over its contents.

"And that is your horse, then, that is in the stable with the saddle on?"

"The same," said I, calmly: "but if I might ask you, do not speak so loud; he has just fallen asleep, and you know in his unhappy condition—"

"*Ach ja!*" said he, sorrowfully; "but it will not be done to-day—the order has not come back signed yet."

"Good-bye, Herr Hauptman," said I, shaking his hand warmly; "I'll speak of your courtesy at headquarters;" and with this I passed him and made for the stable. A great, raw-boned, roman-nosed, lanky beast stood ready saddled, and looking wistfully about him for food. I slipped a cavalry bridle—it was the only one I saw—over

him, led him out, and mounted. I was careful not to exceed a walk as I rode through the village, and for some hundred yards beyond it; that distance traversed, I rode at the low fence beside the road so as to gain the open if pursued, cleared it with ease, and then struck out in a sharp canter in a line parallel with the high road.

CHAPTER V.—MAJOR M'CASKEY OUT OF DIFFICULTY.

Partly that some of the ground had been recently ploughed, partly that it was occasionally covered with brushwood, I was unable to keep parallel with the main road, as I first intended, and gradually strayed away till I finally lost myself in a rich corn country, with vast wheat and barley fields extending on every side. Who cultivated these great plains, who sowed, or reaped, or owned them, was not so easy to imagine, for not a house nor a living creature could I see for miles! It was a waving landscape of crowning abundance—but for whom? These scenes, not unfrequent on the continent of Europe, are not to be met with in England, where smaller tenures and constant enclosures abound, and that almost garden-like culture is everywhere visible. Thinking of these set me to reflect on the assurances that our English newspapers are so rife in, that by these peculiarities of surface, our most unsoldierlike volunteers will be as effectual as real troops—that there will be more outpost work, more skirmishing, more of that independent action, which consists in choosing ground, and so on, than over these vast exposed outlying plains of Europe. But are these writers aware that these very qualities of free fighting are exactly the most distinctive of all the gifts of the old soldier; that it is only the man who has campaigned and who has gained his experience under fire, who understands the benefit of "cover," and who knows

where to seek and how to make it? Amateur soldiering in England has led to amateur generalship, and if they're not lucky enough to chance upon an amateur enemy with an amateur artillery, the worse luck theirs! Their first want is a MAN, a Man bold enough to tell them that the volunteers are the sort of troops Garibaldi's blackguards thrashed at Marsalla; and their second need is a Man who should whip these raw levies into such shape as they are capable of, without trying to make line regiments of them. I believe I could tell them where such a man could be found, but they'll have to pay for him! There is the very condition they'll stick at! They'll pay for an archbishop to protest against all war, and even pray that wars may not happen; they'll pay for a wordy Prime Minister deploring in polished ambiguities whether he more grieves over the disturbances of the world or the difficulties that beset him as to which side to choose; they'll pay for a Home Secretary who cannot decide whether nitroglycerine is a cosmetic or a combustible; but they cannot persuade themselves to say, "Count M'Caskey, take the command of us—drill us, arm, organise, and array us; teach us what we can do, and how and where to do it."

"Tell me frankly, Count," asked the Commander-in-Chief of me the last morning I was at Brighton Downs—"tell me frankly, Count, what do you say of the fellows

who marched past us this afternoon?"

"You want an honest opinion, I see, sir, from the manner of your question, and you shall have it. If they only puzzle the enemy as much as they do their own commanders, they'll outmanœuvre any army in Europe. The best thing I know about them is, that every fellow has a crown in his pocket to pay for his dinner, and you need no commissariat. There's the real strength of the volunteer system, but no one has the courage to say it. Keep them self-supporting, your Royal Highness," said I, "and they'll be well worth all they cost you."

While I was musing over how I should give these opinions to the world, I saw two Prussian lancers coming towards me at a sharp canter. Though they, of course, demanded who and what I was, and examined that enigmatical piece of pasteboard that they could not read, their real anxiety was to discover the whereabouts of a certain village called Anweiler, where they were directed to establish an ambulance.

I promised to assist them in their search, and we rode off together down a little wooded lane that seemed to say it led somewhere. As we went I learned that there had been a sharp engagement the day before at Wörth, and that to-day the Prussian troops were coming up in force to support the advance, which had moved on to Haguenau. Nothing surprised me so much in conversing with these fellows as the great confidence they felt that they should beat the French.

"Did not they fight well yesterday?" I asked.

"Our lieutenant says no—that they were not steady—they fought 'wild.'"

And this was more or less the judgment I afterwards heard from more competent witnesses. The artillery were more bent on rapidity

than accuracy of fire, and the line regiments seemed always to be astonished that their own dash and daring were not fully appreciated by the enemy—the fault, as one of their own generals declared, came of their African training. As he said, one of these reckless hurrahs always turns the Kabyles, and they can't make out why the blue-coats don't seem to mind it.

We found our village at last, if it could be called a village which consisted of seven small houses and a mill. It was quite deserted, and without any apparent reason, for it seemed totally out of the track of troops, and lying in a most sequestered and sheltered spot. The Uhlans appeared at a loss what steps to take, and I at once assumed the direction. The houses were locked and the windows shuttered, but the key of each was hung to a nail on the door. We proceeded, therefore, to beset them in turn, and found them pretty much alike, with few and the very humblest articles of furniture in each. The mill seemed the fittest spot for an hospital, and thither we transported all the beds and bedding, arranging them in orderly rows, and making as many provisions for fresh air and ventilation as appeared practicable. I astonished the Uhlans by the resources of my ambulance experiences, and they frequently asked if I were not a doctor.

When we had prepared places for thirty-two in the mills, we spread fresh straw through the empty cottages, and then, after a copious libation at the little well, we sat down and smoked while our horses ate their rations of fresh wheat. My companions were Wurtembergers, but it is one of my peculiarities to speak every dialect of every European language, so that "Schwab" Deutsch came as easy to me as Venetian, or Neapolitan, or Basque Spanish. "One of ourselves, Herr Graf," said one of the lancers to me, touching his cap respectfully as he spoke.

"Not as a landsman but as a soldier I am so;" and I gave them some anecdotes of a career whose vicissitudes have had few equals.

"How the Oberst-Lieutenant would like him!" exclaimed a fellow, as I had finished a story of some adventure; and I learned that the Lieutenant-Colonel in question was on the staff of General Beichnitz, commanding a Hanoverian corps.

"What is your Oberst-Lieutenant's name?" asked I.

"Baron Breitenbach," replied the Uhlan, with pride.

"And it is to him we are to report the enemy," added the other.

"Then you shall conduct me to him when we reach headquarters," said I; and I saw with satisfaction the ease of mind I procured my friends by a decision which guaranteed my character in their eyes.

Having provided myself with pen and ink, I wrote a short note to the Baron, stating who I was and how I came to my present quarters, and enclosing a letter, which I begged he would kindly forward for me by post at once, with some MSS. for England, and a brief assurance to my many friends in town and elsewhere that I had not been shot as a spy!

I added that I sincerely hoped they would not cap all their late mistakes by shooting R—. I believe, I am not sure, but I suspect I quoted the case of the French duke who interceded to save the life of a highwayman, on the ground that if he were to be executed, his grace the duke would then be the ugliest man in France. I made the application in this wise, that if R— were to be shot, I should be thought—erroneously, of course—to be the wildest romancer in Christendom.

I am afraid we have spoiled our beasts by over-indulgence! Mine, I know, has had three hours of rest, and a small stack of wheat for a feed, and the creature seems as short-winded and plethoric as an alderman. I cannot get a canter

out of him; and though the Uhlans are obliging fellows, and occasionally favour him with a poke of the lance in the ribs, he never goes beyond a kick, or a short buck-leap, which do little for actual progression. They curse too, in a way that, by the element of a Schwab accent, lends a new terror to the German language. I suspect that they are sick of my slow gait, and yet not quite easy in mind lest I should be "foxing," and only eager to get rid of them. I set to work to dissipate the impression by personal agreeability.

I have often boasted to myself (I never boast in any other manner) that I was perfectly indifferent to the mixed character of society into which fate might throw me. Age, sex, nation, language, habits, social condition, religion, or skin complexion, were all alike to me! I never failed to make myself companionable, if not, as Lord Lyndhurst said, "something more." I joined to a great actual experience of the vicissitudes of life a quiet appreciation of my company; and I knew to a nicety the sort of incident to recount to each,—where to put forth the most transcendent traits of my nature, and where—and these cases were more subtle still—where to accuse myself of little weaknesses, small frailties, that, so to say, secure your sympathy on the sure ground of your mere humanity. I mention these things here to herald a confession I am about to make, and which it is my fortune to declare but once in a lifetime—I utterly and totally failed to interest these brutal Uhlans!

It was not that I despised their companionship and undervalued their intelligence, for though I did both, I am too practised a man of the world to suffer these things to sway me. I know that one must watch over his moral and over his material appetites, and not permit the distasteful to master him simply by repugnance. I held these barbarians to be inconceivably beneath

me, but I had to amuse them! Like the prisoner who taught a frog to love him, I was reduced to a not dissimilar strait, and—I failed! Yes, I failed! One of the scoundrels dropped behind, and the other dropped off to sleep; and, this be it remembered, in the midst of a dramatic anecdote, the personages of which were the Count M'Caskey and the Infanta of Spain; scene, the Escorial by moonlight; time, about forty minutes; and era, our own age! It was at the moment I was recounting what the Conde d'Estremadura said to me, that a short snore from my companion stopped me. If my weary nag had been capable of even half a mile of gallop, I'd have smote the wretch to the ground and bolted! I even reined in my beast, and threw him on his haunches to essay his mettle, but he only threw up his head and staggered on his hind legs, and I saw the attempt was a vain one. I resigned myself, as the phrase is, to express anything but resignation, and rode on till late at night, and in a thin drizzle of rain we reaching the small village of Etzdorf, which, from the frequency of the white flags with the red cross, proclaimed itself a city of the wounded. Every cabin—and there were few better than cabins—was a hospital, nor were these enough. A long train of waggons lined the street filled with wounded, whose faces, by the garish gleam of the lanterns, expressed every shape and show of suffering. Late as it was, surgeons were performing the operations they dignify as "capital," by candle-light in the open street; and grim-looking fellows, in shirt-sleeves and oil-silk aprons, passed hither and thither with the fearful implements of their art, far more terrible than cutlass or bayonet. If I were one of the "Daily fellows," I could dwell here upon a very harrowing theme, and make you up a very sanguinary and sad picture, wound

up with a due homily over the horrors of war, and the criminal ambition of the unprincipled men that promoted it; but I am a man of many battles and few regrets. I see glorious things in these grand contests, and think men are at their very best when charging a French squadron or rushing on to the breach under a hail of musketry.

People are continually telling us how a thunderstorm clears the air, dissipates unhealthy vapours, and purifies the whole atmosphere by fresh and wholesome currents at once exhilarating and invigorating. Will they not see that all these benefits are accomplished in the moral world by War! That the fat miasma of continual peace is as death-dealing as the battle-field, and has no glorious reliefs of heroism, no flashes of noble enthusiasm, no grand bursts of that devotion that make men superior to destiny! Why am I what I am? Why is Milo M'Caskey more than the equal of Prime Minister or Prince Bishop? Simply because these cloud-laden, sulphur-loaded elements are his native air, this earth quivering beneath caisson and gun-carriage is his natural soil, these maddening cries of victory are his music; and I am afraid I must add, this commissary bread his only supper!

With these reflections, made under the shelter of a waggon, and in the midst of some very wet straw, I made a meal which, by the hour, should be called supper, thought it bore no other relation to any of those social sacraments which are dignified by clean linen and eatable food. My Uhlands were stretched at either side of me, one having taken the precaution to fasten my ankle to his own with a stout cord, before he devoted himself to that sweet sleep which doubtless was blessed by dreams of a Pomeranian mud hovel and the flat-nosed *mädchen* he had left behind him.

THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

PART I.—THE POETRY.

THE Scottish *language*? Yes, most decidedly a language! and no more a branch dialect or corruption of English than Dutch is of Danish, or *vice versa*; but a true language, differing not merely from English in pronunciation, but in the possession of many beautiful words, which are not and never were English, and in the use of inflections unknown to literary and spoken English since the days of Piers Ploughman and Chaucer. The English and Scotch languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic; and, five or six hundred years ago, may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon. Time has replaced the Anglo-Saxon by the modern English, but has spared the Scoto-Saxon, which still remains a living speech. Though the children of one mother, the two have lived apart, received different educations, developed themselves under dissimilar circumstances, and received accretions from independent and unrelated sources. The English, as far as it remains an Anglo-Saxon tongue, is derived from the Low German with a mixture of the Scandinavian and Icelandic; while the Lowland Scotch, or Scoto-Saxon, is indebted more immediately to the Dutch, Flemish, and Danish both for its fundamental and most characteristic words, and for its inflection and grammar. The English, like the Teutonic, bristles with consonants. The Scotch is as spangled with vowels as a meadow with daisies in the month of May. English, though

perhaps the most muscular and copious language in the world, is harsh and sibilant; while the Scotch, with its beautiful terminal diminutives, is almost as soft as the Italian. English songs, like those of Moore and Campbell,* however excellent they may be as poetical compositions, are, for these reasons, not so available for musical purposes as the songs of Scotland. An Englishman, if he sings of a "pretty little girl," uses words deficient in euphony, and suggests comedy rather than sentiment; but when a Scotchman sings of a "bonnie wee lassie," he employs words that are much softer than their English equivalents, express a tenderer idea, and are infinitely better adapted to music.

The principal components of the Scottish tongue are derived, first, from the Teutonic, comprising many words once possessed by the English, but which have become obsolete in the latter; secondly, words and inflections derived from the Dutch, Flemish, and Norse; thirdly, words derived from the French, or from the Latin and Greek through a French medium; and fourthly, words derived from the Gaelic or Celtic language of the Highlands, which is indubitably a branch of the Sanscrit. As regards the first source, it is interesting to note that in the Glossary appended to Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of those ancient and excellent alliterative poems, the 'Vision' and 'Creed' of Piers Ploughman, there occur about two thousand obsolete English or Anglo-Saxon words, many of

* Neither of these was an Englishman. And it is curious to note that no Englishman has ever rendered himself very famous as a song-writer, with the sole exceptions of Thomas Durfey and Charles Dibdin, whose songs are by no means of the highest merit; while Scotsmen, who have written excellent songs both in their own language and in English, are to be counted by the score—or the hundred.

which are still retained in the Scoto-Saxon of the Scottish Lowlands; and that in the Glossary to Tyrr-whitt's edition of Chaucer there occur upwards of six thousand words which need explanation to the modern English reader, and full one-half of which need no explanation whatever to a Scotsman. Even Shakespeare is becoming obsolete to his countrymen, and uses upwards of two thousand four hundred words which Mr. Howard Staunton, his latest, and, in many respects, his most judicious editor, thinks it necessary to collect in a Glossary for the better elucidation of the text. Many hundreds of these words are perfectly familiar to a Scottish ear, and require no interpreter. It appears from these facts that the Scotch is a far more conservative language than the English, and that although it does not object to receive new words, it clings reverently and affectionately to the old. The consequence of this mingled tenacity and elasticity is, that it possesses a vocabulary which includes for a Scotchman's use every word of the modern English language, and several thousand words which the English people never possessed, or have suffered to drop into desuetude.

In addition to this conservancy of the bone and sinew of the language, the Scoto-Saxon possesses an advantage over the modern English in having reserved to itself the power, while retaining all the old words of the language, to eliminate all harsh or unnecessary consonants. Thus it has *loe*, for love; *fa'*, for fall; *wa'*, for wall; *awfu'*, for awful; *smā'*, for small; and many hundreds of similar abbreviations, which detract nothing from the force of the idea or the clearness of the meaning, while they soften the roughness of the expression. No such power resides in the English or French, though it was once inherent in both languages. Very little of it belongs to the German, though it remains in all those

European tongues which trace their origin to the Platt-Deutsch. The Scottish poet or versifier may write *fa'* or *fall* as it pleases him, but his English compeer must write "fall" without abbreviation. Another source of the superior euphony of the Scoto-Saxon is the single diminutive in *ie*, and the double diminutive in *kie*, which may be applied to any noun in the language, as *wife*, *wifie*, *wifkie*, *wife*, little wife, very little wife; *bairn*, *bairnie*, *bairnikie*, child, little child, very little child; *bird*, *birdie*, *birdiekie*; and *lass*, *lassie*, *lassiekie*, &c. A few English nouns remain susceptible of diminutives, though in a less musical form, as *lamb*, *lambkin*; *goose*, *gosling*, &c. The beauty of the Scottish forms of the diminutive is obvious. Take, for instance, the following lines:—

"Hap and row, hap and row,
Ilap and row the feetie o't;
It is a wee bit wearie thing,
I downa bide the greetie o't."

Endeavour to translate into English the diminutives "feetie" and "greetie," and the superiority of the Scottish for poetical purposes will be obvious.

While these abbreviations and diminutives increase not only the melody but the *naïveté* and archness of the spoken language, the retention of the old and strong inflections of verbs, that are wrongfully called irregular, contributes very much to its force and harmony, giving it at the same time an advantage over the modern English, which has consented to allow many useful preterites and past participles to perish altogether. In literary and conversational English there is no preterite for the verbs *to beat*, *to bet*, *to bid*, *to forbid*, *to cast*, *to cost*, *to hit*, *to hurt*, *to let*, *to put*, *to shut*, *to thrust*, *to set*, &c.; while only three of them, *to beat*, *to bid*, and *to forbid*, retain the past participle, *beaten*, *bidden*, and *forbidden*. The Scottish language, on the contrary, has retained all the ancient forms of these

verbs; and can say, "I *cast*, I *coost*, and I have *casten* a stone;" or "I *put*, I *pat*, or I have *putten* on my coat;" "I *hurt*, I *hurted*, or I have *hurten* myself;" "I *thrust*, I *thrusted*, or I have *thrusten* him out of doors;" and "I *let*, I *loot*, or I have *letten* fa' my tears," &c.

Chaucer, as was remarked in an article upon "Lost Preterites" in *Maga* for September 1869, made an effort to introduce many French words into the courtly and literary English of his time, but with very slight success. No such systematic effort was made by any Scottish writer of repute; yet, nevertheless, in consequence of the friendly intercourse long subsisting between France and Scotland—an intercourse that was alike political, commercial, and social—a considerable number of words of French origin crept into the Scottish vernacular, and there established themselves with a tenacity that is not likely to be relaxed as long as the language continues to be either written or spoken. Some of these are among the most racy and characteristic differences between the English and the Scotch. It will be sufficient if we cite; to *fash* one's self, to be troubled with or about anything—from *se fâcher*, to be angered; *douce*, gentle, good-tempered, courteous—from *doux*, soft; *dour*, grim, obdurate, slow to forgive or relent—from *dur*, hard; *bien*, comfortable, well to do in worldly affairs—from *bien*, well; *ashet*, a dish—from *assiette*, a plate; a *creel*, a fish-basket—from *creille*, a basket; a *gigot* of mutton—from *gigot*, a leg; *aumrie*, a linen-press or plate-cupboard—from *armoire*, a movable cupboard or press; *bonnie*, beautiful and good—from *bon*, good; *airles* and *airle*-penny, money paid in advance to seal a bargain—from *arches*, a deposit on account; *brulzie*, a fight or dispute—from *s'embrouiller*, to quarrel; *callant*, a lad, a brave boy—from *galant*, a lover or a gallant youth; *braw*, fine—from *brave*, honest and courage-

ous; *dool*, sorrow—from *deuil*, mourning; *grozet*, a gooseberry (which, be it said in parenthesis, is a popular English corruption from *gorseberry*)—from *groseille*; *taupie*, a thoughtless, foolish girl, who does not look before her to see what she is doing—from *taupe*, a mole; *haggis*, the Scottish national dish—from *hachis*, a hash; *pawn*, peacock—from *paon*; *caddie*, a young man acting as a porter or messenger—from *cadet*, the younger born; *spaule*, the shoulder, from *epaule*, &c.

The Scoto-Saxon words derived immediately from the Dutch, and following the Dutch rules of pronunciation, are exceedingly numerous. Among these are *wanhope*—from *wanhoop*, despair; *wanchancie*, *wanlust*, *wanrestful*, and many others, where the English adopt the German *un* instead of *wan*. *Ben*, the inner, as distinguished from *but*, the outer, room of a cottage, is from *binne*, or *be-in*, within, as *but* is from *buyten*, or *be-out*, without. *Stane*, a stone, comes from *steen*; *smack*, to taste—from *smaak*; *goud*, gold—from *goud*; *loup*, to leap—from *loopen*; *fell*, cruel, violent, fierce—from *fel*; *kist*, a chest—from *kist*; *mutch*, a woman's cap—from *muts*; *ghaist*, a ghost—from *geest*; *dowf*, sad—from *dof*, heavy; *kame*, a comb—from *kam*; *rocklay* (*rocklaigh*), a short coat—from *rok*, a petticoat or jupon; *het*, hot—from *heet*; *geck*, to mock or make a fool of—from *gek*, a fool; *lear*, knowledge—from *leer*, doctrine or learning; *bane* or *bain*, a bone—from *been*; *paddock*, a toad—from *pad*; *caff*, chaff—from *kaf*, straw; *yooky*, itchy—from *yuk*, an itch; *hauver*, oatmeal ("Oh, whaur did ye get that *hauver*-meal bannock?"—Burns)—from *haver*, oats; *clyte*, to fall heavily or suddenly to the ground—from *kluyt*, the sward, and *kluyten*, to fall on the sward; *breeks*, breeches, trousers—from *breck*; *blythe*, lively, good-humoured—from *blyde*, contented; and *minnie*, a term of child-

ish endearment for mother—from *min*, love.

The Scottish words derived from the Gaelic are more apparent in the names of places than in the colloquial phraseology of everyday life. Among these, *ben*, *glen*, *burn*, *burnie*, *strath*, *bog*, *corrie*, *crag* or *craig*, and *cairn*, will recur to the memory of any one who has lived or travelled in Scotland, or is conversant with Scottish literature. *Gillie*, a boy or servant; *grieve*, a land-steward or agent, are not only ancient Scottish words, but have lately become English. *Loof*, the open palm, is derived from the Gaelic *lamh* (pronounced *laff* or *lav*), the hand; *cuddle*, to embrace—from *cadail*, sleep; *whisky*—from *uisge*, water; *clachan*, a village—from *clach*, a stone; *croon*, to hum a tune—from *cruin*, to lament or moan; *bailie*, a city or borough magistrate—from *baile*, a town; *tinder*, from *teine*, fire; *sonsie*, fresh, healthful, young, good-looking—from *sonas*, good fortune; *grove*, an assemblage of trees—from *craobh*, pronounced *craov*, a tree; *fallow*, lying uncultivated, from *falumb*, pronounced *fullav*, empty, — may serve as specimens of the many words which, in the natural intercourse between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, have been derived from the ancient Gaelic by the more modern Scoto-Saxon.

Four centuries ago, the English or Anglo-Saxon, when Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were still intelligible, had a much greater resemblance to the Scoto-Saxon than it has at the present day. William Dunbar, one of the earliest, as he was one of the best, of the Scottish poets, and supposed to have been born in 1465, in the reign of James III. in Scotland, and of Edward IV. in England, wrote, among other poems, the "Thrissel and the Rose." This composition was equally intelligible to the people of both countries. It was designed to commemorate the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor,

daughter of King Henry VII. of England—that small cause of many great events, of which the issues have extended to our time, and which gave the Stewarts their title to the British throne. Though Dunbar wrote in the Scotch of the *literati*, rather than in that of the common people, as did King James I. at an earlier period, when, a captive in Windsor Castle, he indited his beautiful poem, "The King's Quair," to celebrate the grace and loveliness of the Lady Beaufort, whom he afterwards married; the "Thrissel and the Rose" is only archaic in its orthography, and contains no words that a commonly well educated Scottish ploughman cannot at this day understand, though it might puzzle some of the University men who write leaders for the London press to interpret it without the aid of a glossary. Were the spelling of the following passages modernised, it would be found that there is nothing in any subsequent poets, from Dunbar's day to our own, with which it need fear a comparison, either in point of poetry or of popular comprehension—

"Quhen Merché wes with variand windis
past,
And Apryll haddé, with her sliwer shouris,
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that mudder is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn their houris
Among the tender odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it was delyt.

"In bed at morrowe, sleipng as I lay,
Methocht Aurora, with her crystal cen,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me with visage paille and grene,
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the spene:
'Awauk luvaris! out of your slummering!
See how the lusty morrowe dois up-
spring!'"

Many of the popular authors of that century did not, like Dunbar, confine their poetic efforts to the speech of the learned, but wrote in the vernacular of the peasantry and townspeople. The well-known poem of "Pebelis to the Play" is the earliest specimen of this class of literature that has come down to us. It has been attributed—but not on

sufficient authority—to the royal author of “The King’s Quair.” This composition scarcely contains a word that Burns, three hundred years later, would have hesitated to employ. In like manner the poem of “Christ’s Kirk on the Green,” written nearly three hundred and twenty years ago, made use of the language of the peasantry to describe the assembly of the lasses and their wooers that came to the “dancing and deray,” with their gloves of the “*raifele richt*” (right doeskin), their “shoon of the *straitis*” (coarse cloth), and their

“Kirtles of the *lincum llicht*,
Weel pressed wi’ mony plaitis.”

The author’s description of “Gillie” is equal to anything in Allan Ramsay or Burns, and quite as intelligible to the Scottish peasantry of the present day:—

“Of all thir maidens mild as meid
Was none say gymp as Gillie;
As ony rose her rude was reid.
Hir lre was like the lily.
Bot zallow, zallow was hir heid,
And sche of luit sae sillie,
Thof a’ hir kin suld hae bein deld,
Sche wuld hae bot sweit Willie.”

Captain Alexander Montgomery, who was attached to the service of the Regent Murray in 1577, and who enjoyed a pension from King James VI., wrote many poems in which the beauty, the strength, and the humour of the Scottish language were very abundantly displayed. The “Cherry and the Slae” is particularly rich in words that Allan Ramsay, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Christopher North have since rendered classical, and is, besides, a poem as excellent in thought and fancy as it is copious in diction. The description of the music of the birds on a May morning may be taken as a specimen:—

“The cushat croods, the corbie cries,
The Coukoo couks, the pratling pies
To keck hir they begin.
The jargon o’ the jangling jays,
The creaking craws and keckling kayes,
Thy deaved me with their din.”

“The painted pawn with Argus e’es
Can on his mayock call;
The turtle walls on withered trees,
And Echo answers all.
Repeting, with greting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His schadow in the well.”

Time was within living memory when the Scotch of the upper classes prided themselves on their native Doric; when judges on the bench delivered their judgments in the broadest Scotch, and would have thought themselves guilty of puerile and unworthy affectation if they had preferred English words or English accents to their own; when advocates pleaded in the same homely and plastic tongue; when ministers of religion found their best way to the hearts and to the understanding of their congregations in the use of the language most familiar to themselves, as well as to those whom they addressed; and when ladies of the highest rank—celebrated alike for their wit and their beauty—sang their tenderest, archest, and most affecting songs, and made their bravest thrusts and parries in the sparkling encounters of conversation, in the homely speech of their childhood. All this, however, is fast disappearing, and not only the wealthy and titled, who live much in London and in England, begin to grow ashamed of speaking the language of their ancestors, though the sound of the well-beloved accents in the mouths of others is not unwelcome or unmusical to their ears, but the middle-class Scotch are learning to follow their example. The members of the legal and medical profession are afraid of the accusation of vulgarity that might be launched against them if they spoke publicly in the picturesque language of their fathers and grandfathers; and even the clergy are unlearning in the pulpit the brave old speech that was good enough for John Knox (though he was the greatest Angliciser of his day, and was publicly

accused of that fault), and many thousands of pious preachers who, since his time, had worthily kept alive the faith of the Scottish people by appeals to their consciences in the language of their hearts. In ceasing to employ the "unadorned eloquence" of the sturdy vernacular, and using instead of it the language of books, and of the southern English, it is to be feared that too many of these superfine preachers have lost their former hold upon the mind, and that they have sensibly weakened the powers of persuasion and conviction which they possessed when their words were in sympathetic unison with the current of thought and feeling that flowed through the broad Scottish intellect and language of the peasantry. And where fashion leads, snobbism will certainly follow; so that it happens even in Scotland that young Scotsmen of the Dundreary class will sometimes boast of their inability to understand the poetry of Burns and the romance of Scott on account of the difficulties presented by the language!—as if their crass, besotted ignorance were a thing to be proud of!

But the old language, though of later years it has become unfashionable in its native land, survives not alone on the tongue but in the heart of the "common" people, (and where is there such a common or uncommon people as the peasantry of Scotland?) and has established for itself a place in the affections of those ardent Scotsmen who travel to the New World and to the remotest part of the Old, with the *auri sacra fumes* to lead them on to fortune, but who never permit that particular species of hunger—which is by no means peculiar to Scotsmen—to deaden their hearts to their native land, or to render them indifferent to their native speech, the merest word of which, when uttered unexpectedly under a foreign sky, stirs up all the latent patriotism in their minds,

and opens their heart, and if need be their purse, to the utterer. It has also, by a kind of Nemesis or poetical justice, established for itself a hold and a footing even in that English language which affects to ignore it; and, thanks more especially to Burns and Scott, and to the admiration which their genius has excited in England and America, has engrafted many of its loveliest shoots upon the old tree of the Anglo-Saxon and English language. Every year the number of words that are taken like seeds or grafts from the Scottish conservatory, and planted into the fruitful English garden, is on the increase, as will be seen from the following anthology of specimens, which might have been made ten times as abundant if it had been possible to squeeze into a wine-glass a whole gallon of hip-pocrene. Many of these words are recognised English, permissible both in literature and conversation; many others are in progress and process of adoption and assimilation; and many more that are not English, and may never become so, are fully worthy of a place in the dictionary of a language that has room for every word, let it come whence it will, that expresses a new meaning, or a more delicate shade of an old meaning than the existing forms of expression admit. *Eerie*, and *gloaming*, and *cunnie*, and *cantie*, and *cozie*, and *lift*, and *lilt*, and *caller*, and *gruesome*, and *thud*, are all of an ancient and a goodly pedigree, and were, the most of them, as English in the fifteenth century, as they ought to be in the nineteenth. We arrange the specimens alphabetically for the convenience of reference, and if any Scotsman at home or abroad should, in going over the list, fail to discover some favourite word that was dear to him in childhood, and that stirs up the recollections of his native land, and of the days when he sat under the trysting-tree to meet his bonnie lassie when the

kye cam hame,—one word that recalls old times, old friends, and by-gone joys and sorrows,—let him reflect that in culling a posie from the garden, the posie must of necessity be small, and that the most copious of selectors must omit much that he would have been glad to twine into his garland.

Airt, a point of the compass, to direct or show the way :—

"O' a' the *airts* the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lves,
The lass that I lo'e best."

—Burns.

"But yon green graff (grave) now huskle
green,
Wad *airt* me to my treasure."

—Burns.

Anent, concerning, relating to.—This word has not yet been admitted into the English dictionaries published at home. In Worcester's and Webster's Dictionaries, published in the United States, it is inserted as a Scotticism :—

"The anxiety *anent* them was too intense to admit of the poor people remaining quietly at home."—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

Auld Lang Syne.—This phrase, so peculiarly tender and beautiful, and so wholly Scotch, has no exact synonym in any language, and is untranslatable except by a weak and lengthy periphrasis. The most recent English dictionaries, those of Worcester and Webster, have adopted it; and the expression is almost as common in England as in Scotland. Allan Ramsay included in 'The Tea-Table Miscellany' a song entitled "Old long Syne," a very poor production; but it remained for Robert Burns to make "Auld Lang Syne" immortal, and fix it for ever in the language of Great Britain and America.

Aumrie, a chest, a cabinet, a secretaire—from the French *armoire* :—

"Steek (close) the *aumrie*, lock the kist,
Or else some gear will soon be missed."

—Sir Walter Scott: *Donald Caird*.

Belyve, by-and-by, immediately.—This word occurs in Chaucer and in a great number of old English romances of the period immediately anterior :—

"Hie we *belyve*,
And look whether Ogil be alive."
—*Romance of Sir Olud*.

"*Belyve* the elder bairns come droppin' in."
—Burns: *Collar's Saturday Night*.

Bicker, a drinking-cup, a beaker, a step in the wrong direction :—

"Fill high the foaming *bicker*!
Body and soul are mine, quoth he,
I'll have them both for liquor."
—*The Gin Fiend and his Three Houses*.

"Setting my staff wi' a' my skill
To keep me sicker.
Though leeward, whyles, against my will,
I took a *bicker*."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Bien, comfortable, plentiful; from the French *bien*, well :—

"While frosty winds blaw in the drift
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae *bien* and snug."
—Burns: *Epistle to Davie*.

Bird, or *Burd*, a term of endearment applied to a young lady :—

"And by my word, the bonnie *bird*
In danger shall not tarry."
—Thomas Campbell.

Birl, to pour out liquor :—

"There were three lords *birling* at the wine
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow,
They made a compact them between."
—Motherwell's *Ancient Minstrelsy*.

"Oh, she has *birled* these merry, young men
With the ale, but and the wine."
—*Border Minstrelsy: Fause Foodrage*.

"He had found the twa loons that did the
deed, *birling* and drinking wi' him."
—Sir Walter Scott: *Rob Roy*.

Blae, of a livid, blue colour; sickly blue.

"The morning *blae* and wan."
—Douglas: *Translation of the Eneld*.

"How dowie you this *blae* eastlin' wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind."
—Burns.

"Be in dread, oh sirs! Some of you will

stand with *blae* countenances before the tribunal of God."

—Bruce: *The Soul's Confirmation*.

Blaud, to lay anything flat with violence, as the wind or a storm of rain does the corn:—

"Curst common sense—that imp o' hell,

This day M'Kinlay takes the flail.
And he's the boy will *blaud* her."

—Burns: *The Ordination*.

"Ochon! ochon! cries Haughton.
That ever I was born.
To see the Buckie burn rin bluid,
And *blauding* a' the corn."

—Aberdeenshire Ballad.

Blob, a large round drop of water or other liquid.—A similar word, *bleb*, now obsolete, was once used in England to signify an air-bubble:—

"We look on this troubled stream of the generations of men to as little purpose almost as idle boys do on dancing *blebs* or bubbles on the water."

—Sir Thomas More: *Consolations of the Soul*.

"Her e'en the clearest *blob* o' dew outshining."

—Allan Ramsay.

"She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wet wi' the *blobs* o' dew."

—Allan Cunningham.

Bonnie, beautiful, good-natured, and cheerful; the three qualities in combination.—This is an old-English word, used by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and still current in the northern English counties, as well as in Scotland. Johnson, notwithstanding its Scottish flavour, was graciously pleased to admit it into his Dictionary.

Bourd, to jest, to play tricks with. In old English, *bord*:—

"The wizard could no longer bear her *bord*,
But bursting forth in laughter to her said,"

—Spenser: *Faerie Queene*.

"I'll tell the *bourd*, but nae the body."

"They that *bourd* wi' cats may count upon scarts."

—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Brae, the brow or side of a hill—from the Gaelic *bruaich*:—

"We twa ha'e run about the *braes*
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But mony a weary foot we've trod
Sin auld lang syne."

—Burns.

Brent, high, steep:—

"Her fair *brent* brow, smooth
As the unwrinkled deep."

—Allan Ramsay.

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was *brent*."

—Burns: *John Anderson, my jo*.

Busk, to adorn, to dress:—

"A bonny bride is soon *buskit*."

—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"*Busk ye, busk ye*, my bonnie, bonnie bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow."

—Hamilton of Bangour.

Caller, fresh, cool.—There is no exact English synonym for this word. "*Caller* herrin," "*Caller* haddie," and "*Caller* ow" are familiar cries to Edinburgh people:—

"Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like *caller* air;
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair."

—*There's nae Luck about the House*.

Cannie, knowing, but gentle; in one's right mind; not to be easily deceived, yet not sly or cunning.—A very expressive word, often used by Englishmen to describe the Scotch. The word also means dexterous, clever, and sometimes fortunate. It is common in the north of England as well as in Scotland:—

"Bonny lass, *canny* lass, wilt thou be mine?"

—*The Cumberland Courtship*.

"He mounted his mare, and he rode *cannille*."

—*The Laird o' Cockpen*.

"Hae naething to do wi' him, he's no *canny*."

"They have need of a *canny* cook who have but one egg for dinner."

—Allan Ramsay's *Proverbs*.

"The 'Cork Examiner'—and, of course, after it the Spiritualist organs—is delighted with the *uncanny* story."
—*Pull Mall Gazette*, June 1870.

Cuntie, joyous, merry, ready to sing from excess of good spirits:—

"Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair."
—Burns.

"Some cannie wee bodie may be my lot,
An I'll be *cantie* in thinking o' it."
—*Newcastle Song*; *Brockell's North Country Glossary*.

"The clachan yill had made me *cantie*."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Cosie, *Cozie*, comfortable, snug, warm:—

"While some are *cosie* in the neuk
And forming assignments
To meet some day."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Couthie, well-known, familiar, handsome, and agreeable—in contradiction to the English word *uncouth*:—

"My ain *couthie* dame,
O my ain *couthie* dame;
Wi' my bonnie bits o' bairns,
And my ain *couthie* dame."
—Archibald M'Kay: *Ingliside Lullie*.

Crone, an old woman, a witch.—Worcester, in his Dictionary, derives this word from the Scottish "croon"—"the hollow muttering sound with which old witches uttered their incantations." A possible derivation is from the old word *crine*, to shrink; of which the preterite was *crone*, shrunk. If this derivation were correct, *crone* would mean a shrunk, withered old woman.

Croodle, to coo like a dove: "a wee *croodlin'* doo," a term of endearment to an infant:—

"Far ben thy dark green plantin shade
The cushet (wood-pigeon) *croodles*
amorously."
—Tannahill.

"A wee thing, mine ain thing,
A pledge o' love most true.
A bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
Wee *croodlin'* doo."
—Mackay's *Songs*.

Croon, to hum over a tune, to prelude on an instrument:—

"The sisters grey, before the day,
Did *croon* within their cloister."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles *crooning* o'er some auld Scots sonnet."
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

"Plaintive tunes,
Such as corpse - watching beldam *croons*."
—*Studies from the Antique*.

Darg of *daurk*, a day's work:—

"You will spoil the *darg* if you stop the plow to kill a mouse."
—*Northumbrian Proverbs*.

"He never did a good *darg* that gae'd grumbling about it."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Monie a sair *daurk* we hae wrought."
—Burns: *To his auld Mare Maggie*.

"The good man fallen asleep after the day's *darg*."
—*Times' Notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition*, March 18, 1870.

Ding, to beat, or beat out. A remnant of this word survives in the English "*din*"—a noise produced by beating; and in the phrase "ding, dong, bell":—

"If ye've the deil in ye, *ding* him out wi' his brither. Ae deil *dings* anither."
—*Scots Proverbs*.

"It's a sair *dung* (beaten) bairn that mauna greet."
—Allan Ramsay.

Dinsome, noisy, full of din:—

"Till block or staddle (stithy or anvil) ring and reel
Wi' *dinsome* clamour."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Dirl, a quivering blow on a hard substance:—

"I threw a noble throw at aye,

It just played *dirl* upon the bane,
But did nae mair."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Dool, pain, grief, dolefulness:—

"Of a' the numerous human *dools*
Thou bear'st the gree."
—Burns: *Address to the Toothache*.

"Though dark and swift the waters pour,
Yet here I wait in *dool* and sorrow,

For bitter fate must I endure
Unless I pass the stream ere morrow."
—*Legends of the Isles.*

Douce, of a gentle or courteous disposition; from the French *doux*, sweet:—

"Ye dainty deacons and ye *douce* conveners."
—Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr.*

Dour, hard, bitter, disagreeable, close-fisted, severe, stern:—

"When biting Boreas, fell and *dour*,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower."
—Burns: *A Winter Night.*

Dowie, gloomy, melancholy, forlorn, low-spirited:—

"It's no the loss o' warl's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, *dowie*, wear
The mourning weed."
—Burns: *Poor Mailie's Elegy.*

"Come listen, cronies, ane and a',
While on my *dowie* reed I blaw,
And mourn the sad untimely fa'
O' our auld town."
—James Ballantine.

Dree, to endure, to suffer:—

"Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And *dree* the country clatter (talk)."
—Burns: *Here's his Health in Water.*

"He *drees* the doom he ettled for me."
—Scott: *Rob Roy.*

Drumly, turbid or muddy (applied to water), confused, not clear.—This beautiful word would be a great acquisition to the English language. All its English synonyms are greatly inferior, both in logical and poetical expression. The word appears at one time to have been good English, though not to be found in the poets, as appears from the following passage in a French and English grammar of the year 1623:—

"Draw me some water out of this
spring,
Madam, it is all foul, *drumly*, black,
muddy!"

"Oh, boatman, haste! put off your
boat,
Put off your boat for golden monie;
I'll cross the *drumlie* stream to-night,
Or never mair I'll see my Annie."
—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

"When blue diseases fill the *drumly*
air."—Allan Ramsay.

"They hadna salled a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And *drumlie* grew his e'e."
—Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover.*

"I heard once a lady in Edinburgh
objecting to a preacher that she did not
understand him. Another lady, his
great admirer, insinuated that prob-
ably he was too deep for her to follow.
But her ready answer was, 'Na, na!—
he's no just deep, but he's *drumly*.'"
—Dean Ramsay.

Eerie, gloomy, wearisome, full of fear:—

"In mirkest glen at midnight hour
I'd rove and ne'er be *eerie*, O;
If through that glen I gae to thee,
My ain kind dearie O."
—Burns.

"It was an *eerie* walk through the
still chestnut woods at that still hour
of the night."—*The Dream Numbers*,
by T. A. Trollope.

Eyrie an eagle's nest, — from
the Gaelic *eirigh*, to rise:—

"The eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their *eyries*
build."—Milton.

"'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dread-
fully driven
From his *eyrie* that beacons the dark-
ness of heaven."
—Campbell: *Lochiel's Warning.*

Ferlie, a wonder; to wonder;
wonderful:—

"Who hearkened ever slike a *ferly*
thing."
—Chaucer: *The Reeve's Tale.*

"On Malvern hills
Me befel a *ferly*."
—*Piers Ploughman.*

"The longer we live the more *ferlies*
we see."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs.*

Fey, fated, bewitched, unlucky,
doomed:—

"Let the fate fall upon the *feyst*."

"Take care of the man that God has
marked, for he's no *fey*."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs.*

"We'll turn again, said good Lord John;
But no, said Rothiemay;
My steed's trepanned, my bridle's broke,
I fear this day I'm *fey*."
—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

Forgather, to meet —

"Twa dogs
Forgathered ance upon a time."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Gale, to sing; whence the English "nightingale," the bird that sings in the night:—

"In May begins the gowk to gale."
—Allan Ramsay: *The Evergreen*.

Glamour, enchantment, witchcraft, fascination:—

"And one short spell therein he read,
It had much of *glamour* might,
Could make a lady seem a knight,
The cobweb on a dungeon wall,
Seem tapestry in a lordly hall."
—Scott: *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"Soon as they saw her weel-faur'd face,
They cast their *glamour* o'er her."
—Johnnie Fua, the Gipsy Laddie.

"Ye gipsy-gang that deal in *glamour*,
And you, deep read in hell's black
grammar,
Warlocks and witches."
—Burns: *On Captain Grose*.

Gloaming, the twilight:—

"When ance life's day draws near its
gloaming."
—Burns: *To James Smith*.

"Twixt the *gloaming* and the mirk,
when the kye come hame."
—The Ettrick Shepherd.

Gowan, a daisy:—

"Far dearer to me are yon humble
broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and *gowan* lurk lowly
unseen."
—Burns.

"The night was fair, the moon was up,
The wind blew low among the *gowans*."
Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

Graith, appurtenance:—

"And ploughmen gather wi' their *grraith*."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Gramarye, magic:—

"Whate'er he did of *gramarye*,
Was always done maliciously."
—Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"The wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark woods of *gramarye*."
—Idem.

Grew, or *grue*, to fear greatly:—

"I never see them but they gar me *grew*;
VOL. CVIII.—NO. DCLXI.

—it's no for fear—no for fear—but just for
grief."—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

Gruesome, highly ill-favoured,
disagreeable, horrible, cruel:—

"Ae day, as Death, that *gruesome* carl,
Was driving to the ither warl (world),"
—Burns: *Verses to J. Rankine*.

Gurl, to growl; *gurlly*, boisterous, stormy, savage, growly:—

"The lift grew dark and the wind blew
sair,
And *gurlly* grew the sea."
—Sir Patrick Spens.

"Waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,
Upon the *gurlly* sea."
—Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover*.

"There's a strong *gurlly* blast blawing snell
frae the south."
—James Ballantine: *The Spunk-Splitters*.

Hodden grey.—In the glossary to the first edition of Allan Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' 1724, "*hodden*" is described as a coarse cloth. *Hodden grey* is, therefore, coarse grey cloth. It was usually home-made by the Scottish peasantry of the Lowlands, and formed the material of their working-day clothes:—

"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear *hodden grey*, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their
wine,
A man's a man for a' that."
—Burns.

"If a man did his best to murder me, I should not rest comfortably until I knew that he was safe in a well-ventilated cell, with the *hodden grey* garments of the gaol upon him."
—Trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, 'Daily Telegraph,' March 26, 1870.

Hooly, softly, honestly:—

"*Hooly* and fair gangs far in a day."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Oh that my wife would drink *hooly* and
fairly."—Burns.

Ilk, each, as "ilk ane," each one: or *ilk*, that same: used for the designation of a person whose patronymic is the same as the name of his estate—such as Forbes of Forbes.

—i.e., Forbes of that *Ilk*. This Scottish word has crept into English, though with a strange perversion of its meaning, as in the following:—

"We know, however, that many barbarians of their *ilk*, and even of later times, knowingly destroyed many a gold and silver vessel that fell into their hands."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, January 24, 1869.

"Matilda lived in St. John's Villas, Twickenham: Mr. Passmore in King Street of the same *ilk*."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 8, 1870.

Ingle, the fireside; *ingle-nook*, the chimney-corner:—

"His wee bit *ingle* blinkin' bonnille."
—Burns.

Jow, the clang or boom of a large bell:—

"Now Clinkumbells
Began to *jow*."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

"And every *jow* the kirk bell gied."
—Buchan.

Kain, from the Gaelic *cain*, tribute, tax, tithe, payment in kind:—

"Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coal, his *kain*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"*Kain* to the king!"
—*Jacobite Song* (1715).

Keek, to peep, to pry, to look cautiously about:—

"The robin came to the wren's nest
And *keekit* in."
—*English Nursery Rhyme*.

"Stars dinna *keek* in,
And see me wi' Mary."
—Burns.

"When the *tod* (fox) is in the wood, he cares na how many folk *keek* at his tail."—Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

"A clergyman in the west of Scotland once concluded a prayer as follows:—'O Lord! Thou art like a mouse in a drystane dyke, aye *keekin'* out at us frae holes and crannies, but we canna see Thee.'"—Rodgers's *Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

Kelpie:—

"He shall stable his steed in the *kelpie's* flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermo'."
—Scott: *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

"What is it ails my good bay mare?
What is it makes her start and shiver?
She sees a *kelpie* in the stream,
Or fears the rushing of the river."
—Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

Kep, to catch, to receive:—

"Ilk cowlslip cup shall *kep* a tear."
—Burns.

"Ilka blade o' grass *kepe* its ain drop o' dew."
—James Ballantine.

Kevil, a lot; to cast *kevils*, to draw lots; from the Gaelic *gabhail*, pronounced *gaval*, a portion of land done by cattle in ploughing:—

"Let every man be content with his ain *kevil*."—Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

"And they coost *kevils* them amang
Wha should to the greenwood gang."
—Cospatrick: *Border Minstrelsy*.

Knowe, a knoll, a hillock:—

"Ca' the yowes (ewes) to the *knowes*."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Upon a *knowe* they sat them down,
And there began a long digression,
About the lords of the creation."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Lane, the condition of being alone:—

"I wander my *lane* like a night-troubled ghaist."
—Burns.

Lave, the residue, the remainder, that which is left, or, as the Americans say in commercial fashion, the "balance":

"I'll get a blessing wi' the *lave*,
And never miss't."
—Burns: *To a Mouse*.

"First when Maggie was my care,
Whistle o'er the *lave* o't."
—Burns.

Laverock, the lark.—This word, so pleasant to the Scottish ear, and so entirely obsolete in English, was used by Chaucer and Gower:—

"She made many a wondrous soun',
Sometimes like unto the cock,
Sometimes unto the *laverock*."
—Gower: quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

"Why should I sit and sigh,
When the wild woods bloom sae briery."

The *laverecks* sing, the flowerets spring,
And a' but me are cheery."
—Buchan's *Songs of the North of Scotland*.

Leal, loyal, true, true-hearted;
"the land o' the leal," i.e., heaven:

"A leal heart never lied."
—*Scotch Proverb*.

"I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal."
—Lady Nairne.

Lift, the sky—that which is lifted up above the earth; whence, by a similarity of origin, *heaven*—that which is heaved, or hoven up:

"When lightnings fire the stormy *lift*."
—Burns: *Epistle to Robert Graham*.

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the *lift* sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!"
—Burns.

Lin, or *lins*. This termination to many Scottish words supplies a shade of meaning not to be expressed in English but by a periphrasis; as *westlin*, inclining towards the west. *Aiblin*, perhaps; from able-lins—inclining towards being able, or about to become possible. *Bucklin*, inclining towards a retrograde movement:—

"The *westlin* wind blows loud and shrill."
—Burns.

"Now frae the east neuk o' Fife the dawn,
Speel'd *westlins* up the lift."
—Allan Ramsay: *Christ's Kirk on the Green*.

Lintie, a linnet:—

"Dr. Norman Macleod mentioned a conversation he had with a Scottish emigrant in Canada, who in general terms spoke favourably of his position in his adopted country. 'But oh! sir,' he said, 'there are no *linties* in the woods.'"—Dean Ramsay.

"The word *lintie* conveys to my mind more of tenderness and endearment towards the little bird than linnet."
—*Idem*.

Lowe, to burn, to blaze, to flame:

"A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
Filled fou o' lowin' brimstone"
(brimstone).
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Lyart, grey,—from the Gaelic *liath*:—

"His *lyart* haffets" (locks of thin grey hair).
—Burns: *Cottar's Saturday Night*.

"Twa had manteels o' doleful black,
But ane in *lyart* hung."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Malison, a curse.—The twin-word *benison*, a blessing, has been admitted into the English dictionaries, but *malison* is still excluded, although it was a recognised English word in the time of *Piers Ploughman* and Chaucer:—

"Thus they serve Sathanas,
Marchands of *malisons*."
—*Piers Ploughman*.

"I've won my mother's *malison*.
Coming this night to thee."
—*Border Minstrelsy*.

Marrow, one of a pair, a mate, a companion, an equal, a sweetheart.—This word is beautifully applied to a lover or wedded partner, as one whose mind is the exact counterpart of that of the object of his affection. It appears in early English literature, but now survives only in the poetry and daily speech of the Scottish people:—

"One glove or shoe is *marrow* to another."
—*Landedowne MS.*; quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

"And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said, my winsome *marrow*,
Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes o' Yarrow."
—Wordsworth: *Yarrow Unvisited*.

"Thou took our sister to be thy wife,
But ne'er thought her thy *marrow*."
—*The Double Dens of Yarrow*.

"Mons Meg and her *marrow* three volleys
let flee,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."
—Sir Walter Scott

"Meddle with your *marrow* (i.e., with your equal).—*Scottish Proverb*.

"Your e'en are no *marrows* (i.e., you squint).—Allan Ramsay.

Mavis, the singing thrush.—Spenser, in the following passage from his "Epithalamium," seems to have considered the *mavis* and the thrush to be different birds:—

"The thrush replies; the *mavis* descant plays."

In Scottish poetry the word is of constant occurrence.

"An eccentric divine discoursing on a class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration: 'Ma freens, it is as impossible for a *moderate* to enter into the kingdom of heaven, as for a soo (sow) to sit on the tap o' a thistle and sing like a *mavis*.'"—*Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

Mirk, dark:—

"A man's mind is a *mirk* mirror."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

"Twixt the gloaming and the *mirk*, when the kye came hame."
—The Ettrick Shepherd.

Mools, from mould—earth, the grave:—

"And Jeanie died. She had not lain i' the *mools*
Three days ere Donald laid aside his tools,
And closed his forge and took his passage home.

But long ere forty days had run their round,
Donald was back upon Canadian ground—
With earth and gowans for his truelove's grave."
—Donald Macleod: *All the Year Round*.

Raid, a warlike invasion on horseback into an enemy's territory; from *ride*. This word has only lately been admitted into the English dictionaries; but has long been common both in books and conversation.

Raz, to reach, to stretch; *raught*, reached:—

"Never *raz* aboon your reach."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"And ye may *raz* Corruption's neck,
And gi'e her for dissection."
—Burns: *A Dream*.

Rigwoodie, old, lean, withered:—

"Withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags."
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Roose—old English *rouse*—to praise, to drink a toast or a health:

"*Roose* the fair day at e'en."
—*Scots Proverb*.

Rowan, the mountain ash.—This tree, or a twig of it, was supposed, in the superstition of Scotland, to be a charm against witchcraft. Hence the phrase, "Aroint thee, witch," in Shakespeare (who never corrected his proof-sheets), is supposed to be a misprint for "a *rowan-tree*-witch." The word occurs in no author previous to Shakespeare. There is an old Scottish couplet which lends countenance to this supposition:—

"*Rowan tree* and red thread
Mak' the witches tyne their speed."

Rowe, to roll or purl like a stream, to wrap up in cloth or flannel:—

"Where Nith runs *rowin'* to the sea."
—Burns: *Song*.

"Hap and *rowe*, hap and *rowe*,
Hap and *rowe* the feetie o't."
—Burns: *Song*.

Rowth, plenty, abundance:—

"A *rowth* o' rhyme to rave at will."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

"He had a *rowth* o' auld knick-knackets."
—Burns: *Captain Grose*.

Scouth, room, elbow-room, space:

"And he get *scouth* to wield his tree,
I fear you'll both be paid."
—*Ballad of Robin Hood*.

"By break of day he seeks the dowie glen,
That he may *scouth* to a' his morning len."
—Allan Ramsay: *Pastoral on the Death of Matthew Prior*.

Scrog, a stunted bush, furze; *scroggy*, abounding in underwood, covered with stunted bushes or furze like the Scottish mountains:

"The way towards the cité was stony,
thorny, and *scroggy*."—*Gesta Romanorum*.

Sir Walter Scott, when in his last illness in Italy, was taken to a wild scene on the mountains that border the Lago di Garda. He had

long been apathetic, and almost insensible to surrounding objects; but his fading eyes flashed with unwonted fire at the sight of the furze-bushes and scrogs, that reminded him of home and Scotland, and he suddenly exclaimed, in the words of the Jacobite ballad—

"Up the *scroggy* mountain,
And down the *scroggy* glen,
We darena gang a-hunting,
For Charlie and his men."

Shaw, a small wood, a thicket, a plantation of trees. This word was once common in English literature. It still subsists in the patronymics of many families, as *Shawe*, *Aldershaw*, *Hinshaw*, *Hackshaw*, *Hawkshaw* (or *Oakshaw*), and others, and is used by the peasantry in most parts of England, and every part of Scotland:—

"Whither ridest thou under this green
shawe?
Said this yeman."
—Chaucer: *The Frere's Tale*.

"In summer when the *shaws* be shene,
And leaves be fair and long,
It is full merry in fair forest,
To hear the sweet birds' song."
—*Ballad of Robin Hood*.

Sib, related; of kin by blood or marriage:—

"He was *sibbe* to Arthur of Bretagne."
—Chaucer.

"He was no fairy born or *sib* to elves."
—Spenser.

"A boaster and a liar are right *sib*."
"A' Stewarts are no *sib* to the king."
"It's good to be *sib* to siller."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"We're no more *sib* than sieve and riddle,
Though both grew in the woods together."
—*Cheshire Proverb*.

Skaith, danger, mischief, harm:

"I rede ye weel, take care o' *skaith*."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Slogan, the war-cry of a clan:—

"When the streets of high Dunedin,
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the *slogan's* deadly yell."
—Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Snell, sharp, biting, keen, lively.
—Johnson, in his Dictionary, says this is an obsolete word in England, though it is commonly used to the north of the Humber.

"(Sir Madoc) was a handy man, and *snell*
In tournament, and eke in fight."
—*Morte Arthur*.

"Shivering from cold, the season was so
snell."
—Douglas: *Eneid*.
"The winds blew *snell*."
—Allan Ramsay.

"And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Balth *snell* and keen."
—Burns: *To a Mouse*."

Snool, to flatter abjectly, to cringe, to crawl:—

"Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Ow're blate to seek, ow're proud to *snool*."
—Burns: *A Bard's Epitaph*.

Snurl, to ruffle the surface of the waters with a wind; metaphorically applied to the temper of man or woman:—

"Northern blasts the ocean *snurl*."
—Allan Ramsay.

Sonsie, from the Gaelic *sonas*, good fortune; good-humoured, comely, likely to be fortunate:—

"His honest *sonsie* face,
Got him good friends in lika place."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"He's tall and *sonsie*, frank and free,
He's lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me."
—Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, vol. II.

Sugh, or *sough*, a sigh; more particularly the mournful sigh or sound of the wind among the trees or tall sedge-grass or rushes. This beautiful and expressive word is evidently from the same root as the Greek *Psyche*, the soul; though Richardson in his Dictionary derives it from "suck"—the sucking or drawing in of the breath, previous to the emission. Burns uses both *sugh* and *sough*:—

"When, lo, on either hand! . . .
The clanging *sugh* of whistling wings is
heard."
—*The Brigs of Ayr*.

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry
sough."
—Cottar's Saturday Night.

"The wavy swell of the *soughing* reeds."
—Tennyson: *The Dying Swan*.

"A minister in his Sabbath services expressed the wishes of his congregation in prayer as follows:—'O Lord, we pray Thee to send us wind: no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind; but a noughin', *soughin'*, winnin' wind.'"—Dean Ramsay.

Spate, a flood or freshet, from the overflow of a river or lake; also metaphorically an overflow of idle talk:—

"The water was great and mickle of *spate*."
—Kinmont Willie.

"Even like a mighty river that runs down in *spate* to the sea."—W. E. Aytoun: *Blackwood's Magazine*.

"The Laird of Balmamon was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church. One Sunday, having visitors, he read the services and prayers with great solemnity and earnestness. After dinner, he, with the true Scotch hospitality of the time, set to, to make his guests as drunk as possible. Next day, when they took their departure, one of the visitors asked another what he thought of the laird. 'Why, really,' he replied, 'sic a *spate* o' praying, and sic a *spate* o' drinking, I never knew in all the course of my life.'"—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Stance, situation, standing-place or foundation:—

"No! sooner may the Saxon lance,
Unfix Benledi from his *stance*!"
—Scott: *Lady of the Lake*.

"He never advanced
From the place he was *stanced*
Till was no more to do there at a' man."
—*The Battle of Sheriff-Muir*.

"We would recommend any Yankee believer in England's decay to take his *stance* in Fleet Street or any of our great thoroughfares, and ask himself whether it would be wise to meddle with any member of that busy and strenuous crowd."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1869.

Sturt, trouble, sorrow, vexation, strife; to vex, disturb, annoy:—

"And aye the less they hae to *sturt* 'em,
In less proportion less will hurt 'em."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"I've lived a life of *sturt* and strife."
—Macpherson's *Farewell*.

Swirl, to turn rapidly, to eddy, to curl:—

"His tall
Hung o'er his hurdles wi' a *swirl*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"The mill-wheel spun and *swirl'd*,
And the mill-stream danced in the morning
light,
And all its eddies curl'd."
—Mackay: *The Lump of Gold*.

Theek, to thatch:—

"Oh, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
• They were twa bonnie lassies,
They biggit a bower by yon burn brae,
And *theekit* it o'er wi' rushes."
—Old Ballad.

Thirl, to strike a string of an instrument so as to make it tremble and quiver:—

"There was ae sang
That some kind husband had addressed
To some sweet wife,
It *thirl'd* the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life."
—Burns: *Epistle to Laprath*.

Thole, to endure, to suffer.—This word was once common all over England, and occurs in Chaucer, Gower, and *Piers Ploughman*:—

"All that Christ *tholed*."
—*Piers Ploughman*.

"So muckle wo as I with you have *tholed*."
—Chaucer.

"He who *tholes* conquers."

"He that has a good crop ought to *thole*
a few thistles."

"Better *thole* a grumph than a sump,"
(i.e., better endure an uncourteous man than
a blockhead.)

—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Thrave, a bunch, a lot, a company, an assembly.—"A thrave of corn," says Blount's *Glossographia*, 1681, "is two stooks of six, or rather twelve sheaves apiece. The word comes from the British *threva*, twenty-four. In most counties of England twenty-four sheaves do now go to a *thrave*. Twelve sheaves make a stook, and two stooks make a *thrave*."—

"And after cometh a knave,
The worst of the *thrave*."
—*Landsdowne MS.*: quoted in Halliwell's
Archaic Dictionary.

"He sends forth *thraves* of ballads."
—Bishop Hall.

"A daimen icker in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request;
, I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
And never miss't."
—Burns: *To a Mouse*.

Thud, a dull, heavy blow.—No English Dictionary, from Johnson to Worcester, contains this expressive word:—

"The fearful *thuds* of the tempestuous tide."
—Gavin Douglas: *Translation of the Eneid*.

"The air grew rough with bolsterous *thuds*."
—Allan Ramsay: *The Vision*.

Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost:—

"What was *tint* through tree,
Tree shall it win."
—*Piers Ploughman*.

"He never *tint* a cow that grat for a needle."

"Where there is nothing, the king *times* his right."

"All's not *tint* that's in danger."

"Better spoil your joke than *tine* your friend."

"*Tine* heart—all's gone."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

"Next my heart I'll wear her
For fear my jewel *tine*."—Burns.

Tirl, to strive to turn the knob, the pin, or other fastening of a door.—This word is of constant occurrence in the ballad-poetry of Scotland:—

"Oh, he's gone round and round about,
And *tirled* at the pin."
—*Willie and May Margaret*.

Tirl, to spin round as in a whirlwind, to unroof with a high wind:—

"Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flying,
Tirling the kirks."
—Burns: *Address to the Deil*.

Tron.—There is a *Tron* Church in Edinburgh and another in Glasgow; but the Scottish glossaries and Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary* make no mention of the word. It would appear from a passage in Hone's 'Every-day Book' that "Tron" signified a public weighing-

machine or scale in a market-place, where purchasers of commodities might without fee satisfy themselves that the weight of the purchase was correct according to the charge. Hence a "Tron Church" was a church in the market-place near which the public weighing-machine was established.

Tryste, an appointed place of meeting, a rendezvous.—This word occurs in Chaucer, and in several old English MSS. of his period, but is not used by later writers. "To bide *tryste*," to be true to time and place of meeting:—

"'You walk late, sir,' said I. 'I bide *tryste*,' was the reply, 'and so I think do you, Mr. Osbaldistone.'"—Walter Scott: *Rob Roy*.

"The tenderest-hearted maid
That ever bided *tryste* at village stile."
—Tennyson.

"By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named the *trysting* day."
—Lord Macaulay.

"No maidens with blue eyes
Dream of the *trysting* hour
Or bridal's happier time."
—Mackay: *Under Green Leaves*.

"When I came to Ardgour I wrote to Lochiel to *tryste* me where to meet him."—*Letter from Rob Roy to General Gordon*: Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.

Twine, to rob, to deprive:—

"Brandy doyt, drucken
Twines many a poor,
hash
Of half his days."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Tyke, a mongrel, a stray dog, a rough dog:—

"Base *tyke*, call'st thou me lost?"
—Shakespeare: *Henry V*.

"Nae tawted (uncombed) *tyke*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"He was a gash and faithful *tyke*."
—*Idem*.

"I'm as tired of it as a *tyke* of lang kail."

"You have lost your own stomach and found a *tyke's*."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Wanchancois, unlucky:—

"Was worth the man wha first did shape
That vile *wanchancois* thing—a rape."
—Burns: *Poor Maitie's Elegy*.

Wanrestful, restless, unruly, uneasy :—

"An' may they never learn the gaets
Of lither vile *wanrestful* pets."
—Burns: *Poor Maillie*.

Wean, a little child; a *weanie*, a very little child—from "wee ane," little one.

Wee, little, diminutive, very little.—This word, apparently from the Saxon *wenig*, small, occurs in Shakespeare, and is common in colloquial and familiar English, though not in literary composition. It is sometimes used as an intensification of littleness, as "a little wee child," "a little wee bit" :—

"A wee house well filled,
A wee farm well tilled,
A wee wife well will'd,
Mak' a happy man."

"A wee mouse can creep under a great haystack."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

Weird, or *wierd*.—Most English dictionaries misdefine this word, which has two different significations; one as a noun, the other as an adjective. In English literature, from Shakespeare's time downwards, it exists as an adjective only, and is held to mean unearthly, ghastly, or witchlike. Before Shakespeare's time, and in Scottish poetry and parlance to the present day, the word is a noun, and signifies "fate" or "destiny"—derived from the Teutonic *werden*, to become, or that which *shall* be. Chaucer, in 'Troilus and Cressida,' has the line—

"O Fortune! executrice of *wierdes*!"

and Gower, in a manuscript in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, says,—

"It were a wondrous *wierde*,
To see a king become a herde."

In this sense the word continues to be used in Scotland :—

"A man may woo where he will, but he maun wed where his *wierd* is."

"She is a wise wife that kens her ain *wierd*."

—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"The *wierd* her dearest bairn befel
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."
—Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*.

Shakespeare seems to have been the first to employ the word as an adjective, and to have given it the meaning of unearthly, though pertaining to the idea of the Fates :—

"The *wierd* sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land."
—*Macbeth*.

"Thane of Cawdor! by which title
these *wierd* sisters saluted me."—*Idem*.

"When we sat by her flickering fire
at night she was most *wierd*."—Charles Dickens: *Great Expectations*.

"No spot more fit than *wierd*, lawless Winchelsea, for a plot such as he had conceived."—*All the Year Round*, April 2, 1870.

"Jasper surveyed his companion as though he were getting imbued with a romantic interest in his *wierd* life."—Charles Dickens: *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

"She turned to make her way from the *wierd* spot as fast as her feeble limbs would let (permit) her."—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope, ii. 271.

Wimple, to flow gently like a brook, to meander, to purl :—

"Among the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins, *wimplin'*, clear."
—Burns: *Halloween*.

Wraith, an apparition in his own likeness that becomes visible to a person about to die, a water-spirit :—

"He held him for some fleeting *wraith*,
And not a man of blood or breath."
—Sir Walter Scott.

"By this the storm grew loud apace,
The *water-wraith* was shrieking
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking."
—Thomas Campbell.

Wyte, to blame, reproach.

"Alas! that every man has reason
To *wyte* his countrymen wi' treason!"
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Youthy, having the false and affected appearance of youthfulness; applied to an old person of either sex who dresses in the style, or talks and otherwise behaves as if they are still young.

EARL'S DENE.—PART XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND so at last the curtain had fallen. It seems time formally to turn off the lights, to dismiss the audience, and to roll up the green carpet that used to be the outward symbol of a tragedy.

For although all the actors had remained alive at the close, it was a real tragedy that had been played. Two souls had found each other only to learn that their mutual recognition, which should by rights have made the common life of both, hitherto so wasted, whole and complete, meant the final certainty that their separate lives were to be wasted without hope until the end. To natures like theirs, untrained and undeadened by the ordinary experience of the world, longing for completeness and incomplete in themselves, this vain vision of what might have been is a very climax of tragedy. It may be that there are some who need no double soul; and if, as some hold, there is for each one of us a double soul created somewhere in the world, it is very certain that it is given to very few to find theirs. To these—to those, that is to say, who need it not, and to those who do not know their need—the tragedy may seem to have but a tame *dénouement*. But those who have had the rare chance to meet with and to recognise that which has been created for them, whether in time or not in time, will not consider actual death essential to the idea of a tragic close. And yet there is something worse even than this.

Things are not to be measured by the space that they fill in the world, any more than lives are to be measured by the mere flux of hours and days. Every one of us is the centre of the world to himself: and it is his own illusions

and hopes and memories—not outward facts—that form the real world of every one. Hugh Lester was as much the centre of the world as the greatest man who ever filled it with the greatest deeds: and his illusions were over. Nor was he one of those dreamers to whom illusion succeeds to illusion, and to whom, when one is dead, another is born. He had staked his whole happiness upon what he now suddenly waked to find the emptiest of dreams. Miss Clare had been right, after all. But life is not altogether like a stage. Even when the play is played out, its lights are never turned off, its audience never dismissed, and its curtain never let fall. Other actors remained, besides Hugh, and Félix, and Marie, who still had something left to do.

Warden waited quietly in his chambers all day, as he had promised: but Félix never came, nor any message from him. Then he went according to his appointment to dine with his friend Major Andrews, and discussed the whole affair. Of course he gave his own version of the story, telling just as much—or rather just as little—of it as he pleased: so that the only question left open was whether he had acted rightly in admitting the claim of his opponent to be treated by him on equal terms. The Major certainly held that, considering the social position of the so-called Marquis—and, though he did not say so, of Warden also—the last resort of gentlemen would in such a case be rather a farce than a tragedy, in which he, for his own part, having regard to his own dignity and reputation, would rather not be an actor.

But he consented to go back with Warden to his chambers to see if anything had happened in the ab-

sence of the latter; and was much disappointed to find that a gentleman had called about half an hour since, and was still waiting for Warden's return. But his brow cleared when, on accompanying Warden into the sitting-room, he saw Hugh Lester, with whom he had been slightly acquainted. If a man of his undoubted position and character was willing to act for Félix it gave the matter a different aspect, and made it possible for himself, with a good social conscience, to act for Warden.

Hugh was looking wretchedly pale and ill. He was the mere ghost of the young man who had held the reins from Redchester to Earl's Dene but a few months ago. He rose when Warden entered, but did not hold out his hand.

"Mr. Warden," he said, coldly, "I daresay you are surprised to see me."

"I confess, Lester—but I am glad to see you, all the same. Won't you sit down again? Major Andrews—Mr. Lester."

"We have met before, I think, Major.—I have two matters that I have come about. In the first place—"

"Am I *de trop*?" asked the Major. "Because, if so—"

"Not at all. In the first place, there are stories going about about the disappearance of Miss Lefort."

"With which I am connected. I know it. I presume you scarcely give credit to the crazy fancies of a mad French fiddler?"

"Pardon me—I will come to that presently. There is no evidence to connect you in any serious manner with her disappearance—"

"Thank you. I presume you mean that you do not think me a murderer. That is very kind of you."

"But, if she is not dead, you must see that it is to your interest to help in tracing her out."

"I would help to find the poor girl gladly. But what can I do?"

"Nothing, of course, if you

know nothing. I would rather not explain myself more fully. But you know that Miss Raymond is an old friend of mine: and that than my aunt she has no nearer friends."

"My dear fellow, I do know nothing. And I do wish you would explain yourself."

"By all means, if you wish it. I hear that she—Miss Lefort, I mean—says she is married to you."

"She said so? And to whom, pray?"

"To Monsieur de Créville."

"That madman again! By God, Lester, I think it more than strange that you should take his word against mine! You seem offended with me for some unknown cause which I will not try to guess: but is that a reason for doubting the honour of one who has always tried to be your friend?"

"I have every reason to believe the word of Monsieur de Créville until it is disproved."

"And it is disproved, I hope, by my denial."

"Surely," said the Major.

"No one," Warden went on, "can prove a negative. It is for Monsieur Créville to prove his words—not for me."

"I am no match for you in logic," said Hugh. "But this I do say, that until the fate of Miss Lefort is discovered, I have quite enough reason, upon the authority of Monsieur de Créville, to do all I can to prevent Miss Raymond from making a fatal mistake."

"This is insufferable! Miss Raymond is her own mistress—though what she has to do with the matter I am at a loss to conceive."

"It was you who asked me for explanations—not I who offered them."

"And I feel honoured by them, I assure you. But as to this Créville. Has he only to say a thing to be believed?"

"Such a story as his at all events requires investigation."

"I tell you what, Lester—you have said enough to provoke any one who wishes you less well than I do. But I will not be provoked in this manner by you. I declare to you, on the honour of a gentleman, that I know nothing whatever about Miss Lefort more than all the world knows; and that this fellow Créville is either mad or lies. For my own part I believe the latter. He knows my opinion of him: and I am expecting a message from him even now."

"You expect a challenge from him?"

"I have already received one."

Here Major Andrews interrupted.

"Mr. Lester," he said, "perhaps you can be of service here. I have been trying to persuade our friend Warden that he is in no way obliged—expected, I may say—to take notice of such a challenge."

Hugh was silent for a moment. Then he said,—

"I beg your pardon, Major. You know me well enough, I hope, to respect my opinion in such a matter?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you can scarcely have my experience," he replied.

"But I mean as to whether any friend of mine ought to be treated as a gentleman or no."

"Oh, certainly—of course."

"Then I so far vouch for Monsieur de Créville that a challenge from him ought to be as much considered as one from me or you."

"Indeed! And who, pray, is this mysterious Monsieur Créville?"

"I know, absolutely, that he is what he claims to be: that in spite of his position he is of as good birth as any of us here, probably of better. You have heard of the Marquis de Créville of the French Revolution? This is his son."

It was now Warden who interrupted.

"The bastard son, you mean," he said, contemptuously. "Not, of course, that that makes any difference in this affair."

The blood rushed to Lester's face at once.

"Warden," he said, warmly, "heaven knows what you mean in what you are doing, or how it is that you know as much as you appear to know. But in what you say I do understand what you mean—and, whatever has happened, I have a right to resent it."

"You are a strange fellow. My reasoning is perfectly clear."

"Only too clear. And——"

"You cannot say that I speak without reason."

"I can, and I do."

It was the first lie that Hugh had told in his life, but he told it boldly.

Warden was about to reply, when a note was brought to him by his boy.

"Excuse me," he said, as he opened it. He read it deliberately, and then handed it to Hugh.

"Read this," he said. "You will scarcely now vouch for your friend's courage, if you can for his legitimacy. For my part, I have always, when a man has claimed to be the son of a gentleman but acted like a cur, believed his deeds rather than his words. '*Bon chat chasse de race*.'—You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Hugh read,—

"Owing to circumstances which it is impossible to explain, M. de Croisville begs to inform Mr. Warden that he feels himself bound to withdraw his offer of a meeting between them, and will henceforth not trouble Mr. Warden with any farther correspondence on the subject."

He stared in angry amazement: and no wonder.

"What do you think of your friend now?" asked Warden, as he took the note from his hands and gave it to the Major.

"I'll tell you what I think," said the latter. "The fiddler has thought discretion the better part of valour—and so far he has proved himself a wiser man than you."

But, amazed and angry as Hugh might be, however recreant to his birth his cousin might prove, it was not for him to let the family honour, that now seemed to have been driven back into its last stronghold, die altogether without a last struggle.

"Major," he said, "you evidently know nothing whatever of the matter or you would speak differently, I will still answer for Monsieur de Créville as a gentleman and as a man of honour, in spite of all appearances."

"I hope so," said Major Andrews, "But, meanwhile, I have a sort of habit of judging by what I see."

"Indeed?" asked Warden. "A gentleman and a man of honour insults me in a room full of ladies, threatens me, bullies me into fighting, and then, at the last moment, sneaks off without an apology?"

"Warden," Hugh answered, "you know, quite as well as I do, that we are not speaking about what we seem to speak. I can see that you know more than I should have supposed: and you must see that it is not the honour of Monsieur de Créville that is in question, but the honour of——" "Miss Clare," he should have added, but stopped short.

"I have heard something strange, certainly—so strange that you must be out of your senses to speak as you do. Do you, Miss Clare's own nephew, her nearest relation, her probable heir, seriously mean to say that you, of all people in the world, hold this fiddler, as the Major calls him, to be anything but an impostor?"

"What has that to do with it? I mean to say that I, Hugh Lester, am so convinced that Monsieur de Créville is no impostor that I am convinced that he can be no coward and no liar either."

"Major," said Warden, "do you hear?"

"Perfectly. Mr. Lester has put a clear alternative, so far as I understand the matter—which I con-

fess I don't altogether. But it seems to me that he means that either the fiddler lies or——"

"No," said Warden, interrupting him hastily, "I do not mean that." He certainly did not intend to mix himself up in another affair from which he could derive no possible advantage, and with Lester, of all men. Not that he would have been sorry could Hugh also have been quietly put out of the way by some fortunate accident.

"Nor did I," said Hugh, quietly. "But what I wish to say is this, Major. I speak to you as Warden's friend, and I hope not otherwise than as mine. There is far more in this matter than you or any third person can possibly be aware of; and I am sorry that it is quite impossible for me to explain it to you or to any one. Warden knows what I mean, and that is enough. I consider that he has said what ought, in the opinion of any man of honour, to oblige me, if Monsieur Créville, for good reasons of his own, refuses to fight, to take his place, unless Mr. Warden makes a full and satisfactory apology to him and to myself."

"Good God!" exclaimed Warden: "I apologise to you for having been insulted by M. de Créville?"

"In the name of the devil—this is the most complicated business I ever saw!" exclaimed the Major. "Surely——"

"No," replied Hugh to Warden, "that is mere quibbling. You know what I mean as well as I know it myself."

"You mean that you feel the honour of the Lesters insulted when I call this fellow a bastard? If so——"

"And do you apologise or no?"

"My dear fellow!"

"I am waiting."

"Do you mean to say——"

"Do you apologise or no?"

"Just think—how can I? I appeal to you, Major."

"Then all I can say is that you must consider me a substitute for

Monsieur de Crévillé. You will hear from me again, unless I hear from you in the course of to-morrow. Good evening."

CHAPTER XV.

Hugh was stung to the very heart. He had already fancied that he had lost his last illusion. But now he found that yet one more had been left to go, and that that also was now gone. The dream that he was loved even as he loved had gone: and that of itself was bitter enough to bear. He had always more or less wondered, after the manner of such men as he, who are ready to give all things but who claim nothing that is not strictly their due, how it could be that so divine a being as Angélique, who only wanted wings to be a real angel, should have condescended from her native sky to one who felt himself to be so much below her in all things—in mind, in courage, and in self-sacrifice: and yet, now that his wonder had become justified, and the angel had actually found her wings and flown away, the waking from his dream was no less sudden and no less harsh. Still the death of love need not mean the death of faith in all that remains, at least in a healthy nature, to which its own self is not the whole world. But then, in that interview with Miss Clare had taken place, not the mere waking from a dream, but the sudden and violent uprooting of all the beliefs and associations of his whole life—of what are far more to a man than his body or his brain. What a lie and a mockery the world must be if the life of her who had always seemed to him so consistent, so strong, so complete in herself, so entirely real in all that she seemed—*tota, teres atque rotunda*—had been, after all, as inconsistent, as weak, as incomplete, as unreal, as hollow as he had fancied it the reverse! And where, too, as illustrated in the person of Warden, were gratitude and the friendship of man for man—the most perfect human relation that can exist short of that perfect form of love that is so rare as scarcely to deserve to be taken practically into account? And where, in the person of Félix, was that which he himself, though of course unconsciously, set above love, friendship, and faith—the sense of private honour that by making a man accountable to himself and to his own ideas of duty, renders him a gentleman? If all the rest had gone, he could still have believed in the natural nobility of blood; and now blood, even that which flowed in his own veins, had proved itself to be no better than ditch-water. In a word, his whole creed was shattered; and though his own sense of duty remained—or he would have ceased to be Hugh Lester—it remained in truth only in the same way that a member of a persecuted religion, whom reason has rendered false to it in heart, clings to it still before the world simply because it happens to be down. Every woman might be false and unchaste, every man a coward; but the world must not be permitted to say, even with justice, that the Clares of Earl's Dene were no exception to the rule.

On that June day, which now seemed so long ago, on which he had travelled down to Earl's Dene in order to stand for Parliament, he had been a believer in all things—seeming and being had been the same. Now, friendship, love, and all the pleasantness of the world—and the world, to those who believe in it, can be very pleasant indeed—had passed from him, and had left life as poor, and as hard, and as barren to him as to Félix himself, whose whole career had consisted of a continual loss of

illusion after illusion. Even his outward misfortunes, heavy as they had been, he had been able to bear with a brave, if not with a light heart, vexing himself far more for his wife's sake than for his own. But then he had been upheld by the power of a great love, for which he had proved himself willing and able to sacrifice all other things, and by an intense belief in the glory of that gift of gentle blood of which no outward circumstances, however hostile, could deprive him. He must always be a gentleman by right of birth, even as he was the husband of the divinest woman in the universe by right of good fortune. It was not, of course, that he felt this consciously, but as a part of his very nature. But when Angélique had dealt her cruel blow—cruel to a degree that would have seemed inconceivable to her—blows had set in to rain apace, on the principle that it never rains but it pours.

In a word, his love had proved a dream that had passed, his friendship but a shadow that remained. His intense belief in Miss Clare as in a higher nature, had had to transform itself into compassion for a mere woman, frail and incomplete as others are; and now what was blood, after all, when the very head of his own house, the only son of Miss Clare herself, had proved himself a coward?

But, even so, his faith fought hard. Even as the nature of Marie had a last citadel in its purity, as that of Félix in its love, so had that of Hugh a last citadel in his sense of duty. It was this sense of duty, apart from any claim of corresponding rights, that, from the beginning of this history, had always, in all things that he had done, acted as the invisible worker of the machine: and it was this that, when the machine was shattered, was left visible among the fragments.

That, in the form which circumstances had compelled it to take,

it was exaggerated, that it was distorted, that it was un-Christian, if you will, may be conceded. But the world has always conspired to honour it all the same. Whatever men may say, the man who acts, though blindly, upon principle, however false the principle upon which he acts in itself may be, has always been held to merit well; and while there is no need to impute to Hugh Lester any extraordinary merit—he himself would have been the last to understand any such imputation—it is not for those who, like most of us, are made in far too complex a fashion to be capable of acting, at least consistently, upon any principle at all, to throw stones. It is not, at least for those who are incapable of following his example, to return a verdict of *felo de se* against the suicide of Utica. Rather we must allow that the world, as well as the Church, has a "noble army of martyrs" of its own.

Hugh was one who would have stabbed himself like Cato, and plunged into the gulf like Curtius. But he was not a philosopher: he only felt and acted. And it was his duty now—at least so it seemed to him—in the faith of his own dead belief in all other things, to take upon himself to maintain before the world the truth of that in which he had himself ceased to believe. The day of Earl's Dene was over, but it must not set in disgrace: and if its heir showed himself unworthy, it must be for himself to shield such unworthiness from all other eyes. The day was at hand when Félix Créville would find himself master of Earl's Dene: and, as it seemed likely, would also find himself, at the same time, unable to hold up his head among men of honour. Félix must reap the reward: but it must be for Hugh to bear the burden and the heat of the day.

The wisdom of all this is another matter. But, wise or not wise, he was at all events a real man, of

an uncomplex and straightforward nature, who was what he was, and could only act in one way. With the addition of brains, it is such men alone by whom the greatest things are done: and it was not his own fault that he had not yet had time to acquire the good sense of experience, or that he had not been born with the genius that more than supplies the place of it.

In bitterness of spirit, not for himself, but for others—in the very throes of the acquisition of the experience that he needed—he was slowly returning to the home from which he felt only too bitterly that the light had vanished for ever, with his eyes cast down in shame for the new disgrace that, in his opinion, had fallen upon his name, and scarcely seeing where he was going, when he ran full against a man who was blind to his road for an exactly opposite reason—for the reason that he was walking along at full speed, with his eyes fixed not upon the spot of vacancy that lies upon the ground, but upon that which lies a thousand leagues away. Each begged the other's pardon simultaneously, and the latter was proceeding on his way, when Hugh, who was easily roused from a reverie by any outward circumstance, however slight, and had looked up, suddenly said,—

"I beg your pardon sir—are you not Monsieur Créville?"

"That is my name, certainly."

"I thought so. I am Mr. Lester—you know my name, no doubt. Would you let me walk on with you? I have something to say to you."

"Mr. Lester?" asked the other with a bow; "I ought to have recognised you. I am in a hurry—but—"

"I should be really obliged," Hugh interrupted him, with a coldness that was intended to be polite, but was in reality anything but what he intended.

"Could you say it to me now?"

"I am sorry to delay you, if you

have anything to do—but the matter is of the most pressing importance. I should have come to you if I had known where you lived."

"I am going home now. If it is not going out of your way, would you come in my direction? I am afraid I can offer you no hospitality, but—"

"Do not mention it," said Hugh. "That will be the best way—the street is not the best place for talking in. I will keep what I have to say till we arrive. You will be alone?"

"Quite alone."

The two young men, so nearly related, yet so different in all essential things, walked on in silence each absorbed in his own thoughts, till they reached the lodgings of Félix. It was late, and the household had retired, so that there was no fear of their being disturbed, for Félix was never troubled with visitors of the night-bird order. They had to grope their way upstairs in the dark: and when Félix struck a light after a long search for matches, Hugh saw that the room in which he found himself was littered all over with the preparations that a careless man makes for a long journey.

"I can at all events offer you a chair," said Félix, in a tone of intense weariness. "You see that I am on the eve of a journey."

"You are leaving England?"

"For good."

Hugh had of course seen Félix before, but had never had occasion to observe him carefully, or even to notice him at all. Now, however, he looked at him with an interest that may be conceived.

He was no physiognomist, and he was prejudiced: so no wonder he was puzzled. The face that he saw was worn and weary, but it was calm, and grave, and resolute: the face of a man who had fought many a hard battle with life, and had lost, indeed, but lost with honour—not that of a man who feared to risk so small a thing as

life now seemed to Hugh. Indeed, for that matter, it looked like the face of a man who would hold his life even more cheaply than he. But the foreign air and the general tone with which the artist-life stamps a man so indelibly and so unmistakably, confirmed him in his prejudice. Could this be the son of Miss Clare?

And yet it was plainly so. Strong emotion, like death itself, calls forth hidden resemblances that would otherwise never be suspected. Hugh had seen Miss Clare in the calm that follows mental suffering: and he was startled by a similarity of expression that made the very features seem the same.

Félix appeared to be in no hurry to learn the nature of Hugh's communication. He first of all sat down, and then, suddenly rising, lighted a cigar, and offered another to Hugh.

"They are not very good, I am afraid," he said; "but I can give you a pipe if you prefer it. You are in Bohemia here, you know," he continued, with an attempt at a smile—the very smile that he had seen upon Miss Clare's lips when he had last parted from her.

Hugh found it difficult to begin what he had to say; and yet he was ashamed that he should be obliged to treat with courtesy one whom he held to be so little worthy to be treated even with ordinary respect.

"No, thank you," he said, coldly. "You know who I am? I am the nephew of Miss Clare. You know something of her?"

"I have seen her."

"I hear you have challenged Mr. Warden to fight a duel?"

"Ah—you come on his part."

"Not exactly, though I come from him. Am I right?"

"Perfectly. Why do you ask?"

"Because I hear that you have changed your mind."

"That is so also."

"To his great surprise. Have you any objection to let me know why?"

"Yes—the greatest."

"Suppose, then, that I am come on his part. He says that you insulted him publicly, that you forced a duel upon him, and that now, without giving any reason, you refuse to meet him. Is that true?"

"Quite true."

Certainly the previous astonishment of Hugh was nothing to his astonishment at this cool admission.

"You know," he asked, "what you will oblige people to think?"

"Certainly I do. But it will matter very little to me what people say of an obscure musician, or what they think either. I shall be out of reach."

"And you claim to be——"

"Excuse me—I claim to be nothing. Is that all you have to say?"

"You—the son of—of a French gentleman, will submit to be called——"

"A coward, you would say? Yes—if people choose to call me so."

Hugh looked at him as a specimen of some new species of animal. This was something more than the ordinary thick-hided cowardice of one who preferred his skin to his honour. But he could not allow the head of his house so to disgrace himself without making one effort more.

"You will wonder," he said, "since such are your sentiments, why I, who certainly hold others, mix myself up in such an affair?"

"Not the least. You are a friend of Warden's I suppose."

"And you will give no explanation?"

"I have none to give. I do not choose to fight—that is all."

"Or apologise?"

"That least of all."

"Mr. Créville," said Hugh, "I do not come as a friend of Mr. Warden. I come on my own account—to tell you simply that you *must* go on with this affair—or I. And that whether you are afraid or no."

Félix flushed up with a sudden anger—but it died away as soon as it came.

"Or you?" he asked in involuntary surprise.

"Or I. It is your duty to carry this through—not for the sake of your own honour, for which it seems you do not very much care, but for the sake of that of others. In a very few years' time—however long it may be—"

He paused in doubt as to whether he should continue or no. Then he went on,—

"Yes, I must speak—it is necessary. Listen to me, and then withdraw your challenge if you please."

Félix looked at him, but with little curiosity. He felt like one whose life is over, and who can never be surprised or interested again.

"There was once a lady," began Hugh, "who lived her whole life long in a country neighbourhood doing good to those about her, and looked up to by the whole country round. She had been married very young, but circumstances had led her to retain her maiden name, and to let her marriage remain unknown. But that was from no fault of hers. Among other of her good deeds, she took up and warmly befriended a man of talent, who through her found a career. This man, however, for heaven knows what end of his own, thought fit to slander his benefactress—to say, in fact, that her marriage had been no marriage, and that her only son—of whose existence she had till then been ignorant—was a bastard. Do you follow me?"

Félix felt his heart sink within him—certainly not from fear, but from a strange presentiment—strange beyond expression.

"What," Hugh continued, "would be the plain duty of that son—how should he act, if not for his own sake, but for—"

"Explain yourself, for God's sake," exclaimed Félix. "Do you mean—"

He rose suddenly from

his seat, and his heart was beating rapidly.

"Surely not, even if the slander were as true as it is false, to sit down and let it go, as it needs must, forth to the world—surely not, having once challenged the slanderer, to admit its truth by withdrawing his challenge without explanation?"

"Monsieur!" cried Félix, heeding but one thing, "you know my mother?"

"Yes—at least I thought so till this strange conduct of yours made me refuse to think you any son of hers—any kinsman of mine."

"And who is she, then? is it possible? *Grand Dieu!*—"

"Tell me first that you are her son."

"Ah, you may trust me—you may be at ease. But tell me—"

Hugh saw how his eyes flashed, how his calmness had changed into earnestness.

"You must have guessed already," he answered, "that I am speaking of my aunt, Miss Clare—of the Marchioness of Croisville."

"And she knows it? She knows—"

"Everything."

The face of Félix fell. "She is my mother—and she has not sent for me."

"She has but just learned it."

"You come from her, then?"

Hugh was embarrassed. He was satisfied: but he could not find it in his heart to tell this man, who had been for a moment buoyed up by the instinctive hope that nature, who had denied him happiness, had of her own free will bestowed upon him something better still, that the new hope was as vain as the old.

Plenty of fine things have been said about the relation of mother and child—so many that there is but little left to say. Seeing that its presence or its absence has been of necessity felt by every soul that has ever lived, there is, moreover, no reason why it should be discussed as a matter of psychology. It

would be as reasonable as to talk truisms about hunger and thirst—the only other needs which, in their existence and in their phenomena, are common to all mankind. There is no one who requires to be taught anything new about any of these things, for there is no one who does not feel in his own person all that there is to say. But the highest praise that can be bestowed upon this relation is this, that its need and its power are felt most strongly by those who have never consciously known it, or who, having known it, have lost it. When it exists, it exists after the manner of the air, of which the presence, when it surrounds us, is scarcely regarded: when it does not exist, it is felt like the absence of air. Love is like some beautiful foreign atmosphere, of which every wave fills the soul that breathes it with new wonder at every breath: but the affection of the child for the mother is, in every sense—in the most metaphorical as well as in the most literal—the very air of home, which contains no elements of wonder, no strange revelations, which may even pall and weary, but which fills him who is exiled from it with desires that are calm only because they are deep, because they belong to his very nature. And to him who, like Félix, has never known it at all, it is even more. It seems to be not only a part of his nature, as in the case of other men, but to be filled also with the unknown wonder that belongs to the passion of love itself. It is to him also home—but it is a home that he has never seen: it is as though he were some native of the south or of the east, with an imagination steeped in the beauty which belongs to him none the less because that beauty belongs not to his eyes—none the less because he has himself from his birth upwards been a sojourner in Thule,—in it, but not of it. It becomes to him the blending of passion with calm affection, of actual

excitement with the idea of perfect rest—an unknown land, full of the promise of all that the soul desires. He can know nothing of the evil that enters into every human relation, however perfect: on the contrary, he sees a heaven in what to those who have lived in it all their lives is often mere earth against which their souls not seldom rebel. It is when we are by the waters of Babylon that we sit down and weep over the thought of the Zion that has been or that ought to have been ours. To the actual dweller in Palestine the land of his race doubtless appears dull and tame enough, with no greater gifts of honey or milk than belong to any other country in the world: but to him of the dispersion, whose bodily eyes have never seen it, however much his ears may have heard, it becomes, in the eyes of his imagination, a land flowing with milk and honey indeed.

And they who happen to know what to a Frenchman, above all other men in the world, is contained in the words "*ma mère*," will understand what Félix, this more than half Frenchman, felt when he found himself on the very border of the land which he had desired all the more for never having had even so much as its promise. The idea of all that to the Teutonic mind is contained in that "blessed Teutonic word, home," is to the Latin race contained in the no less blessed word "mother," whether they translate it into *madre* or *mère*: and to a good Catholic, as in faith, at least, was Félix, who prays not only to his heavenly Father but to his heavenly mother also, the idea of maternity has a significance greater still. Even Hugh, who was by no means of an imaginative turn, and who took things practically after his fashion, could not help for once being borne behind the scenes. He felt himself to be a usurper of what was not his own, and that he was depriving Félix of far more than that of which Félix

was depriving him. It was he who would in effect have been the loser if their respective conditions had been reversed, and if he, instead of Félix, had been declared the heir, and Félix, instead of himself, had been made the son.

Lost in this new idea, not the less strong because unconscious, Félix forgot all else for the moment. He did not even think of asking her history. What are past outside facts to present emotion? He would as soon have thought of asking the Holy Mother herself for her passport had she deigned to visit him in person.

"And where shall I find her?" he asked; "when will she see me?"

"She has left London by now," Hugh answered: "she is gone home—down to Denethorp. But—well, we must be brothers also." All his doubt had vanished: the heart of Félix was to be read in his eyes. "I am her son too," he continued—"your younger brother. And so we must consult together. Before we think of ourselves we must think how to defend her. And, first of all, how comes it that you, you of all men—a De Croisville—a Clare should seem to be acting the part of— There must be some good reason. I have never believed—"

His calmness, though rather of speech than of spirit, brought back Félix to the earth from the skies. It was too true—he would not face his mother, his father's wife, until he had done what he could to defend her honour. Otherwise, he would come before her, not as her son, but as himself her slanderer, her accuser.

"That I am a coward, you would say? Well, if you had—but you are right. Yes—even she would absolve me now—would hold that I risk my life in a good cause, such as even she would approve. And I shall have no difficulty in finding a second now?"

He held out his hand, which Hugh took gladly.

"Thanks!" replied the latter. "I will return to Warden tomorrow: I will ask you not a single question more. I see that you have guessed her slanderer without my naming him. Are you a good shot?"

Félix shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you ever been out before?"

"Never."

"Well, then," said Hugh, with all the superior air of a man who has stood at his twelve paces over one who has never passed his baptism of fire, "I must tell you what to do. For the present we understand one another—that is enough for now. I will arrange everything. You will be here tomorrow?"

"Of course—all day. But do not be long. The sooner this is over the better. And if anything should happen—"

"Nonsense—nothing will happen—at least nothing that you mean. You will live happily all the rest of your days, as the story-books say." A strange look came into his eyes, which it was hard to read. "My dear fellow—brother, I ought to call you now—promise me one thing, will you? All sorts of accidents happen, you know—I mean to leave England shortly. When I do so, I rely upon your being to my—to our mother all that I ought to have been. And forgive me for having deprived you of your own for so long. You must not be jealous of me—I am far from having deserved what I have had. But you must deserve it—and that you will I feel sure."

He once more held out his hand.

"Leave England?" asked Félix. "Why?"

"Yes: do you not know—but what does it matter why? There are plenty of reasons, and I have always thought that a colonial life would suit me best. One's hands are good for something out there."

And—as I have no intention of returning immediately—do you promise?”

“With all my heart—whether you go or no.”

“And you forgive me?”

“No—I thank you for having been to her what I have not been able to be—what you must be to her still. But—”

He paused. Then, “I scarcely know how to say it,” he went on; “but, since you speak of emigrating—”

“Well? Is there anything strange in the idea?”

“To put it plainly—I know nothing of your laws—but I am doing you no injury!”

“Doing me an injury! How so?”

“I will not come between you and her in any way. I will be to her but one son the more. But it is you who are her eldest son, not I, who am now but just born.

You shall not be poorer by me, either in affection, or in—”

“Oh,” interrupted Hugh, “that’s all right. You needn’t be afraid in that way.”

“You are quite sure?”

“I give you my word.”

“It is not because of me that you leave England?”

“Not the least in the world.

Does my letting you know of your birth look like it? Do men run against their own interests like that?—And now, if you please, I will take a cigar.”

He smiled as he spoke. But the smile belied the words—at least so it seemed to Félix. Then with another cordial pressure of the hand, the two cousins, or rather brothers, bade each other good-night, and Hugh Lester once more went on his way. A load was off his mind, and he could once more breathe freely, although he had now told his second lie.

CHAPTER XVI.

So Hugh Lester was relieved in mind, so far as regarded the safety of the last citadel of his social creed. That was safe. But otherwise the complications that surrounded it, like the intrenchments of a besieging army, had only made the position of the garrison more insecure. In plainer words, his duty never to surrender while life still remained in him, was rendered a hundred times clearer to him than even before. He had been willing to fight for the honour of Earl’s Dene, more dear to him by far than Earl’s Dene itself, as a matter of duty when the spirit of loyalty had departed: now, the enthusiasm of loyalty had revived, and he was to do battle not only for the creed that he professed, but for his belief in his creed—for living persons as well as for dead ideas.

His motives, for one of his naturally straightforward nature, had become terribly complex: and none

the less so in that he made not the slightest attempt to unravel them. There is nothing so difficult as the attempt to put into words the opposing elements that direct the conduct of one who himself is incapable of self-analysis—of winnowing his own chaff from his own corn. Doubtless, to one who had loved so well and had lost, and worse than lost, so utterly, life did not seem particularly worth keeping; and therefore, in such a man, the risk of life for the sake of others is scarcely in itself particularly deserving of praise. But still the mere instinct of self-preservation, in a young and healthy man, is so strong by its very nature, that however worthless life itself may seem, the innate desire to retain it does not really, in practice, lose any of its real influence. It does not occur to men like Hugh Lester, strong in body and sound in mind, to actively court death because life has

betrayed them. Disgust with life may indeed aid the spirit of self-sacrifice: but the spirit of self-sacrifice is none the less divine for being aided by a mere earthly influence. On the contrary, a touch of earth renders humanly pathetic what else were too divinely sublime.

Félix, then, had proved himself to be a true Clare: to be in no wise wanting in the sense of honour that, in his cousin's eyes, ought to be inseparable from one who bore what to the latter was the very name of names. "*Non solum nomine Clarus*"—the motto over the iron gates of the lodge—expressed the very basis upon which any one who claimed to be a Clare should found his claim. Until he had so proved himself, it was necessary that he should be stung to the proof: but now that the proof was no longer needed, it was for Hugh to put himself to the proof still more. If the reader, as is possible, does not quite see the drift of all this, he must be content to wait for the explanation: for the conduct of men like Hugh Lester is to be explained by deeds, not words. Consciously, his whole feeling amounted to this: that it was for himself, not for Félix, to be the sacrifice, since a sacrifice seemed to be needed, to the honour of the name: and he excused himself—for what young man who is inclined to pride himself upon his common-sense and freedom from sentimental nonsense will ever own even to himself that his motives savour of the heroic and of the unworldly?—on the ground that his own life had become worthless, and that it must not, under any circumstances, be open to the world to say that he had forced another into a duel in order that he might profit by his death.

And so he walked back to his home—or rather to what had been his home: for the last words of his wife had turned it into a mere place in which to feed and sleep. She had gone to bed, and he, who would have remorselessly disturbed from

the sweetest of dreams one whose thoughts he believed to be his thoughts, and whose interests, of the heart as well as of outer life, to be no other than his own, now, in a sort of pity for what he felt she must herself have suffered, would not even run the risk of waking one whose ways and thoughts could never even so much as seem to be his again—and which in reality had never been his at any time. He therefore, having just glanced at her, shading the light that he held in his hand that it might not break her sleep, lay down upon a sofa in their sitting-room to wait for his own share of slumber, and his own holiday of dreams. His rest, however, was not of long duration, though fatigue and excitement made it, while it lasted, deep and sound. The earliest morning light woke him with its cold: and then he rose once more and went again into the streets, one more wanderer to swell the number of those whom bankruptcy in happiness had rendered poor. He could not stay indoors and think out his thoughts deliberately within four walls: and the hour to act his thoughts had not yet arrived.

Angélique in her turn woke also: and, in the interval between dreaming and waking, missed her husband from her side. And now ensued a phenomenon which will certainly not seem to be the less strange because it happened to be true. It is not only in the hearts of women that what is strange is true, and that what is true is strange.

The reader, it is to be feared, was never so much in love with the heroine of the first book of this history as he ought to have been—as Félix, the inconstant, had once been, and as Hugh, the constant, in spite of all things, was still. It has already been said, in that same first book, that the charm of a beautiful woman is a thing not to be described: and accordingly she, like many another woman who wins

hearts may have provoked a little wonder at her success in two such diverse cases. Almost every woman who is gifted by nature with her kind of influence is a standing mystery to those who by circumstance or by good fortune do not fall within it: and verbal descriptions of those who are so gifted must necessarily appear as inconsistent with the actual effect of their magic upon men as the hideous pictures of the last queen of Scots with which art has favoured us are with the actual history of her whom they represent. But this is a simple narrative of facts, not of theories: and that Angélique, who, poor girl, could neither hinder her heart from keeping all its warmth for its owner, nor her hands from grasping at the main chance, should gain the love of two men, is no more against fact, and experience, and nature, than that the face of Queen Mary, as we know it, should have gained that of scores. If the lover sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt, he may far more easily see in a stone that muscle which, for some arbitrary and traditional reason, has been accepted as the seat of the soul. But the fact is—and this is no mere truism, seeing that it is denied every day—that every woman is a woman after all. Though the reader may not have fallen in love with Angélique, he has gone very far astray indeed if in her he has admitted the possibility of there being such a thing as a wholly consistent woman, any more than, as his own experience will doubtless tell him, there is such a thing as a wholly consistent man. Consistency is a very phoenix, that exists wholly in fiction: and since it is wholly false to nature, it should not by rights be found even there.

And as every woman is a woman, neither more nor less, Angélique, in spite of her general superiority to her sex, was, being a woman, no exception to this universal rule.

She was no phoenix, though Félix and Hugh had thought her so.

Most assuredly she had spoken with her whole heart when she had called her husband a fool. What else could she think him? But there are fagots and fagots, and there are fools and fools. Insane, or rather idiotic, as his conduct had been in submitting to throw away his and her chances for a mere idea, when by playing his cards decently well he might have won every trick upon the board, still he had done what she would never have had either the strength or the courage to do: and strength and courage, even though they be exercised in folly, will have their weight even with the wise. The most sensible of women is bound to respect the most insane of men whose insanity comes from an innate power of will to do that which he ought, come what may. It is just those who have not any particular virtue that respect that particular virtue the most of all, on the same principle as that on which one of Lessing's heroines judged extravagance to be her lover's only fault, because economy was the only virtue that she had ever heard him praise. So it is the libertine who stands most in awe of the chaste nature for which he professes scorn and disbelief: and it is the weak woman, strong only in impulse, who is most impressed by the sense of justice and of respect for the rights of others which belongs to and is the sign of a strong man. With all her contempt, with all the rebellion of her nature, Angélique unconsciously felt that she had found her master: and it may safely be said that she had never despised less than when she seemed most to despise. Even as it is womanliness—that is to say, to go to the root of the matter, purity of soul—and not outward beauty, that most attracts and subdues a man, so it is manliness—that is to say, not intellect, but courage and truth—that most subdues a woman.

Love in its fulness, which is nothing else than perfect sympathy, it may be that she was incapable of feeling: that is given but to very few men or women to feel: it is the privilege of souls that dwell in a far more ethereal atmosphere than that in which it is given to most of us, and not only to Angélique, to dwell. But of that sort of love that is felt, if such things feel, by the ivy for the tree round which it climbs, she, being woman, felt the need even as other women do, whether they are capable of the higher love or no. It may safely be said that she was capable of following the greatest villain upon earth through an ocean of villany so long as by strength he showed himself her master: and she was capable of following her master, whenever he came, even though he showed the strength, not of evil, but of a nature of which her understanding could not conceive. And now she had not only found her master, but her instinct began to tell her, though not in words that she could hear, that it was so.

And so, when she found herself awake, she also, for the first time in her life, felt herself alone.

If so gross and prosaic a comparison—gross enough and prosaic enough to be worthy of Dick Barton himself—may be pardoned in speaking of so subtle and unprosaic a thing as woman's soul, then let it be said, in the face of bathos, that indulgence in violent passion is very like indulgence in brandy: it is the precursor of a terrible next morning—all the more terrible to those who are accustomed to the water of the cold springs of life for their daily beverage. Angélique had often had her fits of ill-humour, as Marie and her poor father had well known: but she had very rarely, if ever, been in a passion before. Her scene with Warden, in which she had certainly not been herself, returned to her in anything but pleasant colours to

brighten the misty morning that filled the room: and she lay turning it over in her mind for a good half-hour, in the same way as, to continue the comparison, a man, temperate by habit, turns over when he awakes, and strives self-tormentingly to recall, the words that he spoke and the deeds he did when wine betrayed him the night before. She would have given much to have been able to rise in the light of kind eyes, and to have been able to support herself upon a strong hand.

But she arose, as she awoke, to be alone—to touch no strong hand, to meet no kind eyes, and she missed them as careless eyes miss some piece of furniture from a room that they had never noticed while it was there—some flower from the table where it has been daily placed by careful but uncared-for hands. In such a case, the feeling of want goes very deep indeed—it becomes a feeling of desire. Unconsciously, she could not but feel, and therefore could not but be touched by, the devotion that had been hers—that might have been hers all her life long: a devotion not of weakness, not of a slave to a mistress, but of a husband to a wife. It was the waking of the instincts of the woman in her, which must have come about some time, even though they came late—even though she had begun her life, as it were, at the wrong end, and had to travel through it backwards.

And so at last she rose and dressed herself, without the elaborate care that she had always been in the habit of expending upon her toilette even when there had been no eyes to see the result of her good taste in such matters, and the artistic skill with which, even when there was scarcely a crust for breakfast—as had sometimes happened—she could still come down to the crust as if she were the lady of a great country-house about to meet her guests over a breakfast *à l'Ecosaise*. If her husband held a creed,

she had held one also: it was first, above all things, "I believe in Angélique:" it was secondly, if even secondly, "I believe in Angélique as turned out by Madame Jupon." But, on this occasion, she descended in a costume that was almost Bohemian in its negligence. Had Hugh been there to see, he would scarcely have believed but that the fairies, who change children at nurse, had for once taken it into their capricious heads to change a full-grown young woman. Her feeling, or rather her presentiment—for her reason by no means despaired—of failure in the great object of her life, and her sensation of loneliness when she most wished not to feel alone, had made all exertion, even the slight and habitual exertion of dressing herself becomingly in her own eyes, an impossibility. She almost felt anxiety itself: for Hugh, except when prevented by the laws of his country and the will of his creditors, had never been absent from her without good cause and ample explanation. She felt sure that something must have happened out of the common: and, in her nervous condition, no news necessarily meant ill news. She at last, having sent away her breakfast uneaten, even had to confess to herself that she feared some misfortune, not to her plans, but to him whom she had hoped to make the instrument of them, and who had deceived her hopes so un-

pardonably. She did not recall her own words to Hugh: she did not feel the force of the bitter words, "Too late:" she only felt a vague sense of evil that she was powerless to foresee or to prevent. Had Hugh himself been there, she would have, without even a struggle on the part of her old self-sufficiency, have yielded her sceptre to him simply because she was a woman and he a man.

But, as it was, with all her weakness growing weaker still, and with all her need for the protection of love gaining strength hour by hour, she was doomed to wait. It was in truth too late: he for whose return she now almost longed did not return. Then came a terrible fear that her chains were broken. And yet he surely could not have left her for a foolish word, the very nature of which she had herself forgotten—that she could not remember whether she had ever uttered or no? Surely the power that had gained so utterly could suffice to retain. In a word, jealousy had come to make even stronger her experience of what it means, not to be, but to feel, alone.

It was her own Nemesis, that, unless the fates are exorable, must last not for a day, but for many days. The doom of Eve was upon her, that "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

CHAPTER XVII.

Félix also waited. As may well be imagined, the sleep that had come so soundly to Angélique, and so partially to Hugh, had not come in any form to him. He was in a state of nervous tension, in which it was impossible for him even to close his eyes. But though he did not dream, in the literal sense of the word, he dreamed waking dreams without number. He had the temperament which forms a perpetual

link to unite the present with the past: and many things in his own nature that had often baffled the self-analysis to which he was so prone now became to him plain and clear. It seemed to him—though it was probably the result only of imagination setting in a particular direction—that he had some recollection of a beautiful and stately lady even before his first recollection of Aunt Cathon, or even of the vision of

the clothes-lines from which he chose to date his birth. He tried to make his fancy in this matter square with the old lady whom he had seen, but scarcely noticed, at the house in Park Lane, and even persuaded himself that he succeeded. This new story contained for him a romance such as he had never dreamed of even in the Angélique days: as for Marie—well, he dared not let his mind wander to her more than it insisted upon doing, whether he dared or no. That was a romance no more, but a fatal reality, that made him turn to the idea of his mother as the last refuge of a heart that had been forcibly turned back upon itself, and had failed hitherto in every effort to find what it desired. He had found his soul only to lose it for ever: but this new discovery seemed to his fancy, excited by the idea of what was unknown to him, as though it must needs prove a revelation to make, in some unknown way, the crooked places of his life straight, and its rough places plain.

As to the duel in which he found himself engaged after all, he was almost inclined to be grateful for fortune that had put it in his power to come to his mother not empty-handed, but as having been chosen above all other men to be the defender of her fame. It was of course no less out of the question that his should be the hand to take the life of the husband of Marie now than it had been yesterday. But it was not necessary for him to take life: it was only necessary to risk his own, which was a very different matter. He had, as it were, only to suffer, not to do: and though suffering is in general harder than action, it was in his case a relief—it was a compromise in which every part of his duty seemed to meet, and to find mutual support. And so he positively longed impatiently for the entrance to his new life to open itself before him, though the janitor by whom the doors were

to be thrown open came in the guise of death himself. Difference of nationality, too, doubtless had something to do with the matter. Hugh, the Englishman, did not court risk, even when risk was most indifferent to him: he simply accepted it, no more and no less than he would have accepted it had life been wholly a thing to be desired. But Félix, whose more nervous temperament might, were his life beautiful in his own eyes, have made him, not as a coward, but as a free chooser between good and evil, avoid death as “the terminator of delights and the separator of companions,” actually made him court danger, and made him, in truth, like one of his knightly ancestors to whom “the danger’s self were lure alone.”

But he, no less than his old mistress, waited also for the coming of Hugh in vain. Hour after hour passed by as he wished and dreamed, but still the expected message did not come. At last the morning grew into the afternoon, the afternoon into the evening, and found him waiting still. For aught that the day had brought him, the history of the evening before might have been the story of a dream.

And yet—had not the history of his whole life been as the story of a dream—if not more in reality than the histories of all other men, yet more, at all events, in seeming? Might he, to whom art and love had themselves been mere dreams and nothing more, flatter his soul that what was as yet but a mere dream, by its very nature should turn out to be a reality? He was never a good hand at waiting, and at last his impatience fairly got the better of him. It was a mere chance that he did not set out either for Dene-thorp or for the Jura—at all events, that he did not cut the Gordian tangle in which all things seemed to have knotted themselves, by the flight, not of a coward from the field, but of a weary man from the world.

But as in all black humours, so in his—"fling but a stone, the giant dies." And, in truth, the sudden hammering upon his door, that roused him from the dreams that had begun in rose colour to end in sable when the sun had set, was literally like nothing less than a shower of many stones. It was the signal of the arrival of Dick Barton, and of Dick Barton alone. An ordinary being is content, when he visits the lodgings of a friend, with a formal tap: but the Bohemian of Bohemians always advanced to a visit as if he were attacking the gate of a fortress with a battering ram.

And Dick Barton it proved to be, though such a Dick Barton as would have astonished considerably his fellow-orators of Shoe Lane. His face, which generally seemed to be neither with nor without a beard, was cleanly shaven; and the soap that such an operation renders a matter of necessity for the chin, seemed to have extended to the very roots of his hair, which also shared in this remarkable piece of philistinism. That it had actually been brushed and combed would be perhaps too much to say: but it had plainly, though but in fancy, beheld the vision of a brush, and evolved, though but from its inner consciousness, the idea of a comb, like the German philosopher who, without ever having seen one, trusted to his inner soul to evolve the idea of a camel. His clothes also, which generally looked as if they had been put on thirty years ago, and left to take their chance ever since, were now sufficiently arranged to give their wearer the air of the patron of a country dealer in second-hand garments: his coat seemed to be a marvellous specimen of misfit, not from carelessness, but from being worn by a man to whom a coat was a coat, and nothing more. And, besides all this, while one of his hands was dingy, to say the least of it, up to the very finger nails inclusive, the other, by its

comparative redness, seemed to show that the griminess of its fellow was not, as there had hitherto been good reason to suppose, its natural hue. It was the phenomenon of the hyacinth over again. In fact the transformation was so remarkable—for any inconsistent change, in the case of a man who is always in appearance the same, amounts to a transformation in the eyes of those who know him well—that some had been reminded of the fable of the lion in love, others of that of the spaniel and the ass. Some marvellous influence must have been at work to induce Dick Barton to pare his nails, and so far to imitate the arbitrary ways of fashion as to insert the proper button of his waistcoat in its proper hole. One rash member of the staff of the 'Trumpet,' who was celebrated for the happy style of his badinage, asked him that very morning if the Mrs. B. that was to be was a brunette, that he in obedience to the law of contrast thought it his duty to become blonde: but he only answered by a growl that proclaimed him to be the lion still, and by an anathema upon woman-kind at large that, it is to be hoped, proved him, in his judgment of them, to be the less noble quadruped after all.

Félix himself could not but be aware of some sort of change, though he judged rather from general effect than from details. In fact, to see in Barton even the most remote tendency to the externals of respectability, was sufficient to impress the least observant eyes.

"Well," said his visitor, with an unwonted air of having something to say, and yet of not being able to say it, "what's the last news with you? At all events, you're alive—that's something. Do you know why I came here? I wanted to try my hand at the penny-a-line business, and thought I might have come in for a coroner's inquest—and I don't even see an empty

poison-bottle. And if you have been indulging in charcoal, why, all I can say is, that charcoal smells monstrously like tobacco. And so— Well, this is a world of disappointment, and it serves us right, into the bargain. What is your philosophy?"

Félix knew his old comrade too well not to know that the latter had been right when he said in effect, that he expressed by laughter very much what other men would more consistently express by tears. And on this occasion the laughter was far too forced not to contradict itself: not to be as sorry as the jest that was supposed to give it rise.

"My dear Barton," said Félix, holding out his hand, "my philosophy is simply this—that, so far as my own experience goes, candles are a great deal more valuable than the stakes for which we play by the light of them. But I am also sure that, having once shared in the deal, we ought fairly to play our hand out, whether we hold good cards or no."

"The devil it is! I for one don't see any ought in the matter. On the contrary, it seems to me that we have to sit down, and play the game out, whether we will or no—whether the devil stands at our elbow to turn our common cards into trumps, like some people we know, or whether we are left to the help of our own unaided stupidity, like you and me. But what the deuce is the matter with you? You have grown as oracular as the Cumæan Sibyl, and as epigrammatic as myself."

"Do you remember——"

"Remember? Only too well. If I could get rid of this confounded memory of mine— By the way, what do you think of women?"

"Of women?"

"Yes—of women. For my part, I think them enough to provoke a saint, let alone a devil. By all the gods and goddesses to boot, I *did* hope that Crém Warden would

somehow get what he deserved, though I wouldn't be friendly enough to you to help the rascal send you to another and a better world. I call it better simply because it isn't this world of ours: it couldn't be worse. Why, in the name of that quarter of the better world that men call hell, didn't you let me deal the cards in my own way? Any way, I would so far have dealt him what he deserved, that he, at least, should not escape whipping—to give a mild name to the soundest thrashing that was ever enjoyed by man."

"Barton," asked Félix, "can you be serious for a moment? You are my friend, I know: and now you are more my friend than ever."

"I should think so—if it had not been for me, there would have been a coroner's inquest after all. But can I be serious, you ask me? I haven't much cause to be anything else, I should fancy. "*Virtus laudatur et alget*"—half the Greek in England is to be found in Saragossa Row. I offered to pay for my dinner only yesterday with a Greek epigram, as good as any in the whole anthology; and—would you believe it?—the cur of a waiter, instead of handing me a hundred pound note in change, demanded an additional fifteen-pence."

"Yes," continued Félix, not heeding his talk, which, more random than ever, as though, like the cuttle-fish concealing itself from its foes, he was striving to hide in a thick cloud of meaningless words some new feeling of which he was more than half ashamed. "You know in what way I mean. The brother of Marie is mine also. And now——"

"Bah! Because I advised a woman not to bathe in the Thames till the weather was warmer?"

"Is she with you still?"

"Yes—one can scarcely turn even so much as a woman out into Saragossa Row. Oh, you need not be jealous——" and he turned

his face away suddenly with a sigh.

Félix looked up quickly. Could Barton also be a dreamer of dreams—could he, this incarnation of iambs and brandy—but the thought was too absurd.

“Ha, ha, ha!” he continued: “fancy Mrs. Cram Warden turning out to be Miss Esther Barton. I am certainly well off for a brother-in-law—almost as well as he.”

Félix looked at him again. Was the thought so absurd after all?

“I do not know what my fate may be,” he went on: “I only know that it must be for ever apart from hers. I am denied the right of even obeying her. But come what may, she must not be left at least without some one to defend her rights—some one to shield her, so far as may be, from harm. When I left her yesterday—you know how—it was with an intention of burying myself from the world, but not so deeply but that I might still watch over her whom— But now, even that is denied me. This may be the last time that you and I may ever meet. Let me, whatever happens, feel

secure that you will be to her what I meant to be: I have no right to ask you, I know—but—”

“What—I? I who am not fit to take care of this carcase called Dick Barton—whom no man would trust to the extent of three pennyworth of gin? You trust Marie—Esther—to me?”

“Yes—to you.”

“Then I say yes, by God!”

He rose up at once from his chair, and tossed back his rough hair like a newly-wakened lion tossing back his mane. Félix could almost see a new strength bracing the limbs that nature had rendered so strong, as if in mockery to show how useless and ill-bestowed her gifts may be.

But before he had time to reply, the door opened, and Hugh Lester entered hastily.

“I thought you would never come,” said Félix. “Is it settled? When is it to be?”

“It is all settled,” Hugh answered, without observing the presence of Barton. “On Friday fortnight I meet Mark Warden on Calais sands.”

“You?”

“Yes—I.”

NEW BOOKS.

WE write the two words at the head of this page with that curious confidence in the common order of things which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of human nature. Though our reason knows of a hundred disturbing incidents, our instincts all assert the unchangeableness of the routine we have been accustomed to. The question arises, Will there ever be any more New Books?—Shall we ever read anything but newspapers again?—as we gather together the few volumes, scanty and diverse, which at this moment of conflict and passion get themselves into being. The newspapers no longer abound in the calm announcements of literature. A novel or two, a stray volume of a series already commenced, a book belonging to the froth of literature which can be carelessly glanced at in the midst of popular excitement, or of such heavily serious character as may occupy those classes which are above or beneath the excitement of the age—such is the literature of the time. The author proper has retired out of sound of those canons which reverberate so dreadfully from that neighbour shore with which so many of us have holiday associations alone; and in his place has come into being that curious travesty of the author, the Special Correspondent. Far be it from us to say a word against the journalist proper, who is so often a legitimate member of the republic of letters; but our travelling, fighting, swaggering, all-important *journaliste Anglais*, as at present rampant on the great scene of action across the Channel, is too remarkable an object to belong to any peaceable profession. His position is of itself so singular that many of the sins he falls into are explained by it. It is difficult at any time for a traveller whose office it is to give a graphic and lifelike account of a journey or a new country to refrain from putting himself in the front of the scene; and how much more difficult for a man who is conscious of going through a good deal of peril and adventure, who is tempted to think he has done it very cleverly, and to whom it is important to make up a certain amount of copy whether he has anything particular to tell or not? He is for the moment master of the situation. He shares the security of the preacher in the pulpit, whom we cannot contradict, however much we may doubt or object to what he says. And there can be no doubt that any man occupying such a position has a right to put the greatest confidence in the credulity, not to say gullibility, of his audience. The absurdest statement which a preacher chooses to make, though it be laughed at by perhaps one-third of his congregation, will be swallowed as absolute verity in all likelihood by the remaining two-thirds; and so in like manner we took in with a gape a great many highly authentic communications, such as those expositions of Count Bismark's mind and meaning which he so kindly himself proffered to more than one correspondent. We ourselves knew that we individually would not have mooted our intentions on any serious subject to a newspaper correspondent, or any other stranger who chose to inquire into them; but we believed that in his sweet and candid simplicity Count Bismark did. Strange faculty of belief, before which all the superstitious credulity of peasant or savage sinks to nothing! for they believe wonders about matters remote beyond their sphere of vision, while we believe them in respect to things which, by all the laws of human probability, we are qualified to judge of. We can hardly wonder at what a

man may say who feels himself for the moment on this pinnacle of authority, qualified to expound what kings and prime ministers not only say, but think, and conscious that, whatever nonsense he may utter, it will, in the first place, be received with absolute faith. Perhaps the same security and sense of pre-eminence and singularity may account for the jaunty jollity with which another special correspondent, a "besieged resident," writes out of the heart of that city which the most flip-pant, one would imagine, could hardly regard with less than that tragic interest which the probable approach of grim Death and horrible destruction throws on the most trifling things. This is the kind of mental fare, however, which the greater proportion of the English public is for the moment consuming. The effect produced is much like that which is sometimes seen when the dark shadow of the operator, gigantic in size, is thrown across the bright picture of a magic lantern. The children to whom it is being exhibited are delighted—they clap their hands, they enjoy the unintentional apparition better than the pretty view all radiant in red sunset and blue sea, which he intended to show them. And so does the British public enjoy that not unintentional intrusion of the correspondent, exaggerated into godlike proportions, who strides across the foreground of every field of battle. Fields of battle are a little strange to us; but we know him, bless him! wherever we see him; and thus one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Having thus thrown our tribute of flowers under the triumphant feet of Him who for the moment represents literature to a large proportion of the English public, we turn to the lonely and deserted world of books. It is perhaps an instance of the changed state of the world, wrought by science and telegraphs,

that at such a wonderful crisis the world of books should be deserted. The last age of great wars was abundant in literary impulse. The Waverley Novels, which excited the public mind more, we believe, than any books published since their time, had their beginning amid the din and crash of battles. So had the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Pure literature took a new birth amid the confusion of conflict; but in those days excitement was not kept to the breathless point by daily, almost hourly, news, as is the case with us. The world which was not fighting received its news in budgets, with long awful gaps between, which had to be filled up and lived out somehow, and in which, naturally, the anxious universe was but too thankful to have its attention a little distracted, its fortitude and patience sustained by all that its minstrels, its teachers, could do for it. Our position is very different. We can all but hear the echo of the guns, all but reckon the groans of the wounded, and see the files mowed down, and the saddles empty. Such wondrous vicinity to everything that is going on is bad for literature now, and will be bad for literature hereafter. Our interest is forestalled, our excitement spent before we can attain to any real estimate of the events that have taken place. By the time we receive a reliable narrative of some fight which happened a fortnight ago, it has become for us as old as Waterloo; other fights have followed perhaps still more exciting, and it sounds like a thrice-told tale.

This was to a great extent the case in the Crimean war, and even then detracted considerably from the interest of all narratives except those hot with spice of every imaginable kind, and bright with real genius, which have an interest apart from their purely historical meaning. And no doubt to a still greater extent it will operate to-day. Our children will read the story, and

students of history will study it; but we have lived in it and forestalled the tale. Brief, concise, not always true, but always impressing the imagination with a certain hardness and sharpness as of fact, are the only contemporary records which take hold upon us. The telegraph, so far as the living generation is concerned, has superseded the historian.

We do not know whether or not Professor Huxley, whose book stands first on our list,* would altogether approve of this substitution; but it is a very distinct result of that reign of science which he would fain inaugurate, and which it is evident he very fervently believes could bring nothing but good to mankind. We have no desire either to sneer at science or to depreciate the real benefits which she brings; but we are far from being sure that any such influence can be one of unmitigated advantage. For example, the news brought by this subtle messenger is often only partially true, sometimes not true at all, very often highly confusing, and almost always the creator of prejudice on one side or the other, obscuring at the very least, if not making it impossible for us ever really to grasp the truth. Of course there is a very ready answer to this—which is, that the scientific mind is slow to form any hasty conclusion, waits for the teaching of further events, is eminently patient in its summing up of evidence, and if it is good for anything, is good for avoiding hasty conclusions. This is very well so long as the facts are of so little personal importance to us, as is the anatomy of a megatherium, or the determination of the family to which a shell or a fossil belongs. But when it comes to be the events passing before us which are under discussion, it requires a degree of philosophy hardly to be obtained even among

the most scientific, to wait patiently for fuller information, to resist the forming of too rapid conclusions, to keep our minds perfectly open to receive and elucidate the truth. The laws of evidence have little to do with the telegraph. It rarely explains, never subjects the news submitted to it to any critical examination, yet speaks with an authority which carries the common mind away. This is not intended to discredit the telegraph, which, for good and for evil, is a power amongst us not to be resisted or gainsaid; but only to express our own conviction that, in bringing into the world those great, blind, rigid Powers, which, once created, must inexorably develop themselves according to the necessities of their being, and cannot be kept under any subjection of benevolent purpose or goodwill to man, Science is not conferring unmixed benefit upon us. Blessing and cursing are together in her hand. And this one instrument, upon which she plumes herself so infinitely, is, with a curious perversity which is almost pathetic, one of the grandest contradictions to the temper she professes and aims at establishing among mankind. She bids us consider calmly, inquire deeply, wait and watch, and not be deluded by superficial information; and then thrusts upon us, as one of her greatest triumphs, an invention which encourages every tendency towards hasty conclusions, every inclination to jump at a decision, every hungering appetite for news, and gossip, and novelty, which exists in the mind of man. There is, we cannot but feel, a kind of pathos in the contrast. No harm to Science: but only a proof, such as she does not like to acknowledge, that she herself is as fallible as other kinds of human knowledge, and brings but mixed benefits—advantages deeply tinctured with loss, and of which the impartial spectator

* Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews. By T. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. Macmillan & Co., London: 1870.

may be justified in doubting whether it is most blessing or curse—to man.

Professor Huxley's volume is explained by its title so far as form is concerned; and everybody who knows his name is of course aware that in his sermons and addresses it is science which he expounds, and the study of which he enforces upon the world. Most people are also aware that he brings to it all the attractions of a lucid and animated style, and of a mind fully possessed with the importance of the subjects he treats. Whatever may be the sum of his skepticism on other points, on this he is a firm and fond believer. Nothing can exceed the warmth and intensity of his faith in the advantages of scientific training. His longing is to train every child in the principles of scientific thought; to make its education begin with "general views of the phenomena of nature," and to procure that "no boy or girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all the sciences." This is how he expounds his plan of education:—

"I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: 'To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomenon of nature, for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean which we possess, is 'Physical Geography.' The Germans have a better, *Erdkunde* (earth-knowledge, or 'Geology' in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it. If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under the head of *Erdkunde*. The child asks, 'What is the moon, and why does it shine?' 'What is this water, and where does it run? What is the wind? What makes the waves in the sea? Where does this animal live? and what is the use of this plant?' And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish ques-

tions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bounds to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking quality in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge and not mere book-learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

"After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is in the more strict sense physical science. Now there are two kinds of physical science; the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, those two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give, is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented for the present if they, added to our *Erdkunde*, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools."

Now there can be no doubt that in all this there is a great deal that is admirable, and would be of the greatest advantage as training; but to whom is it to be applied? Children in the country, are, as we all know distinguished from those in town by many of the very particulars here specified. The country boy asks—"Where does this animal live, and what is the use of this plant?" and either by actual investigation or diligent inquiry, in a great many cases finds it out, though not at school, and is able to explain the matter to persons much better instructed in other ways than himself. But how is the town child to be made acquainted with it at all? He sees

no animal but the domestic mouse, concerning the habits of which he can be curious. A bit of trodden-down or sun-scorched grass, or a geranium in a pot, are probably all that he knows of plants. Running water is not familiar to him, and he has never seen the waves of the sea. If he could be taught botany, it would be so good for him in every way—it would benefit his health so much, and open up to him such a new world of sky, and air, and green fields, that we should be quite happy to admit botany to be the first of sciences if Mr. Huxley chooses. But how is it to be done? In what way is the town child, the little denizen of the streets, the grand difficulty of all educationalists, to be brought into immediate contact with nature? And even if we ascend the social scale, and come to the sons of all the well-to-do townspeople, whose children are educated at home or at local schools, how, we repeat, is this scientific training to be made possible? Emphatically Mr. Huxley says it is not to be book-learning. "If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such learning should be real; that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with the fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so, and not otherwise." But the *Erdkunde* would be a veiled goddess to the boys of London, and still more of Manchester or Glasgow. The *Stadtkunde* would be more practicable for them, and more instructive, though we doubt much whether it would be as beneficial. This difficulty seems to stand at the very doorway of those physical sciences which, we are told, and are not disinclined to believe, would be of so much advantage to the training of the next generation. Unless we can get that new generation out of the homes it at present inhabits—

unless we can separate it from those fathers and mothers who know nothing about science, and make it the child of the State, and introduce it into some region where grass grows and not paving-stones—how are we to bring it, within touch and sight of nature? We cannot tell. Museums, we suppose (great as is our personal hatred of them), might to some small extent make it possible—but to a very small extent, we fear. Indeed it appears to us that for a poor street-boy, or even for a street-boy not emphatically poor, though not sufficiently rich to have himself transported out of the streets, the cultivation of *Erdkunde*, and such sciences as botany and geology, would be about as difficult as the cultivation of the science of medicine is to women. Here and there a highly energetic, enterprising, vigorous student would force his way—the mass only could and would remain behind.

We are, however, so much disposed to believe that training of this description would be of great advantage to our children, that we are very sorry to have Mr. Huxley's opinion added as to the reason why it would be of advantage. Its great aim, according to his exposition, is to encourage thought by encouraging doubt. Its advantage is that it entirely rejects authority. "Especially tell him" (*i. e.*, the child) "that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled by the absolute authority of nature to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life." "The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such," he says in another place. "For him scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin." With all deference to Mr.

Huxley, we doubt whether the inculcation of this principle would be of "priceless value" to our boys and girls. Probably about fossils, yes—and about that exhilarating exercise of "building up old bones" into the form of extinct animals which he proposes as a refreshment to his higher classes; but in other regions, and those more immediately interesting to the human creature as such, we have great doubts whether this rule of doubting till one is compelled to believe would be at all a salutary rule. And it would be very difficult to train a child or a youth into exact knowledge of the boundary-line between those domains in which it is his highest duty to be a sceptic, and those in which it is his highest duty to be a believer. There are such spheres, however, even excluding that one of religion, which Professor Huxley altogether ignores. It is well that a boy should be trained to believe in, not to doubt, his fellow-man; to believe in truth, honour, and justice, as veritably existing, though he will find at every hand abundant evidence against them; and to yield, if not a blind faith, at least a most respectful ear to many voices which have won for themselves the right to speak with authority. And if that Science which inculcates doubt as "an intellectual habit of priceless value" is to be the foundation of all education, we sadly fear that its pupils will be a graceless, lawless, undesirable race. Happily it is an impossibility; and we are ready to back human nature with its natural affections, its natural trust, its irrepressible imagination and hope, against any amount of scientific training procurable; especially as we are perfectly convinced that our scientific friend, carefully trained to be sceptical of everything, would, the chances are, fall quite as ready a victim to a telegram, and would believe as undoubtingly in Count Bismark's explanations, as the greatest simploton of us all.

We do not attempt to touch upon the remarkable paper reprinted in this volume, and which made so great a commotion at the time of its first publication, which is entitled the "Physical Basis of Life," and which discusses that basis under the name of protoplasm, not without a sinister and gruesome suggestion that the movements within ourselves which we think spiritual,—the emotions which poor mankind have dressed up in such robes of poetry, and which seem to throw something of celestial light upon the meanest clay—are mere nerve-impulses produced by the fantastic motion of certain granules floating in a certain liquid which lines us all over, and in which the innermost principle of our life abides. Mr. Huxley does not say that he himself believes this, but only darkly indicates it, as an abyss before us into which philosophers may find themselves precipitated some day in pursuance of their search for truth. It is a poor inducement certainly, to continue that search; and we are much disposed to cry out to the man of science on the brink, with all the energy of which we are capable, an earnest and indeed agonised "Don't!" Supposing it were so, and that love was found to be a mere current of granules one way, and anger and indignation a tide in another direction, we frankly admit that, for our own part, we would much rather not know it. This is very unscientific, we are aware; but we think it is natural, and even Professor Huxley shrinks from following his investigations so far. When he comes to that dismal bourne he stops short, and utters a sudden exclamation against the folly of troubling ourselves about matters of which we know nothing, and can know nothing. It still seems to our unscientific mind, however, as if even this black shadow of absolute materialism looked more dreadful in its shrouding horror of darkness than it is in reality; for beyond

the granules still there must be some influence which moves them—something which turns the tide one way or another. And what is it? "It may be true," Mr. Huxley tells us, "that the thoughts to which I am now giving vent, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expansion of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena." But what, then, causes the molecular changes? To that question there is no reply.

These are, however, matters upon which we do not pretend to enter, being, as it were, in the seat of the unlearned, and putting forth no pretensions to scientific knowledge. But there is one question we should like to put—not to Mr. Huxley, but to the reader. Kindest of listeners, give your mind to this question, and resolve it for us. One of the sermons in this volume is upon "A Piece of Chalk," and of that piece of chalk Professor Huxley discourses as follows:—

"I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which any carpenter carries in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely—if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results—to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature."

Mr. Huxley then goes on to tell the story of the chalk. It is formed of carbonic acid and quicklime, resolvable into them, but not by any means producible out of them. It is the production of the *globigerina*, a marine creature, the innumerable skeletons of which form at the present moment the slimy bottom of the great Atlantic. Consequently our chalky cliffs and the "irregular oval about three thousand miles in long diameter," in which all the chalk countries are enclosed, including part of England, France, Ireland, Denmark, the

Crimea, and Spain, was once a deep-sea bottom—gradually heaved upward, driven down again, subjected to countless changes. Here is, however, the sum of its history in little in his own words:—

"Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whose runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority that cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said, but 'the whirligig of time brought about its revenges' in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned."

This is the story which Professor Huxley sets against the history, not of England only, but of the world. Gentle reader, note the contrast well. Look back along the long perspective. Yonder far trains of primeval patriarchs on the Eastern plains—yonder Homeric crowds—all the splendour of ancient vitality, the wisdom, the song, the arts; then Judea, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the history of those things which befell there; then the convulsions of the old world passing into the new—the growth and downfall of kingdoms—the noble lives and noble deaths—the mysterious, many-chaptered life of man, ever different, yet always the same;—the great cries of sorrow hundreds of years old which still thrill

the air of to-day, the tales of supreme self-sacrifice, self-devotion, martyrdom, heroism, momentary triumph of badness over goodness, slow, gradual, oft-interrupted, yet real victory, through downfall and anguish, of goodness over badness. Look at all this. Recall the memories, too dear and sacred to be named in such an argument—the examples that are laid up in your hearts, the thoughts that move you, the songs that sing themselves through your prosaic life, and give it a celestial accompaniment of music which needs no voice; and then, when you have done all this, turn back to Mr. Huxley's assertion—"The man who shall know the true history of the bit of chalk . . . is likely to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature!"

Strange madness! wonderful fanaticism! What can any reasonable creature say to it? And yet it is an eminently reasonable man who makes this extraordinary assertion, though we cannot but hope it was done in a moment of scientific aberration, when the very clear immediate light upon the bit of white clay in his hand had confused his perceptions of the world beyond. For it is not possible that Mr. Huxley can really think his lesson of long continuance, of wonderful physical revolution, and of the pettiness of the tenancy of man upon this old immemorial earth, can for a moment stand comparison with those records of millions of lives which are written upon every span of mortal soil. We, too, could grow maudlin over that bit of chalk. We could say: this senseless bit of calcarous matter, once tossed up from the bottom of the sea, and anon tossed down again—this plaything of those dumb volcanic forces which have no voice to our hearts or consciences,

but only thunder in our ears and stifle us with smoke and confusion—this inanimate bit of matter, possibly lived for some myriads of years side by side with that other bit of chalk, which in Raphael's hands outlined the Sistine Madonna, or that with which the first sketch, the earliest conception of Westminster, of Nôtre Dame, or York, or Chartres came into being. Man's relation to that Sistine Madonna, to Westminster, or York, is, it seems to us, a great deal warmer and truer than his relation to the elephant's tooth in the drift; and, to our humble thinking, they throw a greater light upon the universe than whole shiploads of *globigerina* or walruses wallowing in a universe where nothing yet was man.

With all this we do not for a moment pretend that Geology is not interesting in its way, or object to it as a branch of study. It is evidently not only interesting, but exciting, to the point of monomania, to its own sworn disciples; and we remember still the ache of strained attention with which, in the days of our youth, we attempted to excite our own interest in a panoramic sketch—invested with all the glow of words and fervid eloquence which nature had given to that primitive man of genius—by the late Hugh Miller, of the pre-human world, with all its strange beasts, its volcanoes, its ice and fire, its horrible solitudes and voicelessness. We were very young and very much ashamed of ourselves when we found we could not do it; and the craning of our youthful neck to catch a glimpse, were it only round a corner, of some possible man or woman, Adam or Eve, of which we were conscious, filled us with a humiliating sense of utter unintellectualism and meanness of capacity. We wonder were Mr. Huxley's audience cleverer or more capable of enlightened interest? or did not some of them too sigh wistfully, and think they would rather have heard a little

about that trifling transitory creature, man?

This curious absence of the faculty of comparison (shall we call it?) is one of the most wonderful characteristics of the scientific intelligence. The circulation of blood in the elephant or the walrus is no doubt as interesting as that which flows through man's smaller veins; the action of their protoplasm is as exciting (probably more so, in short, should trunk or tusk menace the investigator); their system of bones and muscles are wonderful. So far the palæontologist is free to say what he pleases; but will anybody assert or believe for a moment that the elephant himself is as interesting to us as the man is? When Science steps over this boundary-line, instead of wisdom she becomes folly; and why, having such a large sphere for the exercise of wisdom, she should choose to speak as a fool, is more than we can comprehend. In heaven's name, teach children, working men, anybody you please, as much about the Chalk, and the Drift, and the megatherium, as you have to tell them; but why stultify yourself and your information by the foolish pretence that your lifeless Drift and Chalk, your dry bones, your voiceless dumb creatures, can interest men and instruct them, and illuminate the universe for them, as do the vast stores of human experience, the records of toil, and love, and sorrow, the struggle upward of their own race? This is but to give us an amusing example, such as confounds the inquirer and strikes him dumb, of that grand anti-climax to which mind in its highest development is always liable,—the sudden step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the folly of the wise.

It would be impossible to find in all literature a more complete contrast to the book of Mr. Huxley

than Mr. Church's* 'Life of St. Anselm.' The one is a manifesto of that advanced intellectualism of the Present which hopes, but we trust vainly, to give laws to the future; and the other a serious lesson out of the past,—a chapter of that life which Mr. Huxley thinks less instructive than the story of the Chalk. The contrast is so great that it almost seems intentional; yet no intention was in the critic's mind. Very different from the geological record this history rises before us. Neither blame nor pity enters our mind when we hear of the convulsions of nature; but when the revolutions of human thought come before us, our human interest breaks forth in applause and disapproval, in sympathy and reproof, in a summing up of motives past and present, and involuntary ever-returning comparison of ourselves with our predecessors. We feel it somewhat difficult to make out why Anselm should have been the chosen centre for Mr. Church's able and conscientious sketch of the Conqueror and his wars, and that grand controversy about ecclesiastical institutions which was one of the chief questions that agitated the world in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The form it took in England cannot but be interesting to every historical student, and the part Anselm took in it was a prominent one; but still there is scarcely distinction enough in that to justify the selection of him as one of the representative men of the past. We derive no very clear portrait of himself from the book; neither indeed would it appear that he possessed an originality so marked and memorable as to remain distinct over all these centuries. He was a good man, a good Churchman, holding the high ideal theory then practicable to men, of the office of Christ's vicar in the world, and steadfastly de-

* Saint Anselm. By the Rev. R. W. Church, Rector of Whatley. Macmillan & Co. 1870.

terminated to hold fast his allegiance to the spiritual authority, and resist to the last extremity all encroachments made upon it. This, to start with, is not a popular theory, nor one which, upon the face of it, commends a man to our latter-day judgment; and Mr. Church has occasion to pause again and again in his narrative to remind us that it is of the eleventh century he is writing, and that every age must be judged according to its lights, and not according to ours. But it is impossible to take any one man out of the century, however little may be the personal interest attaching to him, and tell his story with any power or truthfulness, without disclosing an entire world of men about him, some greater and some smaller—a great circle of life, darkening outwards from the brilliantly-illuminated figures in the centre, to the more and more obscure masses of the crowd behind, the people who shout their enthusiasm or their sympathy, their applause or their displeasure. The historic taper, so far as it is a true one, throws a reflection upon their very homes, and makes us more or less aware how the currents of thought ran, what were the hopes and belief most proper to the age, and how different upon it would be the effect of a train of reasoning which no longer moves us.

This office Mr. Church performs ably. He shows us an age of rapacity and violence, in which every man's aim was to acquire—not, as in later days, by guile or toil, but by the strong hand—such robbery being no shame or sin, but the best proof of valour. He shows us a world in which everybody was ready to burn, and ravage, and slay, at any moment and for the smallest inducement, and when, from a kingdom to a cow, nothing was safe which a bold man-at-arms chose to covet. But in this wild world he shows us there were still gentle souls to whom devotion and quiet were necessary, who had no vocation for the sword, who

loved parchments and that which was written thereon; and that their one natural undisturbed refuge was the cloister. This cloister, as it existed in the eleventh century, Mr. Church opens up for us. We can see the calm seclusion yet domesticity of the place; the industry as well as the religiousness of the monks; the grateful sense that exists among them of escape, not from the responsibility and temptations of ordinary existence, but from the life of violence, of extortion and injustice which they saw everywhere around them. They were the spectators of the great conflict which raged around—compassionate, reasonable bystanders, chronicling everything, wondering no doubt often over the fierce passions outside, but sorry for the sufferers and helping them in a primitive way, though not refusing to be benefited occasionally by their distress, or to accept the sin-offering of an oppressor. But for these cloisters nothing but a wild hubbub and tumult of conflicting passions and groans of pain, of steel clashing and horses prancing, would reach us out of these fighting ages. The monks have preserved for us the permanent thread of human succession, the characters and motives of those dead princes and warriors, the good that was in them as well as the evil, and the place they held in the economy of the world. And Mr. Church's picture of their life and work is doubly interesting as coming from the pen of one who neither holds them up to the enthusiasm of mankind, like their last eloquent and generous defender Count de Montalembert, nor insinuates a sneer, like so many Protestant writers, at their whole life and work. He enters into the real principle of their existence with an understanding of its motives and uses, neither adoring nor despising, and shows us how, in their days, that life was natural, reasonable, and full of real aspirations towards the best, according to practicable and not imprac-

ticable rules. Here is his description of the life of the Norman monks at the time of the conquest of England, in a monastery bound by the Benedictine rule, but under the sway of men of thought and power like Lanfranc and Anselm:

"For the objects in view the organisation was simple and reasonable. The buildings were constructed, the day was arranged, the staff of officers was appointed, in reference to the three main purposes for which a monk professed to live—worship, improvement, and work. There were three principal places, which were the scenes of his daily life: the church—and in the church especially the choir—the chapter-house, and the cloister; and for each of them the work was carefully laid out. A monk's life at that period was eminently a social one; he lived night and day in public, and the cell seems to have been only an occasional retreat, or reserved for the higher officers. The cloister was the place of business, instruction, reading, and conversation, the common study, workshop, and parlour of all the inmates of the house—the professed brethren; the young men whom they were teaching or preparing for life either as monks or in the world; the children (*infantes*) who formed the school attached to the house, many of whom had been dedicated by their parents to this kind of service. In this cloister open apparently to the weather but under shelter, all sat when they were not at service in church, or assembled in the chapter, or at their meals in the refectory, or resting in the dormitory for their midday's sleep: all teaching, reading, writing, copying, or any handicraft in which a monk might employ himself, went on there. Here the children learned their lessons, or read aloud, or practised their singing under their masters; and here, when the regular and fixed arrangements of the day allowed it, conversation was carried on. A cloister of this kind was the lecture-room where Lanfranc taught "grammar," gave to Norman pupils elementary notions of what an Italian of that age saw in Virgil and St. Augustine, and perhaps expounded St. Paul's epistles: where Anselm, among other pupils, caught from him the enthusiasm of literature; where, when Lanfranc was gone, his pupil carried on his master's work as a teacher, and where

he discussed with sympathetic and inquisitive minds the great problems which had begun to open on his mind. In a cloister like this, the news, the gossip of the world and of the neighbourhood, was collected and communicated; rumours, queries, and stories of the day, the strange fortunes of kings and kingdoms were reported, commented on, picturesquely drawn up and made matter of solemn morals or of grotesque jokes, as they might be now in clubs and newspapers. Here went on the literary work of the time; here with infinite and patient toil the remains of classic and patristic learning were copied, corrected, sometimes corrupted, ornamented; here, and here almost alone, were the chronicles and records kept year by year, so scanty, often so imperfect and untrustworthy, yet on the whole so precious, by which we know the men and their doings who turned and governed the course of English and European history; here, too, when the true chroniclers did not speak as people wished or did not tell enough, were false ones invented and forged. This open-air sedentary life was a hard one: it was well enough when the weather was fine and warm; but even monks, though they were trained to endure hardness, found their fingers nipped by the frost, and had to give over their work when the winter came round. The indefatigable storyteller Orderic—like Eadmer an Englishman at least by birth with a Norman training—who has preserved for us such a profusion of curious touches of his time, and who is so severe on the negligence of his brethren in not committing to writing what they knew of the remarkable events around them, was obliged to confess the numbing effects of winter, and to put off his writing to a more genial season. He breaks off in his account of the quarrels between the sons of William, and lays aside his fourth book for the winter with this reason for the interruption:

"Many disasters are impending over mankind, which, if they should all be written, would fill huge volumes. Now, stiffened with the winter's cold, I shall employ myself in other occupations, and, very weary, I propose to finish this present book; but when the fine weather of the calm spring returns, I will take up again what I have imperfectly related, or what yet remains unsaid, and, by God's help, I will fully unfold with a truthful pen

the chances of war and peace among our countrymen."

If we may receive this description of the cloister as accurate, what a quaint and pleasant light does it throw upon those old-world refuges of a life which is over! Hitherto our imagination has but pictured in them the covered promenade of the more studious monks, scantily occupied by here and there an absorbed and meditative figure pondering or praying, with big book or dropping beads. But Mr. Church's picture brings before us a totally different, most cheerful and busy scene. The hum of real life under those graceful arches, the whole community at work—here and there a chronicler with his primitive writing materials in a quiet corner—there a brother at his easel, catching the glitter of the dew upon the grass blades in the green centre of the quadrangle, noting the poise of the bird on a pinnacle, or the head of a green and golden lizard turned quick towards a sound of danger; the children training in another side of the square, practising their chants for the service; perhaps the sandal-makers of the convent at work between, or some little group of homely artists carving, as if their whole souls were in it, the new tabernacle-work for the choir; brothers coming in from the outer world with milk and corn, grinding the latter in their querns, adding news of the last battle, the last oppression, the surprise of some neighbouring baron, or his return from captivity. What a flood of light pours upon the old convent and its domestic economy by help of this picture! A peaceable life, but neither useless nor tedious. It is curious to feel the subtle force underneath of that unreasoning obedient mind of the time which thus transplanted the open cloister of Italy into the bitter chills of the north, and accepted it as of equal authority with the Rule, strangely unsuited as it was to the climate. The mind of the time was in such

points beyond the reach of reason, not for want of intelligence or thoughtfulness, but because its acquiescence in any new thing which was generally acceptable to it was unbounded, and made no distinction between principle and detail. The high and intense development of the reasoning faculty is very apparent, on the other side, in the current of Anselm's works, one of which, the 'Proslogion,' contains an argument for the existence of God—the argument that "the idea of God in the human mind of itself necessarily involves the reality of that idea," which "was received, with absolute confidence in it, by Descartes, and which still employs deep minds in France and Germany with its fascinating mystery." He pondered those profound trains of thought, no doubt, at first in the populous cloister, so busy, and cheery, and full of friendly fellowship. The picture to our mind is charming, if only it could always have been summer weather, and the roses of St. Benedict could have bloomed for ever in the green square, which, borrowed from the open houses of Greece and the colonnaded courts of Italy, has yet made itself so quaintly English and familiar to our insular thoughts.

Mr. Church, however, does not dwell long on this picturesque and attractive sketch. The chief thing in his book is a conscientious and able endeavour to show, though the idea is not evidently any more in consonance with his belief than it is with the traditional policy of England, how the original theory of the Pope's domination over the Church, and, even in a limited degree, over the nations, was not the mere priestly grasp at power it has so often been represented to be, but a noble visionary scheme for the glory of God and the advantage of man, which *we* indeed know to have been productive of infinite wrong and suffering, but of which no such conclusion could have been predicated in the eleventh century. It is thus he represents the origin and force of the long controversy:

"No one then doubted the authority of that great office which they believed to be held in succession from the prince of the apostles. They might doubt between the claims of this or that Pope or anti-Pope—they might question the wisdom of the Pope's decisions, or disobey his orders, or defy his excommunications, or bribe his advisers, or imprison his person; but the general belief in his authority was no more impaired by such things than resistance or disobedience affected the general persuasion of the authority of kings. The See of St. Peter was the acknowledged constitutional centre of spiritual law in the West to all that 'diversity of nations who were united in their confession of the name of Christ;' it was looked upon as the guide and regulator of teaching, the tribunal and court from which issued the oracles of right and discipline—the judgment-seat to which an appeal was open to all, and which gave sentence on wrong and vice without fear or favour, without respect of persons, even the highest and the mightiest. The ideal was imperfectly realised: it was marred by the extravagance of assertion, the imperiousness of temper, the violence of means with which those claims were urged; it was spoiled by the inextricable mixture of by-ends with grand and noble purposes, of unscrupulous cunning and crafty policy with intense and self-sacrificing conviction; it was more fatally degraded and discredited by the selfish and faithless temporising and the shameless greediness which grew into proverbs wherever the name of Rome was mentioned. And every succeeding century these things grew worse: the ideal became more and more a shadow; the reality became more and more a corrupt and intolerable mockery. But if ever there was a time when the Popes honestly endeavoured to carry out the ideal of their office, it was just at this period of the middle ages. They attempted to erect an independent throne of truth and justice above the passions and the fear which reigned in the world around. It is the grandest and most magnificent failure in human history. But it had not then been found to be a failure; and those whose souls believed in truth, and thirsted for purity, righteousness, and peace, amid the envy and confusion of their time, turned to it with hope and

loyalty. Anselm probably had troubled himself little with distant Rome and its doings, while busy in the cloister of Bec with teaching and meditation. The hopelessness of all justice at home drove him on what offered itself, and was looked on by all as the refuge for the injured and helpless. . . . In those days of cruel and lawless power, it was no unnatural thing for a great Pope to match his moral and spiritual power against the cruel forces which seemed to be amenable to no other check. Then it was most natural for Christians, hating the pride that defied God's law and the licence which trod its sanctities under foot, to rally round the conspicuous and traditional centre of Christendom, and seek there a support which failed them at the extremities. They must be judged by what they knew and what they could see."

This is a manner of adopting the principles of scientific inquiry which, we fear, our scientific friends, who launch thunderbolts against "ecclesiastically-minded persons," would be very slow to see. To avoid thinking ill of a man or a generation until we are compelled, to make an endeavour to enter into his or their feelings, to "put ourselves in their place," to see matters from their point of view, this is surely a more valuable practical lesson to us—being men, and not walruses or elephants—than any lesson to be derived from Chalk, or Drift, or even Sandstone: and as scientific too.

It is a long leap to make from the period of the Conquest, the grand conflict between Pope and King, secular influence and spiritual, to the homely yet exciting eighteenth century, and the quiet highly respectable family of the Oliphants of Gask.* There is something very quaint and amusing in the solemnity with which their descendant and successor sets forth the history of half-a-dozen dull good men, of unimpeachable descent, good blood, honest principles, and gentle mediocrity. They were country gentlemen of Perthshire;

* The Jacobite Lairds of Gask. By T. L. Kingdon Oliphant, Esq. London: Published for the Grampian Club.

and that strange fate which seems sometimes to play with the lives of honest dull men as if they were heroes, cast them into the tide of civil war in the '15 and the '45, and tossed them fantastically after the broken fortunes of the Stuarts into exile and poverty. A certain irony seems to creep into the record when the character of the men is contrasted with their fortunes. They should have been great graziers or sheep-farmers, living peacefully among their fields—and lo! they were exiled patriots—partisans of a fatally lost cause, mixed up with the last tragic effort of old romance and chivalry to stem the prosaic routine of modern existence. Let nobody say that rank and family are nothing. It was their blood that drove these men into an enterprise so unlike their character; and by blood we do not mean those finer impulses, those loftier sentiments, which are supposed to accompany long descent, but only the mere external fact of their name and position. It is a comical, almost ludicrous, example of the force of circumstance. No doubt many another commonplace well-born gentleman like the Oliphants, elder and younger, after the few months' wild excitement of that sudden brief campaign, found himself bewildered in France, deriving the means of his living from a "gratification" given by the French king, and giving all the moderate powers of his intelligence to the problem of how to live cheaply, and exercise a homely hospitality, and make his exile, if profitable for nothing else, at least advantageous for the bringing up of his children. Mr. Kington Oliphant gives us all the details of such an existence with the most perfect *nâiveté* and good faith. To him the Laird of Gask and his son are heroes. He gives us page upon page of the respectable old gentleman's diary, his accounts of the fireworks and the *grandes eaux* at Versailles; of how he saw the

king and royal family at supper; of how young Laurence fell from his horse when following the royal hunt in the forest of Snarra, "and his Majesty had the exceeding goodness and humanity to order his surgeon to attend him, which by the blessing of God saved the young man's life." Mixed up with all this honest commonplace are the curious foolish conspirator-letters of the time, in which poor Prince Charlie, worthy of a better fate, is maundered over as "cousin Peggie," as "the worthy Trojan," and various other absurd nicknames, with suggestions still more absurd, which no doubt these good people consider to be conceived in a high spirit of wisdom. Such petty plotting does not reach the height of tragedy; it is ludicrous in its busy impotence. The Oliphants took it into their wise heads that they could serve the fortunes of the unhappy Chevalier by getting him to declare himself a Protestant and to marry an English wife,—or "to be sure," says good Bishop Forbes, "for soundness and healthiness of constitution, &c. &c., I would prefer a Scotch match." Innocent plotters! But this project seems to have given them a great deal of trouble, and occupation, and hopefulness, and no doubt a considerable amount of amusement, in their dreary foreign residence. Almost the only amusing thing in the book, however, to the reader, except its wonderful grandeur and sense of family importance, are some letters referring to a quite different project of marriage, and elucidating the sentiments of the young hero, Laurence, yr. of Gask, who had been one of the Prince's aides-de-camp, who had ridden with him at Prestonpans and across the Border, and who had taken a standard from the hand of a falling ensign in the darkest hour at Culloden. This accidental episode over—which had come upon him because he was an Oliphant of Gask—young Laurence seems to have fallen into the most

humdrum sobriety. His father and mother evidently had made up their minds that it was time for him to have a wife. We are not told whether the lady, too, had been indicated by them, but it is most probable; and here is the placid account he gives of his own state of mind at the beginning of his wooing. The lady was a cousin of his own, a daughter of Lord George Murray, and widow of the Master of Sinclair. It is thus the gallant Laurence writes. We may add that the Oliphants have a family style of spelling peculiarly their own:—

"The young lady, for what I've seen of her hitherto, is very mutch to my mind; not a buety, but very well; seems extremely well-natured & well-bred, & as hansom a straping person as one could wish for. This may make you suspect a denial will prove troublesome to me; but you need not be uneasy: for I have taken my party, and will stick to it,—which is, that as on this step depends ye happiness or misery of life, so we may expect it is an event we will be guided in if we ask it, and, after using moderate endeavours, if it's refused, may be fully convinced ye denial is for our good, therefore not to be grudged for one moment, but, on ye contrary, to be looked upon as a happyness; & this I expect you'll see I have firmness enough to stand literally to."

A few days after, the proposal was made:—

"She answered me very coldly, & desired I would never speak to her more on that subject. I found she shunned ever after being with me alone. I therefore desired Lady Strath: to speak more fully to her, which she did, & was answered that she had no thoughts of marrying just now, she was entirely her owen mistress, & had whereon to live, &c., that she had given me a flat denial all at once, as she never liked to keep her lovers in suspense. . . . What has happened," (adds this calm wooer), "gives me not ye smallest uneasyness; on ye contrary, I feel a satisfaction in having mad out what I always inclined—i.e., the knowing her inclinations before I should look about elsewhere. We are

very civil to one another; as to anything more I'm as easy and indifferent as if I had never had any attachment, and fully convinced that what happens is for ye best."

Thus ends this funny little episode. Perhaps, after all, poor Laurence had a little heartache, and thought it best to conceal it by protestations of indifference, for the sake of his "papa," whom he still addresses by that title. Six months later, when Gask had been bought in by his friends in Scotland for the attainted laird, his son heaves a mild sigh of matrimonial import. "I could now wish for a virtuous Gerle who had wherewith to redeem it," says the sensible Laurie. As it happens, however, this most justly thinking of lovers makes a romantic match at the end, and finds in a certain Margaret Robertson of Struan (also his cousin), fifteen and a half years old, herself the daughter of an exile, and to all appearance penniless, the "virtuous Gerle" whom fate had been saving up for him. His exquisite philosophy, and the charming bit of folly with which he caps it, give to the feeble life of this younger Laurence, ailing and hypochondriac as he seems to have been, a certain gleam of interest in the midst of the tedious record.

This book however, ought to act as a check upon all the good people who, coming into the inheritance of a roomful of family papers, may be tempted to forget that these papers will undoubtedly be of less interest to the public than to themselves. The often-repeated affirmation that any man's life told with perfect candour would surpass in interest the finest creations of genius, must be received with a great many conditions. The outside life of an ordinary man is, in fact, anything but interesting. It may be as *banal* as that record of invitations received and accepted, of dinners eaten, and balls danced at, which forms the diary of so many men, and even of some men of genius. Either it must be cut clear of all these dreary repetitions,

and this work must be done so wisely that genius itself is necessary for it—or else the humdrum life must open up and show a heart convulsed with great suffering, which it has only hidden under a mist of simulated calm, or, at the least—and this is a much less important matter—so involved with great events that a certain borrowed lustre flows over upon the homely soul which accident has connected with things greater than itself. To neither of these categories belong the ‘Lairds of Gask.’ To the events which they were driven to share, the risings of the ’15 and the ’45, they were morally unimportant, though their position gave them a certain standing in the first rank of the exiles. Ned Burke, who guided poor Charles’s wanderings, or any one of the various Donalds and Duncans who helped him on his weary way, are more interesting to the general reader than the Oliphants. They were good, honest men, of the common rank and file of humanity; but if they had been dukes instead of Perthshire lairds, nothing more. Mr. Kington Oliphant warms into enthusiasm when he comes to Lady Nairne, the authoress of the admirable Scotch ballad “The Laird of Cockpen,” and of other most charming songs. “Carolina,” he says, “is the brightest jewel in the Oliphant crown;” and he describes the family after her birth in terms which are excusably glowing in a descendant of the family. “Never was there seen a more interesting group of Oliphants assembled together,” he writes, “than in the winter of 1766: not even in the days of the old Justiciaries of Lothian: not in the days of the knights who withstood the onset of the mighty King Edward. In 1766 there were living together at the Auld House of Gask the tough veteran of 1715; the more weakly soldier of 1745,

who even now, a score of years after his warfare, went by the name of Mr. Brown; and the little babe who was to become the poetess of the Jacobites—‘a soul so charming from a stock so good.’ These were the father, son, and granddaughter, whose lives stretch from 1691 to 1845; three nobler lives were never lived.”

Family pride is almost always excusable, and often very graceful and charming; but it is also sometimes, if we may venture to say so, rather absurd, and we trust the next country gentleman who falls in love with the letters of his ancestors will take example by the reigning Laird of Gask, and pause a moment before he gives them the doubtful advantage of print.

Let us return to the present after these wanderings in the past—the present, which has claims upon us of the most urgent kind, and some which are getting themselves expressed now and then by earnest voices forced into plain speaking. It is true that the very sound of these words, “plain speaking,” has grown offensive of late, and infers a class of subjects which, however much they may require discussion, are surely too vile to be paraded in common day before the ordinary public, half, or at least a third, of which had better be left in as much ignorance as is practicable. There is, however, nothing in the strangely clever and tragical history of ‘Ginx’s Baby’* to recall the disgusting discussions which some ladies and some philosophers, with an extraordinary conception of duty, which surely must be real, being so revolting, have thought fit to keep before the world. Ginx is a navvy—an honest, uncouth, yet not inhuman being—married to a wife whom he loves in his rude way, but who has, with an astounding want of consideration for her own comfort and his brought him twelve children into the world.

* *Ginx’s Baby: His Birth and other Misfortunes.* Fourth Edition. Strahan and Co., London.

When this point had been attained, the man remonstrated, as was natural.

"It was then that Ginx affectionately but firmly begged that his wife would consider her family ways, since, in all conscience, he had fairly earned the blessedness of the man who hath his quiver full of them; and frankly gave her notice, that as his utmost efforts could scarcely maintain their existing family, if she ventured to present him with any more, either single, or twins, or triplets, or otherwise, he would most assuredly drown him, her, or them in the water-butt, and take the consequences.

"Convinced that another infant straw would break his back, Ginx calmly proposed to disconnect physical, moral, and legal relations by drowning the straw. Mrs. Ginx, clinging to Number Twelve, listened aghast. If a mother can forget her sucking child, she was not that mother. The stream of her affections, though divided into twelve rills, would not have been exhausted in twenty-four, and her soul, forecasting its sorrow, yearned after that nonentity Number Thirteen. She pictured to herself the hapless strangerling torn away from her bosom by those strong arms and—; in fact she sobbed so that Ginx grew ashamed, and sought to comfort her by the suggestion that she would not have any more. But she knew better. In eighteen months, notwithstanding resolves, menaces, and prophecies—GINX'S BABY was born."

Thus the unhappy little hero, foredoomed, is ushered into a world which does not want him. His birth is the first and greatest of his misfortunes, for there is unfortunately no remedy for it except the violent and exceptional one proposed by his father—a remedy, at which everybody, even the populace in Rosemary Street, is shocked, and proceeds to oppose by every means in its power. The tale is told with a pathetic humour which is very effective, and now and then reaches the border of tragic power—which probably it would have reached altogether, had it not been necessary for the author's plan to bring in a variety

of interlocutors, all strenuously objecting to the baby's destruction, but able to do nothing towards the solution of that problem, how he is to exist. The little new-born creature wails in his father's big arms while philosopher and relieving officer are discussing the matter. "This child's going over Wauxhall Bridge," has been the only rational conclusion arrived at, when Ginx, making off to carry his threat into execution, is suddenly stopped short by the apparition of "a slight figure, feminine, draped in black to the feet, wearing a curiously framed white-winged hood above her pale face, and a large cross suspended from her girdle." This is the first real suggestion of relief, and it comes appropriately from religion; but religion in a very sentimental and conventional form, which shows a total want on the part of the author of that practical knowledge of his subject, which has made him so forcible and life-like in his description of Ginx, his home, and all his surroundings. The Sisters, especially the Roman Catholic Sisters, in such a region as that of Rosemary Street are not apt to be pale, gentle, delicate, and ignorant of babies. They are very sturdy, rosy, and matter-of-fact, on the contrary, so far as our experience goes—not easily shocked—and with half-a-dozen refuges to turn to, where the foundling might have been placed at once among his kind, instead of fluttering the dovescots of the Sisters' home by the introduction of a male being, even though only one day old. The author has drawn upon his imagination for a picture of the little convent, which might have been appropriately placed in the outskirts of a peaceful French village, but which certainly was very unlike the heart of London. However, as it is necessary for his purpose that this first refuge should fall to his foundling, we may forgive him a little weakness of imagination on this point.

We cannot, however, follow the poor baby's sufferings step by step. How the Protestant Detectors Association tried the case before the Queen's Bench against the Catholic charity; how he was won back to the orthodox faith, fought over, subscribed for, dropped into the mud once more; how he then became the subject of a lawsuit between two parishes, as to which was to maintain him; how, finally, he was left on the steps of a club-house, and taken in there, in order to afford a living text for much discussion upon social subjects among politicians and statesmen,—may be read in the book itself. At fifteen he disappears, taking some club property with him, as might have been looked for. Some years after, a chance spectator on Vauxhall Bridge sees something that looks like "the ghost of a slight-formed man, hatless and coatless," plunge from the parapet into the black-flowing river. It was the predestined victim, the child cast out by a world which had no room for him. "Society, which in the sacred names of Law and Charity, forbade the father to throw his child over Vauxhall Bridge, at a time when he was alike unconscious of life and death, has at last itself driven him over the parapet into the greedy waters."

"Good God, gentlemen! between you all, where has Ginx's baby gone to?" cries the author as he lays down his pen. An appalling question which nobody answers or perhaps can answer, let such histories be told by the hundred. Between the scenes of the miserable little drama, the writer, with an indignant scornfulness, which only wants a little compression to be very eloquent and powerful, expounds the moral of his tale; holding his lantern to us to show us the vast underground of human creatures "whose clearest notion of government is derived from the police," but who are, notwithstanding, most human, faithful creatures, standing

by each other in their wretchedness, toiling without name or hope all their lives long, huddling together in pestiferous holes, eating the scantiest food, and wearing the limpest rags, yet accepting their wretchedness as the ordinance of nature. That is one side of the picture: on the other are the statesmen too busy to give the question a "night" in the House, the philanthropists and religionists too anxious about the politics of the matter to give its victims a hearing, and the local government which spends the cost of a hundred babies' lives in a lawsuit to determine which parish shall pay for the bit of bread necessary for one. Can we wonder if such a subject should drive the man who really takes it into his mind half wild with the rage of indignation? Was there anything worse than Rosemary Street in France before the first revolution? Was ever any grand-seigneur more heartless than the boards of guardians, the so-called overseers of the poor? or more indifferent than the officers of State, who of all their business hold this the most light, and in short pass it over as a matter concerning their inferiors in office, not themselves? The creature ought not to have been born at all, is all Philosophy can say to him: an argument which, with rough, indelicate, but forcible truthfulness, is disposed of in Rosemary Street itself by a passing workman better acquainted probably with the practical aspect of the question than any philosopher. But if no man has any suggestion to make as to the means of saving such hapless unnecessary lives, no power to interfere—if we see nothing that can be done except to stand aside and shake our heads, let them be drowned, in God's name!—better, surely, a hundred times, better, than filling their wretched lives with misery, their minds with foulness, their bodies with pain, and consigning them in twenty, or thirty, or forty years to prison, or hulks, or work-

house grave. The way over Vauxhall Bridge is no doubt the easiest, safest, and least complicated. It is but a plunge, and all is over. The State might provide a comfortable priest to stand by at the solemn moment with book or with cross, to certify to heaven that all was *en règle*; and so the innocents would be safe and our burden be off our hands.

This is the argument of the anonymous author of this remarkable little book. He may be a little long-winded among his club-men (but then club-men are long-winded), but he speaks wonderfully to the purpose when he has Rosemary Street in hand; and the sketch of poor Ginx's home and surroundings, of the dense darkness encircling him, and his ignorance of everything that man could teach or ought to know, yet tenacious holding fast of a certain rude human virtue, dutifulness, faithfulness, love, rough but real, is full of truth and power. We have exceeded our space, and cannot quote as we meant to do this description; but we can assure the reader, if he has not yet seen the story of Ginx's baby, that there is that in it will make him smile and make him groan, and perhaps give him in the end a truer sense of the misery of his fellow-creatures, and their need of Christian succour, not in word, but in deed, than the appeals of many societies or the beggar's cunningest wail.

The stories in 'Peasant Life in the North'* are chiefly concerned with a class not much better off than Ginx, but at least living in wholesome country air, and able by hard work to keep the wolf who is ever at the door from absolutely couching upon the family hearth. The book has already passed the first ordeal of public judgment, and is in a second edition—in this case a tribute to real excellence, and a truth to life and nature quite extraordinary among the many varieties of

fiction. The novelist who "goes in" for character is generally fond of the poor. To them it is permitted to express themselves ungrammatically, and to speak out all that they mean. They are supposed to be free from the bonds of the conventional, and may be allowed to do and say things, very necessary for the purposes of a story, which would not come well from ladies and gentlemen. Such is the theory of fiction; but the fact is, that there never were such conventional figures, such wooden imitations of human nature, as the servants and the peasants of the ordinary novel. There is even a conventional dialect invented expressly for their use, which does not belong to any locality, but is a mixture of the supposed picturesque features of all, from pure Cockney to broad Cumberland. In this select speech the domestics of fiction prove themselves equal to a treachery beyond parallel, or to a fidelity scarcely known among men. They are excruciatingly clever, and know everything; or they are so densely and foolishly stupid that no ray of light from without ever bursts upon them. Sometimes a gleam of nature manages to get into a Scotchman or an Irishman; but the lower classes of English, in the ordinary English novel, are the most amazing ideal creations under the sun. Even in books of a higher class there is a tendency to exaggeration in this class. The maidens are so lovely, and the men so high-minded, that "nature's noblemen" is the phrase that comes by instinct to the lips of the inspired and edified spectator. Even in such a remarkable book as Mr. George MacDonald's 'David Elginbrod,' this mistake interferes with the sense of reality; though the old peasant there is so majestic in his homely statelyness that we grudge even to infer the doubt that in common life he

* Peasant Life in the North. Strahan & Co., London. Second Edition.

would have been less elevated. But the stories of the villagers of Glenaldie are entirely free from any exaggeration. Muckle Jock is as real as any muddy ploughman in Scotland. He is heavy, clownish, tongue-tied—more used to muck and mire than to cleanliness and pleasant savours—blunted in a great many of his external senses—an unrefined primitive son of the soil. Yet the hulking fellow has a love-tale as delicate, as tender, as touching, as if he had been a young Adonis; nay, it is doubtful if any god-like youth, full of poetic fervour, would have gone to our hearts like the heavy ploughman with his muddy boots and his shamefaced modesty. The air of the country is about him. There is a sweet air of new-turned earth, and the aromatic peat-smoke, curling blue from the cottage-thatch, and the breath of the cows which his lass has been milking. The description of the beginning of his love is as perfect as any classic idyl, yet as true to all the homely associations of the ploughman's life as the simplest history could be. Jock's old father, whom he supports, has been ill; his sister is worn out with constant attendance on the old man; and a comely "neebor" lass, May Johnstone by name, has offered to take poor Betty's place, and watch by the old man all night.

"So when Muckle Jock came in past eight, there was the strange girl sitting on Betty's stool, while Betty was snoring in the closet. Jock sat down shyly, feeling strangely unprotected, and was speechless. But May told him in a whisper that his father was not worse, and had fallen asleep after drinking his gruel with 'some o' your wine in't,' on which Jock had expended a day's wage. Then Jock said, 'That's guid.'

"Now, Jock 'kent' the lass, May. She had lived next door to him for three years; but Jock, in his silent way, had never spoken to her—unless, perhaps, that, as he strode into his cottage on a summer evening he might have said,

'Ou, ay,' in reply to her 'It's a braw night.' Even the sunshine and warmth and brilliance of summer could not warm Jock into conversation. Certainly at that time he wot not of the importance of woman's mission on the earth he so dully laboured. Fancy then the great dullard as he watched the strange girl deftly pour out his porridge, and scrape the pan, and heap up his plate. Jock stared silently at his supper, and again sat at the hearth and spoke not. So they remained in almost unbroken silence till the Gaffer's old watch on the nail above the mantel-piece pointed to ten of the night. Then, said May, 'Gae to bed, Jock.' Now the truth was, that for an hour past, Jock had been wellnigh distraught by the thought of that going to bed. Since the Gaffer's illness had been serious, Jock had slept on a shake-down in the corner of the kitchen; and he perspired at the thought of undressing and lying down in the presence of the 'bondager.' Again and again he made up his mind to go out and wander through the dark night till it should be time to feed the horses before dawn. Possibly he might find the stable-door unlocked, and thus be permitted to share the stalled comforts of his four-footed fellow-labourers. But he had put off his boots, and they were lying at the fireside drying their mud-covered 'uppers,' and half covered by the girl's skirts; and to resume them required effort and conversation. So Jock sat and groaned internally, and wished that his father were quite well again, and that for considerations instant and purely personal to him—Jock. The watch now in silence pointed to half-past ten, and May again urged her companion. 'Come, Jock, ye maun gang tae bed,' and as Jock groaned aloud in mental distress the maiden guessed at his difficulty, and said, 'Ye needna mind me, man. Gae and lie down; ye needna pit aff yer breeks unless ye like, lad; but dinna mind me.' And she got up and started Jock to his feet, and divested him of his fustian coat and waistcoat, and turned down his blankets; and anon Jock lay down on his straw, keeping on his lower integuments—the subject of his so great concern. Jock lay down, but not to sleep. The equal balance of his mind was disturbed, and his slow nature startled by a new and uneasy emotion. He said, inwardly,

'I canna sleep wi' that lass there.' The jerking click of the knitting-wires went through his brain. He was still wide awake, but with his eyes part-closed, when, after midnight, the old man moved, and the kindly May attended to him; and Jock heard him say he felt better, and that the gruel was 'guid.' And he asked for Jock. 'Did Jock come hame betimes?'

"And May said, 'Yes, puir chiel, an' he's soond sleepin' the noo.'

"Then Jock was more disturbed than before, and was fain to start up and rush out into the cold air of the night. And hours drearily passed, until at length there came to him pleasant dreams of harvest-times and of corn-fields, and of a lass straying among golden stooks, and he, poor Jock, alone was unhappy, for he had neglected his horses, and was hurrying to them over the stubble-fields, when he stumbled and awoke. There were Betty and the friend stooping over him, tickling his capacious nostrils with a straw.

"Betty said, 'It's five, Jock.'

"The bondager said, 'Get up, Jock, or I'll get in alint ye.'

"And Jock arose, and resumed his garments in dazed bewilderment; and having eaten some bread and milk that nearly choked him, he went out into the grey chill morning, not daring to say 'Good-bye' to May. Yet somehow the fading twilight stars shone that morning with a lurking merri-ment Jock had never been conscious of before; and for some undefined reason Jock quickened his pace, and trotted, not tramped, on his mile of road.

"This was how it began. A hole in Jock's jerkin of stolidity had been found and penetrated, and something had got into that heart of his, and quickened it and made it thump."

It is good in these days of scepticism, when in all love-matters a man's foes are supposed to be those of his own household, to add the manner in which this love-tale of humble Jock's was discovered and furthered. The poor fellow himself saw no way of compassing his wishes. "It will nae dae. I canna, manna mairry. I hae three mouths to fill, and can feed nae mair," he says to himself, with internal groanings.

"For upwards of a year Jock con-
VOL. CVIII.—NO. DCLXI.

cealed his love not only from the maiden whom it concerned but also from his own household. Its discovery was in this wise: The Gaffer lay often awake at night, as old men do; and as poor Jock lay dreaming at his side, the old man heard him speak, 'May, May, dawtie!' and a pang somewhat of jealousy and much of selfish fear went through the old man's heart. 'Och, he's sure to mairry and leave his auld faither! I did it masel, I did it masel,' he thought and groaned; and next day he told it to Betty. To her he told also his fear that his son would desert him. 'But it's natral,' he said, 'I did it masel, and left ma faither and mither tae want. I canna complain. He has done his duty better than I did mine by ma ain auld folk. An' for this cause will a man leave faither and mither; ay, and sister as weel, Betty.'

"But Betty bade the old man 'Wheesht! I ken Jock better. While there's breath in ye, faither, Jock'll no leave ye.'

"But this information as to Jock's sleeping whispers was to Betty an explanation of many odd things in Jock's behaviour of late, that till now she could not account for; and as she sat knitting that afternoon and thought back, she satisfied herself that Jock—her great, silent, solid Jock—was in love with May Johnstone. No jealousy or selfishness marred her thoughts of this, for she loved her brother, not tenderly perhaps—for tenderness and emotional love pertain but rarely to the horny-handed sons and daughters of toil—but with a reasoning love, that spoke to her how much she and her parent owed to this hard-toiling man, and that rejoiced to foresee for him happiness, and a little brightness to lighten the future of his life of labour. . . . So while Jock was sitting at the hearth that night, Betty asked him plumply, 'Jock, are ye coortin' May Johnstone?'

"The effect of this on Jock was peculiar. His eyes got fixed on Betty till they grew round, his face flushed till the swollen veins seemed starting from his temples, and his mouth stood agape. At length he gasped, 'Wha tell't ye, Betty?'

"'Yer ainsell,' said she. 'Yer faither canna get sleepit wi' you haverin' about her—aye crying out, May, May!'

"Jock saw that his secret was discovered. His statement was honest

and piteous too. 'Na, Betty, I'm nae courtin' her: I wish I was.'

"'She's a brave lass and a guid ane,' said Betty.

"'I ken it, I ken it, Betty lass,' answered Jock, with unnatural vigour; 'an' I could speak to her the morn, but no while faither's wi' us.'

"That was how Jock's love found voice for the first time: and before the sun rose twice thereafter, Betty had taken May aside and told her how her brother was bewitched with her love."

One asks which is most true to human nature—this touching simple picture of the honest generosity of the cottage towards its bread-winner, or the fractious and miserable opposition with which, in the ordinary world, a man's family are represented as receiving his first attempt to secure his personal happiness? The old man who grudges and fears, yet is honest, and cannot refrain from the immediate reflection, "I did it masel,"—surest rule of forbearance and toleration—and the sister who proceeds at once to the heart of the difficulty, aiding, not thwarting, are, it is needless to say, worlds in advance, so far as moral feeling goes, of their superiors, whose household feuds on the subject we are so well acquainted with. Is it because the cottage is superior by natural right? or because our romancists have chosen to set up an ugly theory on the subject, instead of taking truth for their guide? Anyhow literature and the world are the better for a picture so homely, so rude, if you will, so pure and elevated in feeling, as the picture of Muckle Jock's courtship. No prince could be more chivalrous and reverential in his wooing, and yet we know no ploughman in print so absolutely true.

The other stories in the volume are not equal to Muckle Jock, though all are full of the truest feeling for Scottish nature, both in landscape and in humanity. The earth-floored cottage brightens into human habitation under this author's hand—the rough familiarities of the lads and lasses are set before us with utter plainness,

yet without a suggestion of evil—nay with a truthful air of innocence which comforts the reader: very frank are the manners of the bothy and the harvest-field; but the universal reprobation which falls on the faithless "laud," injuring even his temporal prospects, as in the story of "The Dandy Drainer," and warning all honest lasses against him, might be an example to higher regions. That this warm feeling does not exist in more cultivated society we are often enough reminded. And this leads us in the last place, as no doubt the minister of Glenaldie (who, by the way, is totally left out of the book—an odd omission, in a Scotch village) would say—to one of the cleverest of recent works of fiction, a book which has done a great deal to revive the reputation of Mr. Wilkie Collins in his own particular sphere of art.

'Man and Wife' has probably by this time been read by most readers of fiction, and it has been largely commented upon by critics, so that it is unnecessary to enter into the details of a story which everybody knows. It is one of those tales founded on actual public grievances, which Mr. Dickens, we believe, was the first to bring into fashion, but which have been more boldly and successfully carried out by Mr. Charles Reade than by any other writer. Mr. Wilkie Collins has done it also; but his strength, which lies in plot and complication of incident, does not lend itself successfully to polemics. 'Man and Wife,' however, is more distinctly didactic than any of his former works. Its *motif* is the abuse and irregularity of the laws of marriage—an abuse, however, of which he indirectly and unintentionally shows the limits, by proving beyond doubt that only a thoroughly heartless and unscrupulous villain could make them work real harm; and villains thoroughly unscrupulous are, thank heaven! not very common in the world. Mr. Wilkie Collins's strength is at the same time

his weakness. To secure the necessary complications in his plot, he annuls the characters of his personages with the most extraordinary hardihood, and makes them act contrary to the commonest laws not only of conventional morality but of ordinary reason. For instance, in the apologue to this book he brings in a fine lady, a woman of rank, and, so far as he informs us, of unimpeached character, permitting her actually to see with her own eyes and hear with her own ears that the man who has been making a profession of love to her has vilely deceived by a false marriage an honourable and good woman, who has for many years believed herself to be his wife. Yet as soon as the fraud is fully proved, and the heartbroken woman has been thrust into a corner to die, Lady Jane marries this monster, with no more than a pretty *fie fie* at his naughtiness! Has English society fallen so far, and English ladies become so indifferent to the distinction between virtue and vice, as to make this possible? or are we expected to believe it only because it was necessary to the plot?

Again, Anne the heroine is represented to us as one of the noblest of women. She is pure, proud, full of talent and mental power, with a faculty of attracting everybody, which is not so unusual in books as it is in real life. Yet she degrades herself to the lowest humiliation possible to a woman, becoming the victim of a brutal, brainless villain, whose sole quality is his personal strength, and the fame acquired by the fact that he rowed stroke in the Oxford crew, and has won a foot race or two. It is her desperate effort to get this brute to marry her in time to save her good name which causes all the complications of the tale; and of course we allow, as in the other case, that but for this the story could not have been. Mr. Collins gives his heroine's unaccountable fall as a proof of the dominion over the English imagi-

nation of muscularity, and the natural effects of its deification; without ever appearing to see that such a woman as he has drawn could not have made the sacrifice of her honour, her delicacy, and her pride, on any but the highest tragical impulse of self-devotion—an impulse which nothing in the hero's character or circumstances called for. This way of playing with feminine character has become a favourite trick of the romancer. His heroine is permitted to do that which, in a woman's code, is the last and vilest of all evils, without being any the worse for it. More than that which cowardice or bad faith is to a *gentleman*—*i.e.*, total destruction of his character, breaking up of his principles, disruption from all the traditions in which he has been trained—impurity is to a woman. We say *gentleman* wittingly, for Mr. Wilkie Collins's heroine is a *gentlewoman* trained in all the superstitions of womanly modesty and honour. It is just as easy to believe (we think easier) that a man brought up to consider his honour above his life should run away from an enemy, or forfeit his pledged word without harm to his character, as to believe that a woman should be guilty of that which to her involves a still deeper degradation, and yet suffer no loss of moral dignity, no injury to mind or being. The suggestion is as horrible as it is incredible. The moment that it is proved that Anne is unintentionally married to her brutal betrayer, she is absolutely whitewashed, and becomes, not more of an angel, for that was not possible, but an angel recognised by everybody concerned. How strange a difference is there in this debasing idea, and that old-world belief which found utterance in the conception of *Clarissa*! Such a woman as Anne might have married Geoffrey Delamayn, no doubt, being kept sufficiently apart from him in the idealising mists of courtship as to make an Apollo

out of the athlete; but that she should have become his victim is simply impossible. Why do not artists see that all their admirable descriptions of perfection are stultified by their calm admittance of a blot which cannot but debase? Either the one is a delusion or the other. Still more remarkable is the treatment of this subject given in a novel called 'Austin Friars,' by the author of 'George Geith,' where the immaculate woman is a wife who has escaped from her husband on their wedding-day, has loved and lived for years with another man of the meanest and weakest character, and who, after severing this connection, is beloved by a third, who eagerly marries her when all difficulties are removed. She is a woman as far above other women as the moon is superior to "the common people of the sky," notwithstanding her equivocal position, and every man in the story worships her, though some, and only some, of the women look askance; while the authoress has no words too strong to express her estimate of the superiority of this woman who has "lived" over the colourless young girls who are the heroines of ordinary romance. Is this true? When lovely woman stoops to folly, is she only exposing herself to a temporary social punishment, the spite and envious malice of her "sisters" (who, the inference is, would have been only too glad to do the same if they had had the chance), and the risk of some personal inconvenience? with the general sympathy and admiration of men, a noble sense of superior experience and trial in her own mind, an increased influence and improved character to console her? Surely this is the maddest as well as one of the most fatal delusions of fiction—an idea which would be miserable, indeed, were it current in common life.

To return, however, to 'Man and Wife.' One of the most powerful scenes in the book is that in

which Anne, who has by this time conceived the most deadly terror of her seducer, makes up her mind to produce the document which proves her marriage to him, and the consequent nullity of the pretended marriage which he is trying to prove her to have entered into with another. It is to save that other and his young wife, Anne's dearest friend; but at the same time she is conscious that the step she is about to take will throw herself on the tender mercies of the infuriated brute thus forced to receive her as his wife. Her regard for her friend triumphs. She allows the paper to be produced, and her real position triumphantly proved. Nothing can be more tragical than the sacrifice which she supposes herself about to make; but though she has every reason to fear the last extremities of vengeance—though she believes, and everybody else believes, her very life to be in danger—there is not one about her, though she is surrounded by lawyers, who has sufficient presence of mind to assure her that the law does not require her to give herself over to be killed, even to her husband. She allows him to lead her away pale as death and trembling with the certain conviction that she is to be butchered—a conviction which all her friends share. But no one says, Don't go—which in real life every one would have said. Again we allow the exigencies of the story; but Mr Wilkie Collins is not such a novice or weakling as to be unable, if he chooses to take the trouble, to build his story upon probable occurrences as easily as upon impossible ones. A wife who is ignorant and starving, who has no friends and no resources, has been known often enough, heaven knows, to follow her tyrant, in dumb helplessness and terror, to be kicked or beaten to death; but a lady with troops of friends, and at least one wily old lawyer entirely devoted to and trembling for her, could

scarcely be compelled to follow such an example. Having said so much, we will not touch upon the deathly-faced weird woman Hester, who carries about with her her "Confessions" of murder, and stops at every available moment to read that wonderful tale. Such a being belongs to the category of sprites and demons, and does not come within the bounds of criticism. It is impossible to judge by rules of nature and probability a creature utterly at variance with both.

But it is a curious fact that with

all these outrages upon common sense, 'Man and Wife' is full of power, and perhaps more exciting and interesting than if it had been more carefully constructed. It carries us back to the days of Mr. Wilkie Collins's old fame, though there is nothing in it equal to Count Fosco. Such a book may almost hope to be read even amid the distant sound of cannon, and by people three parts of whose mind are engaged in mourning the miseries or calculating the chances of the war.

PROFESSOR PORTER ON THE HUMAN INTELLECT.

WE wish to introduce to our readers a work which comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic. We have treatises and lectures of all degrees of merit on Psychology and Metaphysics, but Dr. Porter's work on the Human Intellect presents us with a more complete and impartial survey of this whole region of inquiry than has been ever before offered to the student. The author advances his own opinions with due firmness and decision; his reading has not made him incapable of independent thought; but the distinguishing merit of his work lies in the copious and even-handed manner in which he has dealt with a great variety of topics, and a long list of celebrated writers. This, we presume, was the main object which Dr. Porter set before himself. As professor of moral philosophy and metaphysics in Yale College, it was his task to inform and instruct, as well as to guide, the young student; and we have here, we presume, a compendium of his course of tuition. It will be useful everywhere, both to the teacher and the student.

The author has pursued a some-

what novel plan in the arrangement of his materials. He has printed the more didactic or positive portions of his work in large type. In a smaller type he introduces us to the speculations of others, and enters into a more elaborate discussion of his subject. He perhaps did not foresee one result of this disposition of his materials. It offers, especially to an advanced student an irresistible temptation to pass on from paragraph to paragraph of the smaller type. The reader finds where the most attractive material is deposited, and begins to thank the writer for the kind consideration which devised this method of pointing it out to him. We speak as a culprit: we discovered this temptation by having yielded to it. Perhaps, however, the author *did* foresee this result, and did not altogether disapprove. Perhaps he knew that, out of college and in the busy world, there were few who could read faithfully, from cover to cover, this massive volume of 660 pages; while there were many who would gladly return so far to their old studies as to catch the latest notes from the

The Human Intellect: with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul.
By Noah Porter, D.D., Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College.

professor's lecture-room, or his latest criticism on the theories floating about us.

A reader of the last description, turning over the pages of this compendious work and reflecting on past toils of his own, will perhaps ask himself what is the net result he has gathered out of psychology and metaphysics. He will not, we think, disparage the mental discipline he has received from those studies; but he will ask, with some feeling akin to cynicism, what amount of knowledge, what absolute truth and conviction, he carried from them.

The two things must be separated. We remember hearing a learned Hebrew assert that there was nothing in the world so calculated for intellectual discipline as the study of the Talmud. Every sort of subtlety had to be mastered, and the apprehensive faculty was strained to the utmost. Perhaps he was right; we never read a page of the Talmud and cannot judge. But what we should probably be disposed to say of the Talmud, many would apply to metaphysics in every shape, and wherever studied. The discipline, they would say, is good: the fruit gathered may be of very questionable sort. The intellect of the student has been sharpened; but that note-book in which he had so zealously stored the wisdom of the professor he may as well leave behind him with his satchel.

We should not altogether re-echo such a judgment. To master a tough controversy, to understand the precise point at issue, may be a good exercise of mind, even where we cannot decide the issue, or where its decision is of no great importance. But we should not limit the benefit of psychological studies entirely to this good exercise. Something, if not much, remains; we have got rid of some delusions, if we have secured few positive truths; we have been brought face to face with difficulties, and if we retire

with a sense of humiliation at the limited nature of our faculties, we also retire with a deepened sense of reverence for that Universe, or Universal Being, we have been struggling to apprehend.

How many students in olden times sharpened their wits, say at Paris or Padua, over the controversy between Nominalist and Realist! We now smile at this debate, though in one modified form some shadow of the debate still continues; but so far as the debate may be said to be closed, was nothing gained by it? There was a delusion at length detected and chased away from us. Such delusions *will* grow up, and a complete exposure of them will generally be found to be a progressive step in the discovery of truth. At the present day our prominent psychological controversy has been about the nature of our knowledge of the material world: with us the battle rages chiefly over the region of perception, or cognition through the senses, of the world in space; and perhaps the sober Universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen have listened, in our own times, to a teaching upon this subject as *curious* (as likely to figure amongst the curiosities of literature) as anything that was ever promulgated at Paris or Padua. But it is through such strange and weird controversies that the path lies to some clear and simple truth—if such is ever to reward us—on the nature of human knowledge.

Simplicity, indeed, has not been wanting in some of our systems of psychology. There can be no complaint on this head. Have we not long had the sensational school, which now, with some improvements and modifications, bears in Professor Porter's book the name of the Associational school? But the extreme simplicity of this psychology leads us into conclusions as strange and bewildering as any that religious mysticism has ever imposed. One can imagine a Hindoo, in his solitary reverie, reasoning

himself into the conviction that there is nothing in heaven or earth—nothing for him—but his own sensations. But who could have supposed that, in an age of activity and science, men distinguished for scientific culture could have argued themselves into the like belief? Sensations, and some law of their coming, and returning, and clustering together, is all that they find at the bottom of the crucible.

There is surely a simplicity attainable that is not purchased at the expense both of mind and matter—that will leave us ourselves, and a world in which we move and have our being. The bewilderment we are in about this solid earth we think we tread upon, is just frightful. A scientific man, after startling us with some revelations about protoplasm or the brain, reassures us, and fortifies us against all fear of a distressing materialism, by putting the question, What, after all, *is* matter? Nothing but an idea. So we are tossed from matter to mind and from mind to matter, and have the satisfaction of resting in neither. And, what adds to the turmoil, it seems a settled point throughout the whole controversy that no metaphysician shall be allowed to understand another metaphysician—unless he entirely agrees with him. Some proposition is attacked and defended. You think the contest is over. Not at all. One of the combatants demurs to the issue: *That* was not the proposition. You have not read your Hume; it was *this* you should have discussed. Brown tells us that Reid did not understand Berkeley, and Sir William Hamilton tells us that Brown did not understand Reid; and there are some who tell us that Sir William Hamilton, the most erudite of metaphysicians, did not understand Kant, and that Mr. J. S. Mill, the most acute of critics, did not understand Sir William Hamilton. There is some magic in the air that bewilders all the combatants.

They strike at each other's shadow.

Nevertheless we live in hopes that some system of psychology, having that stamp of simplicity which we feel assured is one of the tests of truth, and not opposed to those beliefs which lie at the basis of human life, and of human science, will one day be established amongst us, and secure a general assent. Is there not describable some type of the human consciousness, composite in its nature, y of few elements, simple—yet not of that simplicity which leaves u without anything we can justly call knowledge? Is there not from the commencement a typical consciousness whose development we may watch, developing yet always retaining its original elements?

There was a Professor Milne, of the University of Glasgow, who filled the chair of Moral Philosophy at the same time that the Professor Jardine who is mentioned in the Memoirs of Jeffrey (and, we believe, of some other notabilities whom he assisted in the training of) occupied the kindred chair of Logic. We have no other way of fixing his epoch. We had not the privilege of hearing the lectures of Professor Milne; but a dear friend, now departed, of somewhat older standing than ourselves, had passed through his class, and we have heard him speak of them. This hearsay evidence is very slender ground on which to judge of a professor's system. But the scheme which was briefly sketched out as that of Professor Milne has occurred to us when reading other systems of psychology, and has occurred to us as presenting that typical consciousness of which we have been just speaking. His mental analysis had resulted in these three elements—Sensation, Memory, and Judgment. The knowing and feeling consciousness of man—that alone which we can recognise as mind—consists of these three elements; and their various

and continuous development constitutes our moral and intellectual progress. Understanding by Sensation every description of sensibility, pain, pleasure, passion, or emotion; by Judgment, all apprehension of relation, which (with sensation) constitutes perception itself, and constitutes afterwards all the knowledge derived from the confluence of perceptions and memories; and understanding by Memory that repetition of perceptions which, according to its relation with the present, may either be a memory, or anticipation, and which may be neither—may be mere imagination, or reasoning:—With these explanations, it seems to us that the analysis of Professor Milne's is the most perfect that we have encountered. The attempt to substitute for judgment, or the essential attribute of intelligence, the laws of Association, which is but another name for Habit, has thrown some of our later psychologists into unmistakable confusion, into palpable paradox. The simplicity of Professor Milne's scheme is a simplicity that explains knowledge instead of destroying it. It enables us to watch the development of the same elements into wider and nobler consciousness.

This scheme not only has the merit of preserving to us the distinctive element of Intellect, but it accords with the plain and undisputed teaching of physiology. There is no dispute that we have various organs of sense, and that we have a brain common to all these organs, and which also acts independently of them, reviving as ideas the perceptions first acquired by their aid and co-operation. We have plainly, then, these organs of memory and sensation. But we have not, it may be said, an organ for judgment. None is necessary; for

just as life itself is due, not only to certain organs, but to the co-operation of these organs, so intellectual life is due, not only to brain and the organs of sense, but to their co-operation. The *together* of our sensations is represented in consciousness by the perception of the relations of space, and time, and contrast. Thus this new creation, Mind, is produced: that is, we may so imagine the connection between brain and thought.

But if, according to this account, judgment comes in with consciousness itself,* yet we must wait, it will be said, the development of memory for our complete or typical consciousness. There is no past and future till ideation has made its appearance, and we cannot conceive a human consciousness without a past and future. How are we to describe that embryonic condition which must intervene between the perception and the development of memory? We do not attempt to describe it, nor is it our part to describe it. Much may have transpired of a psychical as well as of a physiological or purely vital character before the human consciousness is actually developed. Mere sensation would not be consciousness, would not be mind. We as psychologists can only start from mind or the completed consciousness.

The question is sometimes asked of memory, How is it that we know that it represents a *past*? We have but the *present* ideation; we have not *that* and something past with which to compare it. The question receives its answer if we reflect on the earliest forms which memory assumes. We see a thing and remember to have seen it before. We cannot compare this present ideation with any past, but we can compare it with the pre-

* Sir William Hamilton in his notes to Reid says, "In so far as there can be consciousness there must be judgment." And again, "In fact all consciousness supposes a judgment, as all consciousness supposes a discrimination." We are indebted for these quotations to the work before us.

sent perception. So that memory and sense are at once distinguished; and as one memory brings in others, and the present is filled with its perceptions, these must range themselves in the past or the future. If they awake some desire, they will arrange themselves in the future, and become an anticipation. Anticipation may be quite as early in the field as memory—meaning by memory a distinct reference to the past.

We have no means of knowing whether we have rightly interpreted the scheme of Professor Milne. Such is the shape it has taken in our own reflections. We seem to have a typical consciousness presented to us, such as directly results from the action and co-action of the brain and the organs of sense. We seem to be able to watch the development of the type from its simplest state to its highest and most intricate conditions of thought and feeling. There is a distinction, but there is no *separation* in the consciousness between sense and intellect. The lowest consciousness has the element of judgment in it, and what we call observation and reflection are only perceptions, or memories in which the element of judgment is more fully or vividly developed.

We should like to see justice done to this scheme by a synthetic exposition of the onward expanding course of human thought and feeling. But were we capable of such a task ourselves, this is not the place to essay it. We have no apology for deserting Professor Porter for this reminiscence of a reminiscence of Professor Milne.

The most distinctive peculiarity we have noticed amongst Dr. Porter's own speculations is his revival, with some modifications, of Stahl's theory of the soul,—namely, that it is as well the vital and organising power, as the being or power that thinks within us; that, in short, the soul first grows

and sustains those organs, by aid of which it thinks and feels and carries forward its conscious life. It is a theory which has never had a wide acceptance amongst us, nor do we advocate its claims, but Professor Porter has argued his case with great judgment and discrimination. We would invite studious readers to a perusal of his chapter on this subject. The very fact that a thorough spiritualist, for such our author is, should have adopted this theory, is significant. It testifies to the increasing difficulty that is felt in drawing the line between the psychical and vital properties of man. If we begin by giving the vital properties to matter, we are in danger, so it is thought, of carrying over the mental properties also. The Professor defends himself from any such danger by claiming the vital properties for his spiritual entity.

He commences by contending for what in medical books is called the *vital principle*, or vital force. We presume that he does not mean by this term merely that a new property *comes in*, but that there is some specific entity which is to be represented in our minds as the cause of this new property, otherwise there would be no controversy on the subject. Everybody admits that there are palpable differences between a living thing, a plant or an animal, and the inanimate stone, the rock, or the water flowing over it. And those differences are the new properties we call vital. Are we simply to register the *new Coming*, and regard the previous conditions as the only known Cause? Are we to be satisfied with referring it to the One Being, the cause of all? or are we, whilst admitting this Universal and Primary Cause, to introduce secondary or subordinate entities as the specific cause of this *new Becoming*?

So far as we feel ourselves capable of forming a conclusion on so obscure a subject; we rest in the second of these theories: Dr. Por-

ter adopts the third. We must state his views in his own words.

"In modern times those who have rejected the materialistic theory have almost universally contended that the subject of conscious activity is an agent or essence distinct from the principle of life. The agent or force which thinks, feels, and wills has been supposed to have nothing to do with the processes which originate and direct the corporeal functions. The connection between the two agents or essences has usually been regarded as that of mere co-existence or intimate relationship. These views were the natural result of the dualistic theory of Descartes in asserting for Extension and Thought—set forth by him as the fundamental or essential attributes of Matter and Spirit—entire irrelativeness to one another. Since his time, in all the varieties of psychological and physiological theories, those who have held the soul to be spiritual and immortal have almost uniformly and unanimously held that the agent of knowledge and feeling is distinct in essence from the principle of life. One exception deserves to be named in the school of G. S. Stahl (1660-1734), the eminent physician and chemist. Stahl maintained that the soul was active in the formation and functional processes of the body, as well as in the exercise of the conscious activities; but he connected with this theory certain extreme doctrines which seemed to be inconsistent with its spirituality and independence of matter, as well as with the plainest facts of experience.

"The progress of psychology in recent times, as well as the more careful study of the conditions of certain of the psychical phenomenon, have seemed to favour a theory intermediate between those of Descartes and Stahl—a theory teaching the identity of the vital and spiritual forces. It may be stated thus: The force or agent which at first originates the bodily organism and actuates its functions at last manifests itself, as the soul, in higher forms of activity—viz., in knowledge, feeling, and will. In other words, the principle of life and of psychical activity is one."

Our author states the objections which are brought, or might be brought, against this theory with great fairness, and makes good

front against them all. To say that he is always successful in his answers, would be to say that he has convinced us of his theory, which he has not. But the discussion is rife with suggestions. We see how the vital and the psychical mingle together in the human being—that on the unconscious operations of brain and nerve depends that consciousness which we especially call by the name of Mind.

One suggestion will hardly fail to occur to the reader. He will acknowledge that he cannot ascribe *will*—regarded as synonymous with voluntary motion—to the soul or spirit of a man, unless the property of vital movement be also assigned to the soul; and accordingly, when Professor Porter speaks of will as a purely psychical property, he speaks of it as synonymous with *choosing*—which is, indeed, a form of thought and feeling. In voluntary motion vital processes take place of which we are utterly unconscious, and which are extremely obscure to science itself. We desire a thing, and the hand stretches out to grasp it; what passes between that desire and the contraction of the muscle no physiologist pretends fully to describe. It required some anatomical knowledge even to describe a muscle, and it required minute dissection to say by what peculiar mechanism it contracts. All that we directly know is that desire is followed by a movement of the arm. Unconscious processes have indisputably taken place. Dr. Porter claims these also for the soul, and so completes the idea of will (as voluntary motion), when we speak of it as belonging to the one entity—the soul.

It is quite plain that man is compounded of physical (or vital) and of psychical properties. The psychical in man is just that consciousness of which we have given a brief account—a combination of knowing and feeling, of sensibilities, memories, and judgments. But these psychical properties could not alone constitute the *active man*; and even the thinking, *conscious*

man depends on some purely vital operations. If, therefore, Dr. Porter can make it probable that both kinds of properties belong to some one entity, which may be thus pronounced to be the cause or agent in the whole man, we are not aware that he will have any great repugnance to overcome. Where the popular mind will offer strongest objection to his theory is in its application, not to the highest, but to the lowest of living creatures. Is every insect, is every plant, to have its special soul, that grows and moves it? Dr. Porter does not shrink from the conclusion. He appears only desirous to draw due distinction between the soul of plants and the soul of man, to discourage the inference that because plants have a soul that soul must be capable of being also developed into a conscious being.

"It is objected again that the view which is urged would bring the soul of man into too near an affinity with the so-called souls of animals and of plants. If the spirit of man gives life to his body, then, it is urged, it is possible that that which gives life to the plant and the animal may be endowed with the attributes of intelligence and personality. This does not follow as a necessary inference by any means. The fact that the soul of the plant has certain capacities and performs certain functions which we call vegetable and living, does not carry the inference that it might also perform the higher functions which pertain to the animal. No more does it follow that the so-called souls of either should in their nature be capable of performing the still higher functions which are peculiar to the spirit of man."

We readily acquit the Professor from the charge of driving us to the inference that every herb and every insect that feeds upon it is an undeveloped man. But we ask ourselves what it is we gain in the way of explanation by giving any sort of soul to our daisies or our caterpillars? They grow up from the seed or from the egg mysteriously enough. We think

we see in them the result of an intelligent power, but not of an intelligent power confined within the individual seed or individual egg. The organising power which we trace everywhere in the world is surely one. For there is organisation everywhere. What we call especially organic is but an organism within the still wider organisation which we very carelessly call inorganic.

If we do not give to each germ an organising and intelligent power, what is it we *do* give?—what that can in the least explain its development?

We stand before a plant whose growth we have watched. The seed gave place at a very early stage to some slender-rooted leaves and stem. The seed disappeared, and *these* were left to conduct the onward progress. We saw it grow higher, expand and multiply its leaves, put forth the flower, the fruit, and reproduce a seed like that from which it started. At each stage, what is *there* is the cause or condition of what is next to come. Why do we not rest content with describing this marvellous evolution? Why are we not satisfied with saying that each stage is the cause or condition of the subsequent stage? Not surely because we can elucidate the mystery by giving a *Something* to the seed, that remains permanently in the plant, building it up all along; but because this very evolution points to an Intelligence *not* in the plant—an Intelligence that saw the end in the beginning. It is a Thought enacted before me, this growing plant. The flower raised into the air, played on by the light, furnished with stamen and anther, is the culmination of the plant, and is also producing the seed for its successor. And the power that organised this was *the power of the whole*, for the river flowing on the earth, and the flood of light from heaven, were all along conspiring with the vegetable germ, the leaf, the bud.

At every epoch it is said some one of our philosophical problems comes into unusual prominence, and its decision seems for a time to govern every other problem. In our day the question briefly indicated by the two words Materialism and Spiritualism appears to assume this dominant position in philosophy. It does so still more in the literature of France and Germany than in our own. And whatever may be said of the stationary character of philosophy, it cannot be denied that the question wears a different aspect to one who rises from a work of physiology of the nineteenth century than it did in the days of Descartes. There are evident reasons why it should assume this position amongst us.

Looking about upon our speculative heights for some point whence the streams of thought flow right and left, most men would now fix on this question—What conception is to be formed of that which thinks and feels within us? Nor do we dispute their judgment. Only from this high ridge, this watershed, the streams of thought that flow are rather more numerous than at first sight is suspected. Think what a revolution must take place in our idea of matter, if, instead of interposing a fresh entity to carry on the psychological development, we supposed it carried on by the same entity that had previously displayed itself, throughout the universe, in form, motion, resistance, and momentum. We see at once that it is not *motion and resistance* that think: it must be *That* which developed movement and resistance that also thinks. The *That* which has become spirit. Form and resistance were only its first developments. Professor Porter's mode of viewing the subject returns upon us, but with wider application. The same Being that shapes that first organism we call the inanimate, shapes also the second that we call life, and afterwards develops that last manifesta-

tion, the thought of man. And here would be the place to introduce a subtlety which some metaphysicians have put forth. It is this, that Extension is truly the property of space, not of matter. Whatever matter *in itself* may be, it assumes form by being in space. Form demands both matter and space for its production. Matter in itself, if we dare to follow it, becomes that *Unextended* which Descartes defined the spirit to be:—and *That* becomes the One Permanent Being of the universe.

We are far from dogmatising on so difficult a subject; but thus far we see our way: if what is here called the Dualism of Descartes be resigned, we have still our share in the omnipotence of God, we are still, in some inconceivable manner, manifestations of the One Being, creations of a Power who can doubtless re-create us if the Eternal Reason has so decided. It is this truth which gives us

"Strength to sweep
[Adown the course of time.]"

After rising to these heights of speculation it is difficult to descend to the various topics of a much more limited interest to which the main body of Professor Porter's work invites us. Nor can we be expected to do more than indicate the nature and scope of such a work. To discuss the multitude of topics in it would be to write a rival treatise. From our point of view, as intimated in the brief sketch we have given of a proposed scheme of psychology, much of the Professor's work would appear of a redundant or cumbrous description. The whole subject of judgment and reasoning appears to us to admit of simplification. We have arrived at the conclusion that nothing that can be recognised as a state of consciousness is without this element of judgment; that it varies in its nature as the consciousness becomes more and more complex, but that it is never wholly absent. All con-

sciousness is some sort of thinking as well as feeling. To us it seems that to attempt to describe a state of mind as existing of sensations only, is precisely parallel to the attempt to describe material bodies by limiting ourselves to some conception of the atom, and overlooking the laws of cohesion and of motion. What the relations of atoms to each other are in physics, the relations of sensations to each other are in psychology. And be it remembered that this relation, when we speak of mind, means perception or apprehension of the relation. Sensations form a consciousness by such apprehension of relations, just as atoms form a body by actual cohesion in space. You cannot describe matter at all and omit the laws of cohesion and motion; and you cannot describe mind at all and omit that perception of relation which makes of sensations a *knowing* as well as a *feeling*.

But a work such as Dr. Porter's cannot, of course, be surveyed from some peculiar point of view of the critic; the very intention is to present us with a full account of all contemporary thinking, and even, to some extent, of the history of our thinking on psychology. It is at our own peril if we find fault with some modes of teaching still prevalent amongst our philosophers.

Logic is, in our apprehension, the least satisfactory branch of this great subject of mental philosophy; and that whether we consider it merely as a part of psychology—that is, as an analysis of our process of reasoning—or whether we regard it, in its practical aspect, as affording a useful set of precepts for conducting our own reasonings. The syllogism is not a mode of reasoning at all, if by reasoning is meant the process by which we ourselves arrive at any conviction: it is, at best, a mode of arguing, a method of convincing or confusing others. There is one valuable precept which the logician enforces on us, and one

only, but that is of so much importance that it may excuse a great amount of surplusage—it is that we understand what our words mean, and keep to the meaning. This is a summary of all the good practical result of logic.

By teaching an art to *convince others*, it has never been favourable to the love of truth, or to that secret silent reflection from which all genuine convictions grow up. It is the quiet survey of our thoughts, under the desire for truth or knowledge, the noting the congruity of *this* and *that*, and forming at length some harmonious whole, which is the real process of reasoning. This is very different from argumentative skill.

We should be very far from assuming that because a man is a logician he is therefore invariably more argumentative than reflective. We speak only of a general tendency. Many various studies build up an individual mind, and there is a certain temperament, or predominance of certain feelings or sentiments, stronger than any scholastic tuition. There may be as much difference of intellectual character between logician and logician as between any two men who have never opened a book of logic in their lives.

We have had a striking instance of this amongst our own contemporaries. Oxford had two eminent logicians who, for a short time, were in the University together; the one became known as Archbishop Whately, the other as Father Newman. If the Archbishop illustrates in his writings, in his own modes of thinking and speculation, the intellectual character we expect from a logician, in Father Newman we see all that predominance of feeling or sentiment to which it is presumed that logic is inimical.

The last work which Dr. Newman has written is a work on logic. And with what purpose has it been written? To induce us to think it reasonable to forego the use of

reason on the great subject of religion—to take our premisses from tradition (for that is what the authority of the Church really amounts to), and to live and reason on that basis without questioning the tradition itself. The ‘Grammar of Assent’ is to lead us to a rest for the spirit, in believing what the Church believes because the Church believes it.

A work more inimical to the love of truth, for its own sake, was never written. On its psychological analysis we venture to pass this judgment, that it contains hints and suggestions of a highly valuable character, but these are not followed out so as to form any lucid or coherent scheme; there is the utmost clearness in parts, and in other parts a confusion that most certainly is not due to any obscurity of style. As to its scope and purpose, it is an elaborate argument for Authority *versus* Reason. Dr. Newman may argue this with perfect honesty. We know what sort of feelings and sentiments led him to the position he occupies; we know that the bias of his mind was of that kind to which the best of men have yielded. Having himself a genuine conviction, he acts as a veracious man in extending the conviction to others. But though the man may, be perfectly honest, his book, we repeat, is the most complete antidote to the love of truth that has ever appeared in English literature.

We owe Dr. Newman’s former and most interesting production, his ‘Apologia,’ to a criticism of Mr. Kingsley. It is difficult to separate the man from his system, and we presume that Mr. Kingsley, in attacking a mode of teaching, had used words that unintentionally conveyed some imputation of unvaracity or disloyalty on the part of the teacher. If this were the case, Dr. Newman has completely vindicated himself. But if he wrote the ‘Apologia’ to justify

himself, he appears to have written ‘The Grammar of Assent’ to justify Mr. Kingsley. If the first work proved to all intelligent Englishmen that it was an honest man who had deserted us for the Catholic faith, the second must prove to all intelligent Englishmen that the Catholic faith is fatal to reason itself. It means death to the love of truth—that is, where religion is concerned. It means that assent here is to be no longer a judgment but an obedience. We do not think that Mr. Kingsley could use language too strong in describing the intellectual and moral effect of such a teaching.

Dr. Newman would tell us that there are better things than the love of truth; there is truth itself. To which we retort that there is no such thing as truth that is not founded on, or rather is not one with, an intellectual apprehension. If we repeat a proposition which we do not understand, that is no truth to us. We may venture to contradict it, being awed by the authority of the teacher; and, moreover, the proposition, by its association with other propositions, may call up certain feelings of reverence in our mind. But for all this, it is not a truth. A truth cannot be revealed that is not revealed to our intelligence. Whether it is Protestant or Catholic that sets Faith against Reason, he is introducing (for all those who are not carried off their feet by the tide of emotion) a perennial source of hypocrisy.

We have gone astray. We intended to make some remarks on logic as taught by Professor Porter. We will excuse ourselves from entering formally into this subject at present. We will end as we began, by recommending this book to the student. It is a thorough genuine piece of work of its kind. A man might appeal to such a work as a worthy product of a life.

THE GREAT COLLAPSE.

THERE have not occurred in modern times two events so startling and unlooked for as the sudden collapse of the military power of France and the abrupt overthrow of the Napoleonic Empire. The stability of the latter, considered as a foundation of a dynasty, was scarcely ever—perhaps was never—regarded as a matter much to be depended upon. The Emperor's age and growing infirmities, not to speak of the fickleness of his subjects, gave but little promise of the prolongation of his own reign through very many more years; while the extreme youth of the Prince Imperial, as it pointed to a probable minority, so it forbade any sanguine expectation that to him the succession would come so quietly as to insure its transmission a generation or two hence to his children or his children's children. But that Louis Napoleon should himself descend from the throne, not into the grave but into private life—that, neither cut off by the assassin's bullet, nor falling, sword in hand, at the head of his troops, he should become, first, a prisoner of war, at the disposal of a rival potentate, and immediately afterwards the subject of a formal decree of deposition by the Legislative Body which owed to him its existence,—these are incidents in human life on the occurrence of which it was impossible to calculate—which no interpreter of prophecy, not even Dr. Cumming, had ever, as far as we know, ventured to foretell. And almost stranger still—certainly quite as little anticipated—has been the absolute breakdown of that army in presence of which Europe had for the last ten or twelve years stood watchful and uneasy. The French generals were held to be such perfect masters of their art, the French system of administra-

tion and supply was accounted so admirable, the armament of the French troops was so complete, with their rifled guns and chassepot firelocks, that the very last thing a nation, not smitten with judicial blindness, could be expected to do, was either to provoke or even to accept a quarrel with so redoubted an adversary. And yet France is now prostrate. Not the world in arms, as once before marched against her, but a single neighbouring nation forced into the war—certainly not seeking it—has shivered the sword in her hand and beaten her to the ground. How are we to account for events lying so far beyond the limits of common expectation? What may be expected to follow as the probable—for we would not venture to say inevitable—consequences of an issue so extraordinary? These are grave questions, the former of which we will endeavour to answer by reference to facts patent to the whole world. The latter we must treat rather as a subject of speculation than as involving points which admit of logical demonstration; though, even in reference to it, there are not wanting grounds from which to draw inferences having at least the show of plausibility.

The restoration of the Napoleonic system in the person of him who took the title of Napoleon III., is an historical event only less astounding than that which forms the proper subject of our present inquiry. It is not too much to say that it could not have possibly happened in any other country than France; nor even in France itself, except at the precise era when it came to pass. Not one single motive, such as usually impels a nation to replace her form of government or the ruling family which she had set aside, operated or could operate in

this case. The blind loyalty that throws a halo round a race of old descent, be they ever so worthless, could have nothing whatever to do with it. The traditions of the first Empire, wherever still preserved, had become either confused and misty, or, else, as was the case among all thoughtful persons, the social evils connected with them stood out more prominently in the picture than the false glory by which they used to be surrounded. And had the contrary been the case, the individual who claimed to be the heir of these traditions, could be so accounted only by the largest possible stretch of the imagination. Prince Louis Napoleon was hardly so much as a Frenchman by birth. He was not educated in France. He had never served France as a soldier, a statesman, a diplomatist, or a private citizen. His career had been from childhood that of an adventurer, yet it carried him to a throne. Party in France itself he never had any, as the results of his two foolish enterprises in earlier life made manifest; and the few personal friends of his exile, even when there came to be added to them the men whom he used as his instruments—or, as Mr. Kinglake will have it, who used him as their instrument—for the attainment of a gigantic purpose, surely they are among the last persons in the world who could have been expected to conspire successfully against the liberties of a great nation, and overthrow them. Morny, Fleury, Maupas, Persigny, Magnan, Vieziers, D'Orsay, what had they ever done to make the French people believe that they were capable of thinking out plans for the regeneration of the State, or possessed the qualifications necessary to carry them into effect? Like their master, they had been all their life-long waifs and strays upon the tide of time. Yet they and he, among them, accomplished,

when the proper moment came, a revolution as telling on the destinies of France as the most remarkable of the many which preceded it.

So stand the outward incidents in this most marvellous transaction. Where lie the hidden forces—the causes which operated to bring about effects so striking? Must we look for them in the inspirations of commanding genius either in Napoleon himself or his fellow-conspirators? Certainly not. Nobody will deny to the fallen Emperor the possession of talents above the common level. Nobody doubts his courage, his determination of purpose, or the strength of his will. But all three might have been his in a measure fifty-fold larger than was meted out to him, without raising him—but that other and still more potent forces operated with them—to the eminence from which he has just fallen. It was the French people themselves who re-erected the Imperial throne, and placed him upon it. And this they did through no reverence for the memory of the old Emperor, or any sentimental feeling for the new, but because they were impelled to action of some sort by the same impulses of unreasoning terror which, for wellnigh a century back, have driven them out of one fit of political insanity into another. Let us explain what we mean, even if in so doing we tax the memories, and perhaps outrage the prejudices, of some of our readers.

The history of France, taking it up from about an hundred years ago, is that of a nation not so much disorganised, in the ordinary sense of that term, as demoralised utterly. The last years of the ancient regime were years of the grossest and most universal corruption. A court frivolous, extravagant, and selfish; a noblesse arrogant, cruel, and debauched; a clergy in the higher ranks infidel and libertine, in the lower shamefully ignorant; ground - to - the - dust a much-en-

during and debased commonalty. There succeeded to this state of things such an upheaving in the whole frame of society as had never before been witnessed among civilised men. Hatred in the masses took the place of fear, and the retribution dealt out to old oppressors was horrible. The whirlwind threw down the fabric of society from pinnacle to basement, and, more awful still, the very corner-stone—the sole foundation on which human society can rest secure—was dug up and smashed to pieces. France is the only nation in the world concerning which the authentic record survives, that as a nation she lifted her hand in open rebellion against the Author of the universe. Plenty of blasphemers, plenty of infidels there have been, and still continue to be, in England, Germany, Spain, and elsewhere; but France stands apart in the world's history as the single State which, by the decree of her Legislative Assembly, pronounced that there was no God, and of which the entire population of the capital, and a vast majority elsewhere, women as well as men, danced and sang with joy in accepting the announcement. We do not profess to be better or more religious than our neighbours. We have no sympathy whatever with the temper which is constantly looking out for special blessings or special judgments, either upon individuals or nations; but we must follow the example which the French nation of 1790 set us, and throw off our allegiance to the Supreme Being altogether, before we can doubt that such a national crime must of necessity bring in its train a commensurate national punishment. And, certainly, if we take account of all that has since befallen our unfortunate neighbours across the Channel, we shall discover no reason for changing our belief in this particular.

From the day that the decree just alluded to went forth, and the

Goddess of Reason claimed men's worship in Paris, France has staggered on under a succession of Governments, each, as it would seem, more incapable than another of giving permanent prosperity to the country by elevating the moral condition of its inhabitants. To the Convention and the Reign of Terror succeeded the Consulate, and to the Consulate the first Empire, with its wasting wars, its astounding successes, its terrible disasters. For a quarter of a century or more the best blood of France was poured out like water, its youth destroyed, its habits of thinking and acting utterly vitiated. Indeed, the very physique of the nation degenerated under the pressure of these troubles. The conscription carried off, year by year, to be slain by the sword or devoured by pestilence, every man possessed of physical strength enough to go through the hardships of a campaign, till in the end, only the sickly, the decrepid, and the imbecile were left at home to continue the population. Meanwhile a spirit of intolerable arrogance became confirmed in the whole people, such as made them nuisances to the rest of the world. The single authority which a Frenchman under the first Empire pretended to hold in respect was military power, and even to that he rendered willing obedience only so long as success waited upon the national arms; for religion itself, after, by a fresh legislative enactment, the existence of God was recognised, and places of public worship were reopened, became, among the educated and ruling classes, a mockery; among the ignorant peasants, a blind superstition.

But the first Empire fell to pieces, and then came the rule of the Bourbons—a family of which it was truly said, that they learnt nothing, and forgot nothing. The attempt to assimilate the order of society in 1814 to what it had been previously to 1789, produced its legitimate

effects. Paris would not tolerate processions in which princes and marshals walked side by side with prelates and priests, bearing lighted tapers in their hands. The provinces revolted against schemes, real or pretended, for getting back her lands to the Church, and their forfeited estates to the *émigrés*. The army writhed under the white flag and the leadership of men who had never seen war. Then came the Hundred Days, after that the battle of Waterloo, after that the army of occupation. Kept down for three years by foreign bayonets, the French appeared to yield to their destiny, and the sanguine began to flatter themselves that the reign of order and moderation was restored; but the volcano, though silent, still burned beneath the surface, and in 1830 it broke out again. A street rabble, victorious over troops ill-fed and badly commanded, sent Charles X. into exile, and placed upon a throne, for which he had often intrigued before, Louis Philippe, the son of *Égalité*.

To the superficial observer, France seemed at last to have taken her proper place in Europe as a great constitutional monarchy. The King affected the manners, and in some degree the tastes, of the middle classes; and trade improved, and commerce extended itself. Nor can it be denied that literature flourished, that the arts were fostered, and that of physical comforts the people enjoyed a large share. But the prosperity of France was all this while superficial only. Self-seeking was the order of the day, from the highest to the lowest lair in society. The middle classes became to their workmen objects of as bitter hatred as ever the old nobles had been to their peasantry. Constitutionalism, in the sense which we apply to the term, could nowhere find soil deep enough in which to strike its roots; and now, as formerly, the towns were the seats of a blank unbelief, the villages and hamlets of an

ignorant superstition. Meanwhile the Government, which affected to take much interest in education, gave mortal offence to the priests by taking the superintendence of elementary schools out of their hands, and the clergy paid them back by inculcating, wherever their influence extended, distrust of the Government. As to the public men of that era—the Thierses, the Guizots, the Villemains, and others—without disputing their claim to be accounted eminent as men of letters, we are constrained to add that as politicians and guides of public opinion they did little to raise the tone of public feeling in the country. Let anybody read with attention the historical works of the former, or the personal reminiscences of the latter, and we shall be very much surprised if he fail to agree with this opinion. Monsieur Thiers, standing forward in his own person as the champion of extreme liberalism in a constitutional monarchy, is in his writings the abject flatterer of the most grinding tyranny that ever afflicted mankind; while Messieurs Guizot and Villemain dogmatise just as doctrinaires are wont to do who consider public events to be satisfactory or the reverse according as they chime in with or contradict their own peculiar crotchets.

The reign of Louis Philippe was stained with great public blunders, and still greater private dishonesties. The Spanish Marriages show that he thought at least as much about family aggrandisement as national glory. His conduct in other respects was a curious mixture of caution and rashness, of wisdom and folly. The elder branch of his family had been true to the Treaty of Vienna, because they entertained no respect for Napoleonism in any shape, and were disinclined to quarrel with the Powers to which they owed their restoration. This did not tend to make them popular in a nation which had not forgiven,

and was never likely to forgive, the humiliations of 1814 and 1815. But Louis Philippe made almost as great a mistake, so far as the French were concerned, by condemning their policy, yet shrinking from the bold adoption of its opposite. It is no secret now, that so early as 1831 Talleyrand proposed to Lord Palmerston and Baron Bulow that France should be allowed to reannex Belgium, and that Talleyrand's master was not a little annoyed at the flat refusal with which the proposition was greeted. The King, however, kept his temper. He made no attempt to take by force what had been refused to diplomacy; but he fostered the army, and exerted himself to create a powerful navy. France was thus encouraged to believe that she would sooner or later recover under him what Frenchmen hold to be her proper place in Europe. Strange that a man whom we all credited with rare sagacity, should have interlarded his policy with a stage-trick so silly and so dangerous as the bringing back of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena, and burying them with great pomp in the Invalides. It was almost more monstrous, it was at least as pregnant with mischief, as the extraordinary conduct of Louis Napoleon in having the Marseillaise sung at Court. Still Louis Philippe was upon the whole a good king for France; and if he had been served by ministers either more far-sighted than they proved to be, or less the creatures of his will, it is quite possible that he might have died in his bed at the Tuileries, and left a secure throne to his son or his grandson. As it was, he provoked an *émée* by uncalled-for opposition to a little foolish public speaking, and through lack of that personal courage in which he was never before suspected of being deficient, he brought on a revolution.

Once more we find unhappy France the scene of fierce intestine strife. Once more a street rabble

prevails over a disciplined army, because they who ought to have put themselves at the head of the troops flee from danger to their own ruin. The Republic is proclaimed again; the King's palace is invaded; obscenity and drunkenness, blasphemy and profaneness, run riot everywhere—in the halls of the Tuileries itself. Then comes Communism, then armed resistance to the attempt to restrain it, then more barricades and more bloodshed. But observe what the effect on public opinion had been of the unaccountable pandering of Louis Philippe and his ministers to the Napoleonic idea. The same man who had twice before endeavoured to revolutionise France, and failed, comes over at this crisis, and is at once elected into the Constituent Assembly which is to govern the nation. Nor is that all. When the time comes round for choosing a new President, this man offers himself as a candidate for the office; and, over the head of the gallant soldier who had saved Paris from anarchy, he is elected by an overwhelming majority. All that followed came as matter of course. There had sprung up between the French army and the French people a feeling of intense hostility. The army could not forget its repeated humiliations, and burned to avenge them. The people—in other words, the mob—looked upon themselves as masters of the situation. There were no settled institutions in the land, no aristocracy, no throne sustained by old traditions, no Church deserving, and therefore commanding, the respect of the people. The Legislative Assembly itself was a new body, which the nation neither understood nor trusted. The law and its interpreters and administrators were all alike powerless. Was any other result to be looked for than that which actually came to pass?

Louis Napoleon has been much blamed for seizing power as he did. It is not our business to defend

him. But in a country which has no constitution, nor anything on which to build one up, where law is without force and religion without authority, somebody must grasp power with a strong hand, if men are to be kept from cutting each other's throats. Observe that we are not now condemning as worthless, or worse than useless, republican institutions because they are republican. A happier and more virtuous people, on the whole, than the Swiss, are not perhaps to be found in Europe, and, although it may seem a contradiction in terms, there is no country more Conservative. And though we cannot say that we have any wish to take a leaf out of their book, it would ill become us to deny that the republican institutions of the United States of America may be suitable to those who live under them. But then the Swiss republic is as old and well matured as most of the Continental monarchies. Its foundations were laid by wise men, who lived long enough to perfect their own work; and the people are fully satisfied with it, and have the best reason to be so. In like manner the Republic of the United States of America has grown, by a process of partial corruption, out of the municipal institutions of an old constitutional monarchy. The rebel Puritans themselves could not settle down in the land of their adoption except under a rude copy of the social arrangements in the land of their birth. Hence republican America is, as colonial America was, a reproduction of Old England, with her two Houses of Parliament, slightly modified in their constitution; with her laws adopted, almost without alteration; with everything, in short, which is really English, except an Established Church, a Peerage, and an hereditary chief magistracy, and with an enormous amount of venality and personal corruption superadded to all. The wild attempts

at republican government made from time to time in France, on the other hand, as they had their origin in chaos, so they led up in every instance only to confusion. But confusion is inconsistent with the integrity of a State. It was impossible that the Republic of 1792 should end otherwise than it did. It was equally impossible that the Republic of 1848 should subsist beyond the precise moment appointed for its dissolution; and it is not less certain that the third Republic, that which professes now to be in power, will end by and by, possibly after greater suffering and more bloodshed, in a government of mere force. We do not therefore blame Louis Napoleon for doing what somebody else would have surely attempted had he not been first in the field. But what are we to think of a nation which in its form of government is perpetually vibrating between extreme licentiousness and pure absolutism, which seems to be just as happy in one of these states of national existence as in the other, and cannot settle down into permanent content with anything intermediate between the two?

Louis Philippe had committed in his day these two among many mistakes: he created an unnecessarily large bureaucracy, hoping to enlist thereby the self-interests of many persons in the stability of his throne; and though keeping the army strong in numbers, he affected to place greater confidence for the maintenance of domestic tranquillity, in the National Guard than in the regular troops. No stranger visiting Paris in his reign could fail to be struck with the superior appearance of these civic soldiers over the Line, and with the greater deference which was everywhere paid to them by the King and the people. The army felt the slight, and resented it. At the same time, the creation of an enormous number of places under Government, both in town and country, as

it called forth a widespread demand for them, so it made enemies of all whose applications were refused. Napoleon III. acted differently. He employed the regular troops exclusively to win for him the crown, and made no secret of his determination to rely solely upon them for keeping it in his family. The fighting, if such it deserved to be called, which took place in the streets of Paris, was brought on for scarcely another purpose than more and more to separate the soldiers from the people. Few barricades were raised, but the troops which advanced against them fired into the windows of the houses as they passed along, and thus took their revenge for former slights by killing many persons who never had a hand in inflicting them.

There was no real love for the Republic at that time among any class of French society except the lowest. The bourgeoisie feared as well as hated it—in their minds it was synonymous with Communism. When, therefore, the Empire was proclaimed, they gave in their adhesion to it as affording the best chance to them of protection for life and property. But Napoleon had by this time other friends in France than the shopkeepers. While President of the Republic he had won over the Romish clergy by keeping Rome for the Pope, and the priests evinced their gratitude by using their influence in his favour when the plebiscite was appealed to to convert the Republic into the Empire. Thus the clergy and the army, between them, raised him to the purple—the latter by shooting down opposition to his attainment of power, the former by bringing up seven millions of the most ignorant men of Europe to declare that he was by their free choice Emperor of the French.

To one so circumstanced, there was no option except to keep true to himself and to his fortunes the instruments of his advancement. The clergy were to be conciliated

by talking of religion and of peace, the army by not insignificant references to past glories, and a coming renewal of them. The same public document which pronounced "the Empire to be peace," announced that the Treaty of Vienna should be torn up. A most uncalled-for declaration this last, only less foolish because less palpably opposed to inevitable facts than the first. The Treaty of Vienna had fallen to pieces of its own accord long before 1850. The independence of Cracow was a thing of the past. Poland had become a mere geographical expression. The Kingdom of the Netherlands, created for the purpose of bridling France on the north, was split asunder; and last, though not least important of all, the condition which bound the signatories never to allow a member of the Buonaparte family to govern France had in his own person been set aside. What then could the new Emperor mean by his complaints of this obsolete treaty, and his expressed determination to tear it up? Only that he should seize the first opportunity that presented itself of pushing out the French frontiers to the line along which they ran before the treaty was signed. But to achieve that end he must annex Belgium, perhaps Holland also. Then there were the Rhenish Provinces, now German, sixty years ago French. There was Nice on the one flank of the Alps and Savoy on the other, not to speak of Switzerland, at all events of Geneva,—these, in his uncle's days, had all been part and parcel of the Empire. Did Louis Napoleon already contemplate the possibility of stretching out his hands in so many directions? Had his own people any reason to expect, had the rest of Europe any reason to apprehend, that sooner or latter he would make the attempt to do so? We believe that the former did expect—certainly the French army expected—that some such effort would

be made. We know that the rest of Europe watched the progress of events not without anxiety. But events took a turn different from the course which both had marked out for them, and hence the prolongation of what must now, we suppose, be described as a state of suspense for France, and for Europe of anxiety, and a large expenditure in military preparations everywhere.

Louis Napoleon used no vain words when he spoke of tearing up the Treaty of Vienna. He set about the operation skilfully; for with him the destruction of the treaty in question was less the immediate recovery of provinces than the alienation one from another of the Powers which had signed it. He made his beginning by a quarrel with Russia—of which the sovereign had refused to recognise him as a brother. The Crimean War was his handiwork, and it dissolved at once the friendly relations which had previously subsisted between England and Russia. To a certain extent also it avenged for the French army the disaster of Moscow. And it accomplished another purpose, in his eyes of the first importance. It cemented between France and England an alliance which he believed to be more important to himself than any other which could at that time be formed. Finally, he made use of the opportunity to create an armoured fleet, to which for a while there was nothing in the world to be compared.

We are not going to follow step by step the foreign policy of England's fallen ally. However it might affect the Continental nations, our credulous rulers believed that from first to last it was generous and loyal to us. If he made some extravagant demands in 1857, and if his colonels, with or without his sanction, petitioned to be marched upon London, he took no steps to enforce compliance with the former piece of folly, nor paid further heed to the latter than signifi-

cantly to make the petitions of his officers public. And did he not offer free passage to our troops through France while the Indian Mutiny was at its height? Therefore our rulers took no note of his interference in the quarrel between Italy and Austria, nor of the curious manner in which he came to the help of the former. We remember that in his uncle's time Italy had been a satellite of France. Could he have dreamed of making her such again, when in 1859, before a man was moved, he allowed time enough to elapse after the declaration of war for Austria to swoop down upon Turin and seize it? Who knows? Had Austria acted thus, and France subsequently driven her out again, Italy would have become to France a fair booty of war, and France might have done with her what she chose. As things turned out, the war against Austria was a war with France and Italy in alliance. But why, after Solferino, was peace patched up so abruptly, at a moment, too, when Louis Napoleon was able to make the Austrian Emperor aware (how came he to be ignorant of the fact till then?) that the Quadrilateral, on which he depended, was without provisions, and therefore untenable? For two reasons. Austria, though humbled, was yet conciliated by being permitted to retain Venetia and its outworks. Sardinia, with a territory greatly enlarged, became the creature of France. And Nice and Savoy lost themselves in the new Empire as they had done in the old.

Looking at the whole matter from his point of view, we cannot but acknowledge that the French Emperor's foreign policy proved thus far to be a wise policy. The vanity of the French nation was flattered in two successful wars. The prestige of the French army was enormously raised. With two out of the four Powers which had crushed it in 1815 the account was settled. His subsequent proceedings are not marked

by the same amount of far-sightedness. Count Bismark appears to have overreached him in diplomacy when the rupture between Austria and Prussia threatened. It was then, if at all, that he ought to have settled accounts with the latter Power, and made the former his stanch friend ever after. Instead of this he appears to have gone into negotiations compromising himself, and seriously affecting the English alliance, and to have taken nothing from them except disappointment and mortification. It was a fatal error, from the effects of which—though the outer world knew it not—he never recovered. For his administration of the internal affairs of France was all this while that of a ruler who is more occupied in keeping his own grasp on power, than in exercising his authority for the good of the community. Order was maintained, no doubt; trade flourished. The capital, indeed all the greater cities, were enlarged and beautified; and employment was found in executing these works by a species of disguised Communism for multitudes who would have otherwise starved. But the Emperor did nothing—he could do nothing all the while, to reconstitute or even to consolidate society. No great national institutions arose or became confirmed under him. The extent to which bribery and corruption was carried in controlling public opinion is not to be told. But a Government which depends mainly for its own existence on the facilities at its disposal for corrupting its agents, is sure to be ill-served, and by-and-by betrayed. Napoleon III. was never well served from the outset. His adherents supported him solely because it was their interest to do so. They looked, as such agents are wont to look, first to themselves, and then, and not till then, to their employer. So also the army, on which he chiefly leaned, became demoralised through the means that were employed to insure its

loyalty. The Emperor at once made too much of it and too little. He flattered its pride; yet till after 1866 he kept it upon the old model, as regarded both its composition and its tactics. The French army under the first Napoleon was democratic to the core. Every private soldier was taught to believe that he carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack; and of the marshals themselves not a few had risen from the ranks. But this state of things, though it may work well enough amid a series of military successes, and under the control of a great master of war, leads in peace to the breaking-down of discipline, and in unsuccessful war to open mutiny. Now Napoleon III. is not a master of war. Perhaps because he knew this he kept his overgrown army too much in the leash; for large bodies of troops require active employment and the prospect of promotion—it may be of plunder—to keep them in good-humour. Yet it might be dangerous to bring out in any other individual those qualities, dear to all armies, and especially dear to democratic armies, in which he was himself deficient. Be that as it may, there is good reason to believe that latterly his prestige was almost as much damaged among the military classes—we mean in the lower ranks—as in any other. The recording of 50,000 votes from the army against him in the last appeal to the plebiscite, left small room to doubt that such was the case.

The Emperor must have felt that the ground was beginning to shake under him when he consented to readjust the constitution of his Parliament. He must have seen that such readjustment, if effected by the uncontrolled will of the Houses themselves, would prove fatal to his autocracy in the long-run—hence his second appeal to the people. His steady support of the temporal power of the Pope had pleased only the clergy. The great body of the laity were indif-

ferent to it, and the garrison of Rome hated the work to which it was set. In a word, society in France, as it never took shape, nor had any heart round which to gather, was become a mere bundle of rods, held together by a withe, and ready, if the withe broke, to fall to pieces at any moment.

Our readers will forgive us for carrying them thus rapidly over years and events, almost each of which, to be fairly dealt with, would require an article for itself. Our object will have been sufficiently served, however, if we have conveyed to their minds the conviction which dwells upon our own, that France, for nearly a hundred years past, has been a nation without any principle of cohesion, without settled institutions to respect and maintain, restrained, not without difficulty, by sheer force, from falling into anarchy. At the same time there is no denying that all this while France has been conspicuous among nations for the intellectual vigour and scientific acquirements of her leading citizens. Indeed it is not going too far to say that there has been nothing like her in history, ancient or modern. Her condition is, or rather was, in fact a perfect paradox. With all the elements of real greatness abundant, she has never been great throughout that long interval except as the troubler of the world's peace. Her rulers one after another were compelled, in order to avert civil strife, to carry war into the territories of their neighbours; and even that resource has in every instance failed them. Louis Philippe alone kept the peace, though more than once on the eve of breaking it; and Louis Philippe, like the relatives whom he pushed from the throne, died in exile. Now let us look for a moment into the circumstances which led more immediately to the state of things prevalent at this moment—not losing sight of the theory elsewhere advanced, whether “men will hear, or whether

they will forbear,” but simply following one by one the steps, so to speak, of destiny, till we arrive at the end.

In spite of all that has been said and written to the contrary—in spite of the admitted fact, that in consultation with the cabinet he allowed himself to be swayed by the opinions of Leboeuf—there is good evidence to show that the rupture with Prussia was not acceptable to the Emperor. For many years back, confessedly since 1866, the whole French people—not the army exclusively, but the mob, the middle classes, the senate itself—had been beside themselves with jealousy of the growing power and influence of their neighbour. That the Emperor shared in the feeling, and began early to make preparations for the day when it should become irrepensible, and the sword appealed to, is indeed beyond doubt. But the Emperor's nature is not an impulsive one. He bided his time long ago in the face of numerous disappointments and reverses: he was prepared to bide his time again, when the object to be attained seemed far more within his reach than the acquisition of an imperial crown. The experience of real war which he had acquired in 1859 had no tendency to create in him a violent passion for the game. He knew—no man better—that at Solferino itself the throw had well-nigh gone against him—indeed, that nothing except the indecision and blunders of his opponents saved him from a great defeat. Hence his after-schemes for the aggrandisement of France were entirely diplomatic, though not unsupported by the show of armed force, which it would be a libel upon him to say that he was restrained from using through the influence of personal fear, but which a distrust of his own military abilities—perhaps a natural dislike to war and its horrors—made him reluctant to have recourse to. It was this disinclination to tempt fortune by shedding

blood that led him to close his ears against Lord Russell's charming; and to sit still while Denmark was robbed of some of her most valued provinces. The same temperament had its influence too in guiding him to a policy of inaction when the old feud between Prussia and Austria came to a head. Do not, however, let us be misunderstood. Other motives to inaction than these were presented to him, both direct and indirect. The direct motive came from Count Bismark's insinuation, that France would be likely to gain more from the gratitude of Prussia than she could hope to acquire by provoking her hostility. The indirect motive needed no impulse from without; it rose spontaneously into his own mind. A duel between Austria and Prussia could hardly be waged without benefiting France somehow or another. In the first place, the war—end as it might—must weaken both belligerents; thus rendering Germany more amenable than she had as yet shown herself to be to French proposals. In the next place, Austria, having by far the better army of the two, was more likely than Prussia to prevail in the struggle. And should fortune so decide, France and her army would be equally gratified by witnessing the defeat of a power which they hated by one which they had just humbled; while Austria, mindful of the consideration shown to her in the hour of her depression, would be willing to see the French frontier once more upon the Rhine, more especially as Prussia would be thereby weakened. Whether or no the annexation of Belgium was seriously considered between the parties to that conspiracy, is a point still undecided. We have read two versions of a very ugly story, neither of them creditable to public morality on the Continent. Which of them comes nearest to the truth will never, perhaps, be made clear.

The course which events took

baffled all previous calculation. The well-trained and well-appointed standing army of Austria went down before the Prussian militia like corn before the reaper. In France there was much more than astonishment. The Court contrived to put a good face upon its disappointment. The Government, as such, made no sign; but society in Paris and indeed in the provinces also, was roused to madness. The Chamber of Deputies, the leaders of the press, the *quidnuncs* in every restaurant, the clubs, the army, the mob, demanded that a check should be put upon the ambition of Prussia. We do the Emperor bare justice when we say that, almost alone, he saw the folly of these proceedings. Better than anybody else he understood how ill prepared France was in 1866 to enter the lists with her rival. Under the mistaken belief, however, that the truth, though clear to him, might be dark to Prussia, he hazarded that demand for a rectification of the French frontier which was at once, and without circumlocution, rejected. His prestige received a terrible blow, and so did that of his country. It must be atoned for, or worse might come.

It was some little salve to the wounded vanity of France that Austria surrendered to her, and not to Italy or to Prussia, Venetia and the Quadrilateral. The most was made of the circumstance, as well as of her interference in the treaty of Prague, of the adherence to the terms of which, on both sides, she became in some measure the guarantee. These incidents, however, though they might throw dust into other eyes, never deceived the Emperor for a moment. He had lost one great chance; he must be keenly on the watch for another. Disguising his mortification, and keeping a prudent silence, he devoted all his energies to recast the entire military system of the Empire. Hitherto he had relied, as his

uncle did before him, on the standing army alone. A National Guard—in other words, an armed population, was as little in favour with him, as with the founder of his family. But recent events constrained him to look at the matter from a different point of view, and to provide for his standing army more effective reserves than under the old system could be made available. His plans were opposed in the Senate; they were distasteful to the people; yet he pertinaciously carried them through. Had he been faithfully served, there is no knowing what the effect might have been on the fate of France at this moment. But it was his misfortune never to be faithfully served; and in the present instance we see how the dice turned up. A word or two explanatory of what was attempted, and of the reasons for it, seem to be necessary.

Everybody knows that the law of conscription was first established in France on the 5th of September 1798. From that date all Frenchmen, without exception, as soon as they attained the age of twenty, were liable to be called out for military service. The number of conscripts required from year to year was fixed at a maximum of 100,000,—which rose as the wars of the Empire extended themselves, to 140,000; and reached at last, after the return from Moscow, the monstrous figure of 300,000. It was in the course of these wars also that the French army, in order to render it more pliable, became told off into *corps d'armée*—of which the strength ranged from 20,000 to 30,000, and even to 40,000 men. At the same time a practice was introduced the abuse of which in after years brought incalculable evils in its train. Men distinguished for their gallantry and endurance were draughted out of the line into the Imperial Guard. Men of superior strength and stature were passed, when first enrolled, into *corps*

d'élite. The refuse alone, which in all armies makes up the bulk of the force, did service in regiments of the line. The Imperial Guard, which in 1806 was composed of only 7000 men, comprehended in 1812 not fewer than 47,000. The defects of this system are obvious; yet, when first introduced, it told favourably rather than otherwise on the efficiency of the whole armed body. A spirit of emulation was awakened, which caused every man to do his duty, in order that he might win his way into the Guard. But as veterans were killed off, and raw lads took their places, a contrary result followed. The men lost heart, the Guard had no memories to dwell upon. Marshal MacDonald, writing about the troops in the last years of the Empire, says, "The men are brave, but somehow they don't hang together." It was a faulty organisation.

So long as the allies occupied France—that is, for three years after Waterloo—the French army had hardly any existence. Subsequently to 1818 it revived, when the peace establishment was fixed at 240,000 men. The term of service required of each soldier was ten years; and to keep the force complete, 40,000 conscripts were annually called in. The peace establishment rose, after the Revolution of 1830, to 300,000 men; and the period of service being contracted to six years, first 60,000, by-and-by 80,000 conscripts were needed to fill up gaps. Under the second Empire, the laws regulating these matters were only so far changed that a nominal force of 400,000 became the peace establishment, which was kept complete by an annual levy of 100,000 conscripts. The levy rose during the Crimean war, to 140,000.

The Emperor seems never to have been faithfully served in military any more than in civil affairs. It is by no means certain that he always acted in good faith

towards himself. Under Louis Philippe, and during the brief reign of the Republic, it was competent to any person drawn, being unwilling to serve, to provide a substitute; and the price paid for the substitute rose and fell according to circumstances. But whatever the sum demanded might be, it all went to the recruit, in passing whom the authorities were very strict. The Emperor adopted a different plan. He has always professed to be an admirer of the old soldier. He held that a trained man at seven-and-twenty is worth a great deal more than a raw youth of twenty-one; and he encouraged, as much as he could, re-engagements. General Trochu looks at this matter in a different light. His opinion is that a soldier rarely improves after four or five years' service with the colours; that he gets into bad habits by too long a severance from domestic life. He therefore advocates a rigid adherence to the letter of the law, and a faithful passage of the whole youth of the country through the ranks. The Emperor's views were, as may be supposed, acted upon; and a novel mode of exemption from military service became established. A price was fixed at which any man drawn might, if so disposed, purchase an exemption; and the amount—not less than eighty pounds sterling—was received into the public treasury. Then it became the duty of the Government to procure the substitute and keep the ranks complete; which was done as far as possible, by offering bounties to men who had served their time, and keeping them with their colours.

Two evils—one political, the other moral—attended on this process. The number of men in France trained to arms diminished year by year. The Government could not resist the temptation of applying to other than the purpose for which they were professedly required the sums of money paid by exempts.

Nor was that all. Very few really good soldiers—men sober, industrious, and conscientious—cared to take on after their six years came to an end. It was only the drunkard, the loafer, the man of bad character, who, having no trade or home to return to, remained with his colours. And he gave his worthless services for probably one-tenth of the amount which had been paid in by the exempt. But the habit of making underhand bargains grows on all who acquire it; and the exemption money gradually became a source of profit only to those into whose hands it first came. The army, besides being allowed to die down in point of numbers, was recruited out of the worst and cheapest materials, and the hangers-on of the Imperial Court grew rich.

The war in Bohemia and its results caused the Emperor to look more closely than he had previously done into the condition of his army, and to change its armament. As yet the infantry carried muzzle-loading miniés only. He ordered an enormous supply of chassepots to be provided. Secretly but vigorously he pushed on the construction of mitrailleuses; and in spite of an amount of opposition which appeared at one moment to threaten the stability of the throne, he carried through a measure of reorganisation which may be thus briefly described:—No soldier once enrolled was henceforth to be absolutely discharged, under a period of nine years. Five of these he was to spend with his colours, the remaining four *en congé*, being liable at any moment to be recalled to the ranks, and subject to annual inspections and drills. The standing army which stood at 400,000 men, could thus, it was assumed, be raised within a fortnight to 600,000. Behind these, moreover, all men capable of bearing arms were required to enrol themselves in a National Guard, which was so far, by Act of the Legislature, ren-

dered mobile, that in whole, or in part, it could, in case of invasion, be called out and marched to any point where danger seemed to threaten. No improvements appear to have been effected either in the construction or management of the artillery. The rifled gun which did its work at Solferino was still the model piece of French ordinance, and the gunners continued to follow the gun on foot, except, in the horse artillery, where all were mounted.

Again we have to repeat, what has more than once been said already, that the Emperor was never faithfully served. How, indeed, could it be otherwise among people where, in point of fact, there are no national institutions clung to because their beneficial influence has been recognised for ages, but only a Government of force, which everybody holds himself justified in evading as often and whenever he can? Napoleon's plans, as they come before us on paper, seem to be all that, for the purposes he had in view, could have been desired. But from first to last, from beginning to end, they failed in the execution. The army was not kept up to its full strength; the Garde Mobile was neither armed nor disciplined; the camp which he formed at Chalons, and with which our Government and military authorities expressed themselves delighted, seems to have done as little to instruct the French troops in the art of campaigning as our camps at Aldershot or the Curragh do for ours. The Intendance Militaire, which our War Office has servilely copied, fully justified the character which General Trochu gave of it. Everywhere a spirit of arrogant self-assertion was rampant. Everywhere peculation and roguery prevailed. Whether the Emperor knew, even in part, the extent to which this moral putrefaction was carried we cannot pretend to say; but certainly, when the moment arrived for testing the strength of

the machine thus put together, neither his parting address to the Parisians, nor his first order of the day to the army, showed that the overweening vanity which had taken possession of all France besides, was shared in by him.

Now, contrast for one moment with this state of things the conditions social, moral, and military, of the power with which France in July last shrieked with delight at the prospect of measuring swords. Prussia has her ambition, and has long had it; but its end must be admitted to be noble, whatever men may think of some of the means which have been applied to reach it. There is a great deal both of practical irreligion and immorality among the upper and wealthier classes in Prussia, just as, we are sorry to say, is too much the case nearer home. But the bulk of the people fear God as honestly and sincerely as they honour the King. We have now lying before us a paper which describes the eagerness with which, as soon as hostilities became inevitable, as well in July last as when the quarrel with Austria came to a head, the Prussian people pressed forward to supplement the expenditure already determined upon by the Government for the purpose of affording to the troops the consolations of religion while actually engaged in war. Now it is far more from incidents of this sort than from the writings of theologian divines and professors that the religious tone of society in a country is to be judged of. Very likely England was, in the proper sense of the term, just as little godly in Queen Anne's reign as she is now. But we cannot read of the prayers read publicly to Marlborough's troops, and of the administration of the Sacrament on the day preceding a battle, without receiving the impression that for the outward forms of religion at least there was more respect among our fathers than we can pretend to now.

So, also, when we learn that in addition to the established number of military chaplains the Prussian parishes and consistories subscribed and sent with the army upwards of a hundred clergymen to minister to the troops in the field, we cannot doubt either the sincerity of the persons so subscribing, or the anxiety of those sons and brothers when far away, and fronting death continually, not to have those good customs absolutely broken through which were associated with their memories of home. We repeat, then, that as a nation Prussia is a religious nation, however prevalent among a certain portion of the community rationalism may be. With Prussia also, as with Germany in general, society rests upon settled foundations. The King, the Prince of Prussia, Prince Charles Frederick—all the members, in short, of the royal family—are the leaders of the people in war, just as they are their protectors as well as rulers in peace. The laws of Prussia may here and there be unsuitable to our notions; but the Prussian people revere as well as obey them, because they know that without law neither life nor property is safe. The Prussians are a domestic people, a frugal people, and an industrious people. Yet when the honour or safety of Fatherland is threatened they turn out—the youth, the man in full vigour, the old man—willing to vindicate both. Prussia hates revolutions—not her court and her nobles only—but her entire population. In 1848 she went mad for a moment, following the bad example set to her by France. But acts of violence were perpetrated only in Berlin, which, like other capitals, is the most demoralised section of the kingdom; and even there they were soon put down. Let us not, however, be suspected of either voluntary or involuntary blindness to the moral obliquities of which the Prussian Government has been guilty. The high ambition to make

Germany one and great, supplied a ready excuse for acts which admit of no defence on grounds of morality. But these were the acts of a clique—may we not rather say of one man, the leader of the clique?—of a statesman as unscrupulous as he is able, who has certainly served Prussia well, often when she was averse to be benefited by him, however outrageously he may have trampled down the rights of other States. In the present instance, however, neither Prussia nor Count Bismark are answerable for the horrors which darken our horizon. Prussia did what she could to keep out of the present troubles. She knew the power she had to deal with. It had been at least as faithless to Austria as she had been; and was not very likely to keep faith with herself. Still she withdrew her candidate to the Spanish throne when called upon to choose between that course and war. What more had France a right to require of her? And what has unhappy France done? No sooner is the Emperor—the elected of the people—in difficulties, than they cover him with reproaches and insults. No sooner is the army worsted in fair fight, than it turns upon its leaders. What a contrast is offered between France defeated now, and Prussia borne down in 1806! Prussia deserved her fate then, for her policy had been as insane as it was selfish; yet the Prussian people clung to their Sovereign, and honoured him the more for his misfortunes. The French Senate no sooner hears of the capitulation of Sedan than it votes the throne empty, and throws all the blame of the war and its consequences on the captive Emperor. And ever since, Europe has heard of nothing except the vices of the man, when those who are now the loudest in heaping censure upon him were once the most abject among his flatterers. What a lesson may we not learn from all this! What

a sermon do not passing events preach!

And here are we, governed by a set of men who either cannot or will not be taught by experience; whose strength is only to pull down; who cannot construct, or will not, either in civil or military life; who might have stayed this war, but did not; who, while Germany is remonstrating with them, and justly so, for allowing contraband of war to be conveyed to France daily, receive in the person of their chief, deputations from avowed democrats, and coquet with them and flatter them. Nor is that all. While in every other circle of society, from the highest to the lowest—among the educated classes equally with the uneducated—in the working man's cottage as keenly as in the nobleman's hall—there is an intense feeling of horror and pity for all that is going on in France, our ministry go about amusing themselves, in Scotland, at their country seats, or by the seaside, without so much as meeting in Council to consider whether any or what steps can be taken to stay the carnage. Is there no man of courage and clearness enough of vision among them to see and take measures for enforcing some sense of moral right in the exasperated combatants? Are we condemned to look on till either France shall become a desert, or the German armies, cut off by disease and assassination, melt utterly away. Has not Europe had enough, and more than enough, of suffering to last it for a generation at least? We quite admit that the right which we could at one time assert to give

a tone to European politics on all great questions affecting the balance of power has long gone from us. We have become of late so entirely engrossed with what we call our own affairs—remodelling our institutions, recasting our laws, disgusting our colonies, flattering our mobs—that public men seem to have forgotten that nations, like individuals, cannot long exist in a state of isolation. And our neighbors, understanding this, and seeing how powerless we are to act, have ceased to pay more heed than suits their own convenience to our wishes when we express them. But the wisdom, indeed the necessity, of putting a speedy stop to a state of things which outrages humanity as much as it brings disgrace upon their common Christianity, cannot but so present itself to the rest of the neutral Powers that a word of encouragement from us, rightly uttered, could hardly fail of bringing them to understand their duty. For two facts are obvious enough: France has no chance, by herself, of obtaining better terms than Prussia has just offered to her; and France, in the interests of the rest of the civilised world, must not be reduced to the condition of a second-rate Power. But what is the use, governed as we now are, of writing or talking thus? God help us in our own strait, when it comes! as come it may at any moment. For, verily, the destinies of the Empire will have little, in the future, to cheer us, if the guidance of affairs be long left in the hands which now, unhappily, misdirect them.

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WHY IS PRUSSIA VICTORIOUS?

WHILE Europe stands aghast at the contemplation of a frightful duel between two great nations, and the combatants are both quivering from the effects of blows given and received, it may not be out of place if we look a little more closely than has anywhere as yet been done into the real sources of that tide of unbroken success which, over every obstacle of battle and siege, has carried the Germans in little more than three months from the Rhine to the Seine and from the Seine to the Loire.

Of the more direct causes which brought about the collapse of the military power of France, we have said as much in a recent number as the case seems to require. France failed in the present war because, both morally and physically, her entire social system—*if system it deserved to be called*—was rotten to the core. A Government of force resting upon universal corruption could not fail to be ill served in every department of the State, and in none more so than in that on which its very existence depended—the department of War. Even in point

of numbers the French army, when hostilities broke out, proved to be far below the standard that had been set for it; while in all the other qualities which contribute to make armies formidable it was entirely wanting. The temper of the men appears to have been arrogant, presumptuous, braggart; the regimental officers, especially in the subaltern ranks, were for the most part ignorant and under-bred persons. Discipline, in our sense of the term, there was none. The generals showed no acquaintance at all, or next to none, with the first principles of that art of which the outward world gave them credit for being masters; and the system of administration and supply, the *intendance militaire*, broke down as soon as an easy strain was put upon it. For three weeks the corps which had been thrust rashly to the front lay idle for lack of stores and means of transport. They took up, likewise, and retained positions which would have been barely safe had a prompt and well-arranged advance into the enemy's country been contemplated; but which, as ground to be held by

troops waiting till their magazines should be formed and a plan of campaign settled, were perilous in the extreme. And more remarkable still, both then and throughout the whole of the campaign, the out-post arrangements of the French army were as faulty as can well be conceived. When we read, in short, of what, in all these respects, Napoleon III. and his people did, both in preparing for a struggle which they knew to be a critical one, and conducting themselves in presence of the enemy, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that we are following the fortunes of the descendants and representatives of those redoubted warriors who, sixty years ago, overthrew the Continental armies wherever they encountered them on anything like equal terms, and put our own powers of endurance to a severe test, both in the Spanish peninsula and at Waterloo.

Our present business is not, however, with the French, except incidentally, so to speak; in other words, so far as the line of our argument may from time to time carry us across their plans and dispositions. It is of the Germans, and especially of the Prussians, that we propose to speak, accounting, so far as we are able, for that great and unbroken measure of success which has attended all their efforts from the opening of the campaign down to the present hour. And here, *in limine*, let us deliver our readers from the apprehension that we are going to describe minutely, and in detail, the system on which the armies of Prussia are raised, trained, and made capable of rapid expansion. All this has been too often and too recently explained, to render it necessary for us to tell the story over again. But this much we do not hesitate to say concerning it, that it constitutes the key-stone of all those social and political arrangements which have given to Prussia at this moment the foremost place among the military Powers of Europe. Indeed we will

go further. The system of recruitment which Scharnhorst devised, and which Moltke and Bismark have perfected, has done quite as much as Stein's social reforms to build up the national character of the Prussian people and to make them what they are.

Remember how it operates. Every Prussian youth, whether he be a noble or a peasant, whether his father be a proprietor or a cultivator of the soil, a banker, a lawyer, an innkeeper, or a groom, must hold himself ready, when he attains to the twentieth year of his age, to join the ranks of the army if called upon as a private soldier, and to serve for one or for three years as the case may be. The young man of whom only one year's service is required receives from the Government all the while neither pay, nor lodging, nor uniform—his arms alone are furnished to him at the public expense. All else, even his charger, if he be attached to the cavalry or artillery, he provides for himself; and out of the class to which he belongs the officers of the "Landwehr," or militia, are formed, by a process which carries the cadet through the intermediate grades of corporal and sergeant to an ensigncy. The three years' men, on the other hand, take up their quarters in barracks, and constitute, till the term of their service expires, the rank and file of the Prussian regular army. When the three years are out, they pass into the first class of reserve. In this they remain for four years more, after which they enter the Landwehr, subsiding at last into the Landsturm. Of these last three classes the first alone is subject to constant Government inspection, and may be required at any moment to rejoin the regiments in which the men originally served; while the second, or Landwehr, are called up by battalions and regiments only after war has actually broken out. As to the Landsturm, or third class of reserves, these are expected to garri-

son the fortresses, and to protect their own homes and the homes of their neighbours, should the exigencies of the service carry the Landwehr beyond their own frontier. But as this rarely occurs—indeed has never occurred till the present war, and now only to a very limited extent—the members of the Landsturm are usually allowed to pursue their ordinary occupations in quiet. Such is the military organisation of Prussia, broadly outlined, as the present King matured and forced it on in spite of a stout opposition from his Parliament subsequently to the Franco-Austrian war of 1859. It differs from Scharnhorst's plan in this, that whereas Scharnhorst provided for two separate armies, the regular army comparatively weak, the Landwehr army tremendously strong, the King's device assimilates with the line, as his first reserve, the most efficient portion of the Landwehr force; and thus renders impossible the jealousies which formerly prevailed between the officers of the larger sedentary army and those of the smaller or standing army, to whom alone superior commands, both in peace and war, are intrusted.

One more point must be noticed with reference to these matters, before we pass beyond them: Prussia retains, both in peace and war, that distribution of her territory into military districts, which the father of the great Frederick introduced, and which Frederick himself made complete. The whole kingdom is divided into provinces, within each of which an army corps is stationed; complete in all its parts; complete in its commissariat or *intendance*; complete in its generals of division and their staff, and is presided over and controlled by a General-in-Chief in command of the whole, with all the necessary staff officers about him. Beyond the limits of its own province the army corps seldom moves, except in time of war. From the inhabi-

tants of the province it draws all its recruits, just as each particular regiment recruits from that particular town and its neighbourhood where its headquarters are fixed. In like manner, the men who have completed their allotted term of service return to their homes in this same province, whence, in case of need, they can be immediately called out again—either, if in the first reserve, to the colours of their old regiments, or, if in the second, to the muster-places of the Landwehr battalions to which they severally belong. The consequence is that no sooner is the alarm sounded, than within a few days all the regiments and battalions of the various *corps d'armée* are put upon a war footing, and there needs but a general movement of concentration to bring together as many of these corps as may be judged necessary at the point where danger threatens.

It will be seen that, looked at from the soldier's point of view, no scheme could be invented more favourable than this to the rapid development of the military resources of a country. For the recruits which come in by shoals are all trained and seasoned men, better qualified in many respects to undertake the fatigues of a campaign than a majority of the regular soldiers to whom they join themselves. The process of recruitment is likewise comparatively economical. The company of infantry retaining its four officers—its captain, its first lieutenant, its two second lieutenants—rises at once from a hundred and fifty rank and file to two hundred and fifty. The battalion, with its single major and its four companies, expands from six hundred to a thousand rank and file; and the three battalions of the regiment, under the command of the colonel, turn out three thousand instead of eighteen hundred strong. The case is not exactly so either in the artillery or the cavalry. These arms are by the Prussians

kept in their full strength, or very nearly so, both in peace and war, and both have been enormously increased since 1859. But the squadron with its hundred and fifty sabres, and the battery with its two hundred and twenty men, have, equally with the company of foot, only four officers to superintend them; and on the fifth squadron, as on the depot of the battery, recruits both in men and horses are formed, in order that as much as possible the strength of the squadrons and batteries in the field may always be kept complete. We repeat, then, that a scheme more perfect than this for rapidly developing the military resources of a country, could not be invented. Yet we hold that not thus alone has Scharnhorst's admirable device operated favourably upon the national character of the Prussian people. The people have learned from it, to consider that, into whatever station of life he may be born, the first thing of which every Prussian is expected to think is the honour and wellbeing of Fatherland; and that neither wealth nor rank, nor private interests, whether of trade or professional requirements, or of family circumstances, can be allowed to come between him and the duty which he owes, even to the sacrifice of life, in the service of his country. Again, the habits contracted in his military career, whether it cover only one year or extend to three, go far to create in the individual Prussian, and so in the whole people, that respect for law and constituted authority, which is everywhere conspicuous among them. We do not mean to say that every man in Prussia scrupulously obeys the laws and respects the magistrate. There are plenty of scamps in the Prussian towns, especially in the capital; and in their dealings with one another, and still more with foreigners, both townfolks and bauermen are apt to be what is vulgarly called bumptious. But the Prus-

sians, like the Germans in general, are essentially an honest race of men, frugal and industrious, and animated by a feeling of warm affection for their relatives and kinsfolks. Physically, also, they are strong, capable of enduring much fatigue, and, though fond of beer and tobacco, by no means intemperate in their habits.

Again, the Prussians, even more than other sections of the German race, are an educated people. Children are nowhere permitted among them to grow up in ignorance and savagery. Each township and parish has its national school, from attendance upon which no exemption is permitted, except to children whose parents are able to satisfy the proper authorities that they are providing elsewhere for the elementary instruction of their sons and daughters. Now it is at least as much in the habit of respect for law and order which the careful training of children induces, as from the amount of intellectual culture elaborated in these national schools, that the State in Prussia is the gainer from the care which it bestows upon the education of its younger members. There may be street Arabs — we daresay there are — in Berlin and other great towns, though they elude the observation of strangers; but you may search Prussia through, and you will not find in the whole kingdom as many ruffians living in antagonism to the law, and therefore at the beck and call of every demagogue who thinks it worth while to get up a street row, as swarm, we do not say in all London, but within the liberties of the city of Westminster, or in Whitechapel, or even in Southwark. And as the discipline of the school is followed and improved by the discipline of military service, it is not to be wondered at if the Germans in general, and the Prussians in particular, prove to be, when the occasion arises, the most easily managed in the face of dangers and

difficulties of any people in the world.

All this is perfectly true; and it offers for our contemplation, if we go no further, an organised society approaching as near to perfection as anything of the kind can well do. But we must go further. What is gained by the Prussian system for the rule of law may be lost, at least in part, through that absence of self-reliance which it is calculated to bring about. The Prussians are a very intelligent people, but with all their intelligence they lack that independence of individual character which Englishmen, perhaps, are apt to carry too far. They hold together in society, not because, thinking for themselves, they come to one mind, but because the steady pressure of a police is, at all times and in all places, upon them. It may not be tight enough to gall, it need not even offend very seriously the most sensitive among them; but it suffices to make them consider, not so much whether what they desire or propose to do is good in itself, as whether it be agreeable to the wishes of the Government. Nor is this all. Admirable as, in a military point of view, their system of recruitment is, it has its drawbacks too. Look at it first as it affects society in time of peace. Every Prussian is liable to be called into military service as soon as he attains his twentieth year. It is quite certain that all will not be so called upon, because the standing army is limited, and only a certain amount of replacements take place from year to year; but the uncertainty of the issue, the feeling that the army may claim him to-day, or if not to-day, this day twelvemonth, or if not then two years hence,—such a consciousness can hardly fail to unsettle both the student over his books, and the young tradesman or mechanic at the business which he is learning. In like manner, the young man who returns home after his three years' training, cannot count surely on

having at his own absolute disposal a month, or a week, or even a day, throughout the four years which keep him in the first reserve; for all this while he is subject to constant government inspection, and may not change his place of residence without first communicating his intention to the military authorities and obtaining their sanction. And all this, be it remembered, not because he has entered into a bargain with the State, but because the law requires it. No doubt he is better off in these respects when he enters the Landwehr, or second call of reserve; but this he cannot do till he has completed his twenty-seventh year; and men of the working classes, if they get into steady employ at all, usually accomplish that object before they are twenty-seven, when they marry and settle down for life. Of the Landsturm we make no account, because fortune must have declared violently against Prussia before she puts her elderly men and boys under arms. Still twelve or thirteen years of liability to military service, at any moment and for any length of time, go a great way to unsettle those habits which best accord with steady industry. The arrangement is therefore good, considered as an effectual means of expanding the armed force of a country. As it acts upon the affairs of common or civilian life, it is open to the objection that it interrupts industry, perhaps impairs the disposition for it, by keeping the minds of the working classes too much and too long in suspense regarding the future.

Consider next how it operates in war. At once, on the near approach of a rupture with some foreign power, and admitting of no exception, save on the ground of physical disability, every Prussian not in holy orders between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven, is liable to be swept into the ranks of the regular army. By appealing to the Landwehr of the first call alone, a standing army of two hundred thou-

sand strong thus expands into three hundred thousand. By calling up the young men who, being still within the required ages, have yet by some accident escaped rendering their legitimate service to the State, these three hundred thousand soldiers may be increased in a fortnight to six hundred thousand. And though not a few of the latter batch come to their colours knowing little or nothing of the duties which they are called upon to discharge, still a strong staff of indefatigable drill-masters, co-operating with a very simple system of drill, soon qualifies them to take their places beside their better instructed comrades. But observe how this embodiment for war purposes of the very cream of its entire male population affects and must affect the wellbeing of the State. On ordinary occasions it may be assumed that the consolidation of the first reserve with the regular army will prove sufficient. Even then the interruption to business of all sorts is considerable, and the disruption of family ties great. But if it be found necessary, as in the present war with France, to go beyond this limit, there must follow something not far removed from stagnation in the common industries of life, and an amount of domestic sorrow not to be thought of except with the deepest pity. The conclusion, then, at which we arrive is this, that, admirable for the purpose of defensive war, the Prussian system, when applied to a war of offence, may continue to work well if it be not strained beyond the infliction of prompt punishment upon the aggressor. But try it further, and you will find that, with an army constituted as that of Prussia is, victory itself, however brilliant, is purchased at too high a price. The days are gone by, at any rate in Europe, for entire nations to displace each other with the strong hand; and Prussia, and all the States which follow her example, will henceforth wage their wars, as she wages hers at this mo-

ment, not with standing armies, but with armed populations. Will wars so fed be as popular hereafter as they have been in years past? Will people consent to go forth and cut each other's throats if the causes of quarrel between their governments be capable at all of reference to courts of national arbitration? We think not; and for this reason, as well as from a consideration of the home tastes of the Prussian people, and the depth of their domestic affections, we are satisfied, in spite of what is now passing before our eyes, that Prussia is not at heart, nor will she ever become in the proper sense of the term, an aggressive Power, especially if we make her understand that we are both able and willing to restrain her ambition. She has had constantly before her eyes for a hundred and fifty years, no doubt, the unification of Germany, and the high ambition of placing herself at the head of Germany so united. And in pursuit of that object she has waged many wars, some of them impolitic, others unjust. But the object once gained, she will never dream, or we very much deceive ourselves, of trying, as France has done time out of mind, to force her rule upon nations entirely heterogeneous from herself. For the claim set up at this moment to annex Alsace is neither a new nor an unreasonable claim; and if she limit her demand in Lorraine to that portion of the province in which German is spoken, we really do not see on what grounds England, or any other of the neutral Powers, can honestly oppose themselves to her wishes. France has over and over again, under the First Republic, under the First Empire, under the Restoration, under the Second Empire, endeavoured to make herself mistress of the entire left bank of the Rhine. Why should not Germany, now that victory has pronounced in her favour, take back those provinces on the left bank which were originally hers, and in so doing cut off the French

from all communication with a river which, in a commercial point of view, has not for the last fifty years been of the smallest use to them? We see nothing to censure in this. We see, on the contrary, a great deal which gives stronger hope of permanent peace to Europe than if France be left, as she was before last July, mistress of an iron frontier whence she could always menace Germany. For it is absurd to argue, that because Germany has prevailed in the present war, France will not again presume to throw down the gauntlet and provoke her to another. Count Bismark is perfectly right in assuming that France will never forgive, far less forget, Sedan, Metz, and the siege of Paris. Whether shorn of her eastern provinces or not, she will begin, as soon as internal order is restored, to make ready for another duel with Germany; and Europe may depend upon it that when she takes the field again it will be in a state of far more perfect preparedness than she exhibited last July.

Leaving that point for the present, however, we return to the proper subject of this essay, and ask again the question with which the essay began, Why has Germany prevailed in her present war with France? Does she owe her successes to the excellency of a military system which enabled her to put into the field from the first a larger numerical force than her rival could bring against her? In part, certainly; but certainly not exclusively so. Numbers are of immense importance in deciding the issues of battles and campaigns; but an excess of mere numbers never has nor ever will insure the victory to the side which can boast of it. Greece, according to Herodotus, was invaded long ago by a million of men. She nowhere brought, at one point, more than ten thousand into the field, yet she repelled the invasion. Charles XII., with his eight thousand

Swedes, put thirty thousand Muscovites to the rout; and the battle of Plassey was won by four thousand Sepoys against forty thousand of the best troops that Surajah Dowlah could muster. Undoubtedly the Germans had this advantage over the French from the outset,—that they confronted them with superior numbers; and both in the first and in all the subsequent actions that were fought around Metz and at Sedan, they contrived to engage a superior against an inferior force. But is it not the end and object of strategy—the very perfection or mastery in what we call the art of war—that a general shall so arrange his plans, and carry them into execution, that wherever and whenever he and his enemy come to blows, he shall be able to strike harder than his opponent? It appears, then, that the excellency of her generalship has at least as much to say to the triumphs of Germany as the greater strength of her battalions. Whence has she acquired this marked superiority in the art of war, and how has it been exhibited?—whether in the adoption of novel tactics and their skilful application to the business in hand, or through the inspiration of genius, such as distinguished the career of the great Frederick, the great Napoleon, and our own Wellington. These are curious questions, which we will do our best to answer as distinctly and concisely as the subject will admit.

It is a remarkable fact that among all the great Powers of Europe Prussia is the one which, during the last fifty years, has, till the other day, seen the least of actual war. While Russia was fighting in Poland, in northern Asia, and more than once across the Pruth; while Austria was putting down Pepe, and keeping Sardinia in order; while France was making her promenade to Cadiz, taking and by force of arms keeping possession of Algeria, and practising her army now in China, now in Mexico; while England, in

alliance with France, waged her Crimean war, and in the far East fought Afghans, the chiefs of Scinde, the Punjabees, and, last of all, her own Indian army in revolt,—Prussia enjoyed a profound peace, broken only for a moment by the troubles of 1848-49, when she felt herself called upon to put down a very small rebellion in the very small territories of a German Grand-Duke. Even of the raid into Denmark we can hardly speak as of more than a demonstration, because the military strength of the combatants was so unequal that resistance on the part of the invaded appeared from the very first to be hopeless. Between 1815, then, and 1866—in other words, for rather more than half a century, during which her neighbours on every side were more or less exercising their troops in real warfare, Prussia rested upon her old renown, and came in consequence to be regarded by the rest of Europe as a peaceful nation, and a prosperous, somewhat stiff and pedantic in her military institutions, and, though strong, little likely, if brought into collision with either France or Austria, to come out of the quarrel unscathed. But they who thus thought of Prussia did not understand either the genius of her people or the wisdom of her government. Prussia had suffered too much under the first French Empire ever again to put her trust in traditions of the past. She had made perfectly easy for herself that which in other countries could not by any amount of outlay and exertion be brought to pass. She could lay her hands at any moment on some hundreds of thousands of trained soldiers, and she gave herself to the important task of educating officers and non-commissioned officers to command them. In arranging this matter, she did not sit down contented with such schools as adhered to old theories, and blew their own trumpets at Vincennes, at Metz, at Olmutz, at Wiener Neustadt, at Woolwich, and at Sandhurst. She was not satisfied to have her Minister of War attending to details and signing endless forms in his office, or her Commander-in-Chief looking to points of discipline, and compiling or sanctioning new drill-books at her Horse-Guards, or her Finance Minister thinking of little else than how best to keep down the estimates, and be cheered in the House of Commons. She was not content to send into districts general officers, with their sons as aides-de-camp, and possibly their nephews for brigade-majors, who might put a few regiments from time to time through parade movements, and then pronounce them perfect. Some of these things she did, or things like them, but stop there she did not. Schools of elementary instruction in military matters she had in abundance. Her Cadetten houses sent a fair proportion of ensigns to the army. Her schools for non-commissioned officers supplied it with well-instructed sergeants. Her division schools were open for the instruction in higher things of officers of the line who had learned their regimental duty. And the schools of special instruction for artillery and engineers left nothing to be desired. But she wisely looked beyond all this. She established a system of instruction for the general staff, which has never been allowed to ossify; but has taken in from year to year all the theoretical knowledge that might be afloat in the world, and superadded to it steady and constant practice to an extent and in a manner unknown in other countries. Her object was, and experience proves that she has attained it, to rear, not a dozen, or half-a-dozen, but scores of officers, every one of them fit to command an army, and each in his place, wherever armies might assemble, able to contribute in no slight degree to the success of their operations. For the officers whom she

educates with this view are not sent away, as soon as their elementary course ends, to forget in the idleness of regimental life all that they might have learned at college. Every one of the military districts—of which we have elsewhere spoken—forms in point of fact the best possible school wherein staff officers may study their profession, not by attending lectures, and hearing the lecturer descant upon the incidents of campaigns long since become historical, but by themselves reducing to practice, as far as circumstances will allow, the theoretical lore which was imparted to them elsewhere. The mode of proceeding is this—for we prefer describing at once the state of things as it exists, to what might perhaps be the more instructive course of the two, if the limits at our disposal would admit—showing how, from one era to another, the Prussian school for the training of staff officers has matured and perfected herself.

To begin at the beginning, Prussia, like France, has what is called a staff corps; but the two corps are constructed on different principles. In France, officers who join the staff corps continue to serve with it till they become generals of brigade. In Prussia, all the branches of the service feed the staff corps; such officers as exhibit the surest signs of talent, energy, and powers of application being permitted, after mastering their regimental duties, to enter in certain numbers and at certain fixed intervals what is called the War Academy. This they do—not by going through a pass-examination, and studying in the Academy itself the elements out of which knowledge in the art of war is built up, but by proving in one or other of the general war schools, of which there are seven, that they are already masters of these things, and have the capacity of taking in much more, as well as of applying it to practical purposes. The War Academy (it used to be

called the War School—as the war schools were called when far inferior to what they now are, division schools) has been since 1850 under the special direction of Count Moltke, who, as Chief of the Staff of the Prussian army, prescribes the course of study, and gives to it a wider and more practical range than is dreamed of either with us, or with France, or with Austria. Every art, every science which can in any way bear upon the conditions of armies, receives due attention in that school. Great stress is also laid upon the acquisition of foreign languages, particularly of French, Italian, and English—a more than tolerable proficiency in which is held essential to being posted to what is called the higher staff. As to plan-drawing and surveying, they are carried to perfection. For, not content with making military surveys of some few miles of country round the Staff College, the *élèves* are sent miles and miles away and expected to bring home with them against a day specified reports of the condition of the country traversed, its roads, its villages, its towns, its rivers, its plains, its hills, its aptitude for the movements of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, separately, and of all three in combination—in a word, all its military features, not forgetting its capabilities of furnishing means of subsistence both to man and horse. They who give proof of more than ordinary aptitude in this matter are then sent into foreign countries, through which they move with their eyes and ears open, and upon which they make, in the guise of travellers' notes, memoranda that are of the greatest possible use for war purposes. It was, indeed, from the travelling notes of staff officers that the Prussians acquired that intimate acquaintance with all the lines of railway in France, the high-roads, by-paths, tracks through forests, fords, and bridges, and

the localities of towns and villages, which so much astonished the French people in the present campaign, and gave to the invaders such a prodigious superiority over the French armies. Nor has their attention in this respect been given more carefully to France than to other countries. We have been assured by one of the most distinguished officers on the Prussian Staff that at this moment the military capabilities of Austria are better known in Berlin than in Vienna; that the Prussians know more of Italy than the Italians themselves; and that with every pathway in England, every hedgerow and village, not to speak of forts, arsenals, and dockyards, they are familiarly acquainted. And we must add, that of this latter fact he gave us such evidence as set doubt at defiance.

The officers who most establish a character for themselves in all these respects, having studied and understood in theory the mysteries of transport and supply, and further, given evidence that they can handle the three arms, separately and in combination, are appointed to what is called the upper staff. They who fall short or come behind their comrades, yet exhibit talents above the average, are appointed to the lower staff. When pronounced qualified, both classes are passed on to one or other of the several army corps into which the Prussian forces are, both in peace and war, distributed. Every one of these corps, be it remembered, with the exception of the Guard—and the Guard also, in one sense—looks, so to speak, outward. They thus severally guard their own portions of the national frontier, and face a state with which the Government assumes that one day or another there may be war. How do the officers of the upper staff fill up their time when allocated to corps? Leaving the routine of discipline and returns to the lower staff, who become adjutants, or, as we should call them, officers of their personal

staff to the generals of division, and to the corps-commander, the members of the upper staff give themselves up to planning campaigns both defensive and offensive. Beginning with an imaginary war of defence, they study the country, from the frontier backwards, making notes of the positions which may be taken up on every road leading to the capital. They satisfy themselves also as to the supplies to be had—as to the amount of waggons and draught animals that may be required and procured on the frontier to attend their corps, both collectively and in detachments; in a word, they arrange in their own minds, and make notes of every point which can by possibility conduce to render operations of retreat and of check to the enemy successful. But their labours do not end there. They travel through the state that confronts them; and in the same way, though more leisurely, and in order not to create alarm or excite jealousy, by short tours made in successive summers, they make themselves as completely masters of its military features and capabilities as they are of the military features and capabilities of their own province. Nor are these gentlemen suffered to grow old, and therefore careless and indifferent, in this important work. After serving on the staff a certain number of years, they return to their regiments, when their places are taken by younger men, who labour like them, and not less successfully, to make themselves accomplished strategists and tacticians.

When we consider all this, and bear in mind that the whole education of the Prussian Staff is directed by General Moltke; that he has had this work in hand for eleven years, and been himself the most painstaking and indefatigable student of the art of war now living—we cannot be surprised to find the Prussians, whom the other nations of Europe regarded with a curious

mixture of respect and ridicule, coming forth, when the moment for action arrives, the most powerful and best instructed of them all. But it is not exclusively in the training of a most efficient staff that they on whom has devolved during the last fifty years the duty of preparing Prussia in times of peace for war have well played their parts. Long after we and France and Austria and Russia were content to arm our infantry with flint-and-steel firelocks, Prussia had adopted into her service the needle-gun, which she kept as much as possible out of the view of other nations, though the writer of these pages saw and handled it so long ago as 1846. That weapon she laid up in store not to be taken into common use till war should break out. But there it was always ready, with the officers and non-commissioned officers of the army initiated into the very simple process of handling it, and therefore competent, as soon as the first rumour of coming hostilities should go abroad, to convey to the men the knowledge with which they were themselves imbued. Gun-cotton also was experimented upon; improvements in artillery and engineering were worked out; nothing, in short, was looked upon as good enough if it were possible for human ingenuity to make it better. Indeed it is not too much to say, that the genius of the people is essentially an experimental genius, in regard at least to the instruments of war. For as we owe to the great Frederick our first acquaintance with the value and importance of horse-artillery, so to his successors in our own generation we are indebted for the rifled weapons now in use; because the application to artillery of the principles of rifling and breech-loading, by whomsoever first worked out, was undeniably suggested by the superiority of the Prussian needle-firelock over every other small-arm heretofore in use. No doubt the *minié*, with

its long range, set us all to consider how its ancient superiority of range was to be restored to the field-gun. But the breech-loading of field-artillery undeniably came into vogue as a corollary on the breech-loading of the infantry musket; and the Prussians, as we find, still adhere to it, having invented, we presume, the proper fuse, for which, as yet, we at least have searched in vain.

Again, the Prussian mode of exercising their troops in manœuvres has taught them in time of peace almost everything that they can be required both to do and to suffer, and to provide against in war. While we, following the example of the Belgians, and the French following our example, have laid out public money profusely in the purchase of miles of heath, and established there what we call standing camps, but which are, in point of fact, extensive barracks, constructed partly of wood, partly of brick and mortar, the Prussians took a line of their own, far more useful, and, all things considered, a great deal more economical. Our camp-barracks cost a vast sum to erect. We spend annually no inconsiderable amount to keep them in repair; and assembling ten or twelve thousand men in each, we put them, for five years, under the management of an elderly general who has probably never studied the art of war except by commanding a regiment of foot or horse in the Crimea or in country quarters, and possibly a brigade in the same standing camp or elsewhere. But we not only give our elderly general no encouragement, we positively forbid him to move his force beyond the limits of the ground of which the ownership belongs to Government. What can either officers or men so circumstanced learn in such a place as Aldershot, for example, or Beverloo? What could they learn, what did they learn, at Chalons, while yet it belonged to France? With

every possible requirement provided to their hand; with meat purchased for them from contractors; with flour issued and baked in standing ovens; with fuel regularly measured out; with camp-kitchens prepared beforehand, cooking apparatus supplied, and canteens and recreation-rooms kept up for their entertainment—what can soldiers learn at any of these places which shall be really useful to them in the field? And as to the manœuvres practised, verily they can be described as little else than parades on a large scale, in which all the three arms, with the engineer train, and a detachment of the army transport corps, occasionally take part. To be sure, we at Aldershot have the grounds of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst open to us; and thither, when the summer is at its height, we now and again detach a brigade or two, or possibly send a like force to Cove Common, whence the officer in command is invited to march upon the camp by surprise, the rest of the division being put under arms to intercept and thus defeat him. But this is really child's-play, scarcely more deserving of notice than the sham fights that take place time after time, over the same ground; with batteries on one side or the other, or on both, thrown ridiculously to the front, and cavalry charging squares, on nearing which they never fail to break and ride away like mad. Is any human being the better for these operations? Are our people learning from them more than the French army learned from their annual practisings at Chalons, or the Austrians learned previously to the campaign of Solferino, because of the frequency with which they marched over the ground, where in due time they fought and lost a decisive battle? No. Our people learn nothing from these things. On the contrary, what they do learn is more likely to damage than to improve them; because they receive wrong impressions of what

is required of armies in the field, and will therefore have to unlearn habits both of thinking and acting when brought face to face with reality. The camps at Aldershot and the Curragh were well meant; but it may be doubted whether on the whole, using them as we do, they have not rather helped to keep our soldiers back, than to advance them in the knowledge of the principles of campaigning.

Now, consider how the Prussians act. Year by year, when the crops are gathered in, and comparatively little damage can be done to the fields by marching over them—the weather being yet mild and the days not short—the Prussian Government assembles in various parts of the country two complete armies, of which the commands are intrusted to different generals, and which are expected to operate one against another, as if they belonged to different nations. One army is instructed to protect, say a certain fortress or a town; the other is to manœuvre for the occupation of it. Neither commander knows where his adversary is placed, but both being desired to take up certain positions, they both receive, when their troops are brought together, general instructions as to what they are expected to do. The rival armies consist of all the three arms. They carry with them everything that would be needed in real war; their transport follows them, their provisions, medical stores, spare ammunition, and what not. No tents cumber them, for the Prussians always bivouac, both in manœuvres and in actual warfare; and the chiefs on both sides, with the staff are left to their own devices. These two armies may open the mock campaign and generally do so, at a distance of several days' march from each other; and they are thus constrained to feel their way, one acting on the offensive, the other on the defensive, just as if the sham were a reality. The campaign never lasts for a

shorter time than a fortnight—it sometimes occupies three weeks; and while it goes on, everything is done, whether in moving or halting, whether in searching the front and flanks with patrols, or in covering the place of rest with outline pickets, that would be done in an enemy's presence. From such manœuvres men and officers alike learn as much as they would do in actual war. For they cross rivers upon bridges of their own construction, they occupy villages, they make sketches of the *terrain* as they pass along, they bake their bread and cook as they march, and at last come to blows with blank cartridges—some high military authority giving to one or the other the palm of victory, according to the skillfulness of his dispositions.

It was in these fields of mimic war that the Prussians elaborated that new system of tactics, their application of which to real warfare gave them such a decided superiority over the French. They tried its worth first in the Bohemian campaign, very much to the surprise and scandal of strategists of the old school. Forgetful of the maxim heretofore accepted as undisputable, that an army should not move on an extended front, nor suffer insurmountable obstacles to intervene between its columns in advancing,—they entered Bohemia by many passes; the mountains enclosing which effectually separated these several columns one from another. But they did so because each column was strong enough to hold its own if attacked, either till those on the right or left should be able to come up to its support, or till the necessity should be made apparent of falling back upon the common base whence all had started. And this they did with easy minds, because of the mastery which they had acquired over field-telegraphy, every event that befell in one column being instantly and regularly flashed to the other, so that never for a mo-

ment could there be a misunderstanding between them. Moreover they knew the enemy they had to deal with, and the temper, the numbers, and the disposition of his troops, just as accurately as Benedick knew them himself, and felt perfectly safe with their 220,000, in thus operating movements of concentration upon his 160,000. How often have we not heard it said that Benedick threw away endless chances by maintaining a defensive attitude about Königgratz, instead of striking out alternately at Prince Charles and the Prince of Prussia, when they showed the heads of their columns through the Erzgebirge and Riesengebirge Mountains? Benedick might have done so certainly, but it would have been at his peril. For both Prince Charles and the Crown Prince were strong enough to engage him separately, and to keep him engaged till the other came up—which was, in truth, exactly what happened at the decisive battle of Sadowa. Still military critics censured Moltke, declaring that he had run enormous risks, and contending to this hour that his triumph was much more owing to the defects in Benedick's tactics than to the excellency of his own. Never, however, was greater mistake committed. Benedick greatly erred in not sufficiently guarding his own position at every point. The position was defective, also, in this, that it presented a salient angle to the enemy. But apart from these faults Benedick handled his troops with great skill; and therefore did what the French never succeeded in doing, effected his retreat over a broad river in good order. Still the Prussians prevailed quite as much through superior strategy and tactics as by superiority of numbers. They did what he ought to have done. They took the initiative, and destroyed his allies before he began to think of making a move to their support.

Neither this innovation upon old rules by the Prussians, however, nor another of which we shall presently speak, was further noticed during the campaign of 1866 than to bring down upon the authors of it a buzz of general censure from the military critics of other nations. It showed itself far more distinctly and told far more heavily in the campaign of 1870, yet no critic, as far as we know, has noticed it. From the very beginning of the present war the Prussians have moved, when advancing, in multitudinous columns, all so directed and guarded as to converge with destructive force upon the enemy, and to engage him at the point selected by the assailants at enormous disadvantage. How came they to run this hazard, and yet escape the punishment which in former wars never failed to overtake the armies which ventured even partially upon the proceeding? There is no mystery in the case. The Prussian army owes the conception of this novel mode of handling troops, and the complete success which attended it, mainly, we might almost say exclusively, to the admirable training of their staff. They owe it also, at least in part, to the circumstances that the effect of the training is felt throughout the whole army; because theirs is not a staff corps isolated and apart, but a body composed of regimental officers, trained, so to speak, in successive waves, and after their training absorbed again into the ranks. Hence every regiment in the Prussian service—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—has officers serving in it who studied and served as officers of the higher staff; and hence, too, there are never wanting men qualified, when the occasion arises, to take the lead in carrying into execution the plans of the General-in-Chief down to the most minute detail.

The Prussian tactics are these: Instead of moving a vast army—say of two or three hundred thou-

sand men—by two or three, or, at the most, four great roads, keeping open, by patrols, the communication between the heads of the several columns, they spread out the whole into as many columns of march as possible,—into as many as would enable them, were the country open and free from obstacles, to form their line of battle in half an hour. It may indeed be said that they move in order of battle, perfectly well aware that an adherence to the old rule of covering each separate column of march with its own advanced-guard, and its own flankers, would expose them at any moment to be cut asunder by an enemy falling upon them in force. But the Prussians do not adhere to this rule. They have their advanced-guards covering every column, and the flankers too; but in front of their advanced-guards, properly so called, and far wide of either flank, they send out swarms of light cavalry well mounted, led by intelligent officers, and made up of men all of them more or less educated, and carefully prepared in peace for the parts that will be assigned to them in war. These cover the entire army as with a zone, within which the columns pursue their way comparatively at ease, well knowing that any such force as would give serious cause of alarm to any one of them, could not approach within miles of their front or flank without due notice given of the danger. Nor is this all. These swarms of intelligent horsemen find out where the enemy are—not where the main force is exclusively, but where every detachment is stationed, every picket placed, every sentry and vedette planted. The intelligence thus acquired they carry back to the headquarters of the corps or division to which they belong, while the enemy, who have taken no such precautions, remain profoundly ignorant, either that their dispositions have been looked into, or that they are about to be assailed where, perhaps, they

least expected danger. Just observe how the campaign opened, and judge from that whether or no we attribute more praise than is due either to the Prussian tactics or to their strategy.

However surely the Prussian Government might count on being sooner or later *en prise* with France, it is certain that the declaration of war last July took them very much by surprise. So far, the French had a great advantage over them; and had they known how to use it, and been in strength enough to do so, as the great Napoleon would have been, the first serious collision between the two armies would have occurred on German soil. We now know what the Emperor's plans and expectations were. Crossing the Rhine at Axau, and penetrating between Rastadt on his right and Germersheim on his left, he would have interposed between southern and northern Germany, given an opportunity to such of the States as were discontented with the present condition of affairs to turn against Prussia, and, as he tells us in his very remarkable manifesto, induced Italy and Austria to make common cause with him. Even for this Moltke was not unprepared. It is evident, indeed, from the dispositions which he made of his corps, as one by one they became mobilised and recruited up to the proper war strength, that had the plan been carried into execution, the invaders would have been struck simultaneously both in front and on the flank. The plan was not, however, carried into execution. Be the causes what they might, the French army, which was to have made its first halt at Berlin, never got beyond the French frontier, where it waited in an ill-chosen position, apparently without the most remote notion on the part of its commanders that the enemy they had to deal with might take the initiative.

The fortnight's pause was an enormous gain to the Germans. It

enabled them to mass their troops at the exact points which long before had been selected as most suitable for the emergency. And now came up the fruit of all that careful study of which we have been speaking. This very war had been for years foreseen and provided against. Two plans of campaign were settled, the first defensive, the second offensive; and seeing that the French did not constrain them to act upon the former, the Prussians proceeded at once to execute the latter. Now if we, or the French, or the Austrians, or any other Power than Prussia, had been placed in this situation, we should have acted thus: Providing ourselves with the best maps that we could find of the east of France, we should have begun our advance by the roads marked out on those maps; and, covering our columns with advanced-guards and outflankers, sent out staff officers to reconnoitre and find out by degrees where the enemy were, and how we might best hope to engage and beat him. The Prussians did nothing of the sort. They knew beforehand perfectly where the enemy were likely to be, and how they could be approached, every road, lane, and track being put down in their charts; and they had among them scores of officers who, from personal observation and inspection, had the sweep of these tracks and the lie of the country through which they passed distinct in their maps. Accordingly, the entire force was so disposed in separate armies, as that, moving in order of battle, it should be capable of falling upon the French in detail ere the order was given for concentration of their scattered corps; while clouds of cavalry at once protected each of the advancing columns from the danger of being taken *in delictu*, and served as guides to the infantry and artillery when the moment drew near for bringing them into play. It was thus that on the 4th of August the Crown Prince was able to fall upon

General Douay at Wissembourg with overwhelming numbers, the French general being in ignorance till the attack began that an enemy was within several days' march of him. It was then that M'Mahon, hastening to retrieve the disaster which had come upon his lieutenant, found himself, on the 6th, assailed in front and flank, and his rear threatened. While the same day, General Froissard, executing, as he believed, a perfectly safe movement to the rear, was overtaken at Spicheren, and defeated with great loss. The results of these first operations were completely to disperse the French armies: M'Mahon went off in one direction; Faily, who endeavoured but failed to reinforce him before the battle of the 6th, went off in another; and the remains of Douay's corps got together, its leader being killed, as they best could at Belfort, quite out of the theatre of the war. Meanwhile Bazaine fell back upon Metz, where the arrival of Canrobert's corps from Chalons raised his effective to 140,000 or 150,000 men, hoping that the opportunity would be presented to him of engaging one or other of the Prussian armies before it could be sustained by the rest. The hope proved utterly vain, for reasons which cannot be better given than in the words of the Emperor's pamphlet: "The Prussians concealed every movement so effectually behind a formidable belt of cavalry, which spread out before them in all directions, that we could never, notwithstanding

ing the most anxious researches, make out in reality where the masses of their troops were placed, nor in what direction it behoved us to strike hard. Nobody imagined, either on the 14th or the 16th of August, that we had the bulk of the Prussian army to deal with; nobody doubted, after the battle of Gravelotte, that to reach Verdun on the morrow would be the easiest thing in the world."

One great cause, then, of the astounding success of the Germans in this war is to be found in this, that, superadded to the excellency of their system of recruitment, they have the best-instructed staff in the world, which have revolutionised for them the tactics, or practical portion, of the art of war as completely as their own Frederick did a century or more ago; and even more than was done, not so much by Napoleon himself as by the course of events during the first days of the French Revolution, and the skill with which he seized the result and improved upon it. Another is to be found in the perfection of their equipment in every arm, and the admirable order which prevails in their *intendance*, or department of supply. Upon these points, however, we cannot enter now, having already it is feared, trespassed more upon the attention of our non-military readers than, under any other circumstances than the present, they would probably thank us for doing.

THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

PART II.—THE HUMOUR.

THE poetry of what may be called the ballad period, when the beautiful legendary and romantic lyrics of Scotland were sung in hall and bower, and spread from mouth to mouth among the peasantry, in the days when printing was rather for the hundred than for the million—as well as the comparatively modern effusions of Ramsay and Burns, and the later productions of the multitudinous poets and song-writers who have adorned the literature of Scotland within the present century—would afford, had we space to cite all its beauties of idea and expression, very convincing proofs, not only of the poetic riches, but of the abundant wit and humour of the Scottish people. The Scottish language lends itself very naturally and effectively to this peculiarity of the national character. Since the time when the accession of James VI. to the English throne attracted so many of his poor countrymen to England—to push their fortunes in England, and sometimes, if not often, at the expense of Englishmen, who would have been glad of their places—to the day when Lord Bute's administration under George III. made all Scotsmen unpopular for his sake, and when Dr. Samuel Johnson vented, in and out of season, his real or pretended dislike to that people, up to the time of Charles Lamb and the late Rev. Sydney Smith, who followed his silly example, it has been more or less the fashion in England to indulge in little harmless jokes at the expense of the Scottish people. It has been the stage custom, and the literary habit, at the same time, to portray them not only as overhard, shrewd, and "cannie" in money matters, but as utterly insensible to "wit." Sydney Smith, who was a wit himself, and possibly imbibed

his jocosity from the conversation of Edinburgh society in the days when, as he himself said, he "cultivated literature upon a little oatmeal," is guilty of the well-known assertion that "it takes a surgical operation to drive a joke into a Scotsman's head." We shall not attempt to enter into any discussion on the differences between "wit" and "humour," which are many, or strive to define the divergence between what the English call "wit," the French "esprit," and what the Scotch call "wut;" but assert, in contradiction to the reverend joker, that the "wut" of the Scotch is quite equal to the "wit" of the English and the "esprit" of the French, and that Scottish "humour" is infinitely superior to any humour that was ever evolved out of character to the south of Yorkshire. There is one thing, however, which perhaps Sydney Smith intended when he wrote, perhaps without thinking very deeply, if at all, about what he said: the Scotch, as a rule, do not like and do not understand banter, or what in the current slang of the day is called "chaff." In "chaff" and "banter" there is but little wit, and that of the poorest, and no humour whatever. "Chaff" is simply vulgar impertinence; and the Scotch being a plain, serious, and honest people, though poetical, are slow to understand and unable to appreciate it. But with wit, "esprit," or "wut," and humour, that are deserving of the name, they are abundantly familiar; and their very seriousness enables them to enjoy them the more. The wittiest of men are always the most serious, if not the saddest and most melancholy; and if the shortest possible refutation of Sydney Smith's unfounded asser-

tion were required, it might be found in a simple reference to the works of Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and John Wilson. Were there no wit and humour to be found in Scotland except in the writings of these three illustrious Caledonians, there would be enough and to spare to make an end of this stale "chaff;" and to show by comparison that, wit and humorist as Sydney Smith may have been, he was not, as such, worthy to hold a candle to Robert Burns, much less to the author of 'Waverley,' and Christopher North. In what English poem of equal length is there to be found so much genuine wit and humour mingled with such true pathos and knowledge of life and character as in "Tam o' Shanter"? What English novel, by the very best of English writers, exceeds for wit and humour any one of the great Scottish romances and tales of Sir Walter Scott, the least of which would be sufficient to build up and sustain a high literary reputation? And what collection of English jests is equal to the 'Laird of Logan,' or Dean Ramsay's 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character'? Joe Miller's 'Jest-book,' and all the countless stories that have been fathered upon him—"one of the most melancholy of men"—are but dreary reading, depending as they mostly do for their point upon mere puns and plays upon words, and to a great extent being utterly deficient in humour. It requires some infusion of Celtic blood in a nation to make the people either witty or appreciative of wit; and the dullest of all European peoples are without exception those in whom the Celtic least prevails, such as the Germans or Saxons, and the Anglo-Saxons. Was there ever any wit or sense of wit in a Dorsetshire or Somersetshire peasant? Not much, if any. Whereas the Scottish and the Irish peasantry are brimful both of wit and humour. If any one would wish to have a compendium of wisdom, wit, hu-

mour, and abundant knowledge, kindly as well as unkindly, of human nature, let him look into Allan Ramsay's 'Collection of Scots Proverbs,' where he will find a more perfect treasury of pawkie, cannie, shrewd, homely, and humorous philosophy than English literature or that of any European nation affords. And the humour and wit are not only in the ideas, but in the phraseology, which is untranslatable. Scottish poetry and pathos find their equivalents in English and German, but the quaint words refuse to transform themselves into any other idiom. "A man's a man for a' that," strong, characteristic, and nervous in the Scottish Doric, fades away into attenuation and *banalité* when the attempt is made to render it in French or German, Italian, or Spanish, "Un homme c'est un homme, nonobstant," is the nearest approach that the French language yields, but how vapid and poor in comparison to the Scotch! Even in English the phrase loses its Attic flavour, and becomes but a weak dilution of the original. Translate into literary English the couplet in "Duncan Gray" in which the rejected lover of Maggie

"Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin'—
Spak o' lowpin' ower a linn"—

and the superior power of expressing the humorous which belongs to the Scottish language will become apparent to every mind that has a sense of the ludicrous. In the same way, when Luath, the poor man's dog, in Burns's inimitable poem, explains to his aristocratic friend Cæsar what a hard time the poor have of it, a literal translation of the passage into colloquial English would utterly deprive it of its mingled tenderness and humour:—

"A cotter *howkin'* in a *sheugh*,
Wi' dirty stanes *biggin'* a *dyke*,
Baring a quarry and sic like:
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A mytrie o' trees *duddie weans*,

And nocht but his han' dary to keep
Them right an' tight in *thack* and *rape*."

The "smytrie o' wee duddie weans"
sets a fair English translation at
defiance.

Birkie, a conceited person :—

"Ye see yon *birkie* ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that."
—Burns: *A Man's a Man*.

Birs, the thick hair or *bristles*
on the back of swine :—

"The souter [shoemaker] gave the sow a
kiss.
'Humph!' quo' she, 'It's a' for my *birs*.'"
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Blate, shy, modest :—

"Says Lord Mark Ker, 'Ye are na' *blate*,
To bring us the news o' yer ain
defeat.'
—Jacobite Ballad, *Johnnie Cope*.

"A *blate* cat makes a proud mouse."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Blether, to talk nonsense, to in-
flate; *blethers*, nonsense :—

"Fame
Gathers but wind to *blether* up a name."
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Some are busy *bletherin'*
Right loud that day."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

"Stringing *blethers* up in rhyme
For fools to sing,"

—Burns.

"'She's better to-night,' said one
nurse to another. 'Night's come, but
it's not gone,' replied her helpmate, in
the full hearing of the patient, 'and
it's the small hours 'll try her.' 'The
small hours 'll none try me as much as
you do with your *blethering* tongues,'
remarked the patient."—*A Visit to the
London Hospitals*, 'Fall Mall Gazette,'
March 23, 1870.

Bouse, to drink deeply, to revel;
whence the English word "boozy" :—

"There let him *bouse*, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
And minds his grief no more."
—Burns.

"As though bold Robin Hood
Would with his maid Marian
Sup and *bouse* from horn and can."
—Keats.

Bubbly-jock, a turkey-cock :—

"Some of the idiot's friends came to
visit him at a farmhouse where he re-
sided—reminded him how comfortable
he was, and how grateful he ought to
be for the care taken of him. He ad-
mitted the fact, but he had his sorrows
and troubles like wiser men. He stood
in awe of the great turkey-cock of the
farm, which used to run and gobble at
him. 'Ay, ay!' he said, unburthen-
ing his heart—'I'm very weel aff, nae
doubt; but oh, man! I'm sair hadden
down by the *bubbly-jock*.' — Dean
Ramsay.

Any little grievance that helps
to embitter a man's days is often
called in Scotland a *bubbly-jock*, in
consequence of the popularity of
this story :—

"Whenever I begin to preach, and I
only preach for fifteen minutes," said a
worthy Scottish clergyman in the West
Highlands, "the professor holds up a
big Bible before his face, and pretends
to read instead of listening to my dis-
course. He does it in the face of all the
congregation. He's my *bubbly-jock*."

Buirdly, strong and stalwart,
hearty, well-built :—

"*Buirdly* chiefs [fellows]
Are bred in sic a way as this is."
—Burns: *The Twa Dogs*.

Capernoyty, peevish, crabbed, of
singular and uncertain humour.—
Jamieson. *Capernoytit*, slightly de-
ranged :—

"D'ye hear what auld Dominie Na-
pler says about the mirk Monday? He
says it's an eclipse; the sun and the
moon fechtin' for the upper hand! But
Lord! he's a poor *capernoytit* creature."
—*Laird of Logan*.

Carfuffle, agitation of mind, per-
plexity :—

"Troth, my lord may be turned feel
outright an' he puts himself into a *car-
fuffle* for ony thing ye could bring him,
Edie."—Scott: *The Antiquary*.

Carle, a man, a fellow, — This
word, which was used by Chaucer,
has been corrupted into churl. In
Scotland it still preserves its origi-
nal and pleasanter signification :—

"The miller was a stout *carle* for the
nones—
Full big he was of braune, and eke of
bones."
—Chaucer.

"The pawky auld *carle* cam ower the
lea,
Wi' mony guld-e'ens and guld-days to
me
Saying, 'Kind sirs, for your courtesy,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?'"
—Ritson's *Caledonian Songs*.

Carline, an old woman :—

"Cats and *carlines* love to sleep i' the
sun." — Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

The Rev. Mr. Munro of Westray,
preaching on the flight of Lot from
Sodom, said: "The honest man and
his family were ordered out of the town,
and charged not to look back; but the
auld *carline*, Lot's wife, looked ower her
shoulder, for which she was smote into
a lump of sawt." And he added, with
great unction, "O ye people of West-
ray, if ye had had her, mony a day since
ye wad hae putten her in the parritch-
pot!"

Chap, to knock :—

"I dreamed I was deed, and carried
far, far, far up, till I came to heaven's
yet, when I *chappit*, and *chappit*, and
chappit, till at last an angel keekit out,
and said — 'Wha are ye?' " — Dean
Ramsay.

"The chiel was stout, the chiel was
stark,
And wadna bide to *chap* nor ca." —
—*Holy Girie*.

Chiel, a fellow, a youth; equiva-
lent to the ancient English *childe*,
as used by Byron in "*Childe Har-
old*":—

"The brawny, bainle ploughman *chiel*."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

"A *chiefs* amang ye takin' notes."
—Burns.

Clarty, dirty :—

"Searching auld wives' barrels,
Och hon! the day!
That *clarty* harm [yeast] should stain my
laurels."
—Burns: *On being appointed to
the Excise*.

Claut, to snatch, to lay hold of
eagerly; something that has been
got together by greed, a large
heap :—

"Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten?
She's gotten a coof wi a *claut* o'
siller."
—Burns: *Meg o' the Mill*.

Claw, to scratch :—

"*Claw* me and I'll *claw* you." — *Scots
Proverb*.

"I laugh when I am merry, and
claw no man in his humour."
—Shakespeare: *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Clishmaclaver, idle gossip :—

"What farther *clishmaclaver* might been
said."
—Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr*.

Cloot, a hoof; *clootie*, one who
is hoofed—i.e., Satan, the devil :—

"O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or *Clootie*."
—Burns: *Address to the Devil*.

Clour, a lump on the flesh, caus-
ed by a heavy blow :—

"That cane o' yours would gi'e a *clour*
on a man's head enouch to produce a
phrenological faculty." — Professor Wil-
son: *Noctes Ambrosianae*.

Clyte, a fall; to stop in the midst
of a set speech for want of words
or ideas, and sit down suddenly:
"I couldna find words," said a
Glasgow bailie, "and so I *clyted*."

"I fairly *clyted*
On the cauld earth."
—Allan Ramsay.

Cockernonie, a gathering up of the
hair of women, after a fashion
similar to that of the modern
"chignon":—

"I saw my Meg come linkin' ower the
lea—
I saw my Meg, but Meggie saw na me—
Her *cockernonie* snooded up fu' sleek."
—Allan Ramsay.

"But I doubt the daughter's a silly
thing: an unco *cockernony* she had
busked on her head at the kirk last
Sunday." — Scott: *Old Mortality*.

Cog, a bowl or cup, also a basin—
from the Gaelic *cuach*;—used either
for broth, ale, or stronger drink :—

"I canna want my *cogie*, sir,
I canna want my *cogie*;
I winna want my three-girred *cog*
For a' the wives in Bogle."
—Duke of Gordon.

Cowp, to tumble over :—

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near had *cowpit* in my hurry."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Crony, a comrade, a dear friend, a boon companion.—This Scottish word seems to have been introduced to English notice by James I. It was used by Swift and other writers of his period, and was admitted into Johnson's Dictionary:

"To oblige your *crony* Swift,
Bring our dame a New-Year's gift."
—Swift.

"And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy *crony*."
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Crouse, merry, lively, brisk, bold:—

"A cock's aye *crouse* on his ain midden."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"The cantie auld folks crackin' *crouse*,
The young anes rantin' through the house."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Crowdie, a kind of oatmeal porridge or "parritch;" sometimes prepared with water, and sometimes with buttermilk:—

"My elster Kate came up the gate
Wi' *crowdie* unto me, man,
She swore she saw the rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man."
—*The Battle of Sheriffmuir*.

Cuif, a fool, a blockhead:—

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a *cuif* for a' that."
—Burns: *A Man's a Man*.

Cutty, short—from the Gaelic *cutach*:—

"I'm no sae scant o' clean pipes as to
blaw wi' a burnt *cutty*."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roared out, 'Weel done, *Cutty-sark*!'
And in an instant all was dark."
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Daft, to jest, to make fun of:—

"I think the power of the Scottish idiom was happily exemplified by the late Dr. Adam of the High School of Edinburgh, in his translation of the Horatian expression, 'desipere in loco,' which he turned by the Scottish phrase, 'weel-timed *daft*.'"
—Dean Ramsay.

Daft, crazy, wild, mad:—

"Or maybe in a frolic *daft*
To Hague or Calais take a waft."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Dauner, or *daunder*, to saunter, to stroll leisurely:—

"Some idle and mischievous youths waited for the minister on a dark night, and one of them, dressed as a ghost, came up to him in hopes of putting him in a fright. The minister's cool reply upset the plan: 'Weel, Maister Ghaist, is this a general rising? or are ye jist taking a *dauner* frae your grave by yoursel?'"
—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

"The subject of the minister's discourse had been the escape of the Israelites from Egypt. So David (the minister's servant) opened his criticism, 'What I thoct o't, sir? Indeed I thoct nocht o't ava. It was a vara imperfect discourse, in ma opinion. Ye did weel enough till ye took them through; but where did ye leave them? Jist *daunerin* by the sea-shore, without a place to gang till.'"
—*Ibid*.

Deil, the devil, Satan, the evil one:—

"The *deil's* always good to beginners."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a *deil*,
To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeel."
—Burns: *Address to the Deil*.

Dirdum, noise, uproar:—

"Humph! it's juist because — juist that the *dirdum's* a' about yon man's pockmanty."
—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

"Sic a *dirdum* about naething."
—*Laird of Logan*.

Doited, stupid, stupefied, benumbed, bewildered, demented:—

"Thou clears the head o' *dotted* lear"
[learning.]
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Dowf, destitute of courage and animation, stupidly depressed, silly, pointless:—

"They're *dowf* and *dowie* at the best,
Dowf and *dowie*, *dowf* and *dowie*,
Wi' a' their variorum,
They canna please a Highland taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum."
—Rev. John Skinner.

"Her *dowf* excuses pat me mad."
—Burns.

Dreigh, difficult, hard to travel, tedious, prolix, dry:—

"Hech, sirs! but the sermon was sair *dreigh*!"—Galt.

Drookit, drenched, saturated with moisture:—

"My *drookit* sark-sleeve, as ye ken."
—Burns: *Tam Glen*.

"My friends, you come to the kirk every Sabbath, and I lave you a' ower wi' the Gospel till ye're fairly *drookit* wi't."—Extract from a sermon by a minister in Arran: Rodgers's *Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

Drouth, thirst; *drouthie*, thirsty:
"Tell him o' mine and Scotland's *drouth*."
—Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

"Folks talk o' my drink, but never think o' my *drouth*."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Dub, a small pool of dirty water:
The Goose *Dubs*—name of a street in Glasgow:—

"O'er *dub* and dyke
She'll run the fields all through."
—*Leader Haughs and Yarrow*.

Dud, a rag; *duddies*, little rags:—

"Then he took out his little knife,
Let a' his *duddies* fa',
An' he was the brawest gentleman
That stood among them a'."
—*We'll gang nae mair a roving*.

"Wee *duddie* weans."

—Burns.
"The *duddie* wee laddie may be a
braw man."
—David Hutcheson.

Eith, easy:—

"It's *eith* defending a castle that's no
besieged."
"It's *eith* learning the cat the way to the
kirk."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Eke, to add to; an *eke* to a testament, a codicil to a will.—This word has acquired a convivial meaning in Scotland among toddy-drinkers. When a guest is about to depart, after having had a fair allowance of whiskey, the host presses him to "take an *eke*"—i.e., another glass, to eke out the quantity. "I hate intemperance," said a northern magistrate who was at

the same time a distiller, and who was sorely badgered by an English lord, a great adherent of the cause of total abstinence, on the iniquity of his business; "no man hates drunkenness more than I do—a public-house and tavern drunkenness more especially; but a' the same I like to see a dounce honest man tak' his seven tumblers and an *eke* quietly and comfortably, wi' his wife and bairns and good friends around him, a' in the bosom of his family!"

Ettle, to try, to attempt; an endeavour:—

"For Nannie far before the rest
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious *ettle*,
But little wist she Maggie's mettle."
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

"I *ettled* wi' kindness to soften her
pride."
—James Ballantine: *The Way to Woo*.

Fash, to bother, to worry, to distress one's self—from the French *se facher*, to be angry; *fashionous*, troublesome:—

"Speak out, and never *fash* your
thumb."
—Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

Feck, power, activity, vigour.
Feckless, without power or vigour of body or mind. Worcester, in his dictionary, derives this word from effectless! *Feckful*, full of power:—

"Many a *feckful* chield this day was
slain."
—Blind Harry's *Wallace*.

"*Feckless* folk are aye fain o' ane
another."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Poor devil, see him o'er his trash,
As *feckless* as a withered rash!"
—Burns: *To a Haggis*.

Fendy, clever at contrivances in difficulty, good at making a shift:

"Alice, he said, was both canny and
fendy."
—Scott: *To Waverley*.

Fient, none, not a particle of, the devil a bit:—

"But though he was o' high degree,
The *flent* o' pride—nae pride had he."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For *flent* a wame it had ava!"
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Flunkey, a servant in livery; metaphorically applied to a person who abjectly flatters the great.—The word was unknown to literature until the time of Burns. Thackeray and Mr. Carlyle in our own day have made it classical English, although the most recent lexicographers have not admitted it or its derivative, *flunkeyism*, servility, to the honours of the dictionary:—

"Our laird gets in his racked rents,
He rises when he likes himself!
His *flunkeys* answer to his bell."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Fogie, a dull, slow, old man, unable or unwilling to reconcile himself to the ideas and manners of the new generation.—The derivation of this word, which Thackeray did much to popularise in England, is uncertain, though it seems most probable that it comes from "foggy," for a foggy, misty, hazy intellect, unable to see the things that are obvious to clearer minds. In the United States the word is generally applied to ultra-Conservatives in politics:—

"Ay, though we be
Old *fogies* three,
We're not so dulled as not to dine;
And not so old
As to be cold
To wit, to beauty, and to wine."
—All the Year Round.

Fusionless, pithless, silly, sapless, senseless; corrupted from "foison," the old English word for plenty:—

"For seven lang years I ha'e lain by his
side,
And he's but a *fusionless* bodle, O!"
—Burns: *The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie*.

"The months of fasting multitudes are
crammed wi' *fuzzenless* bran, instead of
the sweet word in season."—Scott: *Old Mortality*.

Gaberlunzie, a wallet or bag carried by beggars for collecting in kind the gifts of the charitable; whence *gaberlunzie-man*, a beggar:

"Oh, blithe be the auld *gaberlunzie-man*;
Wi' his wallet o' wit he fills the lan':
He's a warm Scotch heart and a braid Scotch
tongue,
And kens a' the auld sangs that ever were
sung!"

—James Ballantine.

Gash, sagacious, clever, knowing:—

"He was a *gash* and faithful tyke."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"Here farmers *gash* in ridin' graith."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Gaucie, jolly, brisk, lively:—

"His *gaucie* tall in upward curl."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"In comes a *gaucie* *gash* goodwife,
And sits down by the fire."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Gear, money, wealth, appurtenance:—

"He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight and poid his *gear*;
My servants a' for life did flee
And left me in extremitie."
—Lament of the Border Widow.

"And gather *gear* by every wile
That's justified by honour"
—Burns: *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

Geck, to bear one's self haughtily to toss the head in glee or scorn:—

"Adieu, my liege! may Freedom *geck*
Beneath your high protection."
—Burns: *A Dream*. To George III.

Gey, very—probably from *gay*: sometimes used with the additional syllable *an'*, as in the phrase, he was *gey an' fou*! he was *gay* and drunk—or very drunk.

"A miller laughing at him (the fool of the parish) for his witlessness, the fool said, 'There are some things I ken, and some things I dinna ken.' On being asked what he knew, he said, 'I ken a miller has aye *gey* fat sow.' 'And what do ye no ken?' said the miller. 'I dinna ken at wha's expense she's fed.'"—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Gilpey, a young girl; applied as a term of contempt or familiarity:

"I was a *gilpey* then, I'm sure
I wasna past fifteen."
—Burns: *Halloween*.

"I mind when I was a *glipie* or a lassock, scolding the duke—him that lost his head in London."—Scott: *Old Mortality*.

Glaikit, giddy-headed, thoughtless, dazed:—

"That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door
For *glaitit* Folly's portals."
—Burns: *Address to the Linco Guid*.

Gley, to squint; *aglee* or *agley*, crooked, aslant, in the wrong direction:—

"There is a time to *gley*, and a time to look even."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"*Gleyed* Sandy he came here yestreen,
And speired when I saw Pate."
—James Carnegie, 1703.

"The best-laid schemes o' mico an' men
Gang aft *aglee*."
—Burns: *To a Mouse*.

Gliff, a moment, a short slumber, a nap:—

"I'll win out a *gliff* the night for a' that
—to dance in the moonlight."—Scott: *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*.

"Laid down on her bed for a *gliff*,"
said her grandmother."—Scott: *The Antiquary*.

Glower, to look earnestly, to glare, to stare:—

"Ye *glowered* at the moon, and fell on the midden."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks and a' that:
But Homer-liko, the *glowrin'* byke
[swarm],
Frac town to town I draw that."
—Burns: *The Jolly Beggars*.

Glunch, an angry frown:—

"A *glunch*
O' sour disdain."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

"Does ony great man *glunch* and gloom?"
—Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

Gowk, the cuckoo, a fool, or a person who has but one idea, and is always repeating it:—

"Ye breed o' the *gowk*—ye hae never a song but ane."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Gowl, to weep loudly, to whine and blubber; from the Gaelic *gul*, with the same meaning—whence perhaps the French *gueule*, a mouth that is very wide open:—

"Ne'er may Misfortune's *gowl*ing bark
Howl through the dwelling o' the clerk."
—Burns: *To Gavin Hamilton*.

Gowpen, a handful:—

"Those who carried meal seldom failed to add a *gowpen* to the alms-bag of the deformed cripple."—Scott: *The Black Dwarf*.

Grip, tenacity—moral or physical; to hold fast:—

"Will Shore couldna conceive how it was that when he was drunk his feet wadna hand the *grip*."—*Laird of Logan*.

"But where you feel your honour *grip*,
Let that be eye your border."
—Burns: *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

Grushie, of rapid growth, thickly sown:—

"The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their *grushie* weans and faithful wives."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Gumlie, muddy, turbid:—

"O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
For *gumlie* dubs [pools] of your ain delvin."
Burns: *To Gavin Hamilton*.

Gumption, wit, sense, knowledge:

"Nor a' the quacks, with all their *gumption*,
Will ever mend her."
—Burns: *Letter to John Goudie*.

Gyte, deranged, mad:

"Surprised at once out of decorum,
philosophy, and phlegm, he skimmed his cocked hat in the air. 'Lord sake,' said Edie, 'he's gawn *gyte*.'"—Scott: *The Antiquary*.

Haet, a whit, an iota; *deil a haet*, the devil a bit:—

"But gentlemen, and ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They lolter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Though *deil haet* ails them, yet unesay."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

In Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms," the word occurs as *hate*:

"I don't care a *hate*." "I didn't eat a *hate*."

Hain, to preserve :—

"Wha waste your weel-*hained* gear
[money] on damned new brigs and har-
bours!"

—Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr*.

Hullan-shaker, a sturdy, uproar-
ious beggar :—

"Right scornfully she answered him,
Begone you *hullan-shaker*."
—Francis Sempie: *Maggie Lauder*.

Hantle, a good deal, a quantity—
probably derived from *handful*, or
that which may be gathered by the
hands :—

"A Scottish clergyman related as his expe-
rience after killing his first pig, that 'nae doot
there was a *hantle* o' miscellaneous eating
about a swine.'"

Haveril, a half-witted person, a
silly talker :

"Poor *haveril* Will fell aff the drift."
—Burns: *Halloween*.

Hirple, to limp, to run with a limp-
ing motion :—

"The hares were *hirplin'* down the
furrs."
Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Hizzie, a lass, a huzzy, a strong
girl, a term of endearment :—

"Buirdly chieles and clever *hizzies*
Are bred in sic a way as this is."
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Houghmagandie, illicit intercourse
of the sexes :

"And mony a job that day begun
May end in *houghmagandie*."
Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Howff, a public-house, a place that
a person is accustomed to frequent
for conversation and conviviality;
also used as a verb :—

"Burns's *howff* at Dumfries."
—Chambers.

"Where was't that Robertson and you were
used to *howff* thegither?"—Scott: *Heart of
Mid-Lothian*.

Howk, to dig, to grub up, to root
up :—

"Whiles mice and moudieworts [moles] they
howkit."
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Hummel-doddie, dowdy, ill-fitting,
in bad taste :—

"Whatna *hummel-doddie* o' a mutch [cap]
ha' ye gotten?"—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscen-
ces*.

Hurdies, the breech, the lips :—

"His tail
Hung o'er his *hurdies* wi' a swirl."
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the
smiters."
Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr*.

"Pendable? ye may say that; his
craig wad ken the weight of his *hurdies* if
they could get hand o' Rob."—Scott: *Rob
Roy*.

The old French poet, François Vil-
lon, when condemned to be hanged,
wrote a stanza in which the idea of
Sir Walter Scott occurs in language
about as forcible and not a whit more
elegant :—

"Je suis Français (dont ce me poise),
Né de Paris, emprés Ponthoise,
Or d'une corde d'une toise,
Sçaura mon col que mon cul poise."

Jink, to play, to sport, to dodge
in and out; from whence the phrase
high-jinks, sometimes used in Eng-
land to describe the merriment and
sport of servants in the kitchen when
their masters and mistresses are
out :—

"O thou, my Muse! guld auld Scotch
drink.
Whether through wimplin' worms thou
jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink
In glorious faem."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Joe, or *jo*, a lover, a friend, a dear
companion—derived not from Joseph,
as has been ignorantly asserted, but
from the French "*joie*" or English
"*joy*."

"John Anderson, my *jo*, John."
—Burns.

"Kind sir, for your courtesie,
As ye gae by the Baas then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
There ye'll see your bonny sel',
My *jo*, Janet."
—Old Song, remodelled by Burns.

Kilt, to lift the petticoats up to the knee, or wear them no lower than the knee; to raise the clothes in fording a stream.

"High kilted" is a metaphor for conversation or writing that savours of immodesty.

"Her tartan petticoat she'll *kilt*."
Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

"She's *killed* her coats o' green satin,
She's *kilted* them up to her knee.
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald
M'Donald,
His bride and his darling to be."
—Old Song, *Lizzie Lindsay*.

"If sometimes *high killed* in her language, her heart was pure. She [the muse of Scotland] never jeasted at virtue, though she sometimes had a fling at hypocrisy."—Introduction to *The Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland*. London, 1861.

Kittle, difficult, ticklish, dangerous:—

"It's *kittle* shooting at corbies and clergy."
"It's *kittle* for the cheeks when the hurl-barrow gangs ower the nose."
"It's *kittle* to waken sleeping dogs."
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Lawin, the reckoning at an inn:—

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the *lawin*,
They set a combat them between,
To fecht it in the dawning."
—*The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow*.

"Steek the door! kill or be killed! let nae-body pass out till they hae paid the *lawin*."
—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

Leeze, or *leeze on* (reflective verb), to be satisfied with, to be pleased or delighted with:—

"*Leeze* me on drink! It gies us mair
Than either school or college."
Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Let on, to let a thing appear; to make believe; to feign:—

"I never *loot on* that I ken'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers."
—Burns.

"I saw Mr. — at the meeting, but I never *let on* that I knew he was present."—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

"Will Spier once ran a great hazard of being impaled by a mad bull in crossing a field. Will shook his stick, flapped his plaid, and made a bellowing noise. He at last got

clear of the fence, when a bystander asked him what sort of noise was that which he had been making. 'I was just *letten on* to the bull that I might be a coo, till I got clear o' the beast.'"—*Laird of Logan*.

Link, to trip; to reel off to the left hand—from the German *links*, the left:

"And now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're
thinkin',
A certain bardie's rantin', drinkin'.
Some luckless hour will send him
linkin'.
To your black pit:
But, faith, he'll turn a corner jinkin',
And cheat you yet."
—Burns: *Address to the Deil*.

Lippen, to incline towards, to confide in, to be favourable to any one:—

"An ancient lady, when told by the minister that he had a call from his Lord and Master to go to another parish, replied,—
'Dear sir, the Lord might ha' ca'd and ca'd to you lang eneuch, and ye'd ne'er hae *lippened* till Him if the steepen [stipend] had na been better.'—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Loaf, the palm of the hand; from the Gaelic *lamh*, pronounced *lan*, the hand:—

"Gie's your *loaf*, I'll ne'er beguile you."
—*Scots Proverb*.

"Wi' arm reposed on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him:
Which by degrees slips round her
neck,
An's *loaf* upon her bosom,
Unkenned that day."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Loup, to leap:

"Spak o' *loupin'* ower a linn."
—Burns: *Duncan Grey*.

"He's *loupin* on the bonnie black,
He steered him wi' the spur right
sairly;
But ere he won to Gatehope Slack
I think the steed was *was* and
weary."
—Annan Water, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

To "loupe the dyke," or leap the wall or fence (of matrimony), is a proverbial expression applied to mothers who have not wedded.

Luckie, a term of familiarity applied to elderly women in the lower and middle ranks of society :—

"Hear me, ye hills, and every glen,
And echo shrill, that a' may ken
The waefu' thud
O' reckless death, wha came unseen
To *Luckie Wood*."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Mrs. Helen Carnegie of Montrose died in 1818, at the advanced age of ninety-one. She was a Jacobite, and very aristocratic, but on social terms with many of the burghers of the city. She preserved a very nice distinction in her mode of addressing people according to their rank and station. She was fond of a game of quadrille [whist], and sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game. 'Nelly, ye'll gang to Lady Carnegie's, and mak' my compliments, and ask the honour of her ladyship's company, and that of the Miss Carnegies, to tea this evening. If they canna come, ye'll gang to the Miss Mudies, and ask the pleasure of their company. If they canna come, ye maun gang to Miss Hunter, and ask the favour of her company. If she canna come, ye maun gang to *Luckie Spark*, and bid her come!'" —Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Lug, the ear :—

"His hair, his size, his mouth, his *lugs*,
Showed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Lunch, a piece, a slice; whence the modern English lunch, a meal in the middle of the day :—

"Cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in *lunches*
An' dawds that day."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Lunt, the smoke of tobacco; to emit smoke :—

"The *luntin'* pipe."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Mailin, a farmyard and farm-buildings :—

"A weel stockit *mailin*—himself for the laird—
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers."
—Burns: *Last May a Braw Wooer*.

Maukin, a hare :—

"But what, if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a *maukin*,

If they should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be taukin'."
—My Jo, Janet.

Melvie, to soil with mud, to bespatter :—

"To *melvie* his braw clathing."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Mense, mind, good manners; from the Latin *mens* :—

"Auld Vandal, ye but show me little *mense*."
—Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr*.

Mim, meek, modest, and prim :—

"See! up he's got the Word o' God,
And meek and *mim* has viewed it."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

"Maldens should be *mim* till they're married."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"First go the ladies, *mim, mim, mim*,
Next come the gentlemen, prim, prim,
prim."
—Nursery Rhymes of England.

Moop, to associate or keep company with :—

"But aye keep mind to *moop* and mell!
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself!"
—Burns: *Poor Maitle*.

"Guld ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me *moop* wi' the servant hizzie:
Guld ale keeps my heart abune."
—Burns: *Good Ale Comes*.

Nappy, foaming ale :—

"Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself among the *nappy*!"
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Neb, the nose, a beak, a bird's bill; old English, *nebbe* :—

"How she holds up the *neb*, the bill to him,
And arms her with the boldness of a wife."
—Shakespeare: *Winter's Tale*.

"Turn your *neb* northwards, and settle for a while at St. Andrews."
—Scott: *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

Neep, a turnip.—At what time the first syllable, "tur," was added in England to the name of this vegetable is difficult to ascertain. A story is told of a late Lord Justice-Clerk, that when out in pursuit of game, and passing through a turnip-field, he was rudely hailed by the farmer to "come out o' that."

His Lordship, not liking to be addressed in this disrespectful manner, asked the angry man if he knew to whom he was speaking. "No; I dinna." "Well, I'm the Lord Justice-Clerk." "I dinna care whose *clerk* ye are; but ye'se come out o' my *neeps*."

Neive, the fist, the closed hand:—

"He hasna as muckle sense as a cow could haud in her *neive*."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Mark the rustic, haggie-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wulvie *neive* a blade,
He'll mak' it whissle;
An' legs an' arms an' heads will aned
Like taps o' thrissle."
—Burns: *To a Haggie*.

Nowte, horned cattle; corrupted in modern English into "neat":—

"Mischief begins wi' needles and prins,
And ends wi' horned *nowte*."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars and fecht wi' *nowte*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"Goodly *nowt* both fat and big with bone."
—Nares's *English Glossary*.

Lord Seafield, who was accused by his brother of accepting a bribe to vote for the union betwixt England and Scotland, endeavoured to retort upon him by calling him a cattle-dealer. "Ay, weel," replied his brother, "better sell *nowte* than nations."

Orra, all sorts of odds and ends, occasional:—

"Where Donald Caird fand *orra* things."
—Sir Walter Scott.

"She's a weel-educate woman, and if she win to her English as I ha'e heard her do at *orra* times, she may come to fickle us a'."—Scott. *The Antiquary*.

Parritch, or *porridge*.—A formerly favourite food of the Scottish people of all classes, composed of oatmeal boiled to a thick consistency, and seasoned with salt:—

"The hallsome *parritch*, chief of Scotia's food."
—Burns: *Cottar's Saturday Night*.

Pauky, of a sly humour, wise,

witty, cautious, and discreet, and insinuating,—all in one.—There is no synonym for this word in English:—

"The *pauky* auld carle cam ower the lee,
Wi' mony guld-e'ens and guld-days to me."
—*Old Ballad*.

Pliskie, a trick:—

"Deil na they never mair do guld,
Played her that *pliskie*!"
—Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

Ploy, a plot, scheme, contrivance:—

"I wish he mayna ha'e been at the bottom o' the *ploy* himsel'."—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

Pow, the head, the poll:—

"Wi' his toothless gab and his auld bald *pow*."
—*To Danton Ma*.
"But blessings on your frosty *pow*,
John Anderson, my jo!"
—Burns.

Pree, to taste; to *pree* the mou', to kiss the mouth.—A young English nobleman, visiting at Gordon Castle, had boasted that during his six weeks' shooting in the north he had acquired so much Scotch that it was impossible to puzzle him. The Duchess of Gordon took up his challenge, and defied him to interpret the sentence, "Come *pree* my mou', my canty callant." It was with intense disgust that he afterwards learned what a chance he had lost by his ignorance.

Prig, to cheapen, to beat down the price; whence the English word "prig," a conceited person who thinks he knows better than other people:—

"Men who grew wise *priggin'* ower hops and raisins."
Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr*.

"Ane o' the street-musician crew
Is busy *priggin'* wi' him now;
An' twa auld sangs he awears are new,
He pawns on Jock."
—James Ballantine: *Coal Jock*.

Raucle, rough. — Corrupted in modern English into rake-hell; the transition to the modern "rough" or "rowdie" is obvious:—

"And Scotland has a raucle tongue."
—Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

Rippet, a tiff, a domestic quarrel
between a husband and a wife:—

"Mr. Malr, a Scotch minister, was rather short-tempered, and had a wife named Rebecca, whom, for brevity's sake, he called Beckie. He kept a diary, and among other entries this one was very frequent, 'Beckie and I had a *rippet*, for which I desire to be humble.' A gentleman who had been on a visit to the minister went to Edinburgh and told the story to a minister and his wife there, when the lady replied, 'Weel, weel! he must have been an excellent man that Mr. Malr. My husband and I sometimes have *rippets*, but deil tak' me if he's ever humble.'"—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Rowt, to bellow or low like cattle:—

"The kye stood *rowtlin'* in the loan."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"Nae mair thou'lt *route* out-ower the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty."
—Burns: *The Ordination*.

Screed, a lengthy discourse; a heavy oration, dissertation, or written article:—

"A man condemned to death for rape and murder at Inverness, requested that the editor of the 'Courier' might be permitted to see him the night before his execution. After some talk, the criminal said, 'Oh, Mr. Carruthers, what a *screed* you'll be printin' in your next paper about me! Couldna' ye let me see it afore I dee?'"

Scrivee, to roll or move or glide easily:—

The wheels o' life gae down-hill *scrierin'*.
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Scrimp, bare, scarce; *scrimply*, barely, scarcely:—

"Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was *scrimply* seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it."
—Burns: *The Vision*.

Skelp, to smack, to administer a blow with the palm of the hand; to *skelp* the "doup" (breech), as used to be the too common fashion of Scottish mothers:—

"I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil.
To *skelp* and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeel!"
—Burns: *Address to the Deil*.

Skelpie-limmer, a violent woman, ready both with her hands and tongue:—

"Ye little *skelpie-limmer's* face,
I daur ye try sic sportin'."
—Burns: *Halloween*

Skirl, to shriek, to cry out, or to make a loud noise on a wind-instrument:—

"Ye have given the sound thump, and he the loud *skirl*" (i. e., you have punished the man, and he shows it by his roaring).—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"When *skirlin'* weanies see the light,
Thou mak's the gossips' clatter bright."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

"A family belonging to the Scottish Border, after spending some time at Florence, had returned home, and, proud of the progress they had made in music, the young ladies were anxious to show off their accomplishments before an old confidential servant of the family, and accordingly sang to her some of the finest songs which they had learned abroad. Instead, however, of paying them a compliment on their performance, she showed what she thought of it by asking with much *naïveté*, 'Eh, mem! do they ca' *skirling* like yon singin' in foreign parts?'"—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Skulduddery, any matter connected with illicit love:—

"Naething but a wee bit *skulduddery* for the benefit of the kirk treasury."
—Scott: *Heart of Mid-Lothian*.

Slid, smooth; *sliddery*, slippery:—

"Ye hae sae saft a voice, and a *slid* tongue."
—Allan Ramsay: *The Gentle Shepherd*.

"There's a *sliddery* stane before the ha'-door" (i. e., they who visit above their station may find their way slippery).—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Slocken, to quench, to slake, to allay thirst:—

"The Rev. John Heugh was one day admonishing one of his people on the sin of intemperance. 'Man, John! you should never

drink except when ye're dry.' 'Weel,' replied John, 'but I never dae! but I'm never stockened.'—Dean Ramsay.

Sloom, a deep sleep, whence the English word *slumber*, a light sleep; *sloomy*, lethargic.

Smirl, a mischievous or roguish trick:—

"I'll play him a *smirl* for that yet."

—Jamieson.

"And in some distant place,
Plays the same *smirl*."

—T. Scott.

Smook, to prowl stealthily about a place with a view to pilfer small articles.—Jamieson. *Smookie*, addicted to petty larceny:—

"The *smookie* gipsy i' the loan."

—Ross: *Helenore*.

Snash, impertinence, rebuff, rebuke:—

"Poor bodies . . .
thole a factor's *snash*."

—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Snirtle, to laugh slyly, or in a half-suppressed manner:—

"He failed to *snirtle* in his sleeve
When thus the laird addressed her."

—Burns: *The Jolly Beggars*.

Snook, to snuff, to smell, to scent:—

"Wi' social nose they snuffed and *snooket*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Sorn, to go to a person's house and fasten yourself upon him; to feast or lodge, without invitation. — Mr. John Thompson, Secretary to the Earl of Moira, in his 'Etymons of English Words,' defines *sorn* to be a corruption of "sojourn." It is related of a noble Scottish lady of the olden time, who lived in a remote part of the Highlands, and was noted for her profuse hospitality, that she was sometimes overburdened with habitual *sorners*. When any one of them outstayed his welcome, she would take occasion to say to him at the morning meal, with an arch look at the rest of the company, "Mak' a guid breakfast,

Mr. Blank, while ye're about it; ye dinna ken whar ye'll get your dinner." The hint was usually taken, and the sorners departed.

Souter, a shoemaker, a cobbler.

—This word occurs in early English literature, but is now almost obsolete, except in Scotland, the Border counties, and Yorkshire:—

"Ploughmen and pastourers,
And other common labourers,
Souters and shepherds."

—Piers Ploughman.

"'Mair whistle than woo,'
As the *souter* said when he sheared the
soo."

—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Spier, to inquire, to ask after:—

"'I am Spes,' quoth he,
'And *spier* after a knight
That took me a mandement
Upon the Mount of Sinai,'"

—Piers Ploughman.

"Mony a ane *spiers* the road he kens fu' weel."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"I *spiered* for my cousin fu' couthle and sweet."

—Burns: *Last May a Braw Wooer*.

Splore, a riotously merry meeting; to make a *splore*, to create a sensation. — The Americans have *splurge* — from *sporage*, a word with the same meaning:—

"In Poosie Nancy's held the *splore*."

"Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang."
—Burns: *The Jolly Beggars*.

Spunk, fire, spirit, animation. *Spunkie*, fiery, spirited, animated, vigorous; a will o' the wisp:—

"Erskine, a *spunkie* Norland billie."
—Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

"And oft your moss-traversing *spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is."
—Burns: *Address to the Deil*.

Spurtle, the stick used by the cook to stir the porridge. Good "bairns" in the olden time, when oatmeal porridge was the customary food of the peasantry, were often rewarded by having the *spurtle* to lick, in addition to their share of the breakfast.

"Far have I travelled,
And muckle have I seen,
But gowden rings on *spurdles*
Saw I ever nane."
—Our *Guardian*: Old Ballad.

Staw, to surfeit, to disgust:—

"Is there that ower his French ragout,
Or ollo that wad *staw* a sow."
Burns: *To a Haggis*.

Steek, to close, to shut:—

"Sages their solemn een may *steek*."
Burns: *Cry and Prayer*.

"*Steek* the awmrie, close the kist,
Or else some gear will soon be miss'd."
—Sir Walter Scott: *Donald Caird*.

Steeks, the interstices of any woven or knitted fabric:—

"He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tall, where through the
steeks
The yellow-lettered Geordie [guinea]
keeks."
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Strae - death, a natural death; death in a *straw*, of which beds were usually made—as distinguished from death in the battle-field or on the gallows, the too frequent alternatives with the men of the middle ages:—

"Where I killed ane a fair *strae*-death,
By loss of blood or want of breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score o' their last clath
By drap and pill."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Struishle, to struggle pertinaciously, and in vain, against continually-recurring difficulties:—

"A tradesman employed to execute a very difficult piece of carved work, being asked how he was getting on, answered, 'I'm *struishling* awn', like a writer (lawyer) trying to be honest!'"
—Laird of Logan.

Swankie, a stout, stalwart, rampanant young man:—

"Their *swankies* young, in braw braid clath,
Are springing ower the gutters."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

Swatch, a specimen, a sample:—

"That's jist a *swatch* o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,

Thus does he poison, kill, and slay,
An's weel paid for't."

—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Swats, strong ale:—

"Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming *swats* that drank divinely."
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Swither, fear, doubt, perplexity:—

"I there wi' something did forgather,
That pat me in an eerie *swither*."
Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Taigle, to tease, to perplex, to banter:—

"Two irreverent young fellows determined to *taigle* the minister. Coming up to him in the High Street of Dumfries, they accosted him with much solemnity. 'Maister Dunlop, hae ye heard the news?' 'What news?' 'Oh, the deil's dead!' 'Is he?' replied Mr. Dunlop. 'Then I maun pray for twa fatherless bairns.'"—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy, chaotic:—

"Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And warldly cares and warldly men
May a' gang *tapsalteerie*, O!"
—Burns.

Tarrow, to loathe one's food:—

"An' I hae seen their cogie fu',
That yet hae *tarrowed* at it."
Burns: *A Dream*.

Tawpie, a foolish person, especially a foolish girl:—

"Gawkies, *tawpies*, gowks, and fools."
—Burns.

Thairm, entrails, catgut; the strings of a harp, violin, or guitar:—

"O, had M'Lachlan, *thairm*-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage!"
—Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr*.

"Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And ower the *thairms* be trying."
Burns: *The Ordination*.

Thrapple, the throat:—

"As murder at his *thrapple* shored;
And hell mixed in the brulzie [broll]."
Burns: *Epistle to Robert Graham*.

"When we had a Scots Parliament; dail

rax their *thrapples* that rest us o't!"—Scott:
Rob Roy.

Thraw, to twist, to turn; also a little while, or a turn of time, a twist:

"When I a little *thraw* had made my
moan,
Bewalling mine misfortune and mis-
chance."

—*The King's Quair*.

"There are twa hens into the crib,
Have fed this month and mair;
Make haste and *thraw* their necks
about.
That Colin weel may fare."
Mickle: *There's nae Luck
about the House*.

Tocher, a dowry:—

"A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
Forty good shillings and three,
Is not that enough *tocher*
For a shoemaker's daughter?"
—*Nursery Rhymes of England*.

"The bonnie lass *tocherless* has mair wooers
than chances of a husband."

"The greatest *tochers* make not ever the
greatest testaments"

"Marry a beggar, and get a louse for your
tocher."

"Maidens' *tochers* and ministers' stipends
are aye less than they're ca'ed."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Tout, to blow upon a horn or
trumpet; a sound upon a horn or
trumpet:—

"But now the Lord's ain trumpet *touts*,
Till a' the hills are rairin'."
—Burns: *The Hilly Fair*.

"An auld *tout* in a new horn."
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Touzie, rough, hairy, shaggy;
whence *Touzer*, the name sometimes
applied in English to a ter-
rier:—

"His *touzie* back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black."
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Trig, neat, fine, well dressed, well
made; also a fop, or a person giving
too much attention to his personal
appearance:—

"It is my humour: you are a pimp and a
trig.
An Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote."
—Ben Jonson: *The Alchemist*.

"And you among them a', John,
Sae *trig* from top to toe."
—John Anderson, *my Jo*.

Tumph, a blockhead:—

"Lang Jamie was employed in trifling jobs
on market-days, especially in holding horses
for the farmers. He was asked his charge by a
stranger. 'Hoot! I hae nae charge: some-
times a *tumph* offers me twa baubees; but a
gentleman like you always gives me a six-
pence!'"—*Laird of Logan*.

Unco, very, strange, marvellous—
from uncouth, unknown:—

"The *unco* guild, and the rigidly righteous."
—Burns.

"An *unco* cockernony."—Galt.

Wad, a wager, a pledge; *wadset*,
a mortgage; *wadder*, a wagerer.
From the same source as the English
wedding, a pledging of faith:—

"Next time we meet I'll *wad* a groat
He gets his fairin' (reward).
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

"Wishers and *wadders* were never gude
house-hadders."

"A *wad* is a fool's argument."
"If *wads* were horses, beggars would
ride."

—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Wale, to choose; a choice; *waly*,
choice:—

"Scones, the *wale* o' food."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

"There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon
glen,
He's the king o' guld fellows and *wale* o'
auld men."

—Burns.

"The laird of Balmoro, after dinner
at a friend's house, had cherry-brandy put
before him in mistake for port. He liked the
liquor, and drank freely of it. His servant
Harry or Hairy was to drive him home in a
gig or whiskey. On crossing the moor,
whether from greater exposure to the blast,
or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his
hat and wig fell to the ground. Harry got off
to pick them up and restore them to his mas-
ter. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but
demurred to the wig. 'It's no my wig, Hairy
lad; it's no my wig.' 'Ye'd better tak' it,
sir,' said Harry: 'for there's nae *wale* o'
wigs on the moor.'—Dean Ramsay's *Remin-
iscences*.

Wame, the stomach:—

"I never lik'd water in my shoon;
and my *wame's* made o' better leather."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Food fills the *wame*, and keeps us
livin'."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Warsle, to tremble violently after
a struggle, to lose the feet, to
wrestle:—

"Upon her cloot [hoof] she coost [cast]
a hitch [a knot],
And ower she *warsled* in the ditch."
—Burns: *Poor Mallie*.

Waught, a deep draught of liquor.
—In most of the glossaries to
Burns's poems this word is erro-
neously joined with "willy," and
converted into "willy-waught," and
described as meaning "a hearty
draught." The line in "Auld Lang
Syne" usually printed

"We'll drink a right gude willy-
waught,"
should be

"We'll drink a right gude-willie
waught,"

—i.e., we'll drink with right good-
will a deep or hearty *waught* or
draught.

"Willie, did you ever see the beasta
drink more than was sufficient to satisfy
the cravings of nature? 'No, Doctor;
I didna! but d'ye think, if a poor
beast could speak, and said to a com-
rade on the other side o' the water,
'Here's to ye lad!' he wadna tak an-
ther *waught*?'"—Laird of Logan.

Waur, to get the better of, to
conquer:—

"Ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
An' faith he'll *waur* me."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

"Up and *waur* them a', Willie."
—Jacobite Ballad.

Wersh, insipid, tasteless:—

"A kiss and a drink o' water are but
a *wersh* disjune."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Why do ye no sup your parritch?"
'I dinna like them: they're unco *wersh*.
Gie me a wee pickle saut."
—Jamieson.

"*Wersh* a parritch, neither gude to
fry, boil, nor keep cauld."
—Scott: *Old Mortality*.

Whang, a great slice, a chunk
to beat with heavy blows:—

"Wi' sweet-milk cheese in mony a
whang."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

"Ye cut large *whangs* out of other
folk's leather."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"This day the Kirk kicks up a stour,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her;
For Heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she'll *whang* her
Wi' pith this day."
—Burns: *The Ordination*.

Whaup, a curlew:—

"The wild land-fowls and plovers,
pigeons, curlews, commonly called
whaups," — *Statistical Account of Scot-
land*, article *Orkney*.

Wheen, a lot, a small quantity:—

"What better could be expected o' a
wheen pock-pudding English folk?"
—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

Wheepie, the cheep or low cry of
a bird; sometimes applied meta-
phorically to the ineffectual attempt
of a man to whistle or to talk
loudly:—

"A Scottish gentleman, who visited
England for the first time, and ardently
desired to return home to his native hills
and moors, was asked by his English host
to come out into the garden at night to
hear the song of the nightingale, a bird
unknown in Scotland. His mind was
full of home, and he exclaimed, 'Na,
na! I wadna gie the *wheepie* of a whaup
[curlew] for a' the nightingales that ever
sang.'" — Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical
Account of Scotland*.

Whid, a bold falsehood:—

"E'en ministers they hae been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousin' *whid* at times to vend,
An' nall't wi' Scripture."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Whigmaleeries, whims, idle fan-
cies, conceits, crotchets —

"Some fewer *whigmaleeries* in your
noddle."
—Burns: *Brigs of Ayr*.

Whish, *whist*, silence, or to keep
silence: whence the name of the
well-known game at cards, formerly
called quadrille:—

"Hand your *whish*" (i.e., keep silence, or hold your tongue).—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

Whittle, a clasp-knife; whence the American word to *whittle*, to chip or carve anything, especially a stick:—

"A Sheffield *thucittle* bar he in his hose."
—Chaucer: *The Reeve's Tale*.

"'Gudeman,' quoth he, 'put up your *whittle*,
I'm no designed to try its mettle.'"
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Whommel, *whelm*, to turn over clumsily and suddenly, and with a loud noise:—

"Coming to the fire with the said pan and water therein, and casting the water therefrom, and *whommelling* the pan upon the fire, with the pronouncing of these fearful words, 'Bones to the fire and soul to the devil!' which accomplished the cure."—*Trial of Alison Nisbet for Witchcraft*, 1682.

"And od! he took the curbstane, and he's *whomled* her as I wad *whomle* a toom bicker."—Scott: *The Antiquary*.

Withershins, backwards, against the course of the sun:—

"The said Alison passed thrice *withershins* about the bed, muttering, out certain charms in unknown words."—*Trial of Alison Nisbet for Witchcraft*, 1682.

Wonner, wonder, applied in contempt to any odd, poor, or despicable creature:—

"Our whipper-in, wee, blastit *wonner*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Wowf, partially deranged.—The Scottish language is particularly rich in words expressive of the various shades of madness and insanity—such as *wud*, raging, or stark staring mad; *daft*, slightly deranged; *gyte*, *crazy*, *cranky*, subject to aberrations of intellect on particular points; *doited*, stupidly deranged,—all which words are in addition to, and not in supercession of, the English words mad, idiotic, lunatic, crazy, &c.:—

"It is very odd how Allan, who, between ourselves, is a little *wowf*, seems at times to have more sense than all of us put together."—Scott: *Tales of My Landlord*.

Wud, mad, stark mad: old English *wode*; from the German *worith*:—

"The wife was *wud*, and out o' her wit,
She couldna gang, nor yet could she sit:
But aye she cursed and banned."
—*The Gaberlunzie Man*.

Yald, vigorous, lively, alert:—

"Being *yald* and stout, he wheeled about,
And clove his head in twain."
—Hogg's *Mountain Bard*.

Yowff, to bark in a suppressed or a feeble manner; said of a dog which is not very earnest in its displeasure:—

"Ye puir creature you! what needs ye *yowff* when the big dog barks."
—*Laird of Logan*.

THE RIGHTS OF MAJORITIES.

"MAJORITIES have rights," passionately exclaimed Sir Roundell Palmer in the House of Commons, in the debate on the Education Bill. An astonishing cry, truly, addressed by a Liberal chief to his own party. What violence, what despotism is threatening this fundamental principle of the Democratic faith? That such a burst of passion should have been poured out upon Tories, or Conservatives, or Constitutionalists, or any other body of men who do not believe that wisdom and happiness are most likely to be attained by the supremacy of numbers, is perfectly conceivable; but what can such an exclamation mean when pressed with vehemence by a Liberal on the Liberal party? Who amongst the Liberals is sapping the true faith? who is preaching the domination of the few? Which of the Liberals, of the men who rule in the House of Commons and in the constituencies by virtue of a majority, needed to be reminded of the principle that Providence has committed the government of mankind to majorities? Can it be that Sir Roundell was carried away by a momentary gust of anger at some exceptional perverseness of some self-willed individuals; or is the true fact rather that the principle is really endangered, that loyal obedience to its commands can no longer be reckoned upon by Liberal leaders, that there are Liberals who are bent on having their own way, and are strong enough in Parliament to make a recital of the true creed necessary for the enforcement of obedience?

We fear that the feeling which drew so emphatic a declaration from Sir Roundell Palmer was neither personal nor transitory. The movement which was carried on before his eyes with so much energy and determination betokened something more grave than

the unruly outbreak of a few ill-disciplined spirits. There is a leaven at work amongst Liberals which threatens to destroy all obedience except to the impulses of each man's own will. New doctrines are being manufactured for the accomplishment of ends for which a majority of voters can never be a fitting or successful machinery. Sir Roundell Palmer felt himself confronted by principles destructive of all orderly organisation, and those principles were made the foundation of a course of action which trampled on the rights and liberties of others, and placed legislation at the mercy of a few self-constituted popes. If the feelings and the opinions of the majority are to be scorned as insignificant, in what, might Sir Roundell ask himself, had the triumph of the Liberal party landed the nation? Whom had it made master of the State? whose opinions were to be held supreme? whose views were to direct the progress of civilisation? whose ideas were to govern the future, and were to make men and women the beings that they ought to be? A new political philosophy had been born into the Liberal world, if the proper expression be not rather that the repudiation of all political philosophy was now made the stepping-stone for the enthronement of the will of a self-made despot. The emphatic utterance of the central principle of the Liberal party, whose existence was jeopardised by doctrines which converted it into an association of an absolute master and slaves, came from a man who knew how vast an issue was at stake. No one was more competent than Sir Roundell to perceive that if single Liberals, or a small group of them, chose to act for themselves, and to proclaim that their opinion was not only

the right opinion, but was entitled by the very fact of being the right opinion, to override the views and wishes, not only of perverse and unenlightened Conservatives, but of the overwhelming majority of the Liberals themselves, the Liberal party was dissolved, and its members had fallen into subjugation to a few persons who claimed an infallibility as crushing as that of a Catholic Pope or a Delphic Phœbus. It was a challenge, beyond doubt, of political principle, of political philosophy, which Sir Roundell uttered—an appeal to first principles, to the ultimate forces on which government and society rest.

And truly there is great need for such an inquiry. It is high time that we should stay a moment and ask ourselves what we are coming to. The demolishing process is in full swing. Institution after institution is challenged and overthrown. Expropriation, to use a happy French word, is rapidly advancing. The ground is swiftly being cleared; but what is the building to be raised on the swept-out space? The machinery for demolition is most efficient; no leverage comparable to general ideas for bringing an old edifice to the ground was ever invented. General ideas are as rich in tools as a carpenter's basket; the precise one needed can be extemporised instantly. Is it required to overthrow the Irish Church? an alien Church must not be suffered to exist in a hostile population. Is it wished to throw the English Church over the precipice? All Established Churches are bad; free and equal antagonism is the only Christian principle. Is it wanted to expel religion from the schools of the nation? No set of religionists ought to have any advantage over others; a Christian schoolmaster is an intolerable wrong done to Comtists and atheists. Is it decreed that landlords shall be despoiled? the peace of Ireland requires that the covetousness of tenants shall be gratified gratis.

Is Conservatism to be suppressed? power belongs to the majority of the people. Is the majority, that fondly believes that its wishes will be carried out, to be juggled out of its fancied power? the feelings of every man must be respected, and nothing must be done by the majority which he dislikes. The tool is never wanting, alas! nor the gullibility to believe in the soundness of the work it performs. The extemporised idea looks so true, so fair, so reasonable, it must be right. Whether other and counter ideas are also to be taken into account, does not occur to the mind at the time. It is cunningly contrived that the down-striking-blow shall be thought the right thing for the moment, and that it shall be believed that the future is sure to take excellent care of itself. Thus the nation is craftily persuaded to give up one institution after another. Each is held up as offending against modern ideas, and the Constitution is thus vanishing bit by bit, without the people being aware of the work they are engaged in. They are not conscious that the very conception itself of a constitution is being steadily undermined. For what is a Constitution? Not the law embodied in statutes, not the organisation framed for the enactment of law, but rather the political feelings of the people, the ideas they live by as to the ends to be sought by political organisation and the general method of acquiring them, the respect for certain principles of rational association which are held more by habit than by any process of direct reasoning. Hence arise the different constitutions of separate nations, which, in substance, are the paths along which their political ideas travel; their progress, when spontaneous, and not coerced by violence, being the natural developments of these ideas in their fitting course. It is these ideas themselves which are now assailed in England one by one. It is not reform which is being devel-

they are eager to overthrow what displeases them, without stopping to inquire how they propose to fill up the gap in the method of government which they thus, by their single and unconnected acts, create. Down with the Church; no recognition of religion by the State. Atheism to be established and to have rights. The popular will, declared by a majority, to be supreme. Majorities to count for nothing against the light of truth. Away with the Lords; the despotism of a single Chamber bound to respect the right of every man to do what is right in his own eye. What political philosophy, what method of intelligible government, what order and system of action, can come forth from the chaos of such utterances? Yet these are the propositions which the oracles of reason proclaim in the House of Commons and public meetings and popular writings, as the wisdom which is to rule mankind. What sort of an England do we propose to transmit to those that come after us? What care these thinkers if only everything which is disagreeable to their tastes is swept away?

But let us follow Sir Roundell Palmer into the region opened out by his remarks. It will reveal to us much about the quality of the political philosophy involved in the language of the speakers he rebuked. The assertion of the rights belonging to majorities was uttered in one of the debates on the Education Bill. What doctrines in the opponents of the measure contained this very peculiar denial of these rights by radical and philosophical speakers? The public feeling of the nation had unmistakably pronounced in favour of the teaching of religion in some form in the schools organised by the State. The secularists had fondly hoped for a different result. They had been the first to occupy the field of discussion, and they had carried it on with immense energy and confidence. They had promised them-

selves that their arguments would put to a complete rout the supporters of religious education. But the issue brought them only defeat and mortification. The longer the discussion continued, the more transparent was the adverse feeling of the people of England. It was no longer possible to claim that public opinion supported them—that public opinion manifestly belonged to their opponents. What, then, was to be done under the weight of such a discomfiture? One thing only—to set up right opinion against wrong opinion, to cry up their own wisdom, and to refuse submission to popular folly—to declare that they alone possessed the truth, and that as holders of the truth they were invested with inalienable rights, against which the voice of the whole nation was of no avail. Thus they manufactured a doctrine of a very novel type, which, if only they could cause it to be accepted, was admirably fitted to achieve their end. It was abundantly proclaimed by the Education League, and it found an able and eloquent expositor at a public meeting in Mr. Mill. They formulated the proposition that a man had a right to demand that no part of the money which he contributed to the taxes of the Government should be employed in the teaching of a religion which he disapproved. On that point his prerogative was personal, indefeasible, and supreme—it was valid against the whole collective nation. It was a right which he possessed as a man; no government could take it away from him, be it imperial, constitutional, or republican. The voice, indeed, of the country had declared in favour of religious education, and Parliament was preparing to give effect to public opinion. But Parliament was barred by the superior right of every individual man who chose to declare that he disapproved of the religion that would be taught in the schools established by Parliament; and as

every religionist in turn, be he Nonconformist, Jew, Mohammedan, or atheist, would object to the religion taught in the schools, no other possible course was left to the Legislature, without a gross violation of rights, but to establish secular schools. Thus an effectual triumph would be assured to secularism.

Words fail us to express the profound astonishment which such a proposition excites in us. We will not dwell here on the transparent inequality contained in the demand that the school of the nation shall ignore religion. A purely secular school is the establishment of the atheist's religion. He acknowledges no God and no future state; and this is exactly what a secular school does also. However, other men are also unfair and unequal in their political conduct. Our wonder is created rather by the singular character of this political philosophy. A veto is claimed on certain questions for each individual man against the action of the whole society of which he is a member—a veto—a power of forbidding, not a protest; and this veto is founded on a personal right, conferred on him by nature, by his quality of being a man, in respect of certain departments of human action. He is empowered by his human dignity to tell the State, that it shall lay no taxes on him for purposes which he condemns. A marvellous doctrine truly! So, then, the Quaker can withhold his money from the maintenance of the army and navy, can refuse to pay war taxes, and, if he lives in France, can triumphantly lock his door against the officer who demands his son for the conscription. The moral character of the State's command is to be judged by each individual man; and thus the total-abstinence man may repudiate taxes which support policemen to protect beer-shops, and the Protectionist decline to pay contributions to a government which cruelly deprives the

British labourer of his daily bread. Upon the principle that every member of society is entitled, by a heaven-imparted right, to refuse to pay taxes on the ground of the immorality of the objects to which they are applied, what taxes would ever be paid? and how would it be possible for society, for any combination of human beings in associated life, to exist?

But we shall be quickly answered, that religion is a matter of a peculiar nature; that the religious conscience of every citizen must be respected, for the religious feeling owns no superior, and must never be coerced. But can moral feeling be coerced with more justice than the religious? Nay, is the religious conscience, in kind, essentially different from the moral? Vast confusion prevails on this very important matter. Two very distinct reasons may be pleaded by a man in bar of compulsion to support a religion which he disapproves. He may, in the first place, take his stand on the positive harm incurred by the belief in the false religion. If he is persuaded that those who are not rightly-believing Christians will lose their souls hereafter, and suffer the pains of eternal damnation, it is perfectly conceivable that he should refuse, at all hazards, to take the faintest part in bringing about so terrible a disaster. A man who held such a conviction ought, we readily concede, to prefer to suffer any penalty, even the penalty of martyrdom, rather than participate in such guilt. If, then, Mr. Mill and his fellow-asserters of the want of power and authority in the State to employ their money in the support of a false religion, mean thereby honestly that they cannot contribute to the ruin of souls in the world to come, though we cannot admit the right they urge, we should entirely respect their motive and their position, subject to their submitting

to the consequences it involves. They would then stand on the ground of expediency, the same expediency, which is urged by the teetotalter, who claims the abolition of the sale of spirituous liquors on account of the suffering and death which they cause to the population. And further, be it carefully observed, this same ground of expediency would equally justify a Philip II. or a Dominican inquisitor, granting the assumption of the tremendous injury hereafter to be well founded. Not only were they justified in refusing to support Protestants, but they were positively commanded by their belief to destroy a Protestant teacher as unhesitatingly as a common murderer. However, it is scarcely necessary to say that this is not the reason why Mr. Mill objects to his money being applied to a religion that he condemns. Nor is it the principle of the Nonconformists of all classes who accept Mr. Mill's doctrine. They occupy a radically different position. They build their claim of right on a second principle—the iniquity of forcing men to contribute to the maintenance of a religion which they judge to be erroneous or debasing. The objection is thus founded on the quality of the religion—on its erroneous or its demoralizing character. As to error, apart from its moral or damnable consequences, it can furnish no basis for the refusal to permit the State to apply general taxation to its maintenance. Error in political economy, in political policy, or any other subject, is just as good a plea, so far as it is error, against the application of public money to its support, as religious error. If, therefore, this doctrine of a right of veto on the action of the State can be sustained in respect of the religious conscience, it must be founded on the offence given by the moral character of the religion. Now, with respect to

this feeling of morality we emphatically ask, What is the distinction between different kinds of morality, except only as to magnitude? Is not the essence of morality that it is right? of immorality that it is wrong? and is not the command of conscience about right and wrong the same, as soon as the judgment is formed, whatever be the subject-matter about which it pronounces? A Socinian may think the doctrine of the Trinity a superstition, and as such demoralizing; and he may object to his money being devoted to churches or schools which teach the Trinity. But a Quaker may think war wicked, and may equally object to money being exacted from him to carry on a method of settling disputes at once irrational, cruel, and demoralizing to the whole nation. Why should the conscience of the Socinian entitle him to place a veto on any Trinitarian school, and the conscience of the Quaker be disregarded as entitled to no consideration? Oh, but to put coercion on the conscience of a Socinian is persecution; but is it not equally great persecution to do violence to the conscience of the Quaker or the teetotalter? and is the immorality of superstition greater than the immorality of wicked deeds? But the mass of the nation think war to be not immoral; true, but it also thinks the doctrine of the Trinity to be not a superstition.

Nevertheless we shall be told that, whatever we may say to the contrary, the shock given to the conscience by disregard of its religious feeling is far severer than, indeed something different in kind from, that given by mere ordinary immorality. To this we answer, that in point of fact this assertion may be true, but that it is founded on no philosophical or religious distinction, but on the notion, so long and so widely spread over the world, that religious error imperils

the salvation of the soul in the world to come. The result has been, that error in religion has come to be regarded as something apart by itself, and that the fatal quality of this error has been extended to minute differences of belief. As we have already said, this is an argument built on consequences, on expediency—an argument of the same nature as the destructiveness of war to life and property, and its uselessness; but not an argument that supplies a special principle different from all others in political philosophy. Political philosophers like Mr. Mill will obtain from it no principle authorising them to tell Parliament that erroneous Christianity shall not be taught in the national schools, because it would destroy immortal souls; still less that they ought to be secular, because religion is a creation of the imagination—for then religion would not be more injurious than bad poetry or an ignorant literature.

In truth this new doctrine of a right of veto on the action of the State in religious matters is the illegitimate offspring of the great principle of toleration. The mediæval Church put heretics to death, because the mischief they were held to commit surpassed all other mischief that could come from human action. They were accounted malefactors of the worst sort. Then came the Reformation, which taught by deeds, by the formation of actual Christian societies, that absolute agreement in opinion was not essential for all Christians; that men could be saved hereafter though they held very diverse opinions on many points of Christian doctrine. Persecution was thus sapped in its foundations. The feeling grew that the differences of the belief of Christian sects carried in them no justification for repression or exceptional legislation. Christians might be allowed to worship, each after their own fashion, without endan-

gering the salvation of the people. Then the Toleration Act was reached, and in course of time the repeal of religious tests and disabilities. The atheists and unbelievers of every kind now stood on the same social and political level with Christians. The principle which pervaded all these successive changes is clear. Error in religion was accounted to involve no such certain injury to society as to require the imposition of specific restraint and coercion. Individual men might be allowed to worship God in such manner as they might think best, or not believe in and worship Him at all, because it was not certain that the collective nation thereby incurred any heavy calamity or loss. The basis for penal legislation was gone. The feeling that the repression carried out by the law was persecution took the place of the conception that the State was bound to take souls under its protection, and to put down everything which might endanger their salvation; and this feeling of persecution ultimately brought about perfect toleration. But it was extended into a region where it had no legitimate application. It is persecution to deprive a man of the free exercise of his religious opinions; but it is not persecution for the State to have a religious action of its own, and to employ the property of its members in carrying out religious purposes of which some of them may disapprove. We do not in the least deny that it is a perfectly tenable proposition that the State should utterly ignore religion, and should not spend a shilling of the public money on any religious object whatever. Those who hold that opinion have an entire right to preach it, and to win over the sovereign power of any country to its adoption. What we maintain is, that if the sovereign power refuses to accept this doctrine, and judges that it will pursue some religious end, the reproach of perse-

cution against its action is wholly inadmissible. No doubt the sovereign power itself may act upon religious views too narrow and personal in the actual state of religious opinion in the country generally, but that is an objection which applies with equal force to every department of its action. Its political ideas may be unwarrantable in the presence of the political opinions of the nation. This is the precise evil of despotism. Its government is personal, and its ideas are the ideas of a single man, and not those of the whole community. Yet no one says that a Napoleon or a Czar persecutes because their policy is forced upon republicans who condemn and hate it. Nor does any one speak of persecution when the State forbids the polygamy of Mormonism, though the Mormons might urge with truth that they held plurality of wives to be commanded by their religion. Of course it will be replied that the State represses polygamy in the cause of morality, and it is so; but then the reply admits that the State's ideas on morality are enforced to put down religious ideas of its subjects, and the doctrine of the inalienable rights of religious ideas over and against the State is overthrown. If it can coerce religious ideas in one direction, it obviously can coerce them with equal lawfulness in another. The only question that can arise is the reasonableness, according to the general sense of society, and the expediency of the coercion. If English Mormons are restrained from practising their own religion amongst themselves, it is clearly a smaller hardship if the taxes they pay are partially applied to support religious purposes approved by the vast majority of the society in which they dwell. These religious purposes, in the opinion of the Mormons or of philosophers, may be bad, mischievous, immoral; but that is no reason why they should not

be enforced any more than monogamy, war, public-houses, or the shutting up of theatres on Sundays. The doctrine propounded by Mr. Mill and his friends of the League would establish universal anarchy, and, by rendering society impossible, would inevitably call in speedily the personal will of a master. It cannot be limited to the proposition that immorality in the sphere of religion may be forbidden to the sovereign power of a State by a small portion of its subjects who think any particular religious teaching immoral; but all other immoralities must be allowed, it being the inherent right of the State to practise them, if only it does not itself consider them to be immoral. There is no principle, no political philosophy, on which such an idea can be built; it is nothing better than an absurdity.

But there is another question which we wish to put to the philosophers who propound this wonderful right of a minority; or, as it really ought to be expressed, the right of each individual man in the nation. Does this dictum apply to all countries? Is it a conclusion of political science binding on the whole human race, or does it govern particular countries only, such as England, America, or the like? If it is a universal law, applicable to all societies alike, then no fault can be found with its logic, in pretending to be a law of nature, and the question then becomes, What is the evidence of its existence and its obligation? But if, on the contrary, it holds good of some communities only—if it springs out of the particular state of their civilisation, of their political and moral ideas, according to the stage which their development has reached—then it is manifest that the idea of an inherent right, vested in a minority by nature, belonging to them as men, and valid against the command of all the rest of their fellow-citizens,

and empowered to stop their action by the authority of a universal law implanted in the human mind, vanishes altogether. Its asserters will lose all standing-ground on pure political science, and will be compelled to show that this power to forbid the sovereign authority of a State to act as it may judge fitting, arises out of the peculiar state of English and American ideas. A claim so preposterous and so unscientific scarcely needs refutation. The notion that a minority of a country can assume a particular form of existence, originate a law which authorises it to tell the whole State that it shall not do as it likes in a certain department of human conduct because it is religious, is really exquisite. We do not say that a minority, nay, that a single man, may not discover a truth, whose light has shone upon him first, but is so bright and so beneficent that he may claim obedience to it from all on the ground of its excellence. That is not the point at issue. The advocates of the right of veto against the State do not pretend to take their stand on the goodness—that is, on the expediency—of their idea, but on the absolute ground of religion; on the right possessed by every man to tell the State that it shall do nothing in favour of any religion which he dislikes, whether that dislike is well founded and reasonable, or not. This is the discovery which, upon the hypothesis of the right not being universally binding on all countries and in all ages, must be made good for each particular country; and how that is to be done, without reference to the general policy of that right, we cannot even conceive. On the other hand, the position of the universality of the law may be taken up, and the right constructed on the foundation of a purely scientific political philosophy. On that assumption, what, we ask, will Mr. Mill say to the certain fact that most, nay, we may

say all, nations have set up a public religion, and supported it with the public property, and that almost all of them act upon that principle to this very hour? Is not this *consensus omnium gentium*, this universal testimony of the human race, a conclusive refutation of the doctrine that the right of a community to forbid the action of the whole society in religious matters, is an innate principle of the human mind, is a radical element of human nature? Will he venture to declare that the sovereign power of every State which levies a shilling for a religious purpose—be it the savage king of Africa, the philosophic Buddhist of China, or the Catholic Pope of Rome—violates a fundamental law of the human mind, and commits a crime as clearly defined, as wanton and capricious, as murder? Yet nothing short of this assertion is involved in the declaration of Mr. Mill and the Leaguers, that every man has the right of telling the State that not a penny of the taxes he pays shall be applied to a religious object—not because the religion supported is a bad one, nor because it is too narrow and exclusive, nor because the mixing up of religion with State is contrary to public policy and destructive of the highest welfare of society, but simply because it is religion, and as such has been placed by the Creator, or by that combination of material molecules which is called the human reason, out of the pale of the State altogether.

But there is a word involved in this discussion which requires closer investigation. What is meant by the word Right? We know its meaning in a court of justice; we see that there it indicates a power to do or to acquire something which the law assigns to a citizen, and will, if required, enforce by its decree and by the employment of the public force. The definition of the term in this case is perfectly plain.

Right is what the law declares it will assure to a man; it is founded on law; it has no other authority than law. Change the law, and the right is altered also, or is swept away altogether. Every right need not be expressed in a statute which directly names and proclaims it; for what the law does not forbid it sanctions, and it will protect the performance of any act which it does not prohibit. But what it shall sanction and what it shall forbid is left to its own discretion. No limit can be assigned to the law in any organised society, however barbarous, except by the law-makers; and who are they but the society itself, by whatever organ its will may be made known? And if no limit can be placed upon the ordinances of the law, if any body of men living together in association can and do enact any regulations that they choose, it is manifest that the law, the will of the society, the opinion and the judgment of the law-makers, are supreme over every individual—over his fortunes, his manner of living, his relations to every one around him, to his own wife and children—over even his own life itself. No man in any nation or tribe under the sun can say that his life is absolutely his own. Every people, every body of associated men and women, whether savages, semi-barbarous, or civilised, deprive individuals of their lives in the past, and deprive them also in our own day, for any reasons which they may think call for the act. It rests with their will and judgment alone, and with nothing else. The Druids offered up human victims to their gods, and so do savage tribes at the present time. The societies of the middle ages burnt men at the stake for what they called wrong religious opinions; and there is a great abundance of persons now living in Europe who would do the same had they but the power to do so. In our own time the English hung

men for sheep-stealing and for forgery. The law of most Continental States seizes hold of a young man, compels him to be a soldier, and if he runs away from the battle, shoots him with perfect legality. The state of siege is often proclaimed in many countries, and then life, liberty, and property are at the mercy of those who command the soldiers. In our own land the Habeas Corpus Act is frequently suspended, and then the highest priests and the finest philosophers of the modern type may be sent to prison for as long as the civil rulers may choose. Such is human life in every country and in every age; such the manner in which the conditions of human existence are universally interpreted; such the terms to which the life of every human being is subject. To plead a personal inherent right, which must not, cannot, be violated, against the law, against the action of society guided by its own will, would everywhere be ridiculed and contemned. Right is what the law declares, and law is what the pleasure and will of the supreme power in any organised group of men declares shall be. If an individual stands upon what he alleges to be his personal right, and refuses to obey, he will have to take the consequences of his doctrine; he will be imprisoned, or, as we see now happening in France, he will be put to death. To talk of a right in the face of the universal dissent of the whole human race, is nothing but pure nonsense.

In employing the word majority, we need hardly remark, we have had no intention of expressing any opinion on the political question, whether the will of the whole community is only properly expressed when the opinion of every one of its members has been taken, and the ultimate decision has been reached on a calculation of conflicting votes. This is a purely politi-

cal problem, which does not arise in the issue which we have here discussed. We have taken the word from the lips of Sir Roundell Palmer, and no better word could be used in dealing with those who stand upon the rights of minorities to impede and even to forbid the action of the public will. It sums up, for the purposes of this argument, the power of the nation, whether lodged in a despot through acquiescence, or vested in some representative body, which in a greater or less degree consults the opinion of each individual. We have had no design of comparing diverse forms of government, much less of implying that universal suffrage, or any other method of ascertaining the wishes of the actual majority of living men, is the true source of right and authority. We do not believe in universal suffrage. Neither reason nor experience recommends its adoption as calculated to promote the happiness and increase the greatness of a people. It has miserably broken down in France; its failure to give unity to the national will, to organise a people, to place competent men in the discharge of the functions of the public life, has given a conspicuous and impressive lesson in political philosophy for the benefit of all countries. In enforcing, therefore, the rights of majorities, our purpose was anything rather than to set forth the merits of a system which decides all public action by the process of counting heads. Our sole point is to expose the shallowness, the downright absurdity, of the pretension put forth by minorities, that they possess a right, founded not on reason, or intelligence, or expediency, but solely and specifically on their own personal feelings and ideas, to say to the collective State that certain things shall not be done, certain demands shall not be made upon them, whatever view the State may have formed of the

desirableness or necessity of such demands.

It will be retorted that we cynically pronounce might to be right. We do in the legal sense of the term—in the sense used by the Leaguers when they speak of a right to forbid a particular appropriation of the taxes which they pay. There is no right to anything whatever except what the law grants or permits. But the retort has no sting for us, no reproach of immorality, because we reject as warmly as others the doctrine that might makes right in the sense of the word right attached to it in this phrase. The term here means morally good, and what is morally good is determined not by law but by the moral sense. The law expresses the moral sense of the community; but that moral sense may be unenlightened, undeveloped, brutal, savage. As knowledge and culture grow, the moral sense rises to a higher perception of truth and goodness, and then it will condemn feelings and actions which in its previous stage of development it regarded with approbation. Thus the descendants of the men who burnt widows and put prisoners to death with torture have learned to look on cruelty with horror. But this enlightenment of the conscience begins with single men: true and proper feeling is discerned by individuals long before it is acknowledged by the whole people; above all, before it pervades and transforms the laws. And such is the authority of the moral reason, that it is able to condemn the law, to pronounce it wicked and unjust, to demand its repeal or alteration. This prerogative is inherent in the conscience from its very essence: and it gives the power to any man whatever, in the name of truth and reason, to protest—to speak with a force and authority higher than that of the law itself. It can, and it feels itself obliged to declare, that the

decrees of might are repugnant to right—that is, to truth and goodness. The law is but the utterance of a number of beings, who are as much subject to the moral law when collected into a nation as they are when acting individually. They may err and do wrong in one capacity as much as in another. But here the authority of the moral reason stops; it can condemn what is evil, it can sanction what is good, but it cannot confer a particle of right as against the voice of the community. The whole society must ultimately be the supreme judge and determiner of right. In the first place, the will of the sovereign power, the might of the public force, has always decided on right in every age and in every country; and secondly, it is authorised to do this because no other arbiter of right can be conceived, except, indeed, by those who believe in the infallibility of any man or corporation. The Papal theory of infallibility is the only one on which Mr. Mill can obtain a foundation for his claim of right: for if there is no infallibility, how is the state to know whether the truth proclaimed, the right asserted, by Mr. Mill, and those who think with him, about the relation of religion to taxation, is truth or falsehood? It is idle for them to affirm that their reason is true reason, for what proof can they give of this proposition, except by demonstrating the truth of what they assert? and then they no longer stand on a right, but on the soundness of their way of thinking. They refuse to recognise the Pope's claim of divine right to govern the world—to be the supreme ruler of temporal, because he is the infallible oracle of spiritual matters; they refuse, because they see no proof of his divine right. But what answer can they give, when asked why their alleged divine right of prohibiting their money from being applied by the

State to any religious object should be believed in? What but that it is a sound and well-founded assertion? But what, again, if the majority of their fellow-citizens do not see this, and make them pay in spite of their protest? They may call them fools, or any other similar hard name that they choose, but they cannot call them tyrants or violaters of heaven-born right, precisely because the opinion of the majority is against them; and when a practical decision must at last be made, the few must yield to the many.

It might seem to be almost a work of supererogation to refute at length so preposterous a political philosophy, or rather such a total absence of all philosophy; but the country needs to be taught the emptiness of these sonorous pretensions. These deep-looking dicta take in multitudes of unwary persons. They look so like the last discoveries of the cultivated reason, that many fear to call them absurd lest they should be classed amongst the fools and the ignorant. When they fall from the lips of men of high reputation for intellectual ability, the common world, in an age when the desire to be thought intelligent is so strong and so widely spread, shrinks from coming into collision with those who are cried up by their followers as the leaders of modern thought. Yet it might be supposed that those who utter these great phrases would have hesitated to commit themselves to what they must well know to be absurdities. But they have ends to serve, and they know the capacity of the machinery of ideas to accomplish them. They avail themselves of the delusion, that because reform has effected many useful changes, therefore the presumption is in favour of any change. As well might a man maintain that because he has taken out some rotten beams out of his house, and put new ones in their place, therefore

the presumption is in favour of his pulling the whole house down altogether, and building up a new one. We do not say that it is impossible to have a better Constitution than that which has made England so happy and so strong during so many years—that a republic or a despotism of the Napoleon type may not bestow greater bliss and power upon her people—that she may not become a more civilised and moral nation by renouncing Christianity and ignoring religion. These things are possible; only, if such be the aim of modern philosophers, let them be avowed. Let the good things they are to bring us be fairly set before us; let us know, in honest statement, the reasons which should convert us to a new conception of English civilisation. But let us not have the clap-trap of pretensions and empty formulas of innate ideas and principles, which have not a particle of philosophy in them except the sound, and will not bear a minute's examination. The recent discussions on religion and educational questions have brought forth a pro-

fusion of these new ideas, all characterised by the same type. They all proclaim that a certain set of men have received from heaven the gift of pure intelligence, and have minds endowed with the perfection of the human reason, so that what they think is always right, that theirs is the only real infallibility. It is true that they do not feel themselves called upon to frame a system of political philosophy which will hold together, and that their utterances appear to common mortals to mean only that the world must submit itself without question to their guidance, and congratulate itself on obtaining such directors; but then do they not possess "the vision and the faculty divine"—the insight into religious and political truth, which comes from direct personal illumination? It may be so, but meanwhile, in the absence of even the least pretence of investigation and proof, we ask the people of England to rely on their own common-sense, and not to be misled by the parade of oracular dicta into taking absurdities for wisdom.

NARRATIVE OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

WHILST two great powers were preparing for that fearful war which is now devastating the provinces of France, a small military expedition was being organised on the shores of Lake Superior for an advance into the Red River Territory. The writer of this article has just returned from Fort Garry, having taken an active part in the many wild adventures by flood and field encountered during the recent march there, participating in the excessive toil and constant exposure entailed upon all ranks during that curiously interesting operation. It had been determined upon in the spring, and the circumstances which necessitated it may be briefly described as follows.

After many years of fruitless negotiation between Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company, in which England acted as a sort of go-between or mutual friend, it was arranged, in 1869, that the undefined country officially known as Rupert's Land, together with all the territorial rights appertaining to the Company in North America, should be transferred to the recently-established Dominion of Canada for the sum of £300,000. That was practically the arrangement; but there was a three-cornered ceremony to be gone through first, in accordance with which, those vast outlying portions of the empire were to be legally transferred on paper to England, and then made over by royal proclamation to the Dominion.

The country had long been in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had received a charter in 1670 from Charles II., granting them sovereign rights over a large proportion of the North American continent. In the days of that gallant monarch our geo-

graphical knowledge of the western hemisphere was but small, and consequently the description of the limits given over to their jurisdiction, as recorded in the charter, was very vague. It may be fairly assumed that this uncertainty of title was one of the chief causes why the Company had never been desirous of having its claims inquired into before the courts of law.

In 1783 a rival trading company — the "North-Western" — was started; and in 1812 Lord Selkirk attempted to form a colony of Sutherlandshire Highlanders on the Red River, but the attempt was little better than a failure. These two companies — the Hudson's Bay and the North-Western — having contended with one another for the valuable fur-trade of the country to their mutual injury, and until both were nearly ruined, united in the year 1822, both being since then merged in one under the ancient title of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In order to carry on commercial operations, it was essential to have a certain number of white men at each of their numerous posts scattered over the continent from its western shores to where Canadian civilisation, advancing from the Atlantic, was met with. Each of these posts soon became the nucleus of a small community. European women were scarce, and communication with England was both difficult and tedious, so men were obliged to content themselves with Indian wives; and a half-breed population was the result. For inland navigation along the many lakes and rivers that form such a network over a large proportion of our North American possessions, there is no better man than the

French Canadian voyageur. A large number of them have always been in the Hudson Bay service, which accounts for the fact of the French and English languages being spoken by about equal numbers on the banks of Red River. The language of the voyageur class, no matter from what race he may have sprung, has long been French; and the officers of the Company, speaking both languages, have always found it simpler to speak French than to take any trouble to teach their servants English.

French Canadian priests and Jesuit missionaries from France soon established themselves everywhere under the protection of the Company, and, with their usual zeal, quickly built up for their Church a considerable following amongst the families of a mixed origin. People conversant with the ways of priestcraft in other countries will easily understand the influence they obtained amongst a rural and scattered population, in such an isolated place as Red River. Although the Hudson Bay Company officers were the rulers *de jure*, the priests were so *de facto*.

At first sight it may appear strange that this could take place in a settlement where the Protestants and Romanists were about equal in numbers; but when it is remembered that the former consisted of several nationalities, and of still more numerous sects without any one recognised ruler, and with many divergent interests, it can readily be understood how the smaller half, acting and voting as a unit under the direction of a clever wily bishop, backed up by a well-disciplined staff of obedient priests, maintained an unquestioned supremacy. So much was this the case, that the legal rulers were only too glad to govern through their influence.

Two great influences were at work preventing the occupation of these vast prairies. First, the Hudson Bay Company; and se-

condly, the Roman Catholic priesthood.

To have opened them out for colonisation would have been suicidal to a Company enjoying the monopoly of the Indian trade. It would also have seriously affected the supply of fur, as the number of wild animals decreases in a geometrical ratio, whilst population goes on increasing only in an arithmetical one. Its governing body has therefore for years back endeavoured in a quiet way to keep the country as unknown and as much to themselves as possible, and to deter emigrants from going there by depreciating its value in the eyes of the world; so much so, that many believed it to be a desert, where grasshoppers ruled in summer, and an almost life-destroying cold in winter.

As for the Roman Catholic priesthood, they were desirous of gradually building up there another French province, where the language, religion, and laws of Lower Canada might be perpetuated, and which in times to come might, in conjunction with it, be some counterpoise to the steadily-increasing, and by them much dreaded, preponderance of Ontario. They hoped to mould the Red River into what they would have described as a peaceable, orderly, and contented people, but which, in the exact and cold-blooded language of Protestantism, meant an ignorant and superstitious peasantry, recognising only as law that which was announced from their altars; destitute of education, except such as their priestly teachers thought fit to give them; taught only the *patois* which passes current there for French, so that they should be unable to read English papers; and only just sufficiently well off in that fertile land to enable them to lead a lazy, idle life. In fine, both Company and priesthood were determined to oppose an emigration which would be destructive to the trading monopoly of the one, and

to the unquestioned authority of the other. Both combined in describing the country as unfit for settlement; and quite recently a Roman Catholic bishop, who has long resided in the north-west, published an interesting work upon that country, but full of startling statements as to the fearful severity of its climate, and of its general unsuitability for farming purposes. He endeavoured as far as possible to depreciate its value politically, so as to have deterred the Government of Canada from taking steps towards opening out communication with it.

Canada, a thickly-wooded country, only affords a home to settlers after years of toil spent in clearing the land. The western province, now known as Ontario, has long been the go-ahead portion of British North America, whilst that to the east, now called Quebec, was always lethargic, progress being neither known nor desired there. The former is Protestant, and traditionally loyal to the English Crown; whilst the latter is as priest-ridden as Spain, and peopled by a race of French origin, whose loyalty is only comparative, and as it were a choice between two evils, that is, between English and American rule. The priestly party know well that under the latter neither their religion, their language, nor their vast Church property would be protected as it is by us; indeed it is doubtful if even their language and customs would be tolerated; so that there is much more of resignation than of cordiality in their adherence to our sway.

The inhabitants of these two provinces lying side by side—not even divided by any natural boundary, as England is from France—have always maintained their original national characteristics. Those of Quebec evince a contentedness with their lot in life, and a dislike to change of all sorts, not only as regards their manners and customs, but even their place of residence;

whilst those of Ontario, descended from British ancestors, retain that love for adventure and that spirit of enterprise for which our countrymen are so generally celebrated.

The men of Ontario have always suspected the truth of the statements made regarding the great prairie country which every one knew lay between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains. For years back their gaze has been fixed upon that territory, longing for the privilege of planting it with grain, and of establishing themselves in a country where rumour said that luxuriant crops were obtainable without either the labour of clearing it from timber or the cost of manuring it.

The distance from Canada was so great, and the intervening difficulties were of such magnitude, that it was practically out of the power of farmers or of the ordinary class of emigrants to make a journey there. Unless, therefore, Government stepped in, and, by opening out roads and improving the almost continuous line of water communication existing between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods, enabled the working class to reach Fort Garry at a reasonable cost, the Red River country never could be settled by British subjects.

A few disinterested travellers, such as English officers on leave, bent on buffalo-hunting, now and then penetrated into this much-aspersed land, and came back telling of its boundless plains and unparalleled fertility; but as it is the English fashion to pooh-pooh information coming from such sources, their reports received but little attention.

The secret was tolerably well kept for many years; but at last so much pressure was put upon the Canadian Government that an exploring expedition was despatched by it in 1858, with orders to report fully upon the resources of the North-West Territory. The results of these explorations were published the

following year, and the people of Canada learnt, on official authority, that it was fertile beyond the most sanguine expectations. A few settlers from Ontario soon after established themselves in the neighbourhood of Fort Garry, and so gave birth to a party whose policy was progress, and whose constantly-repeated demand was—"Open out communication between us and Canada; let us have plenty of emigrants: all we require is population and facilities for carrying our produce to a market." It was soon known as the "Canadian Party;" and its feeling was disseminated throughout the neighbouring provinces through the columns of a newspaper established under its auspices at the village of Winnipeg, in the neighbourhood of Fort Garry.

As may easily be understood, this party of progress soon came into collision with those already described as bent upon keeping back the country, giving birth to very angry feelings between the two sections into which public opinion thus became divided. As all the Canadians who had settled there, backed up by the press of Ontario, were on one side, and the great mass of the French-speaking people on the other, the difference of opinion coinciding with difference of origin, the parties quickly assumed a national aspect, and the priests endeavoured to give it a religious one also.

The Hudson Bay Company being governed by a Board of Directors in London, who were aloof from the direct influence of local feeling, was first of the two divisions comprising the reactionary party to perceive that the time had arrived when they must choose between withdrawing from their hitherto obstructive policy with profit to themselves, or seeing their power to obstruct taken forcibly from them. A disposition on their part to treat for the voluntary surrender of their undefined and disputed rights soon resulted in a bargain being arranged in 1869 by which they were to

receive the sum already stated, retaining possession of all their forts and posts, together with a large acreage of land in their vicinity.

The Ministry of Canada, backed up by public opinion throughout the country, at once had a Bill passed for the establishment of a government in this newly-acquired province. We are warned by a French proverb, that the first step in all transactions is a most important one; and that taken by the Dominion Government towards establishing their authority was no exception to the rule. Their first direct step was to send forward surveyors to plot out the country into townships; and this was the actual circumstance that gave rise to the first overt act of rebellion on the part of the French people there. The men employed upon this service, as well as their assistants and followers, were all either from England or from Ontario, and therefore seem to have thought themselves entitled to look down with a sort of patronising pity upon the half-breed race already occupying, or as many thought encumbering, the soil there. Around these surveyors, as round a centre, were collected a small band of Canadians, who had followed in their wake, hoping to obtain large grants of land and make fortunes when the new Government was established.

The people of the country were thoroughly discontented at the cavalier way in which they had been treated, as their will had never been consulted by any of the three parties who had arranged the terms of transfer. A feeling of irritation was abroad, which the bearing of the surveyors and other Canadians towards them served to increase beyond measure. Many of the latter began to stake out farms for themselves, which they openly declared they meant to claim as soon as the new Governor had arrived.

The Hudson Bay Company officials residing in the territory were loud-spoken in denouncing the bar-

gain entered into by their Directors in London: they said it injured them materially, without providing any compensation for the loss they were about to sustain; that they, the working bees of the hive, were to receive nothing, whilst the drones of stockholders in England were to get all the honey in the shape of the £300,000.

The English-speaking farmers, although thoroughly loyal, and anxious for annexation to Canada, so as to be delivered from what many called the "thralldom of the Hudson Bay Company," regarded the terms of the transfer in no favourable light. They thought they should have been consulted: and the injudicious silence of the Canadian Ministry with reference to the form of government to be established, caused many divisions amongst this party. Although they would have scorned to take part in any actual resistance against the establishment of the new order of things, yet they were by no means sorry to see the Ottawa Ministry in difficulties. They considered themselves slighted, and were sulky in consequence. They had no intention of giving themselves any trouble to aid a Government that had not only failed to consult or consider their interests, but had ignored their existence altogether.

With the exception, therefore, of the small handful of Canadian adventurers already alluded to, no one residing in the settlement in 1869 was pleased with the arrangement, and many were loud-spoken in denouncing it. Where such active elements of discontent existed, it may easily be imagined how simple it was to fan the smouldering embers into the flame of active rebellion.

The previous political history of the country was curious, from the fact of there never having been any active government whatever. There was nominally a Governor and a Council, in whom resided all sovereign powers. A lawyer's clerk

had been converted into a judge by the Hudson Bay Company, and consequently there was an impression abroad, be it true or untrue, that no one could look for impartial justice being done in any case in which that corporation was interested. There was a code of laws, but there was no police, so the rulers had to depend upon a few special constables sworn in from time to time as required, for the execution of the law's decree.

Upon several occasions the law had been forcibly resisted with success: men condemned to imprisonment in suits in which the Company was interested had been released from their cells under the walls of Fort Garry by a crowd of sympathising friends, who had assembled for that purpose. Not many years ago four men had combined together and proclaimed a republic. One was named president, and two others appointed the principal ministers of this liliputian government. Amongst the first acts of this self-constituted trinity was a decree condemning the fourth conspirator to death. This fourth man was a German tailor, and as he constituted in his own person the whole of the population recognising the authority of these *soi-disant* rulers, there was no one to carry the sentence into execution. Whether it was owing to the discredit which this powerlessness to enforce their decrees brought upon them, or from the general loyalty of the people to British institutions, we know not; but this republic was as short-lived as a butterfly, and its appearance and disappearance caused as little excitement and had as little influence upon the Red River world as would the advent or departure of such an insect.

This trifling incident is merely related to convey an idea of the state of society which existed there up to 1868. The people lived in peace and harmony with one another. They paid no taxes, and were so little accustomed to the

machinery of a government, or the responsibilities of having to make laws or administer them themselves, that when these few adventurers tried to impress upon their minds the glories resulting from the exercise of the noble right of self-government, following up their lessons by proclaiming a republic, the inhabitants of the Red River Territory merely laughed.

The only politics which existed—and they were of recent growth—consisted in being for or against the Hudson Bay Company. A monopoly must always be obnoxious to the majority, and never even in feudal times has there been a more rigid one than that established formerly throughout the great North-West by that corporate body. No one else could import anything into the country, or send any furs out of it; and it may be said that no one could either buy or sell except from the Hudson Bay officials. Even at this moment the whole of the inland communications are in its hands, and no banking arrangements can be made except through its agents. Notwithstanding the heavy expenses entailed by the conveyance of goods over the great distances that separate the country from civilisation, yet it will always be to many a subject for wonder how it was that the Company generally was not tenfold richer. Even since the monopoly of trade was abolished, the Company still practically received a percentage in some way or other upon every business transaction that took place.

The only export from the country was fur: an Indian comes to sell skins; after some bargaining he agrees to take so much money for them. He is paid in powder, shot, or other goods, which are sold to him at a great profit, whilst the purchased articles are exported to Europe, and again sold at a great profit. In this way a double advantage was obtained; and consequently it is very strange that the affairs of the Company have not

been for some years back in as flourishing a condition as they might have been. There is only one solution to be arrived at, which is, that it has long been very badly served and administered abroad.

The enemies of the Company were numerous in Canada, and had made themselves felt even within its own territory of Rupert's Land. Every year added to their numbers. Those born there said their poverty was owing to the country being cut off from all outside trade and emigration by the direct action the Company took to keep things *in statu quo*. All Canadians or others who penetrated into the country and settled there joined this discontented party, which had assumed such importance previous to the arrangements being made for the transfer of the country, that had the Company refused to comply with it and persisted in its former policy of seclusion, it would soon doubtless have had all power forcibly wrested from it by the Canadian party within its own territories.

Unfortunately the arrangement entered into had an air of purchase about it, and a cry resounded throughout the North-West that its inhabitants were being bought and sold like so many cattle. With such a text the most commonplace of democrats could preach for hours; and poor indeed must have been their claptrap eloquence if an ignorant and impressionable people such as those at Red River had not been aroused by it.

The surveyors were at work all through the autumn of 1869, and in prosecuting their operations frequently ran chain-lines across the farms of men whose language they could not speak, and with whom they had no feelings in common. A report soon got abroad that the Canadian Government intended possessing themselves of all the land for the purpose of allotting it among the host of emigrants who, rumour said, were to follow the establishment of

the new order of things. A large proportion of farmers could produce no title-deeds to the lands they claimed; many could not even assert what is generally recognised as the outward visible symbol of possession in such matters, namely, the fact of their being fenced in. The country had never been regularly laid off for settlement; but according as each successive settler occupied land, he had followed the example of those who had done so before him—that is, he nominally “took up” 100 acres, abutting with a narrow frontage on the river, but fenced in only the few acres nearest the water, on which he built his house, and which alone he placed under cultivation. In rear of this undefined plot of land extended the prairie, over which, to a depth of two miles with a breadth equal to the river frontage, the farmer exercised by custom a right of cutting hay. There was no market for produce: as the nearest railway station was about 600 miles distant in the United States, the export of grain was practically impossible; and there was no internal demand for it, as every settler grew enough corn for his own consumption. The consequence was, that not more than a few acres of each farm, as has been already stated, was ever cultivated or fenced in, the remainder of the 100 acres being allowed to remain in its primeval condition.

A few restless spirits, such as are ever to be found in all countries, saw in the state of affairs which we have endeavoured to describe an opportunity for action. They went round in the autumn of 1869 amongst the French-speaking portion of the community, preaching resistance to the Canadian Government. Every feeling that stirs mankind was appealed to. They were called upon to be men, and by their courage to save themselves from having their lands taken from them and distributed amongst others, and their altars from being

desecrated. They were told over and over again that Canada intended to destroy their religion, and to overrun their country with a heretical population, who regarded them as an inferior race and who would ignore their rights. Their priesthood encouraged this feeling, and aided the movement in that underhand manner for which it is celebrated.

At the head of this rising was a man named Louis Riel. He was born of French Canadian parents, who had emigrated to the Red River; and although he had not a drop of Indian blood in his veins, he had a large number of half-breed relations and connections; and in order to identify himself as much as possible with the people, he invariably spoke of himself as a half-breed. He had been educated at a Roman Catholic school in Canada, and at one time it was hoped he would have entered the Church. Instead of doing so, however, he became a clerk in a shop at St. Paul's, Minnesota, where he resided for a few years, but was eventually dismissed for dishonesty. His prospects being thus under a cloud, he returned to the neighbourhood of Fort Garry, and lived in the greatest poverty with his mother. So indignant were their circumstances that, finding himself succeeding in his rôle of demagogue, and considering it necessary to be the possessor of a black cloth coat, he was obliged to sell his mother's only cow to procure the money required for that purpose. He is a man of considerable moral determination, although all who know him say that he is wanting in physical courage. His command of language is great, and his power over his audience immense. He speaks English intelligibly, and his proclamations denote considerable talent and power of thought.

The first overt act of resistance was in October, 1869, when Riel, followed by a few half-breeds, warned a surveying party to de-

sist from their work, and insisted on their moving their camp out of the district where they were employed. Meetings were then called in the various parishes where the French predominated, at which Riel and others made inflammatory speeches. The people were thoroughly aroused; and even the priests, who generally kept as much as possible in the background, preached resistance to the Canadian Government from their altars.

A Mr. William M'Dougall had been selected by the Dominion Ministry to be the Lieutenant-Governor of the newly-acquired province. It was a most injudicious appointment, as every one who knew that gentleman was perfectly aware at the time. He had been for many years back in political life, having been previously well known as an able newspaper writer. Indeed, like a large number of men who have held high positions both in Canada and the United States, he may be said to have attained power through his connection with the press. He was celebrated for being an essentially cold-blooded man, entirely wanting in that cordiality which is an indispensable quality with those who have to lead or even to act with others in the direction of affairs. He had some political supporters, but he never had a friend. There was nothing genial about him, and his manner was said at times to be so unsympathetic that many left his presence accusing him of rudeness. We shall not attempt to enter upon Canadian politics—that most uninteresting and least edifying of topics—in order to trace the progress of events which led up to this strange appointment; suffice it to say that the Ministry which then and still rules at Ottawa was and is a coalition one, the Conservative element being, however, the strongest. The intended Lieutenant-Governor was in it Minister of Public Works, having been brought over from the Opposition upon

certain terms when the coalition was formed. The Tory element being in the ascendant, and many changes having recently occurred in the Ministry, vacant places in it were filled up by the adherents of that party, thereby destroying the proportion or balance between the several parties which it was alleged by Mr. M'Dougall's clique had been agreed upon when the Ministry was first formed. This gave rise to dissensions, which the far-sighted policy adopted regarding the Intercolonial Railway afforded many opportunities for widening into such a breach, that it became at last a necessity that Mr. M'Dougall should cease to be a Minister. To have dismissed him would have been fatal, so it was necessary to provide for him. The annexation of Rupert's Land just at that time was most opportune, for sending him there as Lieutenant-Governor was an easy solution of the difficulty. What mattered it whether he was fitted for the post or not, as long as he was got rid of without any scandal! Who cared whether he might or might not be agreeable to the people he was to rule over, and what could it matter whether the wretched half-breed population were pleased or not?

Party politics in Canada must first be attended to; they were of all-absorbing importance; and the North-West and its new Lieutenant-Governor must settle their affairs between themselves.

No attempt was made to conciliate their newly-acquired subjects. The Governor appointed by the Hudson Bay Company, who was to exercise authority until Mr. M'Dougall reached Fort Garry, was never even communicated with. One would have thought that common civility, if not political tact, would have caused them to have informed him in writing of Mr. M'Dougall's appointment, and of the date at which he might expect him: his co-operation and assistance in establishing the new

order of things might with advantage have been solicited at the same time. No explanations were made as to what was to be the policy of Canada in its dealings with Rupert's Land. In fact, the people of that country were so thoroughly ignored, they were easily led to believe that their material interests would be so also, in favour of the emigrants that rumour and the Canadian surveyors said might shortly be expected to arrive at Red River.

A little judicious management at first would have secured an amicable settlement, and have frustrated the clerical party, which was desirous of fomenting resistance. A clear statement of what they intended doing, and a declaration stating that they meant to respect the rights of property; that all those in *bonâ fide* occupation of land should retain it without rent, and receive a regular legal title for it; that all religions would be respected, and every one allowed to worship as he liked,—this would most certainly have cut the ground from under the feet of all the political agitators there.

During a crisis such as that which occurred in the settlement in 1869, when rebellion hangs in the balance every moment is of such importance that, when once the scale has gone down on the side of revolution, days or months afterwards cannot compensate for the loss.

Men who to-day shudder at the idea of resistance to the laws, or at the word disloyalty, will to-morrow take office under a revolutionary government, and exercise their functions with placidity when once the first overt act of rebellion has been committed, and they have accustomed their minds to the fact of its existence. When we see around us the machinery of a government at work without any opposition, we are prone to accept its decrees unhesitatingly, not so much from the tendency of mankind to

follow with the herd, as from that love of order, and that respect for those whom we see exercising governing functions, which is inherent in us.

Mr. M'Dougall was told to go to Fort Garry, and that, shortly after his arrival, the Queen's proclamation transferring the territory to the Dominion would be published. He travelled through the United States to Pembina, which is a wretched little village on the frontier dividing the British and American territories, but situated within the latter. He there learnt that a number of French half-breeds had announced their intention of preventing him from entering their country, and that a party of them had erected a barricade on the road leading from Pembina to Fort Garry, which they intended to defend by force of arms.

It is unnecessary to describe the little rebellion any further, or to dilate upon the cruelties, the robberies, and the imprisonments, which were inflicted upon subjects of her Majesty by this wretched man Louis Riel, aided and abetted by the French priesthood, of which Père Richot and Père Lestane were the most prominent members. Is not a description of all these violent deeds written in numerous Blue-books?

Louis Riel had, with the assistance of the priestly party, declared himself "President of the Republic of the North-West," and had nominated a Ministry from amongst his followers. Without attempting to follow the doings of this ridiculous Government, suffice it to say, that Riel thought it necessary to take a man's life in order to prove that he was in earnest, and to strike terror into the English-speaking portion of the community, which, although not actively opposed to him, was still, he knew, inimical to his sway. From amongst the many Canadians whom he kept ironed in his prison, he selected as his victim a man

named Scott, on account of his being the most objectionable to him personally, and because he had been most loud-spoken in his expressions of loyalty to the Queen, and in denouncing Riel and his gang as rebels. Scott could not speak French ; but he was arraigned before a mock court-martial composed of some half-breeds, having a man named Lapine as president, the French language only being used. A frivolous charge of breach of parole (which was not true) was alleged against him, and he was condemned to be shot. The execution was carried out within a few hours by some intoxicated half-breeds, commanded by a United States citizen who had been in the Northern army. This murder is said to have been carried out in a cruel and atrocious manner. Those who perpetrated it by Riel's orders were at the time addressed by a French priest on the ground where it was committed, and told they were about to perform a righteous act.

Mr. Scott's murder caused a cry of execration to resound throughout the English districts of Canada. The press, which everywhere in the province of Ontario had all through these affairs called for active measures, now preached up a crusade, and with such effect that it is almost beyond doubt that had the priestly party in Canada succeeded, through their mouthpieces Messrs. Cartier, Langevin, and Co., in preventing an armed expedition being sent to the Red River, there would have arisen in Ontario an organization for sending up an armed body of emigrants there, sworn to avenge the foul murder which had been perpetrated. Mr. Scott was an Orangeman, a volunteer, and an Upper Canadian, and he had been murdered by those whom the people of Ontario looked down upon as the inferior race of French Canadians, having been, it was believed, instigated thereto by their priesthood.

The event was pregnant with every element capable of calling forth the most violent feelings. The national antipathy between the English and French races, stronger in Canada than it has ever been at home, and the intense hatred which Orangemen, Low Churchmen, Presbyterians, and sectarians generally, entertain for Popery, were acted upon. Had 10,000 soldiers been required, they might have been enlisted with ease in Ontario. On the other hand, amongst the French Canadians, popular sympathy was entirely with Riel ; so much so, that when subsequently it was determined to dispatch two battalions of militia to put down the rebellion, and to raise them in the two old provinces of Canada, one in each, it was found impossible to obtain more than 80 French Canadian recruits. The priesthood throughout the country had preached against the expedition, warning their flocks not to take part in an undertaking planned to injure their compatriots in the North-West, who spoke their language, were descended from the same ancestors, and who belonged to their faith. Over and over again they were told from the altar that the Protestants were anxious to send forth this expedition for the purpose of overturning the Catholic Church in that territory. Riel was painted in the most glowing colours as a patriot and a hero, struggling and prepared to fight for the rights of his race and the maintenance of the true faith.

With such antagonistic feelings abroad in the country, the Ministry felt themselves in a most difficult position. All were agreed that the despatch of an armed force to the Red River was a political necessity if they wished to preserve their newly-bargained-for territory ; but a special vote of money would be required for that purpose, and the French-speaking members of

Parliament had announced their intention of opposing any such appropriation, if coercive measures were to be resorted to. It would have been next to impossible to have carried the measure in the face of their opposition, so it became necessary to soothe their alarm by fair promises; no coercion was to be attempted, and the troops, when in Manitobah, were only to be used for the protection of property and the maintenance of law and order; in fact, they were going there more in the capacity of police than of soldiers.

Mr. Riel had previously been invited to send delegates to Ottawa to explain to the Government what the rebel demands really were. Two of the three he sent were obnoxious to the loyal Canadians. One, Père Richot, a French Canadian priest, had throughout the disturbances taken a most active part on the rebel side, and had been amongst the first to preach resistance. He was known to be a most intimate friend of Riel's, and was generally believed to be one of the chief pillars of the rebellion. The other was a young man of drunken habits and of no education. He was a shopboy by trade, and was what is known in America as an Irish Yankee—a race that is despised in the United States as the lowest of the low. Having nothing to lose and everything to gain, he had gladly joined the rebel movement.

As soon as it was known in Ontario that these men were on their way to Ottawa by invitation of the Ministry, the whole country was indignant. "What!" it was said, "treat directly with two men who are alleged to have taken part in Scott's murder?" So violent was this feeling, that it was considered necessary to send a police magistrate to meet them in the States for the purpose of taking them to Ottawa secretly, by a roundabout way, so as to avoid passing through

any of the large cities." When once they had reached Ottawa they would be safe from popular violence, as the French element is strong there. When it was announced that these men had arrived, indignation meetings were assembled all over the western province, at which resolutions were made deprecating in the strongest language their reception by the Governor-General. The brother of the murdered Scott had them arrested on a charge of being privy to the crime. They attempted to assume to themselves the importance and position of ambassadors sent by one sovereign state to another, and pleaded their immunity from imprisonment on those grounds. The French party was entirely in their favour, and regarded the treatment they had met with as an outrage. This circumstance complicated matters greatly, and was most embarrassing for the Ministry; they could not override the law, and for some days it was doubtful whether a "true bill" might not be found against them. Fortunately for all parties, the case fell through from want of evidence.

These proceedings, however, added fuel to the flames of popular excitement, and served to embitter the feeling between the French and English parties. After long conferences between the delegates and the Ministers, a bill was framed for the establishment of a government at Fort Garry, the terms of which were so favourable to the rebels that the French-speaking members withdrew their threatened opposition. 1,400,000 acres were to be reserved for distribution amongst the half-breeds, ostensibly "to extinguish the Indian claims to land," but in reality for the purpose of enriching the Roman Church.

As previously mentioned, the half-breeds in the Red River settlement were already possessed of considerable farms, a very small part of which only they cultivated, if such a term may be applied to

the trifling labour they bestow upon their land. Still, although they already owned more land than they knew what to do with, it was considered necessary to appropriate this vast acreage for their exclusive use, as by doing so the priests were satisfied, and when they were contented the whole French party was so also. All opposition having thus been removed, the money required for the Expedition was voted in the House when the Manitoba Bill was introduced.

The only man of really statesmanlike ability in the Canadian Ministry is the Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald. Unfortunately for the country, he was just at this critical moment struck down by severe illness, and the general management of affairs devolved upon Sir George Cartier, the leader of the French Conservatives. In early life he had played a minor part in the Canadian rebellion of 1837, when he had actually borne arms against the British Crown—a crime which, in the opinion of his political opponents, his subsequent loyalty has not sufficed to wipe out. This tended to prejudice many against him; for it was considered natural that, having been once himself a rebel, he should sympathise with rebellion wherever he met it. That “foul dishonouring word” is however regarded very differently by a man of neither birth, wealth, nor position, when seeking for political notoriety, and when he has succeeded, and is in the Ministry also. But this well-known truth was forgotten, and he was generally regarded as a partisan, and anxious to play into the hands of Messrs. Riel, Richot, and Co.

Sir G. Cartier, although a poor debater and of very ordinary ability, is a creditable specimen of Canadian public men. His greatest enemy dare not question his honesty. Others have become rich in the management of public affairs; but he is still, comparatively speak-

ing, a poor man. He is a firm friend and a good hater. His ordinary promise is more to be relied upon than the oath of many of his contemporaries, and he is a hard-working public servant. To accuse him of descending at times into the lowest depths of jobbery and political trickery, is merely to accuse him of being a Canadian politician. In England we are prone to grumble at the misdeeds of Downing Street; but only purity and virtue emanates from that dingy locality when a comparison is instituted between the political morality of England and that of Canada; and the latter is in its turn little short of perfection when judged side by side with the corruption pervading every department of political and municipal government in the United States. Sir George Cartier had entered Parliament in early life, and was soon recognised as the leader of the French Canadian national party, a position which enabled him at all times to command about 60 votes in the House of Commons. With such a following, it is easy to understand how he has been able for many years back to maintain himself in a prominent position in public life. Many who ought to know assert that at heart he has no real love for the Roman Catholic priesthood: these may perhaps be his private feelings, but in public he has to bow before it. It is a lever of mighty power in the province of Quebec, and, by doing political jobs for it, he secures its influence. Were he to estrange that party from him, another who longs for such an opportunity would soon occupy the position he holds as leader of the French Conservatives. Sir John Macdonald's illness was a fortunate circumstance for the rebel clique in Fort Garry, as it enabled their sympathising friends in Canada, through their influence with Sir G. Cartier, to obtain for them all that they could have reasonably wished for.

Parliament had announced their intention of opposing any such appropriation, if coercive measures were to be resorted to. It would have been next to impossible to have carried the measure in the face of their opposition, so it became necessary to soothe their alarm by fair promises; no coercion was to be attempted, and the troops, when in Manitobah, were only to be used for the protection of property and the maintenance of law and order; in fact, they were going there more in the capacity of police than of soldiers.

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These proceedings had added fuel to the flame of excitement, and increased the feeling between the English parties, and the English parties, and the differences between the Ministers, and the establishment, and at Fort Garry, the French were so favoured, that the French withdrew their contribution. 1,400,000 reserved for distribution to half-breeds, ostensible to enrich the Indian, but in reality for the enriching the Roman.

As previously half-breeds in the Government were already considerable farmers, part of which only if such a term may

The reservation of land provided for in the Bill is calculated to injure the true interests of Manitobah by retarding emigration. Suppose that that number of acres are reserved in the immediate vicinity of the existing settlement on the Red River, all new-comers seeking for farms will have to go so much further back. There are several other clauses in the Bill referring to the creation of a legislature and to the rights of franchise, which tend to give a monopoly of political power to the French-speaking people for some years to come. From what has been already stated regarding their views and aspirations, it may be inferred that a love for progress is not included in their political belief, so their political ascendancy promises no good for the country.

Although the Manitobah Bill passed through both Houses of Parliament with but little opposition, still the Government policy, as expressed by it, was denounced by all the leading and all the independent English newspapers in Canada as altogether in the interests of the French rebel party.

The £300,000 was paid to the Hudson Bay Company; and the Queen's proclamation transferring the whole Northwestern territories to the Dominion was shortly to be issued.

The Imperial Government consented to co-operate in the military expedition to the Red River; and the strength of the force was, after a lengthened telegraphic correspondence, fixed at one weak battalion of regular infantry, two battalions of Canadian militia, and a small detachment of Royal Artillerymen and of Royal Engineers; about one-fourth of the total expense was to be defrayed from the home treasury, the remainder to be paid by the Dominion. Colonel Wolseley, then on the staff in Canada, was appointed to command it, and its organisation and equipment were rapidly pushed forward.

Having given a rough sketch of the political events that rendered necessary the despatch of a military expedition to the Red River country, we shall now endeavour to give a general description of the region to be traversed, and of the difficulties to be overcome by it, reserving for another article an account of its organisation, and of the manner in which it fulfilled its mission.

A glance at the map of North America will show the reader that lying west of the inhabited provinces of Canada are Lakes Huron and Superior. They are united by the St. Mary River of about fifty miles in length. A canal has been constructed on the American side of the river, by means of which vessels can avoid the rapids on that river and pass easily from lake to lake. Taking therefore Toronto, the chief town in Ontario, as a starting point, a traveller wishing to reach Fort Garry through British territory would go by rail 94 miles to Collingwood, and from thence by steamer 534 miles to Thunder Bay, *viâ* the St. Mary River Canal. The waters of Lake Superior and its tributaries flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whilst those of Lake Winnipeg empty themselves into Hudson Bay. These two water systems are separated by a line of rugged hills which approach to within about 80 miles of Thunder Bay, the lowest pass over them in that locality being about 839 feet above Lake Superior.

Some years ago a route had been explored from Thunder Bay to Fort Garry; and a scheme was laid before the Canadian Parliament for improving it, by the construction of canals, dams, and short roads, for facilitating the navigation of the lakes and rivers that lay along it, and for establishing land communications between them. The first link in the chain was to be a road of about 29 miles—from Thunder Bay to Dog Lake—by

means of which the difficult navigation of the Kaministiquia River was to be avoided.

Little attention was, however, paid to the subject until 1868, when the road was begun. In the following year a better pass over the hills than that by Dog Lake was discovered, necessitating, however, a lengthening of the road from Thunder Bay to about 48 miles. As the word "portage" will frequently be met with in all narratives of North American travel, the reader should remember that it means a break in a chain of water communication, over which canoes and stores have to be carried on the men's backs.

The new route was therefore 48 miles by road through the forest to Shebandowan Lake, and from thence about 310 miles by rivers and lakes (with about 17 portages), to the Lake of the Woods. Some of these portages were more than a mile in length; and when it is remembered that all the boats and stores &c. &c., required for the Expedition, had to be carried by the soldiers over these breaks in the navigation, an idea can be formed of the physical labour which such an operation would entail. From the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry was about 100 miles in a straight line by land, but there was only a road made for about 60 miles of that distance, the unmade portion being laid out over most difficult swamps. If, therefore, the troops could not advance by that route, as was subsequently found to be the case, the only other way of reaching Manitobah was *via* the Winnipeg River, the navigation of which was known to be so difficult and dangerous that none but experienced guides ever attempt it. There were about 30 portages to be got over in the 160 miles extra thus added to the total length of the distance to be traversed.

In 1869 about twenty miles of the Thunder Bay road had been constructed; during the winter of

1869-70 bridges were constructed over the two largest rivers which crossed the line of road, and in the following spring the road was pushed on still further some six or seven miles.

When early in 1870 arrangements were being made for the despatch of the Expedition, the Canadian Ministers impressed upon the military authorities responsible for its success, that, by the time the troops had been collected together on the shores of Thunder Bay, the road from thence to Shebandowan would be fit for traffic, and that good roads would have been constructed over all the portages by the Public Works Department.

The country lying between Lake Superior and Red River was known to be a wilderness of poor timber, lakes, rivers, and rocks, and to be uninhabited except by wandering tribes of Indians. The waters, it was said, abounded in fish, but the woods were almost destitute of game.

The Indians are the Chippewahs, a tribe that occupies the islands in Lakes Huron and Superior, and is scattered along their shores. They are essentially wood Indians, and venture but seldom on to the plains; being in mortal dread of their hereditary enemies the Sioux—the most warlike tribe now in North America. As long as the rivers are free of ice these Chippewahs almost live in their canoes, roving about in the localities where fish is most plentiful. Their canoes are small, and so light that a woman can easily carry one over the longest portage. On the shores of the great lakes, where these Indians have long been in contact with the white man, many of them are Christians; but those in the interior are still heathens, and will not submit to having missionaries settled amongst them. In summer they get blueberries, but their chief article of food is fish, although, here and there on fertile spots, they grow

a few potatoes and a little Indian corn. They are an extremely dirty race: the men are very lazy, and cannot be depended upon to continue at any work they may be employed upon, although they are said to be truthful and honest. They are polygamists, and the morality of their women is not of a high order. They are very improvident, and cannot be induced to lay by provisions in case of want, so that a winter seldom passes that some do not die from starvation. As they are all armed and capable of great endurance, and as the country generally is a network of lakes, where they can go in any direction for hundreds of miles in their light canoes, they might cause endless trouble and great loss to any military force seeking to push its way through the country without their permission.

They expect to be well paid by travellers in presents of provisions; so their presence along the line of route added to the difficulties to be overcome, as all such presents would have to be carried by the troops, and every pound of extra weight was a serious matter.

For the conveyance of the provisions and stores between Thunder Bay and Shebandowan, a consider-

able transport corps would be required—all the material for which would have to be sent there in steamers, as also the forage required for the animals, for neither hay nor grass was to be had on the spot.

In fine, to get a military force to Red River, it was necessary to send it complete with all warlike appliances, and with at least two months' provisions, through a wilderness for a distance of above 600 miles, where no supplies of any description were obtainable. It was no wonder, therefore, that our Government paused and considered well before they committed any of her Majesty's troops to an operation beset with such difficulties, and where any serious mistakes on the part of those who conducted it would most probably have led to disastrous results.

In our next number we shall follow the expedition on its weary march to Manitobah; narrating the curious incidents of a journey which illustrates so remarkably the powers of endurance possessed by the British soldier, whether belonging to the regular or to our colonial army.

EARL'S DENE.—PART XIV.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It may be thought that the position of Mark Warden had at last, after a prosperous course, become more than a little embarrassing—that, to speak more strongly, nothing was left to him but to throw up his cards, and to retire from the table as gracefully as a man who sees that luck is against him may. Good cards had certainly been dealt him at the opening deal, and he had as certainly played them well—perhaps, indeed, he had done even a little more than merely content himself with playing them well. But no one can foresee all things. His programme had been plain enough up to a certain point, and all things had hitherto proceeded strictly in accordance with it. He had become on the best possible terms with Miss Raymond—he was rid of Marie without having been forced to resort to extreme means in order to be rid of her—he stood high in the good graces of Miss Clare—he was practically secure of his seat in Parliament, and Hugh had fallen altogether out of the field. But then had come in this unexpected complication in the person of Felix—a complication for which, even had he been a second Argus, he could not, any more than any one else, have been prepared. Even he, it will be thought, must begin to suspect that the proverbs with which he had on a former occasion sought to comfort his soul, and which set the will of man—at least of such men as are capable of forming a purpose, and of keeping to it when formed—above the might of all possible circumstances, were little better than mere epigrams after all, and as false as epigrams, always necessarily one-sided, must always be. But such a thought on the part of those who have taken

the trouble to follow his career would wrong him terribly. That nature of his that made it always impossible for him to surrender a purpose once formed was not likely to change now: and a brain that can only keep cool needs no extraordinary fertility in resource in order to find the means of attaining any possible end. The change of immediate adversaries caused Warden surprise, but simply no embarrassment. Even the surprise did not last for long: he had long ago had good cause for writing down Hugh as the very prince of asses, on whose part any new piece of folly could not be so extreme as to afford any matter for wonder on the part of a sane man.

“One story,” says another proverb, “is always good till another is told.” No doubt even Shylock would have a great deal to say for himself could he be heard by his counsel at the bar of posterity, instead of being condemned off-hand on the *ex parte* statement of the counsel for Antonio. It is very possible that the latter was a great rascal, if the truth were known, and that Shylock was actuated by the best motives in the world. And so, to come down from illustrious to obscure examples, it is much to be feared that in the matter of this history also the judgment of the reader has been delivered prematurely. There is no story in the world that cannot be told in at least two ways: and he has, so far, heard that of Earl's Dene told only in one. Now, therefore, in justice to all concerned in it, let him hear it told as, without a single change of incident, with a single modification of theory, it might have been told.

Miss Clare of Earl's Dene, then, a

proud and obstinate old lady—but, like most proud and obstinate people, very easily deceived—had adopted her nephew, Hugh Lester by name, to be her heir in fact and her son in affection, and had devoted her life to his welfare and happiness. She had brought him up with all the care and love of a mother: she had sent him into Parliament, and had found for him the very best of wives. But this young man, with a strange and fatal perversity, had shown himself in every respect unworthy of his good fortune and of her devotion. That he was destitute of brains was not his own fault: but he might at least have shown himself possessed of the most common gratitude. In the midst of an important election in which all things depended for their result upon his conduct and energy, he wasted his time and neglected his duty in a clandestine and unworthy love affair with a girl who afterwards made an ignominious failure on the stage: and, when it was accidentally discovered, he was fool enough and ungrateful enough, though at the risk—as he well knew—of breaking the heart of his benefactress, and with the certainty of disappointing all her hopes, to take this girl with him to London, to secretly marry her, and, with her aid, to enter upon a career that was very like one of swindling, to say the least of it, not only in order to live, but to provide for his own and his wife's extravagance. Miss Clare, in spite of her affection for him, could not but cast him off: he was obliged to withdraw from his club, and was cut by all his former acquaintance. At last, in spite of the skill of his wife and of himself in the noble art of living upon fictitious credit, and upon money borrowed without the remotest prospect of ever repaying it, he fell into a state of complete destitution, and found himself the guest of an officer of the sheriff of Middlesex. Driven to his last resources, he formed a design as ingenious as it

was bold, and as bold as it was execrable.

Miss Clare, as it has been said, was of a credulous nature, and her life had not been quite so immaculate as was supposed. In her earlier life she had had a son whose loss in infancy was a matter of history. But his death, though it was notorious, had never been actually proved. So Hugh Lester got hold of a foreign adventurer from Paris, an old lover of his wife, also at his wits' end for a living, whom he induced to combine with him to carry out an atrocious fraud—nothing less than that this fellow, Félix Créville by name, whose surname by a happy coincidence had some resemblance to that of the father of the child, should personate that child, and so secure for himself, nominally for himself and for Hugh in reality, what the latter had justly forfeited, and what should by rights have passed to others. The scheme succeeded to admiration. Miss Clare was not only credulous, but was even willing to be deceived; and so she made a will, leaving the whole of her estate to her supposed son. There was, however, one obstacle in the way of the conspirators in the person of a friend of the family who was too clear-sighted to be taken in by this impudent though plausible imposture. His name was Mark Warden: and he had already proved his disinterested friendship for Miss Clare and for her nephew also in a hundred ways. It was he who by his own indefatigable exertions, and without reward, had saved the election which Lester had tried his best to throw away: it was he who in a spirit of noble unselfishness had done all he could to prevent the ruinous and degrading *mésalliance* that rendered all his exertions in the election vain. But he who had shown himself capable of putting so abominable a fraud upon his mother, was not likely to have many scruples about ridding himself of his friend. It was necessary somehow

to put the latter out of the way, though at the risk of his own life. He was no coward: on the contrary, he had already shown himself a willing duellist in addition to his other merits: so, with the aid of his accomplice, he forced a duel upon Warden, and—

Well, the result was yet to be known; but whatever that result might be, this was the story that, if Warden should survive the meeting, must needs go forth to the world, and, by a very little judicious management, become accepted by Miss Clare also. If, on the other hand, matters should take a contrary turn, his own conduct and character would still remain stainless—supposing that to be worth consideration in the case of a dead man. For Warden, who had been willing to risk all things upon the chance of a bullet, as between himself and Félix, was far more willing to risk all things upon the chances of the same game now that his opponent was far more important, and that victory would be victory indeed.

Not that he by any means intended to leave the event of the game entirely to be decided by Fortune. That had never been his way, nor was it now. Hitherto he had invariably treated her as his loyal servant, and he was not likely to accept her as his mistress in the very crisis of his success. Other things may be managed besides dice, and made friendly to the interest of the thrower: and a pistol may be loaded in more senses than one. Not that he was going to do anything unfair—was he not a man of honour and a gentleman? And besides, had he been neither, such a thing was out of the question. But he knew himself, and he knew his opponent: and, as whist-players well know, a great deal may be done, when this is the case, without a single false shuffle of the cards. He, as a wise man, and therefore able to accept facts and look them well in the face, could not but see

that the meeting between himself and Hugh would have to be final in the most extreme sense: that no more than one of the two must be permitted to leave the ground. And, as being something more than a wise man, he quite made up his mind that the one who was to be left upon the ground should not be he.

Of course he still ran some risk—that was inevitable: but he ran no more than he had already made up his mind to run. Even a blockhead may shoot as straight as a wise man: and, shot for shot, the blockhead was perhaps the more likely to shoot straight of the two. But Warden had his own views on this matter, and saw no reason to be afraid of his star. For the present it was necessary to make himself master of the situation in all its details—of the nature of Félix's claim, as to how far it was capable of proof, and of the extent—about which, however, he felt tolerably secure—to which he could count upon the heart of Miss Raymond.

First, of course, he relieved the mind of Major Andrews by telling him of the new course that things had taken: that his opponent was one with whom a gentleman might, with a good social conscience, aid another gentleman to exchange shots. Indeed he now ventured to tell his own version of the story of Earl's Dene a little more fully, so that he might, in case occasion required, be provided with a favourable witness as to his own motives in the affair. The major remained a little mystified still, and saw that there was more in the business than appeared: but there could be no doubt that the overt insults on either side were sufficient, without going below them, to afford an ample *casus belli*, and that it was high time for negotiations to cease, and for the pistol to be called in as arbiter. It is not necessary to enter into an analysis of the psychology of Major Andrews: it is sufficient to assume that Warden would not have chosen any

man for his guide, philosopher, and friend, who was not likely to guide, advise, and stand by him in whatever way he himself pleased.

After having finished this important piece of business by giving his friend *carte blanche* to keep within the letter of his instructions, to speak Hibernically, he considered what his next movement should be. He would have very much liked to be able to see Miss Clare, in order to learn at headquarters what was the true position of things, or at all events what view was there taken of them. But with this duel hanging over him he felt that it was politic to absent himself for the present. So he contented himself with calling to inquire after her, and was not displeased to find that immediate communication with her was impossible, as she had just left town. He was a little put out by not having been

officially informed of her departure, but this was too easily accountable for him to be rendered seriously anxious by it. Indeed he was in fact only too glad that she was out of the way: his constant presence at her house would now have been embarrassing to him, and he could not have broken it off without remark. So, as it was still early, he amused himself for an hour or so at a shooting-gallery in the neighbourhood—he had not the art of killing time by lounging—and then, having satisfied himself that his eye and hand were in full accord, went to call upon Miss Raymond.

She was in, but she was not in—that is to say, she was reported as being not at home: but, when Warden asked leave to write a note to her, and gave his card, she, while he was writing, came into the room into which he had been shown.

CHAPTER XIX.

"So Miss Clare has left town, I find?" he asked, as he folded up his half-written note and put it into his pocket. "Is it not rather sudden? I hope she was well enough to undertake the journey?"

"Yes: she left on Friday—yesterday. Home is the best place for her now."

"She has had some great excitement, I am afraid, that was too much for her? I hope——"

"I hope, too, that all will be well again, now that she has forgiven Hugh."

"Then as to the cause of her illness—as to what else has happened—she has told you nothing?"

"Nothing. After Hugh left her she scarcely spoke a word."

"Not even to you? Well, I too hope that all is well again between her and Hugh, with all my heart. But do you know that this very reconciliation has rather alarmed me?"

"Alarmed you?"

"Yes. You know Miss Clare: that she is justice and goodness itself: but that, like many people who are justice itself, she is not very apt to forgive?"

"I do not understand you. I should think that being ready to forgive was a part of justice. And what can we be more glad of than that she should be friends again with Hugh?"

"Nothing, of course. But you know what these sudden reconciliations are apt to mean with people like her. She was certainly very ill before she sent for Hugh: and there was no more reason for her forgiving him then than at any other time."

Miss Raymond looked alarmed. "You think there is real danger, then—that her illness is so serious?"

"That is what I meant. But her being able to take this long journey is certainly reassuring. Only—do you know of any other

reason for her sending for him besides her being ill?"

"None."

"You are in her confidence: you would probably know if there were."

"I am aware of nothing more. Indeed she has told me nothing."

Warden drew a breath of relief. This ignorance on her part made his course far more easy than he had even hoped to find it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, "you have relieved my mind more than I can say. I was afraid of all sorts of mysteries: and, as you are no longer seriously anxious about Miss Clare—you who know her best—neither am I."

"She was so much better after seeing Hugh that I really think there is no cause for fear."

"This has been an anxious time for us all, however."

"Yes: and you have been such a true friend—you, with so much to think about besides."

"What could I think of but Miss Clare and you? I am glad you do me justice. Do you know, I was inclined to doubt it lately?"

"Why?"

"I thought—well, it does not matter. Hugh is an older friend than I am, after all."

"Poor fellow! Yes; but are you not now an old friend too?"

"I wish he would think so."

"And does he not?"

"You see men are not apt to think too justly of those who rise, however unwillingly, upon their fall. And I thought somehow, when I last met you—when he came to you—that—it is so difficult to say—that, to speak plainly, I was treated as though, having shared your anxieties, I should be ill-pleased to share your happiness. There, I have made my confession, and am glad to find that it was not needed."

Miss Raymond blushed, for the complaint was not altogether without foundation. Somehow, though her reason and her inclination were

on Warden's side, some instinct within her had certainly proved his enemy on the occasion to which he referred.

She held out her hand. "I am afraid we were thinking too much of ourselves," she said. "I know—Miss Clare must know—that there is no one so much entitled to share in her happiness as you."

"Thanks indeed!" he said, taking her hand and retaining it for an instant. "You are right in that. So they are really reconciled?"

"I hope so—indeed I am sure of it."

"In spite of that unhappy marriage?"

"If it is unhappy. Why should it be? Because Angélique was poor—because she was of lower rank than he? Must an unequal marriage always be an unhappy one?"

"God forbid! I called it unhappy because it had been the means of parting a mother and a son. But you really think, then, that a marriage to be happy need not be equal?"

"Ah, I suppose you think me very unfashionable in my opinions?"

"It is always unfashionable to be right, I am afraid. For myself, I think——" he paused.

"Well?"

"That unfashionable marriages—those made in the teeth of the world—are generally the happiest ones. Do you think me very romantic for a lawyer?"

"Well—perhaps I do, a little! I was afraid you were going to laugh at me."

"Ah, a lawyer is not so unromantic a being as you may imagine. And perhaps he is the more apt to believe in romance even than other men, because he sees into the hidden depths of men's lives: because he sees below the surface that society has laid over them. It is boys and the inexperienced who laugh at Poetry: wise men know that it is poets after all who are the wisest of men."

Miss Raymond looked at him quickly. She felt that he was not altogether confining himself to an abstract question.

He saw her look, and said with studied abruptness,—

“Miss Raymond—your words have given me a strange hope.”

She could not but guess what was coming. Indeed, for that matter she might have expected it long ago: and yet even now she had not made up her mind as to her answer. She could not trust her heart, which, though fond of freedom and not inclined to yield, was still far from being inclined to be cruel. And yet, though she felt embarrassed, she showed no outward sign that she even suspected what he was going to say. Girls like her have a marvellous power of self-control when they feel themselves to hold such a situation in their own hands, and to be able to surrender, to postpone the surrender, or not to surrender at all just as they please. Angélique would have driven her lover at once to the point at which she intended him to arrive: Marie would have listened like a timid child: but Miss Raymond listened as all women but one in ten thousand would listen. She was excited, but outwardly composed: and she was equally prepared either to accept or to refuse.

“I wonder whether you guess what I mean?” he went on. “I have long dreamed, without daring to hope—how indeed could I dare?” —“I feel,” he continued, after another moment, during which she was silent, neither aiding him nor preventing his saying what he had to say, “that I am in no way your equal in the way that the world talks of equality. Whatever I may be now, whatever in time I hope to be, you are still Miss Raymond of New Court—a great lady, who might be still greater if she chose. You are beautiful, you are good, it is not only to me that you are the first of all women in the world. No

—I do not know how to flatter. And I—well, I am a gentleman, I hope, but still a poor fellow who has to make his way by his own hands and brains. I have done something, even now: and I trust to do a great deal more. But in the course of things it must be years before I can become what the world would call the equal of Miss Raymond. How indeed should I ever be? I have hundreds of faults—no one can fight the world with its own weapons and not bear some marks of the conflict. But I am ambitious also—is that a fault in your eyes? And my ambition is to live a life that shall not be unworthy even of you. May your words, then, really give me hope: may I at least feel that in my battle with the world I am fighting not for myself but for you—that every battle draws me nearer to—”

He spoke with a seriousness that did admirable duty for something more. She was still silent: but he felt that he had taken the right line so far. It was with an appearance of greater confidence that he continued,—

“I am not speaking wildly. Thank God, you at least are not bound by the laws of the world! Yes—I love you with all my soul. That, at least, makes me your equal in the highest way of all. I do not ask you to say to me now all that I trust one day to hear you say. But I do ask you to tell me to live.”

In spite of her old instinct, that refused to be allayed, she was strongly moved: for he had made love to her in the very way that was most calculated to move a girl with no nonsense about her. He had talked no nonsense: he had not raved: he had spoken like a man, earnestly and to the point. Moreover, he had claimed all due respect for himself, while he had yielded ample respect to her. He had also avoided the grand mistake of protesting disinterested motives—a course which always has the ring of self-accusation. The superi-

ority that he had conceded to her was no more than the superiority which a man may always concede to a woman without prejudice to his claim to be her master. And as she really believed in his superiority, she was really flattered by his concession: and she had lived too much and too invariably in an atmosphere of wealth to consciously regard it as a bar to her being loved for herself alone.

A woman is none the worse, however, for being on such occasions a little of a hypocrite. "Mr. Warden," she said, drawing herself just a little farther from him—for he had imperceptibly advanced towards her—"I—you cannot tell how much you have taken me by surprise—"

"I hope not. Have you not seen—"

"That you cared for me, as a friend—"

"No more than that? No, I cannot think that my secret, though it has been silent, can have kept itself so closely—"

"You ask me, then, to tell you—"

"That you will be my heaven, to strive for with all my soul."

This time, the higher flight was not calculated to displease.

"But, indeed—"

"I cannot think that I have spoken to you too suddenly. I am content to wait—but not without so much hope as you can give me now."

"And if—"

"If you give me that hope? I promise, by all my hope, to deserve it all. Only say that I am not quite nothing to you—that you are not displeased—"

"Displeased! It would be strange, indeed, if I were not proud. But—"

"But what?"

"It is so sudden!"

"I know that you must think me presumptuous—"

"Indeed I do not."

"You give me that hope, then?"

If you but knew how I love you—!"

Her hesitation had really filled him with something like genuine warmth; but as his earnestness increased, so also did her hesitation. She was beginning to feel herself not quite so much mistress of the situation as she supposed. Indeed, if she had expected to play him and to land or not land him as she pleased, she found herself mistaken: and her reason and her generous instincts alike acted as his strong allies. Nothing would please her better than to bestow herself and New Court upon a strong man who would give as much as he received: and his being her social inferior was in harmony with her special form of romance. It must be remembered that all this occurred in days when English young ladies acquired that reputation for sentiment which in these they appear to be trying so hard to lose. And so, in so far as she found her garrison somewhat rebellious to her command, she was not so much a hypocrite after all, when she pleaded that she had been taken by surprise.

"May I believe you?" she asked, in doubt—not of the answer, but of herself.

"I may hope, then?"

"This is all so strange!"

"Strange—that I love you?"

He began to feel that this trick also was won. "Only answer me now," he went on, "so far as you may. I know that it is time alone that can give me all that I long for. But with hope—with love—"

"Mr. Warden—I cannot answer you now."

"Not even to tell me not to despair?"

"What man need ever despair?" she said at last. The final sentence had been wrung from her, but it had come: and that it was final she knew as well as he.

He certainly knew it: and he knew also that she would never fail

her word: nor would he let the opportunity slip by. This time he came close to her, and took her hand.

"Dearest Alice—thanks!" he said, with that assumption of triumph that goes far to bring about the triumph that it assumes, and with just enough warmth of manner to show that he knew what he had gained. "It will now be the work of my whole life to make myself worthy of being the happiest man on earth. I need press you no more at present—it is enough that you know me to be yours for ever. When shall I see you again? To-morrow? But it must be soon, for I shall have to leave London for a few days—and then—"

But what was to happen then he was not permitted to say. He had reached his point just in time; for the footman just then entered the room and handed Miss Raymond another card.

"Mrs. Lester?" she said. "Show her up at once. Excuse me," she said, again turning to Warden, who looked annoyed. "It is only Angélique, who wishes to see me at once."

"Shall I go! And about to-morrow?"

Angélique entered. If circumstances had altered Barton for the better, her they had proportionately altered for the worse. She was dressed carelessly, and looked anxious, and worn, and ill. So different did she look from her usual self that Miss Raymond, preoccupied as she was, observed it as soon as she entered.

"My dear Angélique," exclaimed the latter, embracing her. "Is anything the matter—has anything happened—have you heard anything about Marie?"

Angélique recognised the presence of Warden by a look only, which he acknowledged by a slight bow. He did not think it necessary to go away, as Miss Raymond had not yet answered his last question: and he thought he might

perhaps learn something if he stayed. He was not in the least afraid of Mrs. Lester, but still she might have come to indulge in a little more of the wild talk with which she had lately favoured him, and he preferred that she should do so while he was by.

"Happened!" she exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Raymond, everything seems to happen now that is strange. I saw Hugh yesterday—after he had been with you. He then left me—and since then I have not seen him—him, who had never left me for an hour without my knowing where he was."

"Nor heard from him?"

"Not a word till I got this note an hour ago. You know all that has happened, do you not? What does it mean?"

"Am I to read it?" asked Miss Raymond, taking an open letter which Angélique held out to her.

"If you would—"

She took the letter to the window and read, while Warden leaned against the mantelpiece, and Angélique threw herself into an easy-chair in an attitude of despair which looked to him theatrical, but was in reality genuine. For the first time she permitted herself to be natural before the eyes of a man: but, even so, the force of habit gave to her very naturalness an artificial guise.

The letter was by no means long: but it seemed to take a long time to read. When Miss Raymond had finished,—

"This reads strangely indeed!" she said, returning to Angélique, who rose from her chair. "This from Hugh? It is impossible—there must surely be some mistake—some misunderstanding—"

Angélique shook her head. "To leave me so!" was all she could say in answer.

"And there is no clue to where he is gone?"

"None. As you see, the letter is not even dated. And if you do not know—"

"I? How should any one, if not you?" She paused, and then said, hesitatingly,—

"Perhaps Mr. Warden could advise us? Have you any objection——"

Angélique shot at Warden a fierce look full of meaning, which seemed to say, "Is it possible that you can be at the bottom of this also?" But she was in a mood to catch at straws: and if he did know anything, the extent of his knowledge and of his influence in the matter could only be ascertained by her avoiding any appearance of mistrust or reserve. Of course she did not reason this out: but she was by instinct a diplomatist, and she felt that, for once, she could afford to be open, if it was only because for once she had nothing to conceal.

"If I can be of any service," he said, answering her look by one of deprecation. "May I?" and as she was still silent, he took the letter from Miss Raymond and read to himself as follows:—

"I am on the point of leaving England for ever. I will not distress you with my reasons. You will have seen as well as I that our remaining together after what has passed between us would be wrong. I have had a hard lesson: but it must be borne. I will only say that I will stand in your way no more. Perhaps you will soon be rid of me altogether: any way, I must relieve you of me so far as I can. If you only knew how I loved you—how I trusted you—from what a dream you have woke me! And even now, if any prospects were before me such as you would care to share, you should still share them. But to condemn you to share such as I have is out of the question now: I must not give you cause to complain that you are tied for life to a stupid fellow who has shown himself unable to help himself—much less you—or that I am so selfish a cur as to orce myself upon one to whom my

love is only a thing to be used and despised. Even if I were willing to lose my own self-respect and to deserve to lose that of others, I must not be so base and cruel to you. For your sake I wish that our marriage could be dissolved: but as that cannot be, I must be content with now doing for you the little that is possible, and with trying to forget how I have loved you, if I can. You shall be burdened no more with one whom you do not love, and who only drags you down. Good-bye—and may you be as happy in your own way as I wished to make you in mine.

"HUGH LESTER."

Warden read it once again: even he was surprised: and even Angélique, who watched him narrowly, could not but admit that his surprise was unaffected. She could not see the one momentary flash of triumph that came into his eyes when he found fate thus fighting for him indeed.

"The scoundrel!" he exclaimed aloud. Angélique's eyes also flashed for a moment—she had learned many things from her desolation of the morning, and the letter had wounded her soul just where it was opening—just where it was beginning to draw a new and strange life from its very desolation. "No, Mrs. Lester," he went on, "I do not ask your pardon for so speaking of one who, though he is called your husband, is for that very reason all the more a scoundrel. So this is the price of Miss Clare's forgiveness! Take my advice, Mrs. Lester—let him go."

Miss Raymond started with amazement.

"You think——" she began.

"Is it not plain enough? Hugh has had to choose between his wife and Earl's Dene: and he has acted prudently."

And so indeed it seemed. But Miss Raymond was not easily satisfied when she was called upon to condemn.

"But — Angélique," she said, "surely there must be something: he seems to allude to something that you must understand——"

"But," said Warden, "she is his wife — and he deserts her in his prosperity. For my part, I find the mystery only too plain."

"But have you no idea of what he means?" asked Miss Raymond again of Angélique.

"None—none in the least. And if you cannot help me——"

"Ah, we will help you," said Warden, "never fear, Lester will not disappear, I fancy, for very long. By leaving England, I take it, he means London: and by 'for ever,' perhaps as much as a month. The heir of Earl's Dene is not likely to be an exile."

"And what do you advise?" asked Miss Raymond.

He considered for a moment, and then drew himself up.

"I said I would come to you to-morrow," he said. "But now — I will do something else first. Yes, Mrs. Lester—I am selfish enough to welcome this opportunity of being able to prove to you also that I am a better friend to you and to yours than I fear you have taken me for. You shall be righted—never fear. And then?" he asked, as he turned once more to Miss Raymond.

Angélique was mystified and confused. She had had good cause to mistrust Warden: and she had no reason to place more confidence in

him now. But her strength and clearness of purpose seemed to have left her: she had lost the game and her head at the same time. Besides, she was very unlike her old mistress in the matter of unwillingness to suspect evil: according to her reading of human nature in general, Warden's opinion of Hugh's conduct was natural and probable enough, and she felt, though as yet vaguely, that her own had rendered his only too excusable. If she could only communicate once more with Hugh by any means, she made a sort of unconscious vow that she would throw to the winds the very remnant of her old ambition, and be to him as he would have her be. It was not that she had become less ambitious: but she had begun to wake to other needs.

"And as to Lester," Warden continued, "I think his whereabouts is very discoverable. One ought not to be a lawyer for nothing. I will set about this business at once—so now, dear Miss Raymond, good-bye till right is done at last. Then we will meet again."

And so, having bent over her hand, he set out like a knight-errant to deserve the lady of his love by protecting distressed damsels and doing justice upon their oppressors. He almost regretted that for once he had to thank Fortune for favours freely bestowed, and not wrested from her by his own strength and skill.

CHAPTER XX.

Certainly Warden had not spoken without book when he had said that Hugh would not prove undiscoverable, at least by him.

Nature often appears in mourning robes: but perhaps her aspect is never more suggestive of sadness than when a windless winter morning rises in mist upon a long, level waste of sand, upon which the sea, looking as though it would be in a rage if it could, comes rolling in

from the far distance, its miles of expanse apparently concentrated in a horizon line of white fringed with a black streak which, contrary to all ordinary rules of contrast, looks all the blacker for being set against a dark-grey sky. Such a morning is the very expression of all that is dismal and dreary. A low sandy shore has no claim to that grandeur which, upon a bolder coast, ennobles and sublimates what is drear: there

is no roar of the sea, no grand steadfastness of rocks to raise the soul above the uniform level of dull, unbroken melancholy. It was to a spot like this upon that Picard coast which has seen so many meetings between hostile nations and private foes, that Hugh came to keep his appointment with his former friend.

It was his second appointment of the kind: and a man's second duel is a very different kind of thing from his first. This time he had to go out, not with the elation of boyish courage, ready to dare all things for the sake of nothing, but with the sensation of deliberately doing what he would have avoided doing if it had been possible, and with a kind of resigned patience as to what the issue might be. He had no intention either of killing or of being killed: but, at the same time, he had no intention of turning the duel into a farce by firing in the air.

His opponent, however, was not yet upon the ground. He had reached Calais only the night before, and having lain awake all night, of course fell sound asleep towards morning, and did not wake till nearly the hour fixed for the meeting. Presently, however, Major Andrews appeared, but alone.

"Ah!" he said, "good morning, Lester. *Bonjour, Monsieur*. What? Is not Warden here? I was to meet him on the ground."

Félix shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps he has mistaken the place?"

"Impossible. We walked down here last night. By Jove, it's cold!"

"He will doubtless be here immediately," said Hugh, who doubted no man's courage, and had no reason to doubt Warden's. "You came over last night, didn't you? Was there any news in town?"

"Oh, nothing particular. A pinch of snuff? Let me see, though—our friend is to have to fight for his seat, after all."

"Warden?"

"Yes. Of course he's full of it: or else I shouldn't know much about a place like Denethorp, of course."

"And who with?" asked Hugh, with interest. "Not Prescott again? I thought he'd retired."

"It is Prescott, though. He seems to be a deep fellow, Prescott. I know him a little, you know, in town. Between ourselves, I shouldn't wonder if he'd got an inkling of this affair, and so thought it might be as well not to be out of the field."

Hugh was silent. At last he asked,—

"Are you sure of this?"

"As one of these pistols. Warden showed me a copy of his address—Radical, by Jove, to the backbone! Those sort of fellows ought to be hung, every man of 'em. By George, Lester, you may bring in the Radical after all! And you a good Tory too!"

Hugh's face fell. Major Andrews had intended to make a joke: but many a true word is spoken in jest.

It was not for more than a minute that he spoke. "Have you the address with you?" he asked, very gravely.

"No—but Warden has."

"And does he pledge himself to go to the polls?"

"Not exactly. But he says that circumstances may very likely induce him to—and I think you and I can pretty well guess what he means. He knows you can hit pretty straight if you please."

"Félix," said Hugh, "come here. No one," he went on, "will think the worse of me, I know, if I propose that this meeting of ours should be postponed till after the contest. I know something of Denethorp politics: and if anything should happen to-day, Prescott would walk over, and would keep the seat for ever."

"Hm!" said the Major. "For my part, I should like the affair to

be put off for good and all. We shall have to risk losing a seat to the Radicals."

"Couldn't we make some arrangement of the kind?"

"Or suppose you arrange to fire in the air, and have it over comfortably?"

"I fear not. It is too serious a business, and has gone too far. But Warden must go to the poll and win—that is certain."

Major Andrews looked at his watch rather uneasily.

"But what can he be doing?" he asked. "This is one of the few occasions when a man is bound to be punctual. I will walk towards the inn, if you will excuse me, and then we will continue our conversation."

But just then Warden's figure was seen in the distance hurrying along the sands, and in a few minutes he joined them.

He bowed both to Hugh and Félix. He was very pale, and it was obvious that he was in a high state of nervousness.

"How can I apologise for having kept you waiting?" he said. "I overslept myself—and that is no excuse, I know."

The Major took him aside.

"You have walked too fast," he said: "you had better be quiet for five minutes. Lester has proposed to me—certainly in a most honourable manner—that we should put off this affair till the election is over. For my own part, at the last moment, I should suggest that it be put off altogether. But what do you think of his proposal?"

Warden considered for a moment.

"You surprise me a little," he answered. "It cannot be put off altogether, as you know, without my owning myself in the wrong, which I cannot do, of course. And as for postponing it, that is equally impossible, as it seems to me. We are all here and ready, and we may as well have it over."

"But Mr Lester has made his offer entirely on your account."

"I am much obliged to him. But I could not think of putting you, on my account, to such inconvenience."

"I think you are wrong, Warden. You are in my hands, you know, and it is for me and for Mr. Créville to decide."

"Scarcely, I think. You have probably seen enough to have gathered that the real cause of our quarrel is and must remain entirely private. That being so, the mode in which this meeting is arranged must also to some extent be less a matter for friends than usual. Our quarrel must be decided in this way sooner or later: and the sooner the better."

"It seems to me that you make my position rather a nominal one."

"Not at all. Besides, Mr. Créville is in precisely the same position."

"Then let us hear what Mr. Créville has to say."

"You may talk to him if you please."

"And you will put yourself in our hands?"

"I shall certainly refuse to leave this place until the affair is arranged—and that, as I have told you, can only be in one way."

"You are scarcely acting according to rule."

"On the contrary, I am quite in rule."

"I think not."

"But I do. And so——"

"I cannot act for you with my hands tied."

"I do not ask you to do that. The affair is out of your hands so far as negotiation is concerned. I consider it almost an additional insult on the part of Mr. Lester to ask for a postponement now. I cannot consent to have been forced to fight, to have been actually brought at the extremest personal inconvenience to the ground, and then to be sent back again with it hanging over my head still. A man who is as prompt to quarrel as Mr. Lester should be equally prompt

to bring his quarrel to the end. You remember the advice of Polonius, no doubt. And this proposal is not out of consideration to myself, I assure you. You know that he and Prescott are old personal enemies, as well as political opponents: and it would be gall and wormwood to him to see Prescott returned for Denethorp."

"If that is so—why, then, certainly——"

"Why what else can it be? He has quarrelled with Prescott, he has quarrelled with his aunt, and he has quarrelled with me. His conduct during the last election makes it simply ridiculous for him to profess to act on public grounds—and of what personal interest can the Denethorp election be to him now, except so far as he can prevent the return of one enemy now and of another hereafter? He won his own election by pistols instead of votes, as you know; and I presume he does not wish to have been under fire in vain. His sparing me to-day will prevent Prescott's return now, and you may be very sure that so professed a duellist will not spare me when my seat is won: and he knows that a third contest Prescott will hardly care to stand."

"Certainly your view alters the case. *Mossiou Créville*, I fear the affair must go on."

"Assuredly, *Monsieur le Major*. We are quite ready."

"I have something to say," said Hugh. "If Warden chooses to risk losing this election, I do not. I insist upon a postponement: and I will do nothing on this occasion to let him run the risk. It will be quite useless to go on, for I shall fire in the air."

"That is absurd," said Warden, angrily. "This must go on, and go on now. Major Andrews agrees with me: and, if I am not mistaken, *Mr Créville* also. You may fire into the sea, if you like, but you must do so at your own peril. I bind myself to nothing. You know

that what is between us must not end in a farce."

"Exactly so," Hugh answered. "And so why go on with what must end in a farce now!"

"It seems to me," said Major Andrews, "that when friends are disregarded and kept in the dark, the best thing they can do is to retire."

"And it seems to me," said Warden, "that *Mr. Lester* has become exceedingly anxious that the affair should end in a farce not only now but altogether."

It was nothing less than an accusation of cowardice, which Hugh's position, as the champion of the family honour, rendered it impossible for him to pass by without putting himself in the wrong for good and all. The Major also, who began to find his own situation rather a false one, felt angry. His definition of gentlemanly conduct was perhaps rather conventional; but it distinctly excluded the passage of insults upon the ground.

"Gentlemen," he said, not displeased with an excuse for washing his hands of the business, "I will wish you good morning. I did not come to be present at a duel of words; when I want that, I can go to *Billingsgate*." And he turned to go.

"Stop," said Hugh. "After what Warden has just said there is nothing more to say."

"I think not either," said the Major: "and so I will say nothing more,—good morning. I think my friend has managed to put himself in the wrong—and if I am ever asked about it I shall say so."

"I am much obliged to you," said Hugh: "but I must not give you the trouble. Oblige me by remaining and acting for *Mr. Warden* still. If anything should happen, both of us may be in need of some one to speak of it with authority."

"To oblige you then, *Mr. Lester*. *Mossiou Créville*, let us proceed to business. You will stand at twenty paces: and you know the signal.

I will give it, and then you will both fire."

The ground was measured, and the opponents took their places. Hugh was perfectly calm, and he quite made up his mind as to what he ought and what he therefore intended to do. Warden was equally determined, in a way: but, though outwardly calm and steady, was far from being really self-possessed. For, though determined in the sense of having made up his mind not to lose his opportunity, he was anything but certain as to how his opportunity was to be used.

About one second had now to elapse before the signal was given.

Such seconds often seem an eternity: but to Hugh it did not seem long. He was still, disinherited as he was, the avowed and conscious champion of the right and of the honour of Earl's Dene: he was in the position of some exiled prince, who still regards himself, though no others so regard him, as representing the rights and the honour of the country which has deposed him. He was bound in honour to receive his opponent's fire; but he was equally bound in duty not to let his opponent receive his own. An accident to Warden would more than probably destroy for ever the political prestige of Earl's Dene that it was his duty to support as much as its honour. Because he had lost his rights he was not in revenge to throw off his duties. He would have preferred to fight

under circumstances that left him free to aim as straight as he pleased, but that could not be helped now.

Warden knew what was in Hugh's mind as plainly as if he read it in an open book. But the second seemed to him immeasurably long. He scarcely knew what to do. The temptation to take advantage of so marvellous an opportunity was almost too great to resist, for his opponent was practically standing unarmed before him; and yet, for once, he would not unwillingly have owed a little to fortune. At last his familiar devil, his one idea for which he had so long plotted and ventured, threw itself into the scale. He fixed his eyes upon those of Hugh, and felt a sort of fascination that was almost a presentiment of what was to come. Indeed he was scarcely his own master, even as it was less Faust who held the sword than Mephistopheles who guided it that slew Valentine. It is not during such instants that impulse has time to become self-conscious: and who shall say that under such circumstances any man is quite responsible for what he may or may not do?

"One—two—three!" counted the major deliberately: and the white handkerchief fell upon the sand. Hugh threw up his hand above his head: and two shots, with scarcely the smallest interval between them, rang with a muffled sound through the mist.

BOOK IV.—THE RETURN OF THE WIND.

CHAPTER I.

In one respect it is impossible for youth, even by means of the most sympathetic imagination, to be in complete sympathy, or rather in complete harmony, with nature. To know nature fully, as a wife and not as a mistress, it is necessary to have lived long enough to become a little callous about time: to have

come to feel the recurrence of the seasons only as a different form of the sequence of the hours, and years to be nothing more than days. To the young, and to those who live among men, a quarter of a century is not only metaphorically speaking a lifetime; but to the old, as to all the sanctuaries of na-

ture in which her spirit takes refuge from the insatiable attempts of mankind to drive her from the world, it seems, and really is, but an hour.

And a nation, which, after all, is not an abstraction, is in this respect, as in all others, subject to the same law as the men and women of whom it is composed. In the first quarter of the present month—or, to speak after the manner of men, of the present century—the nation called France had lived through what seemed ages of youth: men had come and gone, in a ceaseless whirl that prolonged a condition of things in which every day had destroyed something old and brought about something new, so far as there may be any new thing under the sun. He who had lived through this period beyond the sea would on his return have found all things changed. But there were some things that were not changed, simply because they were unchangeable. To the hills, to whom a thousand years is but a day, twenty-five years had not been an hour—not a minute. Summers and winters, storms and sunshine, are not revolutions; they are nothing more to these than are its waves to the sea; the varying conditions of what in itself knows no change.

So might have thought a traveller in the recesses of the Jura who had not revisited them till the year 182—after an absence of five-and-twenty or thirty years. But so did not think the postilion of a carriage drawn by two horses that was passing along the highroad from Besançon to Lons-le-Saulnier in the month of January in that year—yes, in the month of January, for the gods of nature, like nature herself, live for ever, and the barbarous name of Nivose was known no more. He did not think so, simply because he was beginning to grow old, and to sympathise with the hills in sight of which he had lived all his days.

The carriage in question was a great post-chaise that had been taken at the Hotel de la Sirène at Besançon. It was sound, if not easy, upon its springs, and thoroughly safe, if proportionally heavy. The meagre horses were well up to their work—that is to say, they galloped through villages at full speed, went at a foot-pace along the level roads, and crept at that of a funeral up the hills: and the no less meagre postilion was well up to his—that is to say, he cracked his whip bravely when there was any one to admire his performance, and paid more attention to the safety of his equipage than to the speed of his employer, when, as was most often the case, there was no one to admire him but the crows. For the rest, the day was cold enough, but, as there was no wind, not unbearably so, and the ground was covered with untrodden snow, though none was falling, and though that which had already fallen was not sufficient to block the road. On the contrary, the sun was shining full upon the dazzling white domes that lay to the left, and more especially upon one that rose in the distance like that of a cathedral among those of lesser shrines. It was altogether, for winter time, a rather exhilarating day for a traveller who was well provided with furs.

Such was the case with him or her—for the provision was so complete as to conceal both sex and age—who sat alone in the closed and heavily-piled carriage. The equipage proceeded quietly and slowly until it arrived at a place where a narrower road turned up-hill to the left between two lines of closely-cut trees, and where the main avenue crossed a narrow river that just here issued from a valley on its way to join the Doubs, the Saone, or the Ain. It was along the slope of the hills that formed one side of this valley or mountain-pass that the branch-road lay, so that it followed the upward course of the

stream, over which it hung, higher and higher in proportion as it led farther and farther among the hills. At the fork of the two roads stood a direction-post with three arms, on one of which, among other information as to distances, and as to its standing in the department of Doubs, was written "To Besançon," on another "To Lons," and on the third, which pointed along the branch-road, "To St.-Félix-des-Rochers."

It was along the latter that the two horses turned, or rather were turned, for it was not by any means of their own accord. Whether they had any special objection to St.-Félix-des-Rochers or no, they were certainly not unjustified in objecting to the road that led thither. The leafless trees were not planted along it for any great distance, which was so far of consequence that, where their lines ended in a few straggling sentinels, the up-hill work fairly began, while the road itself was by no means in so perfect a state of repair as that which they left behind. On the contrary, it would not be going too far to say that it was a very bad road indeed, by no means rendered more easy to travel by the snow that hid its defects, and by a sensation of risk caused by the height to which it gradually rose above the bed of the stream. The prospect became confusing also, with its monotony of glittering white, while the high dome that had formed a sort of landmark fell gradually to the rear.

An unbroken waste of trackless snow doubtless has a grandeur of its own, but it is of a wearisome kind. It is no wonder that the figure within the coach only wrapped itself up more closely in its sables; perhaps in its own thoughts also, from which it was not likely to be distracted by any passer-by.

But unlikely things happen sometimes. A V-shaped, springless cart of the country, drawn by two mules, was, after a mile or two had been

passed, seen descending the road: and when the two vehicles had met they stopped with one accord.

The bloused driver of the cart stared hard at the postilion. The latter answered with an expressive shrug, that seemed to say, "It is not that I am gone mad," and with the words,—

"To St. Félix."

"*Sacré!* I thought you had mistaken your road," said the latter, resting his elbows on his knees, and staring this time at the carriage.

"As if I didn't know this thing from a highroad!" said the postilion.

"And what have you got there?"

"A lady," answered the postilion, with a backward jerk of his elbow.

"*Sacré!* But that is an affair!"

"Without doubt. Madame is English."

"And what will she do at St. Félix?"

The postilion gave another shrug. But just then the window was let down, and a woman's voice said with a pure French accent, in spite of her imputed nationality,—

"Are we not on the right road?"

"Madame is for St. Félix?" asked the blouse.

"For St.-Félix-des-Rochers."

"Quite straight on, Madame. You cannot miss the way."

"Then what are you stopping for? Drive on at once," she said sharply to the postilion, and let down the window again.

Each of the talkers gave one final shrug, and the horses moved on once more.

But it was now no longer, in spite of the fineness of the weather, over-pleasant travelling for any one without a definite object. But, with this particular traveller, this was probably not the case. Those very few people who, like the reader, are acquainted with St. Félix, know also that to visit it without an object, at all events in winter time, is a thing unknown.

At present there was nothing to be seen but snow, and that can be seen without stirring from Paris: while to see the real splendour of winter one must go where lofty and well-marked mountain-ranges add splendour to its desolation. At last, just before sunset—for the carriage had set out before sunrise—a louder noise of water was heard at no great distance, and the window was again let down.

"Postilion! is not that the torrent of La Rochette?"

The postilion, who was falling into a doze, with which his style of driving by no means interfered, started, and turned round.

"*Plait-il, Madame?*"

"I asked, Is not that the torrent of La Rochette?"

He stared in his turn. "Madame is not a stranger? She knows the torrent of La Rochette?"

"Can you not answer me?"

"That is the torrent, Madame."

The furs were partially thrown back. "Stop here," she said, while she leaned forward from the window in front, and looked round. She did not seem to feel the cold, though it was now increasing.

She seemed to be remembering, or to be making an effort to remember.

"And what lights are those up yonder?"

"It is a *châlet*, Madame. They call it Pré-aux-Fleurs."

"Pré-aux-Fleurs! Is that close to St. Félix?"

"Less than a league, Madame."

"And how do we reach the town—the village?"

"Straight along the road, Madame."

"But across the torrent?"

"The road crosses the torrent, Madame."

"But is not the road sometimes carried away?"

"Ah, Madame, that used to be in old times. We have made all that right now. The last time was when I was almost a boy."

"And when was that?"

"When the Marquis was killed."

"The Marquis de Croisville?"

"Madame has heard of it, then?"

Yes—I saw the spot the next day. I come from St. Félix, Madame must know, and I went with Jean-Baptiste. Perhaps Madame has heard of Jean-Baptiste also?"

The lady looked still more interested. "I did not know you were from St. Félix," she said, in a gentler tone. "Well?"

"The road was carried clean away—it was fearful. Poor Pierre—he that was betrothed to Suzanne—had been with the Marquis. They knew all about it up there, at Pré-aux-Fleurs. He had been there just before, and had gone back to the Marquis: and in trying to get to the *châlet* they both fell into the river. It was a frightful fall."

"And how was that known?" she asked, after a pause.

"His dog, Madame. It ran down and brought up a handkerchief belonging to the Marquis, which was shown when Madame la Marquise was examined at Besançon, before they sent her to be guillotined."

"And the child?"

"Ah—Madame knows of the child?" he asked, opening his eyes in complete amazement. "That was safe—Pierre had carried it to Pré-aux-Fleurs, before he went back to the Marquis. Ah, he was a brave boy, was the little Félix! How Jean-Baptiste and he used to keep us all alive! Many a time have I danced to his violin. They were fine days—St. Félix isn't what it used to be now. I went away when I married a young girl *là bas*, and then the boy, I hear, went away too."

"And this Jean-Baptiste—who was he? Was it he who brought up the child?"

"No, Madame—he was brought up at Pré-aux-Fleurs, by Father Laurent, and Aunt Cathon, and poor Suzanne. It was Jean-Baptiste taught him to play the fiddle."

"And these people—you are

from St. Félix—do you know them still?”

“Ah, Madame, that was when I was young. But they all live still, except Aunt Cathon, who died three years next June: and Suzanne is still at Pré-aux-Fleurs.”

“And he was called Félix?”

“Félix, Madame. Father Laurent baptised him. Will not Madame proceed?”

“Wait a moment. So it is here that—that the Marquis——”

“If Madame pleases, I will show her the very spot where the road was carried away.”

A few yards brought them to where the torrent, which in summer was dry, but in winter was swollen by rain and melted snow, thundered under the road.

“There, Madame,” he said, pointing to a rude wooden cross such as the traveller so often sees by foreign roadsides to mark the spot of some violent death,—“we put up that when the spring came.”

The darkness was coming on, so that nothing could be seen clearly.

“You say we are within a league of St. Félix,” said the lady. “Take the carriage, then, across the bridge. I will descend for an instant.”

“*Plait-il, Madame?*”

“Do you not hear me?”

She spoke always as one who was used to obedience, and the man obeyed. She threw off some of her wrappings, and then stepped out into the snow, while the horses moved slowly on. There was no danger in approaching the cross, for a railing guarded the edge of the steep incline.

After more than five-and-twenty years—that is to say, after more than a lifetime—the Marquise de Croisville, for such she was, had found her way back to the spot where her punishment, as she believed, had begun, and where she now, tracing back the life of her child, felt already like a pilgrim who has reached the shrine. What a torrent of recollections, more blinding, more powerful than that

of La Rochette, whose well-remembered thunder once more filled her ears, and unchained by any bridge, rushed through her then! She stooped down before the cross—she even knelt before it in the snow as she read with difficulty an inscription of which were only decipherable the words,—

“*Priez pour les âmes du Marquis . . . et du Pierre Vouzy . . .*”

179 . . .

An old impulse may be strong enough to have the same effect as habit upon a naturally impulsive nature that has been long unnaturally restrained. She had clasped the cross with both her arms: and now she stretched them out as she had done, when she had, in that self-same spot, first found herself alone. It was as though once more the maternal instinct that had never been dead within her led her to seek her child even as she had sought for him in vain before.

“O God!” she exclaimed in English, and half aloud, “let my search end here—if I have sinned, I have suffered! Let the end come now, as it may seem best in Thy sight.”

How long she remained thus, buried in herself, cannot be known. Her youth had returned: her self-restraint was gone, and she was wrapt as it were in that ecstasy that precedes miracles. The sun had set, but the moon had risen: and the reflection of the snow made a wild and magic light that was even clearer than that of day. But as yet she was unconscious of the change. Men have remained for hours without moving, without being conscious of any outer world, when in this state of spiritual trance. But she was roused at last. Once again she mechanically stretched out her arm; and then she found that she had been recalled to herself by a light touch on the shoulder.

“Pardon, Madame,” said a man's voice in French: “I feared——”

She turned round in the white moonlight. The son in one instant

beheld his mother—the mother beheld her son.

This story has rambled along through many paths: it has dealt in what must often have seemed very random fashion with many people owing their connection one with another to the very extreme of accident. Without any hero or heroine for a centre, the reader must have been possessed of capacities for sympathy quite abnormal, if he or she has been able to bestow it in any large measure upon any of these puppets in the hands of what must have looked like the blindest chance. But that which we have chosen to call *Circumstance*, but which he, if he pleases, may now call by a higher name, is surely vast enough in its scope, and lofty enough in its interest, to render it impossible for any one who is able in the least degree to look down for a while upon the labyrinth of life in which he, like these, has to move, to sympathise for the time with one man or woman more than with another when all are equally as much puppets as these. For such

"Best and worst,
Are we: there is no last or first:"

and while a spectator who should specially interest himself in some particular knight or pawn would gain, doubtless, some living personal interest—and that is worth having—he would neither take the proper interest in, nor would he understand, the game, which is, after all, the highest matter. And so, if the spectator of the game that we have called '*Earl's Dene*' will take the trouble to consider, he will find that even the most apparently random move of the most obscure piece on the board was absolutely necessary to bring about this strange meeting then and there. If in the course of it he has seemed to pass through much barren country—if he has often lost the clue, or found its threads perplexed and knotted—if, seeking with whom to sympathise, he has found the evil

strong and the good weak—it is of the nature of the game called human life and not of this small fragment of it, that he must complain.

The wind—which seems, at least, to blow as it listeth—which had blown about, in one direction or another, according to the nature with which they had been created or which they had acquired, all these living people who have crowded, perhaps it may be thought overcrowded, the air, like a flock of birds who have no conscious object save to devour the carrion or to escape the fowler, had at length sunk down where it had arisen. It "had gone toward the south and turned about unto the north: it had whirled about continually, and had returned again according to its circuits." All those years had been to the Marquise de Croisville but as one instant: it was as though that vain stretching out of the arms that she had made a lifetime ago had not proved barren: as though she had stretched them out not to lose, but to find.

How could she, of all people, not believe that it was so her prayer had been answered? She was scarcely even surprised her soul was wrought to its highest pitch, and, had she experienced a real miracle, it would not have seemed a miracle to her: had the dead Marquis risen from the dead, and stood in the white moonlight as phantom-like in reality as all else around her appeared, she would not have wondered. Once more, one feels no surprise, they say, in dreams.

And yet this was no dream, though Félix, to whom the nature of the emotions that filled her were unknown, almost thought so. It was more likely, or seemed more likely to one who had seen but his own dimly-lighted path through the maze of circumstances that had led him here, that a phantom mother should stand before him, than that she should stand before him in the flesh.

She had slowly risen, and now they stood face to face. Alone, in the moonlight, and upon the snow, both looked phantom-like indeed.

But they stood not thus for long. If she stood before him as the incarnation of dreams in which even Marie had no share, he stood before her as that of her memories in which no living mortal shared, but in which she herself recognised the hand of a destiny that was no less powerful than it was awful with mystery. Without another thought, without a question as to what had been or what might be, she, with a sob of "Victor!" threw herself, not upon his breast, but at his feet.

It was his father's name that she uttered: his own, while he had yet been her son: it was his name to her. He raised her, and supported her with his arm.

He, too, was less filled with emotion than with awe. "I meet, then, my mother at my father's grave," he said, scarcely knowing what he said, but speaking as men seem to speak in dreams.

There was no need for either to ask how the other had been brought there. One does not question when an event is its own sufficient answer.

Thus they remained for some instants without a word. At last the Marquise said,—

"Speak to me, Victor! Have I indeed been dreaming all these years, or is it now that I dream?"

The words recalled Félix to himself. Would it had been a dream, like all the rest of his days! For he had that to tell which he would give all things to be able to leave untold. Still it must be told, and that now.

"It is no dream, my mother," he said at last. "I am indeed your son—and—may I be that to you and more also!—for you have no longer any son but me."

He spoke the last words so gravely, so sadly, that the Marquise started as if she had heard

the first stroke of a funeral bell. In the exaltation of the moment she had forgotten all that had lain between it and that which had immediately preceded it a lifetime ago. But now she remembered many things, while Félix bowed his head with a kind of shame.

"I come from one grave to another," he said only.

This was all that he said, while he raised his face and looked at that of his mother to see how he should proceed. But he learned nothing there: though as yet she could not guess what was in his mind and on his tongue, the look of stone that her face had so often worn of late, and which had for a while been thawed, was returning to it once more, and once more hardening it into age. Could nothing happen to her, not even this meeting, which seemed given by heaven as a pledge of pardon, that was not fated to be bound up with despair?

But he had passed the barrier, and went on.

"Yes—he died, my brother, for you and for me. It was I who ought to have died! I was with him when he fell—and he shall be avenged. I have sought for you to tell you: for I knew what he had been to you, and what he had become to me. But you had left your home, none knew whither: and I—what was left for me but to return to my own? Would I had never left it!—I, who have brought nothing but harm to all I have ever known—even to him, even to you, our mother, whom I would have given my life to save from harm. Yes, he is dead for me—and I live to tell you this and to tell you here!"

She was still silent. She was no longer among phantoms now, but among terrible realities, even though the exaltation of soul through which she had passed had not yet died away. He went on, in a kind of apathetic desperation, feeling instinctively that it was

best here and thus that all should be told.

He told her all he knew, all that he had heard, all that he had guessed since all was over. He told her, as rapidly as he might, and as tenderly, of his quarrel with Warden, of the solicitude of Hugh for her honour and for his above his own life, even above his own honour: of how Hugh, for his sake and for hers, had managed to take the place that should have been his, and of how he had fallen, nothing less than a martyr to the great cause of simple duty, whose true martyrs have been so few. As he spoke, his sight grew clear: and his clearness of vision gave clearness to his words. She understood also: and both, as he spoke, felt themselves to be standing together in the presence of a life and death which, in their blending together at last into one consistent whole, had, though fulfilled by one of the least among men, become heroic, nay, even sublime, and, in its mere simplicity, pathetic beyond the reach of words.

And yet Hugh himself would not have understood a word of all this: and in that lay the very deepest pathos of it all. In the presence of such a death was no place for ordinary sorrow, for common tears. In such an end there was something to have lived for, something that carried the man who had lived for it, in spite of all things, far above the world, and which made grief almost an insult, when even to wish to call him back to life would be to wish him ill.

With all the affection for him that lay at the very depth of her heart, his mother would have felt more pride than grief had he died in battle in front of the charge. Could she feel, then, nothing more than grief now that he had died in defence of all for which she herself would have been proud to die, had she been he? She dared not, in that spot, before that cross, so

wreathed with older memories for *immortelles*, and in the presence of her living child, admit any selfish feeling of despair—the time for that had gone by. She only bowed her heart before what she, according to her creed, could not but feel to be the hand of God Himself, and, less consciously, before that simple strength of human will which, when it consummates itself in death, renders even weakness strong, unravels the clue of the maze, throws a mist of poetry over the sorriest details of life, and makes mere common human nature sympathetic in spite of all things. Yes, circumstance may be conquered after all: but it is only by those who are content and strong enough to die. The very mortal and very human nature of poor Hugh was superior to all things now, even to her affection: and she felt, though unconsciously, that it was not for her, dwarfed in the shadow of the spirit of death that ennobles all things, even to wish to render death less noble by rendering it less complete.

"His will be done," she said at last. "Even as I prayed, so it has come to me. And take no vengeance," she said, with a stronger voice. "He who has begun will know how to finish also: it is not for us to repay. And so—oh, Hugh, my son!" she exclaimed; and then, at last, she threw herself upon the breast of another, and wept bitterly.

Terrible are the winter tears of one who has never learned to weep. Félix was unable to utter a word. He stood there and supported her as she wept, not so much sharing in her grief as in the awe with which the still silence of the night was filled.

But her tears, once set free, flowed on. It was as though the tempests of years had been gathered up to burst forth at once. Still she could not pass the night in the snow: she must have immediate rest. And yet he could not leave her so, even

for a moment, and they were still at some distance even from Pré-aux-Fleurs—still farther from St. Félix, whence he supposed she had come on foot to the spot where he had found her.

His own mingled feelings were giving way to fearful anxiety. If he could not calm her—if she were to sink down where she was—if the reaction were to come?—But suddenly he heard the neigh of a horse beyond the bridge. He called out, but received no answer.

But still the sound reassured him. So he made her sit down gently by the cross, in the very spot in which the Marquis had waited for the return of Pierre, and hurried over the bridge. A few yards farther on he saw the carriage and the two horses, which had waited there patiently for the best part of an hour. Indeed they would not improbably have waited there all night, for the pos-

sition had fallen asleep. He was not disturbed by thoughts, and the night was cold.

Indeed, so soundly was he asleep that Félix had to shake him before he could be roused.

"All right, Madame," he said, rubbing his eyes. "*Diablo!*" and he started on seeing Félix by his side, and on becoming confusedly conscious that he had been dreaming. "What is it? Is Madame in the carriage?"

"Turn the horses. Madame is waiting—and be quick."

They turned, and recrossed the bridge. Madam Clare—the Marquise de Croisville—what matters it how she is called now?—was kneeling by the wooden cross, which was embraced by her arms; and with her also all things were at an end, so far as the end of life may be the end of all.

CHAPTER II.

And so Warden had triumphed. He had proved that man can triumph over circumstance after all, and that he himself, at least, was capable of forming a plan, and of carrying it through fairly to the end.

When he saw what his own hand had done, it must not be supposed that, though the sight was not one that he could look on unmoved, he felt any useless scruples or impractical regrets. He was practical not by habit but by nature: and he was therefore incapable of entertaining any feeling that was out of place and that could lead to nothing. He had made up his mind that this duel must end fatally to one of the two, and he felt that he had no more real cause for self-accusation than the drowning man who has been compelled by the instinct of self-preservation to thrust a comrade in danger from a plank that is only large enough to support one. Of course to have

actually slain a man with one's own hand is very different from slaying him in thought only: but still facts are facts, and it is for weaker men than Warden to regret the inevitable. Wise men never indulge in regrets and retrospects save in order to gather experience from them for the time to come.

Besides, if unpleasant thoughts did come—for, after all, he had raised a ghost that it was much more easy to raise than to lay—he had the art, far more common than people like to allow, of turning conscience into a useful advocate. Indeed that same conscience is often more than a useful advocate: it is a very corrupt judge, and sells itself readily for the most trivial price to the requirements of self-love. The complex character of human nature is certainly a terrible *cruz*. Even Warden, clear-sighted as he was, was able to deceive himself as he was able to deceive others: and he had con-

sidered his own conduct so long from his own point of view that, now that he needed excuse for it even in his own eyes, he was able to persuade himself that he deserved the credit that he was about to claim.

So at last, after a short period of exile, he returned to England in the character of a well-intentioned and unfortunate man, to obtain the reward that was due to his good intentions, and the consolation that was due to his misfortune. Immediately after the duel he had written two long letters of explanation—one to Miss Clare, the other to Miss Raymond. To the former he received no answer: but to the latter he received one that was almost such as he would himself have dictated. Whatever Miss Raymond's secret instincts might be, she could not but feel both pity and admiration for the man who in the cause of justice had been obliged to kill one who had been his friend. It must be remembered that to have shed blood was not in those days a disgrace in itself, so long as the blood had been shed in honour: and a duellist, so far from being regarded as an assassin, might very easily come to find himself regarded as a hero. Besides, she, as a woman, was naturally ready enough to admire the doing of such deeds as, so it must seem to them, though falsely enough, only a very brave man can do: and not only so, but she felt bound, in her feminine idea of honour, to do all that she could for him who had risked his life in what she had made her own cause. He had gone out from her as a knight-errant: and he had obtained that claim upon her which the knight of old had upon his lady when for her sake he had slain a giant or a dragon—that claim which, when she denied it, rendered her a by-word in the songs of the minstrels who sang of her lover's deeds. He had, as it were, won her with the strong hand—a way of wooing that is the only way to

prevail with ladies who will say neither yes nor no. That feeling of distrust that had made itself felt, upon her first introduction to him in Market Street, and which still, in spite of her reason, had never quite died away, had now to yield to the feeling that it was no use for her to hesitate or to strive any longer: that matters were in fact settled for her, and that she had nothing to do but to submit to the logic of facts and yield. She deplored the course of events with all her soul: but it was with all that soul that lies beyond the reach of reason. Her reason could not but admit that that which she deplored was a great misfortune indeed, but one for which, at most, Warden was to be pitied and sympathised with, not blamed. Was it even altogether so much as a great misfortune? Was not Angélique freed from a husband who had sold her for the good things of the world, and was not Warden an instrument in the hands of Providence for bringing about the triumph of justice? She felt that to blame him would be almost a sin.

It will hence be gathered what had been the tone of the letter addressed to her by Warden, and of the answer which she had not delayed to send. It was, after all, unnecessary for Warden's success that he should gain her whole heart to its very depths, in the same way, for instance, as Félix had gained that of Marie, not by virtue of anything that he had done, but by the right, of one sympathetic nature over another: it was enough for him that she should regard herself as fairly won.

But of course, even so, things must not be hurried to their climax. The course was, however, sufficiently clear. Hugh and Angélique were certainly out of the running, and it would be easy enough for a man of resource to throw Félix out of it also. He had satisfied himself that to prove Félix

an impostor would be the easiest thing in the world, even to the satisfaction of Miss Clare, and, as a necessary consequence, to get the will in Miss Raymond's favour revived. Meanwhile his receiving no reply from his patroness was not in itself an ill sign, more especially as she did not revoke her support of his candidature. It was not to be expected that, under the circumstances, she should be capable even of the physical labour of writing: and some shock to her body or to her mind would only render his future proceedings the easier, by rendering her more likely to be subject to the influence over her which he knew so well how to use. She might even hate him as the means of the death of Hugh: but he knew that he could reckon upon her sense of justice not to condemn him practically for an accident that he had been unable to avoid.

But to turn for a moment from personal to political matters. The glories of Denethorp election time seemed to have departed with the riotous proceedings that had marked the last. The close of the present contest was utterly tame: Madam Clare was absent from home, no one knew where, and the successful candidate was again absent from the hustings. It was Mr. White who thanked the electors in the name of Warden for choosing the latter to represent his native town. Prescott did not even go to the poll.

The new member for Denethorp waited patiently abroad until he heard that all gossip had ceased and the result of the election was known. Then he took the opportunity of writing again to Miss Clare, and of returning to England to lay his laurels at the feet of her who was to add to them the best of them all, and, what was more to the purpose, the richest also.

It was a cold winter's morning when he crossed from Boulogne to Dover—even he had sufficient sentiment to choose to pass through that town in preference to Calais. From

Dover he wrote to Miss Raymond to announce his return, and to ask her when he might call upon her in London; and, after a day or two, he receive the following reply:—

“DEAR SIR,—I shall be prepared to see you on Wednesday next at any time in the afternoon.—Yours truly,
ALICE RAYMOND.”

So curt and cold a note rather surprised him: but he naturally set it down as to be accounted for by some turn of girlish caprice which is always most active as the time approaches when it must for ever be laid aside. And so the conqueror of circumstance spent the intervening time in going quietly about his ordinary affairs, which had got a little into arrear, and on the afternoon of the day named went to Street to claim his reward.

Of course in the route to final triumph there were still risks and chances to encounter: but the great stages were past, and those that remained were difficult—so far as they were difficult at all—only as matters of detail. He would be no longer Mark Warden if he failed, now that he had nothing to do but to hold out his hand to gather the grapes, no longer sour, but as ripe and as sweet in imagination as in reality, that were training down in clusters as if asking him to pluck them and turn them into wine. He took prophetic stock of his future life as he walked along. Hugh's conduct and character would show, in the blackest colours, more black even than that of the adventurer whom he had made his tool: he himself would appear the honest friend of all and the champion of the right: Miss Raymond would be once more the heiress of Earl's Dene, and he, in due time, would become the husband of Miss Raymond. At last Miss Clare would in the course of nature die: and the grandson of the Redchester druggist would be master of New-Court and of Earl's Dene together. If he

could only quite rid himself of the ghost of Hugh! But that also would fade away in time.

Once more he knocked at the door, all the more boldly because a little nervously—for he too had begun to learn what is meant by nerves—and was once more shown into the drawing-room. Miss Raymond would be with him in a few minutes.

But the minutes were more than a few, and, being nervous, he began to grow impatient. He was not fond of girlish caprices that meant nothing and which wasted time. At last, after he had looked at all the pictures on the wall, turned over all the books on the table, looked out of both the windows, and pulled to pieces a crocus, the door opened. He turned round suddenly to meet his future wife, and found himself face to face with Marie.

The heart of the conqueror of fate and circumstance sank within him. He turned pale, and reeled for an instant as if he had received a blow. Was Nemesis so strong then, after all, that it could call people from the very grave sooner than let itself be subdued by man?

Nor did he see Marie alone. A little behind her stood his Frankenstein-demon Dick Barton, who had followed her into the room, and now stood just within the door with a grim smile of triumph in his eyes when he saw the effect of the vision upon his foe.

Marie's, however, were fixed on the ground as she entered slowly. When she raised them and fixed them upon his, it was as though she were indeed regarding him whom she had once thought she loved from beyond the unpassable gulf of a grave that had separated them for ever.

"It is not I who have broken my promise," she said, in a low voice, but not timid like that of the Marie of old when she addressed those whom she loved or feared. "I have returned to life for a mo-

ment that my promise may not bring ruin to others. If I could, I would be dead indeed! But, until that time comes, I must not by my silence be the cause of leading you and others into sin and misery. I could not but let Miss Raymond know that your wife she cannot be. And now——"

Even Warden's readiness failed him. The city of B—— had not as yet been swallowed by an earthquake: and until that or some equal mischance should happen to it, his marriage could be proved. His conduct might appear to be as white as snow, that of Hugh as black as ink—Félix might be proved a very Mahomet of imposture—Miss Clare might make any number of new wills—Miss Raymond might have given him every scruple of her heart,—but he was married to Marie; his lies, when he had denied it, stared him full in the face, and not only so, but in the faces of all the world. "If it were not for Marie," indeed! For Marie? She had been a curse to him from the beginning. If it were not for this girl he would have gained all that his soul desired: through her, all that he had done, all that he had gained, was changed into waste and loss. Through her, he, the practical man, had been led into chasing an impracticable dream—into wasting himself to gain nothing, and far less than nothing. To his self-reliant nature this was the hardest thing to bear of all: it was harder even than failure to feel that the failure was of his own contriving.

He could, in his first desperate moment of mortification, have struck her down on the spot. But he had perhaps also a new-born sense of fear, resumed its influence, and found his tongue.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "I have never seen you since that I have married. But I have seen you with a fierce look on your face, and I have seen you with a look of fear on your face."

For now he had found his tongue.

met Marie alone he might have prevented the betrayal of his secret, by regaining his old influence over her whom he had held subject to it for so long. But, while even an animal like Barton stood there to be a witness of what he might say, it was impossible. In one moment all that he had striven so hard to win, the grapes that were actually hanging within his hand, the cup that was fairly at his lips, became an incarnation of his evil genius in the person of a drunken ruffian and a girl. "If it were not for Marie?" No,—if he had only not stayed his hand—if instead of practising all this barren diplomacy he had only actually done what it had once occurred to him to do—if he had only at one final irrevocable blow rid himself utterly and for ever of her whose mere existence meant the death to all the hopes which he had lived to realise.

"It is best to say nothing," she said, with a ring in her voice that silenced him, and a steady look that made his own, for the first time in his life, seek the ground. "God knows I feel for you—that you cannot wish we had never met more than I! You thought me dead, and I wished you to think so. I have come to life for a moment, not to return to you—not to be a burden upon you any more—but to save you from an error into which I myself led you when that error would have proved fatal to you and to her whom you love. Even that I was unwilling enough to do for my own sake, God knows. If you could have been free to seek happiness with her, I too should have been happy in your happiness. You must not think me cruel,—I also have my own load to bear. Indeed I could not have kept our secret even if I had been justified in doing so. There were others——"

"Others?"

"Yes—I tried to keep my existence secret—but it became known,

and then—ah, you do not know how near I was to death itself in order that our secret might be kept for ever—that you might be free! But—well, it was not to be."

Could this be the meek-spirited child whose love he had carelessly thrown away? He began now to suspect that even had Barton not been there he would have found his old influence at an end with her who was beginning to make him feel hers. He was not one to appreciate that deepest kind of emotion of all, that, being beyond all words, can only express itself coldly and with restraint, any more than he was one to sympathise with the instinct that leads some few people in the world to do that which is right, come what may. He was even tempted to believe that her coldness of manner came from anger, and her conduct from jealousy and revenge.

"And now," she said at last, with a strange change of manner—in a tone of voice so devoid of life that he seemed to detect in it a shadow of contempt, of which in truth her voice was as incapable as her heart of containing towards any one, even towards him—"and now I shall return to my hidden life once more. I have saved you, and if I ever show myself to you again, it shall never be to your harm." She held out her hand, with something like the old tenderness. "Say that you forgive me," she said. "What else could I have done?" Her eyes were glistening, though her voice did not tremble even now.

But he held back his hand.

"No," he said, with a sudden burst that he could not control, "I do not forgive you. You have been my curse ever since I knew you. But do not think this will end here. I do not know what you may have said to Miss Raymond; but judging from your companion, I do not fear but that I shall be able to deny it all. I will see Miss Raymond—there are two stories to tell,

as you know. I suppose you have told her you are my wife. But when did you last see Félix Cr  ville?"

The half-veiled threats were barren, and he knew it when he made them. She did not answer: but, with a look of infinite pity, seemed to his eyes to vanish like an apparition from the room.

Barton held the door open for her as if she had been a queen, closed it again, and then returned. The smile of triumph had gone.

"There," he said, without a tinge of mockery in his tone—"here is a note for you from Miss Raymond." Then, in his natural manner, he went on, "I suppose you set all this day's work down to me? If you do, I am proud to say you are right in your reckoning. Should you like to know how? It is always as well for a man to understand his position. You see—"

Warden took the note and turned his back contemptuously. He read as follows:—

"You will understand why I have not seen you after seeing poor Marie, of whom I heard just before I last heard from you. I need not say that you must never think of our meeting again."

And that was all. Miss Raymond, with all her tendency to sentiment, was far too well regulated a young lady even to feel sentiment when it clashed with the code of propriety, far less to express it. But, though this was all, it was more than enough. Had he been alone, he would have vented some of his rage by tearing the paper into shreds: but, as it was, he deliberately folded it up as if it had been of no consequence, and placed it in his pocket. Then he rang the bell, and, having obtained pen, ink, and paper, wrote as follows:—

"DEAR MISS RAYMOND,—I am too overwhelmed by the blow ~~unhas~~ fallen upon me—by my ~~not~~ discovery that I am to address you—to seek

an interview with you now. I am the most unfortunate man in the world. A faithless woman, whom I believed dead, stands between me and all my hopes of happiness. But, in spite of all things, always think of me as being still yours while I live—no less now than when I believed myself free. It is too late to conceal that I love you with all my soul. I cannot ask for your love—but I claim your pity for the most unhappy man on earth.

"With or without hope I shall live for you still. Yours, dear Miss Raymond, for ever.

"M. WARDEN."

Having given orders that this should be delivered to Miss Raymond at once, he left the house. Many another man would, in his position, have gone straight to his chambers and blown out his brains. Conscience is not quite so good an advocate, not quite so corrupt a judge, when our affairs go ill as when they go well. It requires to be feed and bribed to bestow its consolation: and is apt to go over to the enemy when we can fee and bribe it no more.

And perhaps the fact that Warden did not succumb to that remorse which is the poignant consciousness of having failed by his own one piece of folly depended on the turning of a feather. For his consciousness of his failure was as poignant as his failure itself had been complete. His note to Miss Raymond had been but a flourish: and he had scarcely meant it for anything more. But it was not fated that his name was to be written in the list of suicides. He left the house and walked eastward. It is almost, nay, it is quite impossible to describe in words the mental and moral state of an ambitious and self-confident man who, at the very outset of his career, has to own to himself that he has already expended all his resources in destroying every prospect upon the attainment of which

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he had set his heart, and which he seemed already to have attained, and for the sake of which, moreover, he had committed what practically amounted to a crime. A man like him will not think evil evil if it ends in good fruit: but the doing of unsuccessful evil is simply the greatest blunder in the world, and haunts him with shame. He had deserted his wife, and slain his friend, and wasted his time and his energy, and toiled and plotted and lied, and all for nothing—so that the rest of his life, if he could find the heart to live it, must henceforth be spent in a slow and laborious attempt to rake together the merest crumbs of a feast that he had thrown away. It was as though all the blossom of the orchard, all the promise of an abundant harvest that foretold full reward for all the ceaseless care and toil of the husbandman, had been swept away by one hour of unseasonable frost in the midst of June.

Filled with an overwhelming disgust towards himself and a sort of desperate hatred for all things and all people that would for once, if he had had the chance, have induced him to forget his habitual prudence in a desire for revenge, he did not at first hear a heavy step behind him.

"Well, Warden," said Barton, who was not long in overtaking him, "you are an unlucky dog, I must say. Fancy you, of all men, having a wife hidden away out of sight, and of your letting her turn up just at the wrong time. But that's a way women have—not that it makes you less unlucky. But—what will the Dons at St. Margaret's say?"

That was another item in the stakes that he would have to pay to Fortune: and though in the greater disappointment he had forgotten it, it was, in one way, the heaviest item of all. His Fellowship was his only means of livelihood: and, that gone, he would be driven to begin his whole life over again, in order to keep clear of

starvation. The bar, even, must be out of the question: so even must the Church: so must the career that the university gives to wranglers and medallists within her own walls. Nothing seemed open to him but to become a lawyer's clerk or an usher in a school.

The mere sound of Barton's voice acted like a sting. But he took no notice, and turned down the next street.

But Barton turned down the next street also.

"What in the name of common-sense made you make such an ass of yourself? But, well—young men will be young men, I suppose, even though they understand the differential calculus: and I daresay they won't think the worse of you in the House. Only to have married her! about that I am afraid you must expect to be laughed at, just a little. If you had only——"

Warden faced round.

"I beg," he said, "that you will go your way, and let me go mine."

"The devil you do! Well, I will." And he kept on walking by Warden's side. "I was saying——"

At last Warden stopped again.

"Am I to understand that you want to force a quarrel upon me?"

"Not the least—that's the sort of thing I leave to you. Only my way happens to be the same as yours, that's all."

"On the contrary. There lies your way, and there mine."

"I beg your pardon. I feel inclined for a little talk. I always feel friendly to a man who's down. Would half-a-crown be any help to you? The 'Trumpet' owes me a few shillings——"

"You —— blackguard," Warden began, regardless of consequences.

"*Arcades ambo*. That's all the more reason for our taking the same road. 'A fellow—feeling,' you know."

Warden, without condescendence to reply, hailed a coach that opened to be passing, and §

it. He was driven to the Temple: but, on reaching the gate, the door of the coach was opened to him by Barton. Was he literally to be haunted for ever by this demon whom he had raised to be his ruin?

"You might have offered me a seat," said the latter. "I daresay I shouldn't have taken it, for the coachman was a gentleman compared to us poor devils, and I always try to cultivate the society of my betters. You've paid him?" he asked, when the coach drove off and the two found themselves alone on the pavement of the court in which Warden lived. "That's right. Every one ought to pay their debts—and now I am going to pay you mine."

"By taking yourself off, I hope."

"Presently. But first I am going to give you the biggest thrashing that I ever gave any man—and I have given a few in my time. Place and time are admirable. It is out of term, and we shan't be disturbed."

Warden turned a little paler for an instant, but looked him full in the face. "There are two words to that bargain," he said steadily, while he felt his blood begin to run faster, and his fingers closed involuntarily in his palms.

"There are no words at all—or, if there are, there is but one, and that's Dick Barton's."

"You drunken scoundrel," said Warden, "if you think you are going to bully me into fighting you, you are mistaken. It is much more likely that you will bully me into giving you into custody."

"Do so, pray—and hear what I shall say before the Bench. I won't tell you why I mean to thrash you, but I'll tell his worship with pleasure."

"You are an insufferable bully, and a boaster besides. So take care. I know how to use my fists—perhaps better than you."

"A boaster. Not at all. Do I say that I'm the best Grecian since

Porson? It's because I am. That I drink the hardest heads under the table? It's because I do. And I say that I shall thrash you into rags because I shall."

"And why, pray?"

"Because I choose. And so, you murdering rascal, you lying thief, you shall have three falls—one for Félix, one for Lester, and one for Esther Barton, if you know who that is: but first you shall have one for—"

In whose honour he struck the first blow must remain unknown, for the blow came before the word.

Warden, however, had not practised with the gloves in vain, and though he was the smaller, he had far more science—indeed Barton had no science at all—so the issue seemed doubtful. Besides, there is a sort of conventional notion abroad, utterly unfounded upon fact, that giants and boasters always get the worst of it. But Barton was not one to stand on trifles. He prided himself upon freedom from all rules, even those of the ring: and he meant winning with all his soul. In a very few seconds, by dint of sheer strength and weight, and of an utter carelessness whether he received any damage to himself or no, he, heedless of Warden's blows, simply rushed in, and by a wrestling trick, more effectual, perhaps, than fair, caught him up from the ground and threw him with all his force a good yard or two away.

The conqueror of circumstance came down with a sharp hard fall upon the flags of the empty court, so that he lay stunned. Barton's boasted strength had proved greater than even he had given himself credit for. But, having satisfied himself that his victim was not dead,—

"No," he said to himself, "such dogs as that have cats' lives. I should like to have played with him a little longer, though. Well—we must hope he has broken a bone or two—that'll be something.

And, if not, one can always give him the rest another time."

And so he left the Temple, leaving word at the porter's lodge that

a gentleman was lying dead-drunk in Palm Court, and that it would be a charity to take him up to his chambers.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Château de Croisville, March 1, 18—.—This is the anniversary of my birthday, which I have at last discovered. Not as people for the most part reckon birthdays: not the anniversary of the day on which I first saw the light, nor even, as I have until now reckoned mine, of that on which the light of the outer world first enters the soul as well as the eyes. It is the anniversary of the birthday of my true life—that is to say, of my happiness: of the day when I at last made my wife her whom I had learned to love while it seemed impossible that she could ever be mine while we lived.

And even now, the years that since then have passed by have only taught me that there is nothing so unreasonable as reckoning time by years. I mean that she is not a day older, nay, that she is younger, than when she first became my friend, and far more beautiful: and me—her love has always kept young. Thank God we have many a year yet to come before either of us feels old!

The story of my youth has therefore, in one sense, come to an end, though in another it has barely begun. When I look back upon the shadows—for they are in truth nothing more—that form the cast of the comedy, or tragedy, or tragic-comedy, of which I, from my own point of view, am the hero, I am bewildered by the minute complications of other shadowy lives that were necessary to bring about my own happiness: it seems to me that others were made to mourn in order that I might rejoice, and that others were made to fail in order that I might succeed. Why should I have been singled out for

happiness any more than any of the rest? But so it is: and nothing is left for me to do but to render myself as worthy of my happiness as I can. And that, with her to help me, surely ought not to be hard. My days of weakness ought to be nearly over, seeing that I have now been for so many years the owner of a twofold soul.

It seems to me that the lives of men and women are like a system of complicated curves, the laws of whose courses are undiscoverable: that cross and blend, diverge and converge, part and run parallel, without any apparent reason why they should do any one of these things more than any other. So it must be with every story, and not with mine alone, that professes to speak of the life-courses of men and women as they are, and not as we would have them be. Triangles, squares, and arcs of circles are much more agreeable and easy to deal with than those wild curves that form a labyrinth without order and without law. A story that is true to nature has of necessity no motive, no beginning, no middle, no end. It takes its rise in the land of shadows, it passes through mists, and to the land of shadows it returns—it is incomplete because it has no limit, not even that of death. And as for poetical justice, is it not the orthodox theory of this life that it is something which is wrong here to be set right hereafter? And, indeed, were it otherwise, what is called poetical justice would be, in truth, the greatest injustice of all, for the man never lived yet who deserved to be sentenced by man to perfect happiness or perfect misery. Life is not like those

children's stories in which the good child both eats its cake and has it too: it is something far more unsatisfactory and far more noble.

So much have I come to feel this that I can look back without, I hope, too harsh a judgment even upon him who, for a time at least, seemed to hold in his hand the threads of the lives of us all, and to knot and entangle them for his own purposes according to his will. I am glad that, rendered desperate as I was at the time, the punishment that so suddenly and so unexpectedly overtook him did not come from my hand. Indeed I should have mistrusted my own motives had I not been forestalled in my plans of vengeance: for his death meant for me not only the fulfilment of vengeance for the past, but life and happiness to come. As it was, my own ideas did not go beyond a pistol-shot, in order that I might do to him what he had done to me and mine; while in fact the punishment—for as a punishment his fate, seeing that it was the direct consequence of his own deeds, must be considered—was of a kind that seems almost too heavy to be deservedly inflicted upon any man whose life is before him still. And yet—so hard is it to arrive at any conclusion of the matter—it may be that, after all, he was dealt with more mercifully than if he had recovered from the fearful injuries that he had received on the very day on which his triumph had seemed so secure, and had he been able to recommence a prosperous and even more than successful career. Terrible must the doom have been for that energetic and ambitious man to have to linger out those two long years—how long they seemed to me also!—in a paralysis of body and prostration of mind that was worse than death, a burden upon his father and sister, without daring even to call upon the law to avenge him upon Hugh's avenger, and to have to feel that it had been

his own energy, his own ambition, that had led to it all, even to the very manner of his death: to feel that, having by his real merits, grasped an honest substance, he had not only deprived himself of it by expending all his power in clutching at a shadow, but had overreached his balance so as to sink hopelessly beneath the stream: to find that he had wasted his labour in building his house upon the sand. This must indeed have been terrible: but, supposing that he had recovered from his bodily injuries, that he had faced the world once more, that he had achieved the worldly success that must inevitably have come to such a man at last, if he only lives long enough, the wise know that to such as he success carries its own sting. An unshared triumph is no triumph at all: and the sympathy that might have been his both through good and ill, he had thrown away for the sake of the same shadow, for which he had thrown away more material good. It had been the fable of the dog over again. And so, perhaps, something not unlike poetical justice in its very highest sense had been dealt after all, if it is true that mercy is the highest mode of justice. His offense had been the heart of stone: and that needs no additional weight to render it harder to bear—it is its own punishment, in the long-run, as surely as the warm heart, however much it may suffer, is its own ample reward. Better, will the wise man hold, would be the life of even such as poor Dick Barton: and that is saying much indeed. It is true that when a devil such as his once gets hold of a man it may never be exorcised. But I, speaking for myself, and with my whole heart, can say that he had made one friend, and I had every reason to believe that, before he died, he had obtained one glimpse, none the less real because it had been short and transient, of higher things than

even Greek tragedy. Even though the vision of what may be for others and what might have been for him, as it came to him angel-wise in the person of her whom he called his sister, and who, to him, was Esther Barton to the end, had crossed the desert of a life like his only for one passing moment, and only to leave the desert to all outward appearance blacker than before, still he had for that one moment actually seen the light which he who had held in his hand the key to its most secret chamber had never seen and was incapable of seeing. He whose eyes have once been opened can never be as if he had always been blind: and though the rose may open but to leave behind it only its thorns, still they are the thorns of the rose. He, too, before his life came to an end, if he had not really enjoyed the fulfilment of what Schiller's heroine calls all earthly happiness, had at least felt, I think, if he had not understood, what life and its highest happiness may mean—and even so much as that is the lot of but a fortunate few. And so, while Warden would, unless the unchangeable may change, have passed through a successful career such as, had he survived, must have been his, without finding anything worth the finding, the unsuccessful man had found something in life—or rather something had come to him—which was worth not only the finding but the keeping also, and which, though it brought with it the fulness of an unspeakable regret, saved him from the worst sort of death that lies in despair. To the outer world, to all but to me, it need not be said, he remained the same Dick Barton, or nearly the same, and as such is he remembered: but, at the end, it was not his deepest soul that spoke, although he died with the brandy-bottle by his side, and on his lips the words—

*"Panta gelos, cai panta contis, cai panta to meden—
Panta gar ex alogou esti ta ginomena :"*

"All is laughter, and all is dust, and all is nothing: for out of foolishness come all things that are."

Once more—if I am right—God be praised for that and for all things! From the land of dreams and shadows I have passed into that of realities: from that of passion into that of love: from that of what men call art into that of nature. It is true that not one of my ambitious aspirations has been fulfilled: they, too, belong to the land of dreams. So far, I own, my life has been a failure. I have not become a Moretti, not even a Prosper. But what then? It only proves that I once mistook talent and love of art for Genius, and that I have become wise enough to make the mistake no more. I am not so childish as to complain when my true life is still developing within me and around me day by day.

Certainly my life has been in any case an eventful one. Born a noble, in childhood a peasant, in youth a struggling artist, to suddenly find myself heir to one of the finest estates in England, I ought to have learned something. If I had but had my mother's love instead of her wealth, I think I should have learned all. Wealth, poverty, the friendship of man, the love of woman—those four sources of experience—have been mine: but the fifth I lost, even while I grasped it, to my lasting sorrow. Since the day when I parted with Earl's Dene to an English purchaser in order that I might become a brother to my father's people, my one regret has been, that my alien training had unfitted me to become a brother to my mother's people also. But I hope that England will forgive me for thinking that a more useful life, both to myself and to others, was open to me as a *propriétaire* in the department of Doubs, than as a

country gentleman in the county of —, and for giving to the tenants of Earl's Dene an English banker for their landlord, instead of a French musician. For my part I am sure that England has gained by the exchange, whether France has lost by it or no. Now I trust that my life may deserve to be called eventful only so far as a strong will to make my own country the gainer also may make it so; and, with Marie to aid me, I trust not wholly to fail.

March 2d.—Two long letters today, both at once, from our two exiles—one from Madame l'Ambasadrice Fleurette, at St. Petersburg—one from Monsieur le Capitaine Ernest, at Marseilles. That shoemaker's shop at Denethorp is already the birthplace of a great lady: I hope it may prove to be that of a great man also. Well, they seem to be happy and unspoiled in their exile, and so make all the greater the happiness of us who stay at home among the hills.

When we had finished reading them I went out for my usual morning's walk with Loup the third: on my return,—

"Félix," said my wife, "the Curé has just been here, wanting particularly to see you."

Now there was nothing wonderful in this, for Father Laurent's successor, though a little afraid of me on the score of my liberal ideas, always pays me the compliment of coming to the chateau when earthly rather than heavenly aid is needed by any of his parishioners.

"Well, what is it? Nothing is the matter in the village, I hope? The good Father is rather a bird of ill omen, you know."

"I do not know what it is. He only said that he must see you."

"What! has he not found out yet that you are the same as I? I should have thought that all the parish knew that by this time."

"Ah, but people don't come to you about everything, you know—

they come to me sometimes: and so perhaps it is now your turn to have some special confidence. And the Father seemed so excited about it, and so important, and mysterious—"

"That you think it must be something more than a bad case of rheumatism? Well, we shall see." Serious troubles and mysteries were not in the habit of finding their way into St. Félix: and how, above all, could they on a day which had brought us news of our children's happiness?

"Well," I said, "we shall soon see what it is. Is Father Perrin here?"

"He said he would wait till you came in."

"Ah, then he was wise enough to know that my flight from you would not be a long one. I will see him immediately."

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the Curé, when I entered the room where he was waiting for me, "I am in a great difficulty. Yesterday evening, when I had just returned from vespers, I heard a knock at the door."

So far there was certainly no difficulty, though, from his pause, he seemed to think that I should think so. I waited for him to go on.

"I opened it, and saw a woman."

"Indeed? And who was she?"

"She was a stranger. I had never seen her before."

A stranger in St. Félix! I should not have wondered if the Curé had believed himself to have discovered another in the list of modern miracles.

"And what did she want? where did she come from?"

"She had just come from Pontarlier, so she said. I asked her what was her business, and she asked if this was St. Félix-des-Rochers. Then she inquired if the Marquis de Croisville did not live here, and if he was at home."

"Well?"

"I asked her who she was and what she wanted, but she would only say that she must see you at once—as soon as you could be found: and she asked the way to the chateau."

"What was she like? How did she come?"

"On foot, I believe. She was quite tired out, and wet through. I thought she would have dropped down while she was speaking."

"On foot—what! and last night, in all that snow? Why, one would think she must have perished. Did she tell you nothing more?"

"She either would not, or was unable from fatigue. She only said that she must see you at once, and she would have gone straight to the chateau, if I and Madame Michot would have allowed her."

"This is strange indeed. But what did she look like?"

"If she had been younger—if she had been better dressed—if she had been anywhere but here—if she had not claimed acquaintance with Monsieur le Marquis—if I knew anything about such things—if—"

"Well?"

"I should have thought her some unhappy woman who—at any rate I thought it best not to speak to Madam first. And so I thought it best—of course I don't mean anything if she really knows Monsieur le Marquis—to let her pass the night with Madame Michot, and to see you myself the first thing in the morning."

Well, how should he know anything about my old life? The most steady and respectable of men may not always have been so: and so, as the affair was certainly mysterious, I forgave him his suspicion.

"And her age?"

"I should say she might be forty—or perhaps five-and-thirty—or perhaps five-and-forty—or perhaps—"

"And what does Madame Michot think?"

"Only that she must be a Parisienne, from her way of speaking and her white hands. She fell sound asleep from fatigue as soon as she lay on the bed, and has lain there ever since without moving. As I said, she was quite worn out. What does Monsieur wish to be done?"

"That we will see presently. If she knows me, I have no doubt I shall remember her. Meanwhile I will go and see her at once."

But first I went back for a moment to Marie, and told her what I had heard from the Curé.

"Poor woman!" she said, "who in the world can she be, in such distress, and coming to see you here? Do not be long—and I will send down at once what she must want after last night. I will not come myself, as she might wish to see you alone."

Marie did know my old life: and, if she had not, it would have made no difference. She knew as well as I that there was nothing and could be nothing that could ever come between her and me.

So I went at once with the Curé. At his door we were met by his housekeeper, Madame Michot, who was straining her eyes for us along the road.

"Oh, Monsieur le Marquis, Monsieur le Curé," she exclaimed excitedly, "come and see!"

We all went up-stairs together.

But the Curé was not to have his mystery solved: another of the shadows out of which my life had been woven had passed away. No one on this earth will ever know the whole story of Angélique Lefort. From the day of poor Hugh Lester's death in that fatal duel—or at least from the day on which she heard that she was a widow—she had disappeared from the sight and knowledge of us all. It is true that I had heard rumours, but they were such as I had not dared to repeat to Marie: her ignorance of her cousin's fate, though it caused her sole unhappiness, was better than

a knowledge that would have overwhelmed her pure soul with sorrow and shame. And to Paris, where Marie had lived during the two years before she also became a widow, I have no reason to think that Angélique ever came. Her character was as mysterious in death as it had been in life. I knew the history of her marriage from the beginning: I, as I have said, guessed something of her after-life: and yet, in spite of all things, with a mysterious inconsistency, there lay over her dead heart a miniature of Hugh—of him whom she had deceived, despised, and destroyed. It was her last and only possession.

Had she, also, when it was too late, come to have a vision of the light? What regrets had filled her soul—what disappointments caused her to plunge recklessly into a life of despair? What thoughts had she had to keep down, what memories to destroy? By what paths of distress had she travelled to reach at length the home of him whose love she had thrown away? The instinct that led her to the home of Marie could not have been false—but, beyond this, the answers to all these questions and to a hundred more, like the picture of him whom she had destroyed, were buried in her grave. For myself, I could not be otherwise than relieved that it was so. Marie's suspense might now be over, and she might mourn for her heroine, for her sister, without shame.

March 2d, 18—. — Yesterday I counted another birthday: with equal thankfulness for what is, and with equal hope for what is to come. As each year goes by, the clouds of my life roll more and more from

memory: the sky becomes more blue and the sun more golden. And our lives—our life, I should rather say, for we have but one between us—grow stronger, too, as well as more full of happiness. I have to-day, with Marie, visited the grave of her whom we had both loved—she with all the passion of a friend, I with all that of a lover: and we both felt that we loved each other more and more. How she prayed I know not: my prayer—not only for her—was contained in two words—"Thou knowest."

I have at last set about composing the *Fantaisie* of which I dreamed years ago, and which I meant to call "*Pré-aux-Fleurs*." No one will understand it, and I do not care whether it is understood or no. I am making it just as I please: and if the critics—as no doubt they will, should chance, which heaven forbid! ever bring it into their hands—talk of consecutive fifths, hidden octaves, false relations, and all manner of other heresies, so much the worse for them, not for me. I am, after all, a pupil of Jean-Baptiste, not of Moretti. Let the world go on with its own false relations, and make the best of them. What is art but a part of life, and is life all harmony—all cut and dried according to rule? Can it—ought it to be so? Alas if this were all!—

"Mais la Nature est là, qui t'invite et qui t'aime:
Plonge-toi dans son sein, qu'elle t'ouvre
toujours:
Quand tout change pour toi la Nature est
la même,
Et le même soleil se lève sur tes jours."

Yes—the same nature, the same sunshine, and the same Marie!

MORE ROBA DI ROMA.

CASTLE ST ANGELO.—PART I.

"Das grösste Werke dieser Art im Abendlande zugleich das Schicksalreichste in seinem Erinnerungen—eine Geschichte in der Geschichte."—Von Reumont, 'Geschichte der Stadt Rom,' vol. I. p. 471.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the massive remains of Imperial Rome, one of the most imposing is the ancient Mausoleum or Mole of Hadrian, now known as the Castle of St. Angelo. It stands on the site where once were the gardens of Domitia,* overlooking the undulating plains of the Campagna in its rear, and stretching out its long covered corridor to the Vatican. Poised on its summit, and dark against the blue Italian sky, towers the bronze figure of the Archangel Michael, as if he had just alighted with outspread wings and floating mantle, and paused there in the act of sheathing his sword. Beneath it flows the Tiber, in whose tawny and troubled waters it has cast its wavering reflection for nearly eighteen centuries. There, standing apart from all other buildings, it lifts its battlemented towers and bastions like a guard or a menace to the closely-built city lying across the river before it, and challenges every passenger who, crossing the ancient Ælian Bridge, passes before it on his way to the great Basilica of St. Peter. The bridge has changed its name as well as the Mausoleum, and is now called the Ponte St. Angelo. The statues of gods and heroes placed there by Hadrian have disappeared, and on their pedestals stand the sculptured saints

of Bernini, fantastic in their draperies and grotesque in their attitudes, but picturesque in their general effect. The funeral processions, which in the great days of Rome bore the ashes of her pagan emperors across that bridge to the sounding chambers of the mighty Mausoleum, have vanished, and a motley Christian crowd now passes over these ancient arches, through which the swift river has whirled its turbulent current for so many generations; swift, like the river of time—turbulent, like the history of the place; fleeting, never to return, like the generations that have passed.

On festal days from the tower and bastions of the Castle float the great painted gonfalons of the Church, and from its battlements whirl out white wreaths of smoke as the black mouths of cannon thunder forth their salvos. Along its ramparts flash the glittering bayonets of soldiers, and the shriek of trumpets and the rattle of drums is heard. The bridge, too, is alive with crowds that are hurrying to St. Peter's. Over its pavement jar the gilded coaches of cardinals, dragged by black stallions with nodding scarlet plumes, and clung to by lackeys in harlequin liveries. There, too, may be seen the more modest equipages of ambassadors and prin-

* So, at least, it would seem from a passage in Capitolinus, where he says of Hadrian, "Reliquias ejus Romam pervexit sancte et reverenter atque in hortis Domitiæ collocavit." But, according to Casaubon, the term "collocare" is to be distinguished from "condere" and "sepelire"—and the meaning of this passage may be, that the ashes of Hadrian were merely temporarily collocated or laid in state in the gardens of Domitia, and afterwards transferred to the Mausoleum. Where precisely these gardens were we are nowhere clearly told by any ancient writer—unless they be the "Hortes Domitii" (not Domitiæ) mentioned by Publius Victor as being in the fourteenth region of the city.

ces and nobles not of the Church. Mounted dragoons with gleaming helmets wave their swords at the head of the bridge to warn off the rush of cabs that are forced to take the other route—forced, despite the earnest remonstrances of ladies in black veils, who lean out and implore the dragoons, and of English improvised lord-lieutenants in red uniforms, sometimes mounted on the box with the driver, who threaten and gesticulate in an unknown tongue. But the motley mob of foot-passengers are all free to pass; and picturesque enough they are as they crowd along, mixed quaintly together, monks, soldiers, and beggars of course, for, as the saying runs, the bridge is never free of these. Then there are peasants in bright-coloured costumes; sisters of charity in black, with their stiff white linen head-gear; schools of boys dressed like little sad old men in black coats and tall hats; flocks and trains of charity-children; all the lame and mutilated beggars in town limping on crutches; laughing squads of Painsi and Trasteverini, the men with their jackets hung over their shoulders, the women bedizened in all their golden jewellery and corals, with a handkerchief over their glistening braids of black hair; priests and *abbés* with their big boat-like hats, tucking up under their arms their silken or worsted mantles; *gamins* rushing through them all like shuttles, or seated on the parapet of the bridge; *limonari* tugging their way along with a booth on their backs, ready to make lemonades for the crowd; cigar-vendors with a box hanging from their necks filled with *scelli* and *dolci*, and shrieking "*Chi vuol cigari dolci?*"—and all good-natured and peaceable. While this is going on, if one but casts one's eyes back down the long vista of history, what a revulsion comes over one! How the ghosts rise and mock at the gaiety!

What a change has come over men and things since first the stones

of this great Mausoleum were laid! Could they speak, how sad, how terrible a history they might reveal of human baseness, tyranny, hypocrisy; of human arrogance and misery; and, let us hope, somewhat too of noble endurance, of heroic patience, of uncorrupted virtue and patriotism! Within those walls what crimes have been committed, what agonies have been endured! Without those walls what tumult of seething battle, what clashing of arms and shrieks of pain and fury, what glaring of wild flames, what raging of wilder passions wreaking themselves in murder, rapine, and horrors without a name! In its secret cells popes have been strangled, starved, and sent to a bloody end; philosophers and thinkers have perished, vainly struggling against bigotry and superstition; patriots have fought and died for liberty. On the four walls of its dungeons artists and poets have scrawled their names, their verses, and their pictures, longing for the light of day; beauty and youth have perished in the dark, vainly praying for help; innocent men have falsely confessed crimes under the torture of the rack. In its frescoed halls emperors and popes have held their courts, and banqueted and trampled on the rights of man; and the ashes of emperors have filled the vases of its sepulchral chamber. The silent statues which gathered once around its colonnades and looked upon the glory and pageant of ancient Rome, saw also the storm and fury of barbarian battle, and the desolation by the Goths, before they were toppled down upon the heads of an infuriated soldiery. These walls, too, have seen the dreary processions of the plague pass under them. They have shaken with the awful heave of the earthquake and the sudden explosion of powder. They have been the silent witnesses of the history of the Church in its blackest moments and at the zenith of its pride and power; and they still stand, a part of the present as of

the past. This massive Mausoleum—by turns a tomb and a fortress, a prison and a palace, a chapel and a treasure-chamber; now threatening the liberty of Rome, now defending its very existence; now the refuge of the Republic, now the hiding-place of the popes; through war and peace, from the Imperial days of Rome, through all the Gothic and medieval epochs down to the present hour,—has never ceased to be a living part of the history of Rome. Fully to write the history of this tomb and fortress would be to write the history of Rome. A humbler task, yet not without interest, would be to string upon it as a thread some of the most striking incidents of which it was the theatre, and slightly to sketch some of the more important personages that there have lived, or acted, or suffered.

The earliest notices of the Mausoleum by the ancient Latin writers are by Spartian and Dion Cassius; but their mention of it is as laconic as a catalogue. All that Spartian says is, in enumerating Hadrian's works, "He made the bridge and sepulchre called by his name next the Tiber."* Dion says, "Hadrian was buried on the bank of the river close by the Ælian Bridge, for there his sepulchre was built. The monument of Augustus was already filled, and no one after was buried in it."†

These brief statements are all these writers deem it necessary to make about this magnificent Mausoleum. Rome was then the world, and doubtless to them it seemed superfluous to describe what was so familiar to every one who came to Rome. There it stood before the eyes of everybody, and there it would stand for ever. There is a sort of stoical reticence and pride

in these brief words which is very characteristic of the time and the people; but one cannot help wishing that some garrulous old gentleman like Pliny had given us an account of it, taking, of course, a little more pains to be exact than Pliny ever did.

Besides this tomb we also know that Hadrian built several others to his horses and dogs chiefly; for he seems to have had a passion for dogs and horses as well as the building of sepulchres.‡ Of one of these, "In Borysthenem Equum," we have a special mention; and though we have no account of the Mausoleum, we have the record of an epigram written by the Emperor this favourite horse. The Mausoleum would take care of itself—the epigram might be lost.

Though the Mausoleum was built in the latter part of the second century, it is not until the sixth century, when Procopius wrote his history of the Gothic wars, that we have any description of it. This also is very brief and unsatisfactory; but we should not even have had this, were it not that the Mausoleum had then been turned into a fortress, and become the main key to the defence of Rome against its invaders. Even now we have no account of its architecture, and almost no description of the statues with which it was adorned; while contemporary with this first description is the account of its mutilation.

"Beyond the Aurelian Gate," says Procopius, "a stone's throw from the walls, is the tomb of Hadrian, a wonderful and admirable work, built of large blocks of Parian marble, superposed and closely fitted together without cement or clamps to bind them. The four sides" (of the basement,

* "Fecit et sui nominis pontem et sepulchrum juxta Tiberim."

† "Sepultus est Adrianus in ripa fluvii juxta Pontem Ælium. Illic enim sepulchrum conditum. Jam enim Augusti monumentum repletum erat, ne quisquam amplius in eo sepeliebatur."

‡ "Equos et canes sic amavit ut eis sepulchra constitueret."

he means) "are equal, each about a stone's throw in length, and the height is greater than the walls of the city. On the summit are seen* admirable statues of men and horses of the same material, and as this tomb formed a defence to the city thrown out beyond the walls, it was joined to them by the ancients (*παλαιοὶ ἄνθρωποι*) by two arms built out to it, so that it seemed to rise out of them like a lofty turret."

To this brief description John of Antioch, the author of a book of antiquities in the eighth century,† cited by Salmasius in his notes to Spartian's "Life of Hadrian," adds the fact that the Mausoleum was surmounted by a statue of Hadrian in a car drawn by four horses, and so large that a full-grown man might pass through one of the horses' eyes. And yet, he says, in consequence of the great height of the Mausoleum, the horses, as well as the statue of Hadrian, seen from below, have the effect of being very small. This would seem to indicate that the horses were hollow, and if so, they must have been cast in bronze, and not made of marble, as stated by Procopius, and as were those on the tomb of Mausolus.

Pietro Manlio, who wrote in the middle of the twelfth century (1160), at the time of Alexander III., thus describes it: "There is also the castle which was built in memory of Hadrian, as one may read in the sermon of the Pope S. Leo on the festival of St. Peter, wherein he says that the temple of wonderful size built by the Emperor Hadrian is entirely covered by stones and adorned by various histories. In its circuit it is fur-

nished with brazen gates, with golden peacocks, and a brazen bull, two of which [peacocks] are 'in Cantharo Páridisi.' On the four sides of the temple were four gilt bronze horses in front of each of the brazen gates. In the centre was the porphyry sepulchre now in the Lateran, in which Innocent II. is buried; and the cover of it is in St. Peter's, over the tomb of the prefect."‡

This description, it will be observed, is taken from a sermon by St. Leo. Whether it be accurate or not, it seems to have been followed and repeated by all subsequent writers and restorers.

From an anonymous writer in the thirteenth century we learn that the marble with which it was faced, as well as the bronze doors, still existed in his day; and he also speaks of horses and gilded peacocks and a bull as forming a part of it.§ We have no other description of it until the middle of the fifteenth century, when we find it represented in *basso relievo* on the bronze doors of St. Peter's, modelled by Antonio Pollajo by order of Pope Eugenius. In 1421, or thereabouts, Oricellarius, who wrote a learned commentary on Pub. Victor's work 'De Regionibus Urbis' in the middle of the fifteenth century, says: "There still exist, fixed to the walls of the Mole, the 'elogia' or inscriptions, which, like genealogical trees, as it were, contain the series of the family of the Antonines, which titles it pleased them here to record exactly, so as to avoid the ambiguity of others who might less properly set down the order of their ages and adoption." Camucci, a century later, in the time of Paul III.,

* "*ἑστῆ*," he says, though he writes, after many at least of the statues were thrown down during the attack of the Goths, as if these still remained.

† This treatise is in the Codex Palatinus, No. 94, in the Vatican Library.

‡ The prefect here mentioned is Otho II., and the cover now serves as the baptismal font in St. Peter's.—See Hist. Basil. Antiq. S. Petri Apost., in Vatic., ch. vii. p. 50; and Lord Broughton's Italy, vol. ii. p. 163, where it is quoted.

§ See Venuti, Collect. Antiq. Rom., vol. ii. p. 200.

tells us that he saw "a portion of the wall covered with marble, out of which a large fragment of frieze was to be seen, with heads of oxen and festoons of flowers, with the architrave above, and below a tablet with an inscription to Commodus, and still lower a shorter inscription with large letters to Lucius Aurelius Verus."

There is no other authentic description of ancient or medieval date, though various restorations exist on paper, founded upon these data, and fanciful in their character—as, for instance, those of Piranesi, Labacco, Bartoli, Lauro, Donato, and others; and there still exists on the open corridor at the back of the Castle a painting in fresco, representing the Mausoleum as it was supposed to have been in its original state. All these are purely conjectural, and differ in many respects. Bartoli, whose elevation of the Mausoleum* may be seen in Montfaucon's 'Antiquities' (vol. v.), gives only two rows of columns. Lauro and others give three rows. Others give one storey of pillars and an upper storey of pilasters. The basement is square, and at each corner are statues of horses; while the upper portion consists of a low dome surmounted by the pigna.

The pigna was a large bronze pine-cone, now in the gardens of the Vatican, and said to have been unearthed in excavating near the Mausoleum; but it would seem to be more than doubtful whether it ever formed a part of this monument. The main argument in favour of such a hypothesis is the alleged discovery of it close under the Mausoleum. But though this fact has been constantly accepted on the faith of Vacca's statement, there seems on examination to be no evidence sufficient to support it. Vacca's words are: "The bronze pigna which stands in the said cortile [of St. Peter's] was found in digging the foundations of the ancient church, 'della Traspontina,' at the base (*radici*) of the Mau-

soleum of Hadrian. It crowned the said Mausoleum as the device of Hadrian." Now in this statement there is carelessness, inaccuracy, and assumption. In the first place, it is an assumption that the pine-cone was the device of Hadrian. In the next place, it is most probable that he does not mean the "ancient church" of S. M. in Traspontina, which was built by Adrian I. in 772, more than five centuries before his time; but rather the more modern church of the same name, built by Pius IV. when he fortified the Leonine city in 1565, about thirty years before Vacca wrote. If he did mean the ancient church, his statement must have rested on mere tradition, inasmuch as it is found in no other writer; or he may have inaccurately used the word *fondare*, to found, instead of *sfondare*, to pull down. However this may be, one fact is clear; neither the ancient nor the modern church was at the base of the Mausoleum; but, on the contrary, both the ancient church was, and the modern church is, at a considerable distance from it. The former stood at the head of the portico of St. Peter's, deriving from its situation its original name of Sta. Maria in Portico, or in Capite Porticus, and was pulled down by Leo in order to make way for his new fortifications in the Vatican quarter. Then the new one was built, still further away from the Mausoleum. But though the ancient church at the portico of St. Peter's was at some distance from the Mausoleum of Hadrian, it stood nearly, if not precisely, upon the site of the Mausoleum of Honorius. Paolo Diacono, in the 14th book of his Supplement to Eutropius, speaking of Honorius, says that his body was brought to Rome, and buried in his mausoleum, adjoining the atrium of St. Peter's ("Juxta Beati Petri apostoli atrium in mausoleo sepultum est.") If, then, the pigna crowned the summit of any

mausoleum, it would seem far more probable that it belonged to that of Honorius than to that of Hadrian. Nardini, in his *'Roma Antica,'* also takes this view; but Marangoni* thinks that it originally contained the ashes of Hadrian, and says it was removed in A.D. 498 by Pope Simmacus to the hall of St. Peter's as an ornament, and thence was carried to the gardens of the Vatican. If Marangoni be right, there is no foundation at all for Vacca's statement.

Others, again, suppose it to be the same with that described by Pietro Manlio as forming an ornament which originally stood over the statue of Cybele in the Pantheon; while still others are of opinion that it once formed a portion of the pyramid to the Scipios. Mr. Ampere thinks that as the pigna is the extremity of the thyrsus, it is, in view of the mysteries of Bacchus and of his worship, a most fit ornament for a tomb. But this argument seems to be too curiously ingenious and far-fetched to be satisfactory, unless the fact that it did form a portion of the Mausoleum be clearly proved.

But, after all these varieties of opinion and conjecture, two clear and positive statements must be overthrown before Vacca's opinion can be accepted. Procopius, speaking of his own knowledge, says, "On the summit are seen admirable statues of men and horses;" and in this he is corroborated by the direct testimony of John of Antioch, who says that "the Mausoleum was surmounted by a statue of Hadrian in a car drawn by four horses." If this be so, the pigna was certainly not the crowning ornament of the Mausoleum.

Mr. Ampere also supposes that the peacocks, which were the symbol of Juno, were placed there in honour of the empresses, who were there interred. The peacock, he says, was the symbol of the apotheosis of the empresses, as the eagle was the symbol of the apotheosis of

the emperors. This may be; but if so, it is a curious fact that while we know the emperors after Hadrian were buried there, no eagles are spoken of; while, however probable it is that the empresses were also buried there, we have no record of such fact. The first mention we have of these peacocks is by Pietro Manlio in the twelfth century, and his statement is on the authority of a sermon by the Pope St. Leo. If they were still there he could surely have made this statement on his own authority, and it would therefore seem clear that none were there in his day. The anonymous writer of the thirteenth century speaks as of his own knowledge of the bronze doors and the marble facing, but not with the same certainty as to the peacocks and bull. Two of these peacocks, says Manlio, are in St. Peter's. They were then considered of value, and pains had been taken to preserve them. How was it that the others were left, if there were any others? And where are these peacocks now? If these two in St. Peter's were all that existed, what proof have we that they ever formed a portion of the Mausoleum? If they did, is it not far more probable that among the other statues there was one of Juno, on which these peacocks were the accompaniments?

A tradition has for a long time prevailed that twenty-four of the columns in San Paolo Fuori le Mura were taken from Hadrian's Mole by Constantine; but this seems to have no satisfactory foundation, and rests purely upon a popular belief, given currency to by Pope Clement VII. and his architect Labacco. The columns of Verdecantico, which now adorn the niches at St. John Lateran, are also said to have once belonged to the second order in the Mausoleum; but this belief rests upon no satisfactory evidence.

As far, then, as we really know anything of the original appearance

* "Delle cose gentiliache e profane trasportate ad uso delle Chiese.—Ch. lxix.

of this wonderful and renowned building, derived either from report or from the solid remains which war, earthquake, and time have failed to obliterate, it seems to have been founded on its great prototype, that wonder of the world which Artemisia erected to her Carian lord, and the broken fragments of which, after many centuries, have finally found a home among a people who when it was built were outer barbarians. Both suffered terribly from the violence of man and nature; but while the tomb of Mausolus was levelled to the ground, so that the grass covered its site and obliterated even its vestiges, the tomb of Hadrian, resisting all assaults of time, still stands unshaken in its massive masonry. But of the admirable sculpture that once adorned these magnificent mausoleums even less remains of the later Roman work than of its Carian rival. Nothing, in fact, now exists of all the statues that stood on Hadrian's tomb save the so-called Barberini Faun now in the gallery at Munich; and this noble work, which in breadth of style, spirit of conception, and rendering of character, may challenge comparison with the best works of Greece, only deepens our sense of the loss Art has sustained in the destruction of all the rest. It is also probable that the colossal busts of Hadrian himself and of Pallas now in the Vatican came from this Mausoleum, as well as the large sarcophagus of black-and-white granite in the Museo Pio Clementino, the porphyry basin which forms the baptismal font of St. Peter's, and the porphyry sarcophagus in which Innocent II. was buried. The ashes of the emperors are blown to the winds like common dust, and their place is usurped by Papal successors, while the infant of to-day is dipped in the cover of a pagan sarcophagus to be baptised into the Christian Church. "Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't."

The Mausoleum was constructed of brickwork and square blocks of peperino-stone laid with such care and exactness, that lightning, battle, and earthquake have failed to shake it from its perfect solidity. Inside and outside it was faced with courses of Parian marble. The basement was a square of about 340 feet each way, and about 75 feet high. Above this rose a circular tower of some 235 feet in diameter and 140 in height, divided into two or three storeys, and ornamented with columns. Between these columns were statues executed by the ablest artists of the period; and as Hadrian was devoted to the arts, and especially to that of sculpture, there can be little doubt that the statues and *bassi relievi* which adorned this splendid structure were among the noblest works in Rome. Above the circular tower was a dome, or at least a curvilinear roof, which must have risen to the height of some 300 feet. This was probably crowned by a colossal group representing Hadrian in a chariot drawn by four horses, after the plan of the tomb of Mausolus, its Grecian prototype. Rich friezes girdled it around, some storied with figures, some architectural with heads of oxen and festoons of flowers. On each of the four sides of the square basement was a massive door of gilt bronze, and at each of these doors were four horses, also of gilt bronze. Between the doors on the basement were large tablets, on which were inscribed the names and titles of the emperors who were buried within it.

The walls were of immense thickness; not filled up in the centre with rubbish, but throughout of the most solid workmanship, as may be seen by a breach made for a temporary purpose long after it was built. In the centre were two chambers in the shape of a Greek cross, one above the other, each cased in rich Paonazetto marble, and illuminated by two openings which pierced the thickness of the giant walls. Here

the ashes of the emperors were deposited, the post assigned to the porphyry sarcophagus of Hadrian being under the large arch on the southern side.

The magnificent Ælian Bridge, resting on massive arches and adorned with statues, formed the splendid stone avenue by which the Mausoleum was approached. Over this came the funeral processions which bore the ashes of the dead emperors to their last resting-place. Facing the bridge was one of the great golden gates, which, swinging open, let through the train into a long, dark, sloping corridor, arched above, cased in marble at the sides, and paved in black-and-white mosaic. Over this gentle rise the train passed in, its torches flaring, its black-robed *præfeca* chanting the dirge of the dead, and its wailing trumpets echoing and pealing down the hollow vaulted tunnel. Next came the *mimes* declaiming solemn passages from the tragic poets, and followed by waxen figures representing the ancestors of the dead emperor, and clad in the robes they had worn in life. Behind them streamed great standards blazoned with the records of the emperor's deeds and triumphs. Last came the funeral couch of ivory, draped with Attalic vestments embroidered with gold, over which a black veil was cast. It was borne on the shoulders of his nearest relations and friends, and followed by the crowd of slaves made free by his will, and wearing the *pileum* in token of the fact. Over the bridge they slowly passed, in at the golden gate, and up the hollow-sounding corridor, till, after making the complete interior circuit of the walls, they entered the vast cavernous chamber, where they laid at last the dead ashes of him who living had ruled the world.

Such was the Mole of Hadrian—imposing and magnificent, the boast of Rome, and vying with, if not surpassing in richness, the splendid

tomb of Mausolus. It was one of the great triumphs of Roman architecture and of Roman art—with its dome and its colonnade and its statues—suggested in some measure by its great predecessor, but peculiar in many of its features to Rome.

What shall we then think of the swelling nonsense with which Lord Byron in his 'Childe Harold' professes to celebrate it? It would seem almost impossible, when he wrote these verses, that he could ever have looked at it even in its defaced and degraded condition, much less that he could ever have troubled himself to inquire what it was in its original form:—

"Turn to the Mole which Hadrian reared on
high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model doomed the artist's tolls
To build for giants," &c.

Can it be that he thought the Pyramid of Caius Sestius was the Mausoleum of Hadrian?

It seems to be doubtful whether this mausoleum were completely finished during the lifetime of Hadrian. At all events it is clear that he was not its first occupant. If we may trust a passage in Capitolinus, Ælius Verus, who was only a Cæsar by name, was the first to be deposited here. Speaking of the burial of Lucius Verus, he says, "Illatumque ejus corpus est Adriani sepulcro in quo et Cæsar pater ejus sepultus est."

The second occupant of the mausoleum was Hadrian. According to Spartian, he died at Baïæ, where he had retired, leaving Antoninus to reign at Rome in his stead. Here, weary of life and longing for death, the strong man, who had slain lions with his own hand, turned away from every one and sought to end his days by the hand of a gladiator. Baring his breast, he pointed out the spot where the blow should be struck; but the gladiator refused to perform that office. At last he died of

dropsy at seventy-two years of age,* and, unseen of all, was burned, as Spartian tells us, and buried in the Villa Ciceroniana, at Pozzuoli. Over him Antoninus Pius erected a temple to serve as a sepulchre, and established in his honour games and other sacred ceremonies and offices.

Capitolinus, however, asserts that the ashes of Hadrian were brought to Rome and placed in the sepulchre built by him in Domitia's gardens, and Dion Cassius says he was buried in his Mausoleum near the Ælian bridge. It is not probable that Spartian would have invented the facts he states; and the apparent contradiction is reconciled by the supposition that Hadrian was first buried in the Villa Ciceroniana, where a temple was erected over him, and afterwards, at a later period, removed to Rome and placed in his Mausoleum.

All the fortune of Hadrian, all his honours, all his achievements, failed to satisfy him. Vacillating and various in character, by turns severe and gay, cruel and clement, mean and liberal, ardent and dilatory, he passed away at last, shaping a little poem, according to Spartian, inferior to many others that he made, and yet which is so sweet and gentle that it still lives in the mouths and hearts of men:—

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Que nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dablejocos."

When, for the third time, the funeral procession passed through those golden doors, it was to deposit there the ashes of Antoninus Pius—the cheerful and dignified man, the calm and noble philosopher, the generous and clement ruler, who said of himself, "*Malle se unum civem serpare quam mille hostes occidere.*" His death was of a piece with his life. He had fallen ill at his Lorian villa, and after

ordering the golden statue of Fortune to be transferred to his successor, he gave the countersign "Equanimity" to the tribune of the guard, turned over as to sleep, and passed calmly out of life at the ripe age of seventy-four years.

When next the Mausoleum doors opened, it was to receive a very different man—Lucius Verus—the fantastic fop and voluptuary, who sprinkled his hair with gold, and was guilty of every sort of luxurious extravagance, taking his siesta at noon on a couch stuffed with rose-leaves and strewn with a coverlet of lilies. But, after all, Lucius Verus, vain and luxurious as he was, was by no means wanting in character and ability. If he invented a pastry which became the favourite dish at the Imperial table, he seems also to have performed with zeal and diligence the duties of prætor; and as a soldier at the head of the Pannonian legions he distinguished himself by energy, courage, and skill. Certainly the letters of Marcus Aurelius to him breathe a warm affection and esteem; and he lamented deeply his loss, saying, sadly, that in choosing him as his successor he had leaned upon a falling wall. He died of apoplexy at Altinum, in Venetia.

A few years more went by, and the tomb again opened to receive the ashes of the philosopher and gentleman, Marcus Aurelius, the noblest, wisest, purest, most virtuous and self-denying man that ever in any age wore the Imperial robes. After a long and almost spotless life he met death quietly and with dignity, not as a calamity, but as a blessing, fearing only to fall below his own high standard of life and duty. Dismissing at last his attendant with these words, "Turn to the rising sun, for I am setting," he covered his head, as if for sleep, and alone his spirit went out on the dark road. He died at Vienna in the year 180, in the fifty-ninth year

* Dion Cassius says he was sixty-two.

of his age, leaving behind him in his 'Meditations' a work so full of purity of feeling, calm dignity of thought, heroic utterance, and noble philosophy, that it might be a fit handbook for any man's life.

The ashes of Commodus were next laid in this Mausoleum, whose only virtue was his courage. Base, cruel, polluted in morals and life with every shameless vice, he fell a victim at last to his mistress Marcia. Weary of him, and fearing him as well, she administered poison to him in his own palace; but the poison not operating rapidly, she called in at last one of his gladiators, who strangled him. Such was the hatred borne to him in Rome that the Senate demanded that his body should be refused burial and thrown into the Tiber. Through the exertions of Pertinax it was finally placed with its predecessors in the great Mausoleum, but secretly, and under the cover of night.

Pertinax himself, the affable but illiberal and sordid old man, who succeeded Commodus as Emperor, and reigned for only two months and twenty-five days, seems not to have been buried here. Stabbed by a pike while in the act of haranguing his soldiers, his head, hewn from his body, was stuck on a spear and carried through the city and the camp, and at last, with the body, placed in a tomb belonging to his wife's family. Under Severus an imaginary funeral was made,

and the Emperor himself delivered a funeral oration.

Didius Julianus, his successor, who bought the empire for 25,000 sesterces to each Prætorian, the glutton, miser, and gambler, in like manner was buried in the tomb of his family at the fifth milestone of the Via Labicana, after his short reign of two months and four days.

The Mausoleum again opened in A. D. 211 to receive the ashes of Septimius Severus, who died at York, after reigning seventeen years. Tall, with a long beard and white curling hair, reverend in his aspect, severe by nature, and implacable to crimes, devoted to philosophy and study, a great admirer of Marcus Aurelius, he won the admiration of the world, tired out by the crimes and beastliness of Commodus. His remains were brought to Rome with reverence, a costly funeral was then made in his honour, his ashes were placed in an urn, which, according to Spartian, was of gold, to Dion of porphyry, and to Herodian of alabaster, and he was then enrolled among the gods. "Omnia fui et nihil expedit" was his account of himself, and "Laboremus" was his last countersign.

After Severus no emperor was buried in this Mausoleum. His successors found their last resting-place in the tombs of their families; and the first great act being ended, the curtain of obscurity descends upon the Imperial tomb.

CHAPTER II.

For centuries after the burial of Severus we have no glimpse of the Mausoleum in history. Then the curtain lifts, and it is no longer a tomb but a fortress. At what period it began to be put to this use it is impossible to say. Procopius in the sixth century first breaks the silence, and describes it as rising like a tower out of the walls of the city, to which it had been

joined by the ancient Romans so as to make a portion of the fortifications of the city. Donato supposes this change to have taken place before the time of Justinian, and during the first Gothic war, when Alaric moved on Rome (409, 410), and Honorius fortified it for defence against the invaders. Nardini is of the same opinion. Fea, however, thinks it was fortified

first by Theodoric, who also restored the walls, about the year 500, and that it thence received the name of the Prison or House of Theodoric, by which it was generally known as late as the tenth century. But this fact does not conflict with the notion that it was previously made into a fortress, since it could not have served as a prison or house unless it had been already fortified, or unless Theodoric himself fortified it for this express purpose. As there is no account of his having done this, the probabilities are that when he made use of it as a prison it was already a fortress. Gibbon asserts that it was for the first time converted to the uses of a citadel by Belisarius in the beginning of the sixth century, but this is manifestly a slip. It was probably first fortified when it was united to the walls by the ancients, but precisely when this change was made we have no clear knowledge. Possibly it was first put to this use as early as the year 270, when Aurelian extended the walls, enclosing within them the Campus Martius. The Mausoleum being thus comprehended within them, would naturally become a sort of citadel from its strength and position. Procopius would scarcely have said that it was fortified by the *ancients*, if it had only been fortified within his own or even a previous century. The phrase certainly would indicate that it had long been a fortress. At all events it is plain that when the Goths under Vitiges attacked the Romans under Belisarius in the year 537, it was already a fortress, and was assaulted and defended with great spirit by both sides. It seems to have been comparatively uninjured at this time, and adorned at least by many, if not all, of its statues, marbles, and bronzes. The Goths attacked the Aurelian Gate and the Mausoleum on the side where they seemed weakest; and not being provided with machines, they at first made their approach with great

caution. Crouching under their shields, and partially covered by the portico of the ancient Church of St. Peter, they crept as near as possible to the Mole, and when concealment was no more possible, suddenly rushing out in mass they attacked it on all its exposed sides at once, and despite the showers of arrows and the stones of the ballistæ poured down by the Romans, forced and pressed them so fiercely that for a moment, strong as was the position of the soldiers of Belisarius, they lost heart and stood transfixed with fear, abandoning the defence. Profiting by this pause, the assailants rushed to the walls and planted against them their scaling-ladders, up which they began to swarm, when the spirit of the Romans returned. In fury and shame they looked about them for some means of overwhelming their enemies. Nothing was at hand but the noble statues looking calmly down upon them from their pedestals, and seizing upon these, they wrenched them from their places and toppled them down upon the heads of the foes who were crowded beneath and swarming up the walls. Confusion ensued among the ranks of the Goths, and the encouraged Romans, plying their torments with renewed vigour, finally drove them off in complete and disastrous rout. The citadel was saved, but those noble statues, the pride of Rome and the glory of the Mausoleum, lay broken to fragments at its base. The loss was irreparable to art, and no one even thought of attempting to repair it. Where the statues fell they were allowed to remain. None even of the fragments were ever replaced, or even rescued from the spot where they lay, until centuries after, when the ditch was cleared in the time of Urban III., the Barberini Faun, now at Munich, was accidentally discovered and unearthed—the sole representative of all that noble company

She was a woman of illustrious birth; and by means of her personal charms, her great wealth, and her powerful position, she seems to have exercised an influence over Rome scarcely inferior to that of a queen. Of her parentage we only know that her father's name was Glycerius, but beyond his name nothing is known about him. She was, according to a contemporary chronicler, the wife of Theophylactus, the leader of the noble party that espoused the cause of King Berengarius, and consul, senator, and patrician of Rome. Out of the darkness of history suddenly appears this remarkable woman, and as suddenly disappears in the darkness, flashing across the scene for a moment. Whence she came and how she obtained the power she exerted is unknown. Her very identity is confused with that of her daughter, and her character is equally doubtful and disputed. On the one hand she is called by Eugenius Vulgarius a "holy, god-beloved, revered matron;" while Luitprandus stigmatises her as a base and impudent courtesan. She had two daughters, Marozia and Theodora, both notorious in their life; and whether her character had suffered from being confounded with that of her daughter who bore her name it is impossible clearly to determine, while the fact that the daughter Theodora was married to another Theophylactus confuses the matter still more. The weight of evidence inclines certainly to the character given her by Luitprandus. As to her wealth and power there seems to be no question. She held many fortified castles, and several of the massive tombs and arches of the ancient Romans, turned into fortresses, were garrisoned by her soldiers; but her most powerful stronghold was the Castle St. Angelo, where she lived and held her court, controlling the affairs not only of the State but also of the Church. During this period the rivalry of popes and parties created

constant feuds between the various noble houses of Rome, and the latter part of the ninth century is a history of faction and dissension. Towards the close of the year 896, Stephen VI., then Pope, convoked a council to condemn his predecessor Formosus, and dishonour his memory. He caused the body to be disinterred, dressed in pontifical robes and ornaments, and seated in the pontifical chair. An advocate was assigned to the corpse to answer for it. Stephen then publicly addressed to it this question, "Why did you, Bishop of Porto, carry your ambition so far as to usurp the seat of Rome?" and neither the corpse nor its advocate replying, Stephen condemned it formally, despoiled it of its priestly robes, cut off the head and the three fingers of the right hand used in consecration, and ordered the remains to be cast into the Tiber. He soon paid the penalty, however, for this disgraceful act. After a few months' reign he was seized, driven from the pontifical chair, thrown into an obscure prison, and there strangled.

Sergius III., his successor, was elected in 898; but he was forced to flee into Tuscany to save his life, and there he remained seven years, during which time the violence of the dissensions occasioned by the condemnation of Formosus was fomented by Theodora. At last, however, Sergius returned to Rome. Here he seems to have been greatly attracted by the beauty of Marozia, the daughter of Theodora, who had inherited alike her mother's charms and her looseness of morals. She was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, and had either just married or was about to marry Alberic, Marquis of Camerino, a wealthy and powerful personage, to whom she gave her hand about the year 906. This, however, did not prevent her from having a *liaison* with Pope Sergius, which may have been purely platonic in its character, but which Luitprandus does not hesitate to call

token from heaven that the pestilence should cease; and to the chant of the angels he responded with the hymn "Ora pro nobis Deum Alleluja."

After this vision the plague began to diminish, and soon ceased, and in celebration of it a chapel was afterwards built on the top of the Mausoleum by Boniface IX.,* which was dedicated to St. Michael, and received the name of St. Angelo "inter nubes," or "inter coelos." It was from this event that it derived the name by which it is now known—the Castle of St. Angelo.

Charlemagne marched to Rome in 774, and, arriving on Holy Saturday, passed over the Bridge of St. Angelo, and proceeded on foot to the Vatican. The Pope, Adrian, received him at the entrance of St. Peter's, and the Emperor ascended the steps on his knees until he reached the Pope and received his blessing. He then departed from the city, after confirming his father Pepin's donation to the Papal See.

In 755 the Lombards appeared before Rome, led by Astolphus, and invested it in three divisions. One of these besieged the Castle St. Angelo, and Rome had never been harder pressed. The repairs which Gregory had made on the walls alone preserved the city from capture; but the suburbs and the Campagna were terribly desolated and ravaged.

In 846 the Saracens invaded Italy; and Leo IV., a Roman by birth, and a man of extraordinary courage and vigour, undertook the fortification of Rome, and enclosed with a wall that portion of it sur-

rounding the Vatican, which has ever since been called after him the Leonine City. These walls commenced at the Castle St. Angelo, enclosed St. Peter's, and extended to the river below the gate of St. Spirito. They were of tufa and brick, 40 feet high, 19 feet thick, and defended with forty-one towers. They had three gates—a small one near the Castle St. Angelo, named Posterula St. Angelo; a large one called at first the Porta S. Peregrini, and afterwards Porta Viridaria; and a third corresponding to the Porta S. Spirito. He also fortified anew the Castle itself, which was the key of the whole, and drew an iron chain across the Tiber. On these works he spent four years; and when they were completed, a solemn procession was made on the 27th of June 852, in which the Pope and all the clergy, barefooted and in sackcloth, marched round the walls, sprinkling them with holy water, invoking the blessing of the holy angels and apostles, and praying that this new Rome might be ever preserved pure, prosperous, and impregnable. The ceremony concluded with high mass at St. Peter's, and a distribution of gold and silver presents and rich stuffs among the nobles. This then became the Papal city; and the Castle St. Angelo, which was the key of the entire fortification, was henceforth not only to brave the brunt of war, but to become the prison of State, and to be the theatre of secret and terrible crimes.

We next find the Castle in the possession of the celebrated Theodora, though how she became possessed of it does not clearly appear.

are two Madonnas in Rome—one at the Araceli, and the other at the Sta Maria Maggiore—each of which claims to have been the Madonna carried by Gregory on the occasion of this vision; and on St. Mark's festival, when the parochial clergy make a procession to St. Peter's, the Franciscans of Araceli and the canons of Sta Maria Maggiore always chant this anthem as they pass over the bridge.

* Baronius states that this church was built by Boniface IX.; but others, as Grimaldi and Donato, insist that the church built by Boniface was that of St. Angelo in Pescaria. But this opinion seems scarcely tenable.—See Nardini, *Roma Antica*, vol. iii. p. 367.

She was a woman of illustrious birth; and by means of her personal charms, her great wealth, and her powerful position, she seems to have exercised an influence over Rome scarcely inferior to that of a queen. Of her parentage we only know that her father's name was Glycerius, but beyond his name nothing is known about him. She was, according to a contemporary chronicler, the wife of Theophylactus, the leader of the noble party that espoused the cause of King Berengarius, and consul, senator, and patrician of Rome. Out of the darkness of history suddenly appears this remarkable woman, and as suddenly disappears in the darkness, flashing across the scene for a moment. Whence she came and how she obtained the power she exerted is unknown. Her very identity is confused with that of her daughter, and her character is equally doubtful and disputed. On the one hand she is called by Eugenius Vulgarius a "holy, god-beloved, revered matron;" while Luitprandus stigmatises her as a base and impudent courtesan. She had two daughters, Marozia and Theodora, both notorious in their life; and whether her character had suffered from being confounded with that of her daughter who bore her name it is impossible clearly to determine, while the fact that the daughter Theodora was married to another Theophylactus confuses the matter still more. The weight of evidence inclines certainly to the character given her by Luitprandus. As to her wealth and power there seems to be no question. She held many fortified castles, and several of the massive tombs and arches of the ancient Romans, turned into fortresses, were garrisoned by her soldiers; but her most powerful stronghold was the Castle St. Angelo, where she lived and held her court, controlling the affairs not only of the State but also of the Church. During this period the rivalry of popes and parties created

constant feuds between the various noble houses of Rome, and the latter part of the ninth century is a history of faction and dissension. Towards the close of the year 896, Stephen VI., then Pope, convoked a council to condemn his predecessor Formosus, and dishonour his memory. He caused the body to be disinterred, dressed in pontifical robes and ornaments, and seated in the pontifical chair. An advocate was assigned to the corpse to answer for it. Stephen then publicly addressed to it this question, "Why did you, Bishop of Porto, carry your ambition so far as to usurp the seat of Rome?" and neither the corpse nor its advocate replying, Stephen condemned it formally, despoiled it of its priestly robes, cut off the head and the three fingers of the right hand used in consecration, and ordered the remains to be cast into the Tiber. He soon paid the penalty, however, for this disgraceful act. After a few months' reign he was seized, driven from the pontifical chair, thrown into an obscure prison, and there strangled.

Sergius III., his successor, was elected in 898; but he was forced to flee into Tuscany to save his life, and there he remained seven years, during which time the violence of the dissensions occasioned by the condemnation of Formosus was fomented by Theodora. At last, however, Sergius returned to Rome. Here he seems to have been greatly attracted by the beauty of Marozia, the daughter of Theodora, who had inherited alike her mother's charms and her looseness of morals. She was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, and had either just married or was about to marry Alberic, Marquis of Camerino, a wealthy and powerful personage, to whom she gave her hand about the year 906. This, however, did not prevent her from having a *liaison* with Pope Sergius, which may have been purely platonic in its character, but which Luitprandus does not hesitate to call

a "nefarious adultery," and asserts that John XI. was the fruit of it. There appears, however, to be no sufficient ground for this statement, and it is generally supposed that John XI. was the legitimate offspring of Marozia and Alberic her husband.*

Of Theophylactus, the husband of Theodora her mother, we hear but little. He seems soon to have disappeared, and many were the lovers who followed the husband. Among them she chiefly favoured Albert, Count of Etruria, surnamed the Rich, whom she admitted to a share of her bed and her fortress. Captivated afterwards by a young ecclesiastic named John, she procured him to be made successively Bishop of Bologna and Archbishop of Ravenna; but shortly after his departure to attend to the affairs of his archbishopric, and in order to bring him back to Rome, she by her power and persuasion prevailed in obtaining for him the nomination of Pope. He then returned, and, assuming the title of John X., lived at her side, though not without scandal. The affairs of the Church, however, seem to have been administered by him with fairness and justice, and he made war not without glory against the Saracens.

When Theodora was first attached to John she had already passed the flower of her youth; and soon after he became Pope she passes out of history, and probably died, leaving to him the possession of the Castle St. Angelo. Marozia in the mean time had been married to Alberic, and was as ambitious as her mother. To John she bore no love, and after Theodora's death she began strenuously to intrigue against him. The Pope then expelled Alberic from Rome; but he and Marozia returned, attacked him, and drove him from

the Castle St. Angelo, which she took possession of, and still more strongly fortified. Alberic was soon after killed in a sedition in the year 925, and she then gave her hand in marriage to Guido, Duke of Tuscany. They carried matters with a high hand. Before the very eyes of the Pope they assassinated his brother Peter, and him they dragged to prison in the Castle, where they kept him till he died in 928—of suffocation, according to Luitprandus. Two popes, Leo VI. and Stephen VII., they then successively placed in the chair of St. Peter, over whom they exercised almost absolute control. In the year 981 the second husband of Marozia died; but Marozia, though widowed, still ruled the city of Rome. Her son, John XI., she succeeded in placing in the papal chair in the same year; but fearing her other son, Alberic, who had now grown to manhood, and feeling herself inadequate, despite her rank of *Patricia et Senatrix*, to rule alone, she married Hugo of Provence, King of Italy, to strengthen her hand. In 982 he came to Rome with a considerable force, and, leaving his troops outside the city, was received by the people with great state and festivity, and his marriage with Marozia was celebrated with pomp in the Castle St. Angelo.

Alberic, the son, looked, however, with little favour on his stepfather, and an incident soon occurred which brought them to open enmity. While pouring out some water in a basin for Hugo to wash his hands, either by accident or design he spilt some of it on the King, who in an impulse of passion struck him on the face. The high-spirited Alberic, furious at this insult, rushed out into the streets, called the people together,

* Muratori combats the statement of Luitprandus; and Leone Marsicano, who lived in the following century, declared that John XI. was the son of Alberic, but he mistakes in the same sentence that he succeeded Agapetus. L'Anonymo Salertano also says he was Alberic's son.

and by his passionate appeals to them to rebel against the tyranny of a woman and a stranger, so roused them that they armed at once, and under his leadership stormed and took the Castle. Hugo attempted no defence, but letting himself down the walls by a rope, escaped and fled from the city. Marozia, who remained behind, was then seized by Alberic and imprisoned; and the Pope, John XI., his brother, was sent to the Lateran in strict surveillance, if not imprisonment. Marozia seems then to have been placed in a convent, where she remained until her death.

John XI. died in 936, and Alberic named as his successors Leo VII., Stephen VIII., Martin III., and Agapet II., all of whom he kept in complete subservience. For twenty-two years he held absolute sway, despite all the efforts of his enemies to overthrow him. A formidable conspiracy was at one time formed against him, in which his sisters took part, as well as many princes and persons of authority in the Church; but it was discovered and crushed, and he continued to hold his seat and maintain his power to his death in 954. Such was his authority, even at the last, that he prevailed in exacting from the Church a pledge that his son and successor, Octavian, should be made Pope on the death of Agapet, the then occupant of the Papal chair; and this pledge was strictly kept in the following year, when Octavian, then only eighteen years of age, was created Pope under the title of John XII., being the first of the popes who changed his name and title upon election.

John XII. enjoys the unenviable notoriety of having been one of the most infamous popes who ever disgraced the chair of St. Peter. In 962, finding the tyranny of Berengarius insupportable, he sent two legates to Otho to implore his assistance. Otho acceded to his re-

quest and came to Rome, where he was crowned by the Pope, who made oath on the body of St. Peter never to renounce obedience to him, and never to ally himself to Berengarius or his son Adelbert. Otho, on his part, confirmed to the Pope the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, and added thereto a portion of the kingdom of Italy, establishing at the same time the formula for the election of popes, and reserving to himself and his successors the sovereignty and jurisdiction of Rome in case of any question. The original of this Act was written in letters of gold and deposited in the Castle St. Angelo. Otho then left Rome. In the subsequent year, however, John broke the pledges he had thus solemnly given, and made common cause with Adelbert against Otho. The Emperor then sent to demand the reason of this violation of faith, and received for answer by the Romans that John had joined Adelbert simply because they were fitted by nature and character to be friends, being equally corrupt and abominable in their lives. Otho then marched on Rome, and besieged the Pope in the Castle St. Angelo, which he finally took by storm. John fled, and had the good fortune to escape being captured. A council was now assembled by the Emperor, and John was cited to appear and defend himself against the grave charges made against him, but he absolutely refused. At the session of the council the vices and crimes of which he was accused by the cardinals are sufficient to cover any one with infamy. The Emperor, in a letter which he then wrote to John, enumerated the accusations made in the council against him, and declared that "the bishops, cardinals, priests, deacons, and all the people," had related of him acts so shameful as to make every one blush. "You have been accused," he says, "of being guilty of homicide, perjury, sacrilege, and in-

cest with two sisters, your near relations. You have drunk to the health of the devil. Playing at dice, you have implored the assistance of Jupiter, Venus, and various demons." John, in his answer, refused to acknowledge the authority of the council, and threatened excommunication to all its members if they should attempt to nominate a new pontiff. Despite his protest and his threats, however, he was degraded from his dignity, and Leo VIII. was elected and placed in his chair. John refused to be bound by this act, and waited his opportunity.

The Emperor having sent away from the city many of his soldiers, in order to relieve the Romans from the expense of their maintenance, John excited the people to revolt, and, aided by a number of nobles attached to Alberic and his family, attempted to overthrow the Emperor and Pope. But the attempt failed, and Otho seized and condemned to death some of the conspirators. Shortly after this, the Emperor having left the city and retired to Spoleto, John returned in force, seized the Castle, where he fortified himself, drove out Leo, and revenged himself on his enemies by the most cruel reprisals. By his order, John, a cardinal deacon, was seized and his right hand cut off; and other leading personages of the Church he mutilated of their noses, of their tongues, and of their two forefingers. But his vices soon brought him to a violent end. Surprised one night outside the gates in a rendezvous with a married woman, in the darkness he received a blow on the temples—attributed by Luitprandus to the devil ("a diabolio percussus"), but aimed probably by the husband—of which he died within eight days, on the 14th May, 964. The Romans of his party then substituted a new Pope under the title of Benedict V.; but Otho entered the city immediately after with his anti-pope Leo, and Bene-

dict on his knees surrendered to him the tiara.

On the death of Leo in 965, John XIII., the son of a bishop, was elected by the order of Otho. By his haughty assumptions the new Pope soon brought upon himself the hatred of the nobility, and he was finally seized by Roffredo the Prefect of Rome, and imprisoned in the Castle St. Angelo. A few months later he made his escape with the assistance of his friend Conte Pandolfo, who found means shortly after to make away with Roffredo. The Emperor then returned, and summary was his vengeance. He hung twelve of those who had assisted in the arrest of the Pope, disinterred the body of Roffredo, dragged the corpses through the mud of the city, and cast them into the drains. The Prefect Peter he abandoned to the mercy of the Pope, by whose order his beard was cut off, and he was hung by the hair to the statue of Marcus Aurelius, then stripped, mounted backward on an ass, and driven ignominiously through the streets, pursued by the rabble.

John was succeeded by Benedict VI. in 972, and wretched enough was his fate. He was seized by Boniface Franconi, son of Ferraccio, who, after imprisoning him in the Castle St. Angelo, and then strangling, or, according to some accounts, starving him to death, assumed the tiara himself under the name of Boniface VII. His usurpation, however, lasted but two months, during which time he pilaged the churches, and laden with their treasures, then fled to Constantinople.

The Imperial party now raised Benedict VII., who was of the family of Alberic, in 975 to the Papacy; and on his death in 983 his successor was placed on the throne by the Romans under the title of John XIV. But scarcely had he reigned eight months when Boniface VII. returned, reclaimed the Papal tiara, seized upon Benedict,

and threw him into the dungeons of St. Angelo, where he perished by strangling or famine. For eleven months the Church groaned under his rule, when he perished abhorred by all. Such was the hatred of the Romans to him, that after his death they wreaked their vengeance on his corpse, which they dragged through the streets, subjecting it to every species of insult and ignominy; and finally, naked and covered with wounds, hung it to the brazen horse of Marcus Aurelius, then supposed to be the statue of Constantine.

There is no period in the history of the popes more stained with crime than that of the three Othos. The records of these days are so bad as to have been thought scarcely credible; but after abating much for exaggeration, sufficient remains to show that the condition of the Church at this age was shameful. Fortunately for the popes, the chronicles of the time are comparatively brief, and hints often are given instead of detailed facts. Such was the number and nature of the crimes, both in and out of the Church, that the patience of the Romans was at last exhausted, and they looked for some leader who should purge Church and State, rule the factions that ruined Rome, and restore liberty and peace to the weary people.

This leader they found in Crescentius. Of noble birth and directly descended from Alberic and Theodora, he was endowed with remarkable ability, and inspired with an ardent ambition to revive the power and glory of the ancient days of Republican Rome. He was animated with somewhat of the same spirit that inspired Rienzi at a later period, but he was a far abler man, and without the restless vanity and love of pomp which ruined the last of the Tribunes. Placed at the head of the government as Consul in 980, he took advantage of the minority of Otho III. and the general state of an-

archy to re-establish a republic, which should not be only a form but a power. The people seconded his efforts, glad to have a firm hand to guide them. Disgusted with the crimes of the popes, his first effort was to deprive them of their civil authority and subject them to rule. It was in the early days of his consulate that Boniface was slain and dragged through the streets by the enraged populace; and his successor, John XV., refusing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, he exiled, only suffering him to return to Rome on his submission. For a series of years, under the government of Crescentius, Rome enjoyed a peace and order to which it had long been a stranger.

On the death of John in 996, Otho, who had now attained his majority, placed a relation of his own in the Papal chair, under the title of Gregory V. The power thus exercised by Otho, and the manner in which the new Pope was elected, was displeasing to Crescentius, who refused to recognise the authority of the Pope and the Emperor, and, retiring into the Castle St. Angelo, there fortified himself against them, adding new outworks and fortifications to it. At first Gregory was passive; but, strong in the support of the Emperor, he began soon to assume greater powers, and to require a submission on the part of the people greater, in the opinion of Crescentius, than was consistent with the liberty of the Romans. Upon the persistence of Gregory, he put an end to his usurpations by driving him from the city, and placing in his seat a Greek prelate, who assumed the tiara under the name of John XVI., making requisition at the same time on the Emperor of Constantinople for support. The aid was granted; but before the Greek auxiliaries could arrive, the Emperor, furious at the interference of Crescentius, marched upon Rome and seized the Pope

John, whom he cruelly mutilated and tortured to death, despite the earnest supplications of St. Nilus. His tongue and eyes were torn out, his nose was cut off, and, clad in the tattered vestments of his order, he was carried, seated backward on an ass, through the streets. This done, he at once attacked Crescentius in the Castle St. Angelo. The Castle, however, was so strongly fortified by Crescentius that it defied the assaults of the whole Imperial army, with the Emperor at its head; and it was from this siege, as well as from the fortifications and outworks added by the Consul, that it obtained the name it afterwards kept for centuries, of the "Rock or Tower of Crescentius." Foiled in his attempts to take it by storm and siege, the Emperor had recourse to a treacherous stratagem to obtain possession of it. There was a German in his suite, named Tammus, a most familiar friend according to Fleury, who was accustomed to eat out of the same plate with him, and wear his very dresses. This man he sent to Crescentius, empowering him to offer on oath, in his own name and in that of the Pope, honourable capitulation to the Consul, and the safety of himself and all his followers. The offer was accepted; but no sooner was Crescentius in his power than he cut off his head, which he threw down from the top of the tower, and then hung up his body by the feet outside the walls. Upon the battlements of the Castle he also hung twelve of his followers.

Stephania, wife of Crescentius, a beautiful and high-spirited woman, was treated with great indignity, and, according to some accounts, abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers. This outrage rankled deep in her bosom, but she had the courage and the skill to conceal her sense of injury. She withdrew into solitude, and made no attempt to revenge the murder of her husband or the insults to her. She nursed, how-

ever, a deadly purpose in her heart, and kept it to herself.

Otho, meantime, overcome with remorse for this base and treacherous murder, made a pilgrimage to Monte Gargano, there to expiate his crime by prayer and penitence. On his return to Rome he was ill in body as well as mind, and under the pretence of being skilled in medicine, Stephania presented herself, obtained audience of him, and offered her services to assist in his cure. All seemed to have been forgotten, if not forgiven, on her part. So profound was her hypocrisy that it seems to have imposed not only on the King but on all by whom he was surrounded. Dazzled by her charms, and his suspicions laid at rest, she gained not only his confidence but his passionate admiration, and became his mistress. In delaying her revenge she seems to have been actuated by a double motive—that of ambition as well as vengeance; and apparently her design was first, at least, to prevail upon him to marry her, and give her the rank of empress, and then perhaps to make away with him. Whether, in fact, she only sought to gratify her ambition at the expense of the fame and memory of her husband, or whether all was feigned in order to further her plan of revenge, is difficult to say. However this may be, he refused to marry her, and she poisoned him—according to one account, by a pair of perfumed gloves; according to another by a potion; and according to a third, by causing him to be wrapped up in a poisoned stag's hide under pretence that it would cure him of his disease, but which proved not less fatally venomous than the robe of Nessus. Thus perished, at twenty-two years of age, the third of the Othos, three years after the death of Crescentius, in the year 1002.

The German historians have generally sought to discredit all stories to the disadvantage of Otho

III., and to elevate him into a hero. There is certainly much to interest us in the circumstances of his history and in his early fate, but little to excite our admiration, or justify the extreme praise which has been lavished upon him. He had been educated by St. Bernard and the famous Gerbert (afterward Sylvester II.), and from them he had received a considerable culture. But his life was graced by no great deeds, and the priestly influence exerted upon him from his earliest youth had deeply infected his mind with superstition, and, to a certain extent, unfitted him for the duties of his station. In character he was at once vehement and vacillating, melancholy and excitable—by turns the victim of violent fits of passion, during which he was guilty of gross cruelties and crimes, and of equally violent fits of remorse and devotion, during which he strove to expiate his offences by long pilgrimages, penances, fasts, and superstitious rites. In his public life he showed little sagacity or knowledge of men, and in his private life his standard of morals was low. His proclivities were more to the priesthood than the empire, and at one time he proposed to St. Bernard to assume the vows of a monk. Wedded as he was to the Church, he was naturally surrounded by a suite of priestly flatterers, some of whom in their records of his life naturally sought to suppress what was discreditable in one so devoted to the interests of the Church, and to extol his virtues to the skies. Yet the facts that are known do not support their extreme encomiums, and there are not wanting passages and phrases even among these writers which, by a side-light, illuminate the facts they seek to conceal by silence. The story of his death is variously related, some of the contemporary chroniclers directly asserting that he was poisoned by Stephania, whom he had made his mistress, and some omitting all mention of this fact. But the great weight of evidence is on the side of those who assert that he thus met his death, and it is plain even from the narratives of the others that his death was sudden, and very peculiar in its circumstances. Indeed, upon a careful examination of the Chronicle of Ditmarus, upon which those who reject the story principally rely, it is plain that if Otho III. did not die by poison administered by Stephania, he probably died of a fouler and more corrupting poison.

* Some late historians affect to treat the story of Otho and Stephania as purely legendary—chiefly because it is not narrated by Ditmarus and Arnulphus, who were contemporary chroniclers. But though Ditmarus, who is a warm eulogist of Otho, omits all mention of his connection with Stephania, or of his having been poisoned by her, he drops a sinister phrase as to his death, which he says was “*nece immatura*,” plainly showing that it was not a natural one. Besides this, he gives a horrible account of his death, “*pustellis interiora prementibus, et interdum paulatim erumpentibus*,” which looks decidedly suspicious. If, as these words imply, Otho died a violent death, he may have sought, by a pious fraud, to conceal the fact, so as not to dishonour the Emperor who had been so devoted an advocate and friend of the Church. Arnulphus also says nothing of the cause of Otho's death; but he states that Stephania was given up by Otho to the brutality of the German soldiery. Arnulphus, however, could personally have known nothing of the facts of Otho's death, as he was absent from Rome at the time. Adelboldus, Bishop of Utrecht, who has chronicled the history of this period, also gives us an elaborate panegyric of Otho, but with no account of the manner of his death.

On the other hand, however, Adhemarus, a contemporary chronicler, says distinctly that Otho died by poison “*in Partibus Beneventi*,” and the learned Henry de Luze (Ostiensis), while correcting Adhemarus as to the place where he died, does not controvert the other statement, but admits his connection

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE WAR.

DIFFICULTY OF RETRIEVING A DISASTER.

WHEN the elder Napoleon was the last and the greatest authority in the art of war, he taught the value of vigour and rapidity in following up a success. If his enemy were worsted, however slightly, he gave no time for repair of the mischance, but endeavoured to repeat his blows until he might make a wound out of a scratch, and then aggravate the slight wound till he made it deadly. He was said to sweep like a torrent over the theatre of war, driving before him the discomfited foe, who, pressed ruthlessly from point to point, must have felt like that Irishman who was vanquished at Donnybrook through the opposing shillelah having knocked him down repeatedly before he could get up again. The expediency of indefatigable pursuit was perhaps always maintained in theory; but the practice of it had abated when Napoleon began to brush up the art of war, and to demonstrate the extent to which this advantage could be carried.

Before they had, after Napoleon's

day, much opportunity of trying their skill in this great point of strategy, European soldiers, however, began to imagine that it might have run out of date. When armies are so swollen in numbers, and so burdened with baggage as at the present day (they said), to keep close on a beaten enemy's rear is out of the question: the effort of a great battle may be made, but to move on the cumbrous masses after the fight is no longer possible. And this they said when they saw how the Northern armies in the recent American struggle, though repeatedly beaten, were allowed to retreat unmolested, and with a fresh General and changed combinations to renew the attack. It was assumed by many, indeed by most, that the Napoleonic celerity was practicable only for compact and "heinously unprovided" forces, as they now began to call the armies of the first Empire, and that henceforth campaigns would be decided by pitched battles. Still there were a few who held to the old axiom, who saw in

with Stephanía "qua libidinose abutebatur." Landulphus, again, also a contemporary, narrates at length the whole story, of Stephanía and Otho, from her introduction to him as a physician down to his death, which, he says, she effected by wrapping him up in a stag's hide previously poisoned by her. Rupertus, the Abbot of Tuit, in his life of Heribert, also confirms the story, saying that Otho fell into the snares of a wicked woman, namely, of Stephanía, the wife of Crescentius, whom for her great beauty he made his mistress not lending heed to St. Heribert, who frequently admonished him against her; and so, while sleeping in his bed, he was killed by her with poison. The same story, with variations as to the mode of poisoning, is told in other Chronicles, written at a later date, and of less value on that account—as by Theodore Engelhusen, Ludovico, Cavitelli, and others. Baronius also relates the same story, though he declines to decide upon its authenticity. It is difficult, on such testimony, entirely to reject the whole thing, and to treat it as a mere fable.

The evidence as to Otho's having broken his faith with Crescentius is quite as strong, if not stronger. Landulphus, Ostiensis, Arnulphus, and the Chronicler of Cassino, all agree that Otho, by oath or pledge of safety, induced Crescentius to surrender, and then summarily hanged him and his followers. Ditmarus, on the contrary, the eulogist of Otho, states that the Castle was taken at last, after much fighting, by means of tall machines which enabled the assailants to enter it, and that Otho then immediately ordered the head of Crescentius to be struck off, and his body hung up by the feet. Chronographus Saxo also supports Ditmarus.

the want of organisation, the rawness of the troops, and the inexperience of the Generals of the Southern armies, the explanation of their inertia after victory; and who thought that if the Yankees had been thrashed by European, as they were by Southern troops, they would not have been allowed so much breathing-time.

Well, time rolled on, and had not rolled so very far either, when the latter opinion, although that of the minority, proved to be the right one. Nobody that has been watching the proceedings of the Prussian armies through the late summer and autumn can retain a doubt as to the feasibility of training and equipping enormous hosts to such perfection, that they may throw the feats of seventy years since into the shade;—their bulk and the appliances of the advanced age not rendering them unwieldy, but rather making their concert, unity, and celerity more conspicuous. The vastly increased and improved trains of armies, the greater facilities of communication, the more scientific weapons, all introduce innumerable details into military service, the mastering of which by the many departments, and then the framing of these departments into one jointed, articulated, tractable whole, afford employment to minds of the highest order. But when the master-mind has done its work, the result is more certainty and alacrity in these our days than in the days of our fathers. Time and space, the disturbers of the best-laid plans in the days of old, have been greatly

restricted in power by advancing science; there is less opportunity for what we call *accident* to intervene; the game may be anticipated with tolerable accuracy to its end; and if it be well conceived, and executed with adequate means, its success is better assured than it could be in former days. The converse argument proves that the inferior combatant, having once taken the field at a disadvantage, cannot hope to amend his defects during a campaign, or even during a war, if, indeed, a campaign and a war be not, in these times, almost the same thing. Unless his enemy be as ill-appointed as himself, he will go from bad to worse till he is face to face with ruin.

Of all the nations in the earth, there is none that requires so much as England to lay this truth to heart. It has often happened that she has not got herself into fighting condition till towards the end of a severe war. With her long purse and her dogged resolve, a few initial reverses did not much distress her—nay, she seemed almost to require a little ill-fortune to make her support the war in earnest. But if she is wise, she will play this game no more. War, if it come, must find her already prepared. She must spend her money and provide and equip her forces while yet she is at peace. There cannot be any paltering with this duty. Liberal, competent defences, or certain humiliation and material damage—these are the alternatives!

ONE POINT THAT ENGLAND MUST LOOK TO.

It has been said above, that to inform a huge army like that of Prussia with a fitting spirit, is a task for a master mind. Undoubtedly it is so. And the nations who are awake to the necessity of maintaining vast forces, understand also that it is worth their while to secure their ablest men to lead these

forces, and to fill all the most responsible offices in connection with them. But it never seems to have occurred to England that any endeavour is necessary in this respect. On the contrary, while Continental nations have been attracting highly-gifted and educated men into their military services, England

has been taking great pains to make service in her army unpalatable. Wholesale reductions, abolitions of appointments, increase of work, diminution of pay, stagnation of promotion in all ranks, these are the baits which she is offering to make men like Von Moltke or Todleben enter her service. She may say that her present system gives her choice enough, as there are many candidates for every vacancy among her officers. There are, it is true, many candidates; but these are principally men of one class only—young men of means and position, but without pretence to superior ability. A large proportion of these young men, moreover, do not intend to make the army a profession. They invest their money in commissions which are to be retained only until they marry, or are tired of an adventurous life. Even in the scientific branches, although officers are selected from numerous candidates by competitive examination, the country gets only the best of those who are content to take the pittance which she offers. First-class men will not compete; and they would be unjust to themselves if they did compete. So many remunerative professions are open to them, that the miserable bid of the State can have no chance. And it is not only that the pay will certainly be meagre, and the service often disagreeable; there is no security that the pay, poor though it be, may not suddenly stop or be reduced, while the officer in the prime of life may be sent to wither in retirement. This is the probable result to many whenever a saving fit may come upon the nation. In every other concern except the vital one of national defence and national independence, the axiom is quite understood in England, "If you want a good article, you must pay a good price;" but when it comes to insuring all that belongs, or may belong, to us and to our children, the cry is either

"Do it not at all," or "Do it cheaply;" and this notwithstanding our continual complaint that everything connected with military matters is unsatisfactory.

It is a standing condition to which all schemes for ameliorating our army and navy must be subject, that no expense must result from their adoption; and hence it is that all schemes are abortive. John Bull has of late been constantly attempting to remedy what he conceives to be the defects of his army, and he has been constantly unsuccessful. The power that baffles him is the dead-weight of mediocrity. Where the general body of an extensive profession is but of medium ability and education (we are not denying brilliant exceptions, but speaking of what the present system tends to produce), its members will strenuously oppose the introduction of men above their own level—naturally they will, for it is uncomfortable for men who have somehow or other been able to jog along in a slipshod fashion to be suddenly contrasted with able, penetrating, organising men, such as are to be seen in the high places of other professions. Such men, if they began to move and examine, might make most disagreeable revelations; and they would be certain to disturb cruelly the august repose of many potent functionaries. No wonder, then, that the whole weight of the service is against the introduction of such men: no wonder that when such men do, in spite of the system, find their way into the service, they are opposed, evil-spoken of, wearied, disgusted—and the ponderous imperturbable system rolls on as doggedly as the earth in its orbit.

Who has not remarked how, oft-times when an independent member of Parliament rises in his place to ask a significant question concerning the army, or to comment on some known iniquity, he is immediately mystified by a mean

ingless jargon, or else replied to in a speech which deals with anything rather than with the matter in question? The questioner or censor may have been coached up to the point of putting his first demand or case indifferently well, but he is not sufficiently conversant with military matters to clear away the mists with which official subterfuge can obscure it, nor to continue the contest with an adversary who is probably not of half his mental calibre, and who, to an initiated questioner, would be simply contemptible. He sits down, not answered nor satisfied, but baffled; and they who read the debates next day (all except the initiated, who quite understand the paltry game) feel baffled also—cannot imagine why information or explanation, which it is so easy to insist on when any other interest is under discussion, should be unattainable on military subjects. This is just one of the devices, the potent obstructions, of mediocrity in possession. Of course the drift of the querist or speaker is quite understood; but his ignorance of military things is relied on to prevent his making a second attack; and he is obliged to be silent under an answer about as unintelligible and insulting, as those which overwhelmed poor Moses Primrose when he wanted to hold high argument with the fine gentlemen from town. When the subject relates to commerce, to law, or to finance, no such juggle can be attempted. There are always members well versed in those subjects who would expose and parry the unworthy fencing. But military information is confined to a few, and of that few but one or two sit in the House of Commons; and that one or those two are probably of the class who desire to keep the outside world uninformed, and who therefore enjoy the discomfiture of an attempt to extract information. Certes, the instinct by which mediocrity seeks to hold its

own is powerful, and common to all the mediocres.

That which occurs in the House is only a particular form of self-preservation—of a resistance everywhere against the admission of light, and of improvement from whencesoever it may proceed. It is hopeless to attempt the amelioration of such a body by pressure from without. The reform and elevation of the service must come from within; but thence it will not come, until the right men are, by a liberal treatment of the service, induced to enter it in sufficient numbers to break through the policy and traditions of jealousy, alarm, and mystery, and to deal with it as such men deal with whatever matter they take in hand. The true interest of the nation will be served, by offering such emolument to officers of the army and navy that those services may have an equal chance with the law, with commerce, with civil engineering, and with other liberal professions, of obtaining the choice men of the nation. There would be certain expense in this, but it would be economical expense, if viewed only in the light of insurance money. It is, moreover, likely to prove an economical expense in a more literal sense; for such men as we contend for would in all probability bring about the very reforms, establish the smooth working, and effect the removal of the dead weight, for which John Bull is so vainly fretting himself. Miss Brontë makes mention of a little boy who always would say that he would rather learn a verse of a psalm than be presented with sugar-plums, and who, by that judicious choice, got the sugar-plums also for that time, and obtained many succeeding opportunities of earning sugar-plums in the same manner. We commend that wise little boy—who cannot have really loved to learn psalms any more than Mr. Bull loves to spend his money—to our countrymen's consideration. If we resolve only to

get the best men, and say that it is our pleasure to treat them liberally, we shall probably get able men and economy too.

By securing good administrators and officers, we should secure good soldiers too, and plenty of them. The schemes for recruiting the army fail because they are *cheap* schemes. We must have liberality here as well as in regard to officers, and then the difficulty about procuring soldiers will disappear. A plan is put before the people of which the strongest feature is that it is to be *cheap*; the people are then invited to enter this profession. But it is one thing to view the thing from the tax-payers', another to view it from the soldiers' point of view. The very circumstance which caused young men to vote at the election for Radicals, will deter the same young men from being soldiers. They dislike paying taxes much, but they dislike serving a niggardly master still more.

Driven from scheme to scheme in the endeavour to discover a method of producing a first-rate army *dirt cheap*, our military reformers seem to have come at last to the conclusion that to obtain our requirements we must model our army on some foreign army, and of course the Prussian is just now more in favour than any other. Now this, we are bold enough to say, is as great a blunder as any that has been put forward. An English army must be in all respects national. The levying, organising, disciplining, moving, paying it, must all be done according to English ideas. It is nothing to the purpose that English ideas are not always the best—Englishmen will do things in only their own way, whether that way be good or bad. All history tells us this, even the history of the feudal times. To put an army together that would engage to leave our shores (the militia was a different question) was always a matter of difficulty and delicacy, and, we

may add, always will be. More than ever will it be difficult, now that the classes who chiefly furnish recruits have so much control over the Legislature. We shall never have a conscription; we shall never persuade our people that going to sea, and being sent for ten years to India or our colonies, is similar service to that of a Prussian soldier in time of peace, who is scarcely required to leave his birthplace, certainly not to leave the neighbourhood of his birthplace; we shall never persuade the classes who can be obtained *cheaply* to abjure drinking and the offences to which drinking leads; therefore we cannot banish from our military code severe punishments. But you can get enough of soldiers in exactly the same way in which you get enough of navvies, or enough of cotton hands—viz., by paying a good price. That is the key to the whole problem of recruiting.

It is not, however, in respect of the officers and soldiers of the army only, that niggardliness is suicidal. This is an age of invention, of rapid progress. There is no doubt that the State which would lead the world, or even the State which would defy molestation, must be liberal in encouraging and adopting improvements, must deal generously, must open her hand freely. There is no other way of effecting the object. Transports, stores, arms, appliances, to be of the most useful pattern, and of the first quality, must be expensive. It is of no use to blink this question, or to compare our gross expenditure with the gross expenditure of a Continental nation. We pay from our pockets where other countries pay from their freedom. Give us the conscription and the power of pressing labour for the State, and we might do things as cheaply as foreigners. But this is impossible, and therefore a comparison of estimates is absurd. What we should compare is the result, whether our military condition is

equal to that of other nations. If it be not, then money—of which we have plenty—ought to be freely spent until we are a match for any of our neighbours. With what force now does that remark made at his election speech two years ago by Mr. Disraeli come home to us! "You may have economical government," he said, "but you cannot in this country have cheap government." John Bull thought he could, and that he would, have cheap government; and a clique of specious talkers, but incapable statesmen, undertook to give it him. He has had cheap government, and he is about to find out how dear it is!

There would be a short answer to this argument if that were true which the Peace Party used to be so fond of enouncing, namely—that it is matter of choice for a nation whether she will war or not; that they who studiously abstain from giving offence will not receive offence; that innocence and disarmament are the surest preservers of peace. Mr. Bright him-

self must have surrendered that darling dogma, silenced by the cruel evidence to the contrary which our eyes have seen. As to the wish to avoid war, we believe that every man in England is as anxious as Mr. Bright can be to avoid war, and would bear much injury rather than induce it. But we know well now that a peaceful disposition gives no security against wanton aggression, but may be rather a provocative thereto. The text that we are preaching on, *si vis pacem, para bellum*, is as true now as ever it was, and a thousand times better doctrine than any that the Peace Party will drivel forth. England must make herself strong as the only preparation for a day when perhaps a grasping, unrighteous, arrogant foe, deaf to argument, to deprecation, to concession even, may choose to dare us to the combat, because war is his arbitrary savage will:—

"This is Collantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy
sword."

APPLICABILITY OF THE RULES OF WAR.

It would have been distressing to those who have been bred up in the belief of certain principles of military art, if, when war was waged on a grand scale, the principles should have been found defective. We naturally respect most the rules which are generally, not conditionally, true. Great satisfaction is there, then, in finding how the old maxims have stood the test of gigantic war, such as is now being made on the soil of France. That great armies must conform to the same laws that used to govern less ones was made apparent on the day of Woerth and Saarbrück, when the disjointed, extended, French divisions, though smitten but partially, and on two points, rolled back in bulk obedient to the law which prescribes that communication with the base of operations (*i.e.*, the line or frontier of safety

where supplies and forces can be readily collected, in this case the line of the Moselle), and between the parts of an army, must at all hazards be preserved. The Prussians pushed into the French position at Saarbrück, and at Woerth they were victorious against the right flank, whence they displaced a *corps d'armée*. Now the magnitude of the beating on this day was not such as to satisfy the vulgar idea of an important action: there was no general *mêlée*; large portions of the armies on either side were not engaged at all; and yet the blow, limited though it seemed, was enough—it served. It was planted scientifically, and obtained the result of a grand overthrow without its hurly-burly or the trial of main strength. It was so delivered that the French Emperor, then Commander-in-Chief, found it high time

to retreat. It was not what his army had actually suffered, but the apprehension of what it might be made to suffer if not moved, which compelled him. The Prussians threatened to cut his army in two, and to sever one portion from its base; to avoid which catastrophe the whole army fell back, in the hope of getting clear of the wedge which was dividing them, and of the enemy on their right flank. It was a great strategical success for the Prussians. It needs to be remarked, however, that the move of the Prussians in breaking into the French position might in some circumstances have been highly imprudent. For instance, if there had not been other Prussian troops, and plenty of them, confronting and restraining the divided French, the latter might have turned inwards and crushed the intruders. But moves like this of the Prussians are justifiable or not according to circumstances. As in whist, your being strong in trumps or otherwise must decide your play; so in war, strength of position or of battalions may warrant proceedings which without it would be fatal.

When Napoleon did retreat, he did not accomplish his design of reuniting his army on a new front. The regularity and celerity of the pursuit, to which we have before adverted, rendered that impossible. We know that the chase was so

well managed that the great French army, after this first reverse, never again formed a whole. When they had planned a reunion at Verdun, the Prussians were again too quick and too strong for them. Bazaine, forced back on Metz, was out of the game, and except that he occupied a large Prussian force in watching him was of no further account in the campaign. Here again the inexorable rule that an army cut from its base is ruined unless it can recover its communications, took effect without regard to the magnitude of the force. The 170,000 men at Metz were as completely neutralized for the moment, and as inevitably destined to capitulation, as a small detachment would have been. The stopping of the Marshal on the Verdun road was a far more masterly act than would have been the annihilation of his whole army by shot and shell. At Sedan, again, the combinations were so effectual that an enormous army had no resource but to lay down its arms.

And this train of reflection might be carried further. But enough has been said to show that war is not a game of chance, but a profound science, fit to occupy the best brains that can be brought to the study of it, and not to be comprehended or to be carried into act except by the strongest heads and keenest intellects.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A DISINTEGRATED COMMUNITY.

A bombastic speech, made twelve months ago at Port Said by M. Bauer, confessor to the Empress Eugenie, must be fresh in the minds of many. The blissful future which he promised us, the universal humanity, the blessed civilisation, which were inaugurated at the opening of the Canal, and which were to reconstitute a golden age through the indefatigable benevolence of France, were hardly realised when, six months after, nothing would satisfy France

short of a bloody war, frantic, unprovoked, and, as the event has proved, suicidal. It is no secret either that France, when she made this war, had no intention of confining it to herself and the single adversary whom, in the first instance, she challenged: she would, if she could, have involved in it a huge section of "l'humanité" for which M. Bauer said she had been so solicitous. What can M. Bauer have now to say in defence of all that vapouring? A stranger might

have been deceived by the specious philanthropy of France, just as a person ignorant of natural history might impute the slaving of a boa-constrictor to tender affection. But surely M. Bauer, admitted behind the scenes, knew better than he spoke. His frothy rhetoric, Napoleon's assertion that the Empire meant peace, and the thousand other Gallicisms wherein France is made to appear as the regenerator of the human race, are simply impostures—the utterances of men conscious that they were secretly working towards the most inhuman issues. This, though very shocking, is not very remarkable; and yet there is something very remarkable to be observed in connection with it. The men who were taking such pains to deceive their fellows were themselves fatally deceived. France was no more what in their hearts they believed her to be, than she was as they falsely represented her. Events have proved that they were profoundly ignorant as to the actual condition of their country, on whose behalf they undertook so much.

One reads sometimes how an old, old tomb has been discovered near some legendary spot—how, on lifting the cover of his stone trough, the body of some Druid or Viking or Roman was seen reposing there as perfect in form and feature as on the day when it was committed to the earth—how a zealous foreman or employer resolved that it should be carefully lifted out and conveyed to the antiquary of the neighbourhood—and how on the first gentle touch the form was dissolved like a dream, and a handful of dust alone remained to bear witness of what just now seemed so solid and so well preserved. Real substance had gone; but the unsubstantial form was there, and might have remained for an indefinite period if its weakness had not been tested. How like to this impalpable film, simulating a human body, was the eviscerated France which

three months since looked like a mighty nation!

True, there was a likeness of condition, but the causes which induced the condition are very dissimilar. The dead bard or warrior had been reduced by natural decay to a mere appearance: France destroyed herself. France killed one after another the springs of life that were within her: she was ignorant, and she cared not, how to create fresh vital forces; and she dwindled to a superficies, ready to collapse at the first touch.

Nations do not, as individuals sometimes do, intentionally deprive themselves of life. But they have been known to destroy their own being under the delusion that they were improving it. And in this way France has died by her own hand. For nigh a century she has believed the reports of those who said that everything which had come down to her from ancient time was vicious and rotten, a thing to be improved away. She could not see that her ancient institutions and traditions were her vital organs, the things that made her cohere as a nation; and when blustering purblind regenerators pointed in succession to these, and showed some spot of rust which had eaten into each—for what old thing is there which cannot be made contemptible in the eyes of the irreverent?—she had no patience to renovate, no skill to prune or modernize; but cried aloud, as we are wont to do when misled by worthless railers, "Raze it, raze it, even to the ground!" Kings, princes, and hereditary magnates, it was said, are apt, after enjoyment of power, to become unsympathising, partial, oppressive—away with them therefore: Churchmen can be lazy, crafty, sensual—then down with the Church: Government is inimical to universal freedom—no more government: corporate bodies, the Church especially, have amassed wealth—confiscate it: individuals have appropriated to themselves large shares of

the nation's goods—abolish property, let all things be common. Representations like these led up to the frantic outbreak of 1789. Had that marvellous rabies expended itself utterly, and had there been afterwards a return to order and subjection, and to a recognition of the rights of property, the social convulsion might have passed away as a natural one passes, and things have returned to their accustomed channels purified, in harmony with the later times, and strong by reaction. But, astounding as were its explosive powers, the great Revolution did by no means exhaust the revolutionary forces and desires of France. Ever since that sanguinary epoch, there has been a large section of the nation impressed with a belief, that their duty to themselves and to their fellows required them to carry out to the letter such measures of spoliation and levelling as the first uprising had left incomplete. Strong wills, by military force, or by popular expeditions and acts, repressed the spirit of subversion, or cajoled it for a time; but it could not be satisfied nor eradicated. There it lay, ready to spring up at every opportunity; reappearing in all its extravagance from time to time; and at every re-appearance sweeping away some of the ties which bound society to-

gether, and introducing indifference or repulsion between the elements of the nation. France's blood, nerve, muscle, even her skeleton, were gone; the brittle shell only remained to maintain the mocking semblance of what she once was. A push from without disturbed her, and she was nothing! Even to-day, in her deepest degradation, she seeks still like some ruined alchemist to her perfidious art, and would revolutionise the miserable dust into which she has been resolved.

Englishmen have not yet accepted in its entirety the doctrine of the propriety of universal demolition. But they lend a ready ear to proposals of specific abolition and confiscation. They work as yet by a process more deliberate than that of France, but surely they are working toward the same results. Class is willing to be taught to hate class; the needy listen eagerly to imputations against the rich; the maintenance of authority becomes daily more difficult; and the ancient landmarks of the State are removed. Does it ever occur to our countrymen that it is change and the love of change that have disintegrated and destroyed France—left her helpless before her enemies, down-trodden, dishonoured, scorned, and regardless of the things that belong to her peace?

FRANCE'S FUTURE.

The recovery of a nation after loss, conquest, pestilence, famine, is not unfrequently recorded in history; but a nation that has fallen to pieces by its internal disorganisation does not for long—sometimes does not for ages—reassert its place in the world. The eclipse which came upon Greece and upon Italy lasted for centuries, and has not passed away. In later times the glory of Spain departed, and has never returned. These considerations must appal one who looks now at prostrate France. Not her pre-

sent misfortunes only, but the dark days that are before her, excite emotion, the one raising pity, the other shutting out hope. France the fair, the romantic, the brave, the legendary, to sink into a base country, clinging to her ancient pride and ancient pretension, is sad to contemplate. Yet if what has been be any guide to the knowledge of what is to be, France must for many a day, perhaps for many a century, experience the bitterness of humiliation. Of all the great institutions which she owned in her days of re-

noun, not one remains to serve as a rallying-point. So utterly has she failed that her reconstruction cannot be immediate or speedy; it must be the work of generations.

Nevertheless, strongly as the analogies may press in a political view, there is a ground of hope for France which was wanting to the fallen countries with which we have compared her. Greece, Italy, Spain, are all peninsulas, on the skirts of the Continent. It required amazing *vis* to give them their predominance at all, and when their energy disappeared insignificance naturally ensued. Their geographical position, in spite of which they raised themselves, gave them no assistance when they began to fail; it rather served to teach the rest of Europe how well affairs could go on without these excrescences, which belong more to the sea than the land. But her geographical situation must always work powerfully in favour of France. Europe can never go on its way unmindful of her—can never say, as long as she is a nation, that her voice shall be entirely unheeded in council. It may be that, like the potent Hebrew's, her hair may begin to grow again after she has been shaven, and some tokens of her great strength to return. Alas that like him she should be fatally blind!

Individuality of race, too, although it rather helped to cut off the declining peninsulas of Greece and Spain from communion with Europe, will, in France's circumstances, increase the chances of resuscitation. Except the Gipsies and the Jews, no idiosyncrasy is so marked as that of the Frenchman. He can hardly amalgamate or change. So far, therefore, there is a chance of French nationality being preserved. And as long as she keeps her nationality, France has open to her a way back into the society of European nations. Bordering on so many of them, extending into the very heart of the Con-

continent, her condition, her acts, her thoughts, must be of importance, and, whether they be great or despicable, must command attention. The world cannot leave her to mourn or to rejoice, to wither or to rise, uncared for.

But how she will act—whether she will once more build up a stable government, retracing her foolish steps, and recognising the danger of her former ways; or whether, untaught by even this her bitterest misfortune, she will yet seek to change and to destruction under the delusion that they can heal her,—is a question too hard for any to decide.

Thus, though the healing of France must be slow, it may, with wisdom and patience, be sure. If she can forget her vain imaginations, and forsake the follies that have so easily beset her—wild political experiments, lust of territory, overweening pride, indifference to human suffering, and contempt for all humanity that is not French—she may rise from her ashes purified, in her right mind; and if weak, yet with the weakness of an infant which contains the germ of manly strength—not the weakness of an imbecile whose strength has gone for ever. We of this generation may yet rejoice to see her flesh coming back to her like the flesh of a little child after her great moral leprosy, and may speed her on her way to an Empire which shall rest on her faith, her honesty, her moderation, her wise government, and on the goodwill of her neighbours, not on their apprehensions. But if France persist in following her delusions, then be it remembered that the same geographical advantage which tends to arrest decay, and will long preserve for her the possibility of *renaissance*, will at length insure her overthrow. She cannot remain insignificant, like a far peninsula. Either she must wake up to a sense of better and higher things than she has known before, or she will

sink lower and lower toward her doom, and that doom will be dismemberment.

As thoughts like these concerning France course through the mind, who can help being led to apply their lesson to England and her fortunes? If the world can roll along unconcerned whether peninsulas thrive or languish, much more can it disregard the fortunes of a tiny island. If it was the energy of these peninsulas which caused the Continent to take account of them, much more was it innate force which compelled for Great Britain the recognition of the world. A few miles of land, a speck in the northern ocean, with a rocky coast, an ungenial climate, and a soil scarcely fruitful,—this was the material patrimony which descended to the English race—an inheritance that would have been little worth but for the inestimable moral gift that accompanied it. Yes: from Celts, Saxons, Danes, Normans—from some or all of them—have come down with English nationality a talisman that

could command sunshine, and plenty, and empire, and fame. The “go” which they transmitted to us—the national *vis*—this it is which made the old Anglo-land a glorious heritage. Of *this* we have had a portion above our brethren—good measure, running over. Through *this* our island-mother has stretched out her arms till they encircled the globe of the earth. Through *this* she struck her trident into lands of the east and west, and north and south, and claimed them for her own. Through *this* are heard in every zone the accents of her rugged tongue:—and yet *this* is precisely what our puling prophets would have us destroy!! Britain without her energy and enterprise, what would she be in Europe? Who would inquire after her? who would heed her? who would turn from his path to look whether she still darkened the water or not? Take away the active will of the nation, and once more the contemptuous idea of the Romans may be the true one:—

“*Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*”
—VIRG. *Æn.* I.

THE FUTURE OF THE VICTORIOUS NATION.

All the signs which indicate the rise of a great empire distinguish Prussia this day. A numerous, well-appointed, devoted army, the willing adhesion of many States speaking one language, impelled by one ambition, seem to destine her for control and command. Men talk of a domineering, grasping Prussia, persisting in a course of conquest and spoliation until banded Europe, unable longer to tolerate her supremacy, shall pierce her through and destroy her. This prognostication proceeds, of course, from the known history of the first French Empire. But if men will consider, they must see that the analogy between the cases is not very impressive. The French Empire, formed by conquest alone, consisted of an incongruous cluster of States pegged together arbitrarily.

Continuous war was necessary to its even short duration. Once it should begin to reflect, its stability would be threatened. Even with the dazzle and excitement of war, its long continuance was impossible. It had no mind, no integrity; and when the clumsy rivets were shaken, it fell to pieces. But Prussia is not great by war alone. States are attracted to her, seek eagerly her alliance and leadership, look to her to make them a nation. Come what may from without, the union of a great Germany is a purpose that can hardly be frustrated by even the combination of the rest of Europe.

Again, though it be easy to talk about combined Europe, what nation, except Russia, would be formidable in such a combination? There is not one other on the Con-

continent which is not poor, torn by faction, or cowed by recent defeat. Austria, Italy, Spain, and now miserable France—what is their combination worth that Prussia should fear it?

There was another nation, European, though not Continental, which used in former days to check the pride of conquerors, and roll back the tide of robbery and oppression. While she owned but a small patch of Europe, it was her boast that she grasped the ends of the earth through her colonies and dependencies, and that on her dominions the sun never set. Her power, her wealth, her independent will, made her an arbitrator among the kingdoms; her sword cut through many a political, many a military complication; and the Continental Powers, bleeding and exhausted from violence and strife, have ere now looked to her, and she has helped them. But that nation has chosen to put aside her greatness, to despise her sceptre, and to assume a voluntary humility, degrading herself from among the leading Powers, offending and casting off her colonies, throwing away her sword, and deluding herself with the idea that she may separate herself from other peoples, be indifferent to their joys or sorrows, welfare or prosperity, and yet be suffered to keep her riches and enjoy her ease.

It would seem, then, that there will be nothing to oppose to Prussia, and that she may simply give effect to her will. We take leave, however, to think that although success and prosperity may make Prussia perhaps arrogant in her manner of doing things, yet that she will have no disposition to damage us substantially. We may have to put up with a little dictatorial or contemptuous correspondence, but we don't mind that nowadays. As it will not be necessary to keep the German States dazzled or distracted by constant war, the probability is that Prussia

will prefer, at any rate for a season, peace, to enable her to consolidate her empire and recruit her finances after this exhausting struggle. It is certain, too, that she has an ambition which is more than military. Her forecastings are extensive in regard to commerce. Now commerce presupposes at least two parties. And it is to be hoped that Prussia, or the German Empire, will see greater advantage for herself in preserving England for commercial purposes than in destroying her. If it is seen that England acts like a goose, it is hoped that it will also be seen that, as she lays golden eggs, to kill her just now will only stop the supply.

Napoleon the First conquered States as few in this world have conquered, but he did not establish a monarchy. Perhaps it was impossible, in his circumstances and with his materials, to do more than he did. But Prussia surely recognises a higher mission. Government, commerce, the arts, philosophy, are looked upon by Germans as worthy the ambition of a people more than slaughter and conquest. German ideas of glory are not the same as French ideas. Germans will regard victory in the field more as a means than an end. It is very probable that, from our experience of the only nation that has been a conquering nation in these latter days, we have been unjust to other nations. We judge that they, in the same circumstances, and with the same opportunities as the French Empire, would act as Frenchmen. But reflection should teach us that, inasmuch as no other nation resembles the French in the taste for empty show and false glory, or in the belief that the world was made for them alone, it is extremely unlikely that any other nation would pursue or use conquest as the French nation did. A little conceit and presumption must be expected from a Power that has been so successful and that stands without a rival; but it

may be hoped that Prussia will not deliberately nor grossly abuse her advantage. Some reason to suspect her is derivable certainly from the fact that she condescended to hire such a person as Victor Emmanuel to work with her; yet it may be possible that her necessity rather than her will induced her to resort to that degrading means. And we still condemn, as much as ever we condemned, or as any can condemn, this war which has given to Prussia her high and undisputed position. Moreover, several little secret negotiations have been exposed, which do not indicate straightforwardness in Prussian councils, although they prove nothing against the Prussian people. Yet notwithstanding these unfavourable signs, there is ground for hope that Prussia aspires to solid fame; that, having got the dominion, she will be a civilising and an elevating Power. There is evidence already

that she is desirous of the favourable opinion of Europe, in her reluctance to destroy Paris. If the French had been at the gates of Berlin, and the gates were shut, one can imagine no consideration that would have stayed their hand from destroying the city. But Prussia, with more sagacious and broader ken, deems that even the brilliant exploit of taking and sacking Paris, would be a dear glory if purchased at the expense of being charged with Vandalism. The Briton that takes note of the tone of his countrymen must perceive, that although Prussian supremacy is not altogether a pleasant prospect, yet that it is regarded with greatly less apprehension than French supremacy would have been. And we will believe, until she may force us from the belief, that Prussia's dominion *will* be not intolerable.

ENGLAND SHUTTING UP.

It is not a pleasant reflection, but we must make the best of it. In the conqueror's moderation, and our own self-imposed insignificance, lies our sole hope of escape from ill-usage, perhaps from subjugation. We don't mean that, when it comes to actual aggression, England will tamely submit to force: not at all. When face to face with attack, she will stand up as she has done before, and strain every nerve in her own defence. But if we read the lesson of the day aright, *it will then be too late*. If we would be secure, we must strengthen ourselves now. But we do nothing of the kind, and seem determined, so far as present effort is concerned, to await our fate. Controlled by the most pernicious influences, and ruled by men who will adopt any popular idea so that they keep themselves in place, our future appears most dangerous. The position which we would fain occupy among the na-

tions of the world is that which the Quaker contrives to occupy among us. The lazy Quaker shirks military service and public duties, and tries to escape public burdens, that he may give himself up to ease and the accumulation of wealth. He throws on other men all the hard and dangerous work of the world, and thrives at their expense, isolating himself from all their interests, passions, fortunes, and living to only his own sect. Quakerdom is possible only while its extent and relations are limited as at present. If Quakers were numerous—if they attempted in any way to direct or control the business of the country—things would come to a standstill, and it would be necessary to abjure Quakerdom, or to force able-bodied Quakers to fight, and go to sea, and to live among their kind as if they had some concern in their country's fortunes. By the same rule, a nation whose do-

minion is from sea to sea, which trades with all the nations of the earth, whose wealth and whose relations are unlimited, cannot play the Quaker part, cannot stand aloof from the rubs and trials of the times, cannot say that she is well stored with the goods of this world, and bid the rest of mankind go their ways and have nothing to do with her except to assist her to get more wealth. We shall soon be made to understand that a maxim which we are fond of quoting when other subjects are under discussion, is applicable to nations as well as to individuals—viz., that property has its duties as well as its privileges. We propose to ourselves the impossible problem—to have full enjoyment of riches and luxury, and to be exempt from the disagreeable concerns of the world; but the end must be that we shall have to come out of our shell and behave like men, or else to surrender empire, wealth, and station. These things are self-evident, or at any rate plain to an unbiassed mind that will give itself the trouble to reflect. Notwithstanding which truth, repetition of them now is by no means superfluous. Contrary doctrines of fatal tendency are speciously put before the people; a quarterly contemporary has published an extraordinary paper, said to be from the pen of a pre-eminent statesman, but breathing the very spirit of Quakerdom. In it we read how England occupies a proud position as the arbiter of nations; how a new law of nations has taken hold of men's minds and been accepted by us all: how aggression is out of fashion, and henceforth all national disputes are to be arranged pacifically, never by the sword; and how the general judgment of civilised mankind is to be the tribunal of paramount authority!! There is a good deal of Latin and Greek in the article; but we miss an address to the reader, slightly altered from a well-

known Latin sentence, which would have put the finishing and unanswerable period to this great argument, and to which we thought the discourse was certainly leading up:—*Si testimonium quæris, circumspice!*

The Puritan mind is incapable of sustained irony, otherwise we should have fancied that a profound and pungent satire was lashing the iniquity, the fierce and savage iniquity of the present times, the causeless bloody wars, the secret nefarious plots. But, sad to say, it is all seriously intended. Whether the writer believes it or not is a secondary consideration. The main evil is, that our countrymen are invited by a high authority to accept this phantasm and believe it true. The misrepresentation may not be answered, not because it is too forcible, but because it is too contemptible. And all that we have further to say in reference to it is this, that a statesman who would not desire and strive after a state of peace and justice would be unworthy the position of an English Minister; but that a statesman who professes to believe, and who would make us believe, that such a state has been attained, and that, relying on this fact, we need take no measure for our own protection, is wholly unfit to govern.

Connected, too, with this subject of England's abdication of her place in the world's councils, are the astounding exhortations which some of our regenerators have taken to addressing to our working men. These exhortations are so far more reasonable than the Utopian dreams which we have just been considering, that they recognise the possibility of England requiring an army. Beyond this, they are not a bit more rational than the other strain. In them, working men are seriously counselled not to take part in the defence of the country until cer-

ain political demands shall have been conceded to them—*i.e.* shall have been wrung, in the country's extremity, from the other classes of the community against their convictions and against their will. In other words, the advice is to effect a revolution at the moment when the country shall be in danger. We have seen what came of that in France!

But besides the occasion to be chosen for carrying out this advice, the advice itself would seem to be founded on strange views of the constitution and interests of society. If we understand aright the force which is to be used to effect the desired changes, it is the terror to be produced in the other classes by the refusal of the working men to fight or otherwise to defend the country. But if working men can be indifferent to the general safety, why should other men be supposed to care so much about it? Clearly the argument supposes that other classes, and particularly the wealthy and the privileged classes, would have a motive for defending our shores which the working classes would be insensible to. But, supposing that the State were in danger, we take leave to say that there is no class which might not abide the issue of non-resistance at, to say the least, as small a cost as the working man can. Certes, the working man, if he care nothing for his home, for the women and children of his house, and for all that belongs to him, may go far towards rendering the defence of the country impossible; but, in doing this he would simply involve his own and other classes in a common calamity, instead of, by confronting with them the danger, reducing it by many degrees, or averting it altogether. He could greatly increase the amount of suffering to all, but he could do no more than this. For if it be imagined that the calamities which threaten the rich in time of war

are so much greater than those which threaten the poor, that the latter, in presence of hostilities, may make their own terms with the former, such an imagination can hardly stand its ground after a few moments' reflection. Experience teaches us that things would result in a totally opposite way. The rich man may use what he can collect of his riches to place his helpless ones, or some of his property, in places of safety, or to transport himself from home if he finds that no fight is to be made; or he has at any rate some means of buying off the severities of the conqueror; while the poor man, able neither to run nor pay, must with his family undergo all the miseries and horrors of war. This can hardly be called speculation. Let any one study the letters from the seat of war written last August, and he will soon see on whom fell most heavily the calamities of the war—the rich or the poor. Among the wretched people fleeing destitute from their homes before the invading army, we read of the artisan and the peasant, driven forth with their poor wives and children—with their sick and old and helpless; but we do *not* read of the rich suffering in the same way. In fact, this idea of the poor man fighting *for the rich* when he takes up arms for his country, is a most pitiable delusion, very near akin to that which old Menenius Agrippa exposed in early Roman days.

However, although it is right to combat by argument exhortations so absurd as these, we need not be under apprehension that in the hour of danger they will have much effect. When the honour or interest of England has been touched, the disposition to redress the wrong has been always at least as strong among the working class as among any; and their cry for war, and impatience of offence, have been fifty times the most vehement. The theorists who talk this nonsense clearly know very little of the real nature

of the people whom they address.* Refuse to join in the war indeed! The suggestion of such a thing brings to mind a story told of a bluff old sea-captain in the days of the French wars. It seems that Jack's pay was in arrear, and that he unadvisedly moved "aft" to let the captain know that he thought if he was not paid he could not be expected to fight. To which the captain replied: "My lads, I am exceedingly sorry that there should have been any mistake to cause this delay about your pay; I am still more sorry that you should have thought your grievance sufficient to bring you aft in this manner,

which I am sure you will regret when you reflect. As to your not fighting when the time for it comes, the thought of that does not give me the least concern. You may not intend it, perhaps, but you'll fight—you *can't help it*; and I only wish to heaven we were running alongside a French frigate at this moment!" Our danger is not in the probable apathy of the working classes, when the evil day shall come, but in the infatuation and culpable neglect of those who should be now preparing us against evil chances, and whose unreadiness will make the ardour of the people unavailing.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR FIRST SHADOW.

Even while we are meditating and moralising on the facts of the war, some of the probable consequences of the war are forced upon our attention. The Eastern commotion in the middle of November, fluttering like one of Mother Carey's chickens before the storm, makes us painfully conscious that a great Power has fallen in Europe, and that to restore equilibrium will be a difficult and possibly a bloody task. The Power which ought to have been ready to lead in this crisis, has been doing all that she could to unfit herself for a leading position, amusing herself with cunningly-devised fables, clinging to her Quaker-life, and refusing to read the signs of the times. There is no doubt that England deprecates with all her heart a disturbance of the treaties of 1856; but there is also no doubt that England has been mainly instrumental in inviting the rude action of Russia. When she saw

that the strength of France was gone, she should have seen that it was incumbent on herself to marshal her forces without a day's delay, and to be ready to stand in front of the battle. Instead of this, she shut out more resolutely than before every consideration of prudence, and, while the Continent was ringing with the clash of arms, and clouds were seen to be gathering which must burst on her own head, drugged herself that she might dream of endless peace, while her teachers sang to her of her silver thread of sea, her proud position as arbiter, and the growing desire of the people to do justice and love mercy!

If England were but ready now, she doubtless might obviate a fearful struggle, of which none can see the end. But just because she is not ready, just because she has been telling barbarous Russia that she is not going to fight, she will have to take up the wager of battle. It

* Those who remember the Crimean war must remember also how Messrs. Cobden and Bright, who had been looked upon as the guides, philosophers, and friends of the working classes, attempted to set those classes against the war, and were for their pains hooted, pelted, and turned out of their seats in Parliament, Mr. Bright enjoying the additional honour of being burned in effigy by the working classes in Manchester. Without any doubt the same thing would happen again in similar circumstances, however obedient to the demagogue the working classes may seem in time of peace.

is but cold comfort now that we have discharged our soldiers, shut up our dockyards, driven our shipwrights into exile, and neglected to provide weapons for even the handful of troops that we maintain. True, our wise legislators saved a paltry sum of money by their miserable folly; but what a fearful, incalculable price may we not have to pay before the consequences of their wickedness shall be run through! It must be plain to any reflecting mind that our Ministers are chargeable, not simply with being unprepared for an aggression which they ought to have foreseen, but with having lured Russia to make the aggression, by sedulously informing Europe that we would not entertain the idea of war, and would render ourselves incapable of making it. They it was who, when they were bidding for office in 1868, raised the cry that our military expenditure was excessive, and our armaments unnecessarily large. They it is who will be responsible for every drop of blood that may be shed in this Eastern quarrel. The insolent ac-

tion of Russia is a direct consequence of our having Mr. Gladstone for Prime Minister!

Will England never understand the truth that your cheap, retrenching, pacific Ministries are the most ruinous and bloodiest that the nation can be cursed with? Even if we are fortunate enough to escape immediate war, we must arm now; and we shall pay ten pounds at least for every pound that the Radical Ministry has saved, and then not be in as good a position as we should have been if they had let our armaments alone. The danger has become apparent so soon after our rash disarmament, that the least thoughtful of our electors can hardly fail to regard the two things as effect and cause, or to recognise the guilty heads to which we owe our predicament. It is clear that they are incapable of prevision, that they misread altogether the great lesson of the world's present, that their continuance in power is fraught with the greatest danger. They cannot be punished as they deserve, but we may at least get rid of them.

"HAPPY ENGLAND."

England may be very happy and very enviable at this moment, and may be in duty bound to look at her silver thread of sea and rejoice; but, to borrow a phrase from our friend 'Punch,' she doesn't seem to see it. In alliance with three Powers whose forces and whose credit do not count for much, she has to face perhaps the two strongest nations of Europe, one of them flushed with recent victory. And this is not all. Biding his time on the other side of the Atlantic sits our irreconcilable foe, his eyes twinkling at the thought of how he will revive his *Alabama* dispute when he may see us embarrassed and perhaps overmatched. Happy England! It seems possible, we rejoice to think, that war may be averted without the sacrifice of our

national honour. Heaven send that such may be the issue! but if it be so, surely the uses of this adversity will not be neglected by the country. Surely we shall strengthen ourselves at once, and not allow a second peril to find us so shamefully unprepared.

Meanwhile it is satisfactory to see that what we spoke of in a foregoing page as probable, in case of our being attacked or offended, has come to pass before the paper is all in type. England, with one voice almost, has repudiated the Quaker doctrine, and declared that she will maintain her rights and her honour. With certainty also will the working man set at naught the insidious counsel which would withhold him from his country's defence, and will join heart and

hand against the enemy. By God's help we will do what we may, notwithstanding the condition to which we have been reduced. For that condition there is a serious account to be settled with its guilty authors. These men must be made to answer for the betrayal of their country. It is no answer that the House of Commons sanctioned all their mad reductions. The majority of the House of Commons was elected, as we all remember, not for any wisdom of its members, but on condition that it would blindly support Mr. Gladstone's Administration. It has blindly supported that Administration to its own dishonour, and to our injury—perhaps our ruin. Nevertheless this does not relieve Ministers of their guilt. It is written, "Cursed is he that maketh the blind to go out of the way." This is exactly what the Ministry have done. Backed by a passive, unreasoning majority,

they have, in spite of countless warnings, laid the country naked to her enemies. Systematically, too, they have made us and our intentions appear in such a light as to invite the enemy's affront. Our first domestic act should be to make these men feel the anger of the betrayed kingdoms. And abroad we must strengthen ourselves as we may, and endeavour to ward off indignity and disaster. England has passed through as severe trials even as this; and we will never abandon the hope that this storm also will be weathered. But this is but the first advance of a "strong man armed." Other strong men will follow, if we do not rouse ourselves; and there is hard work, and there are evil days and much tribulation, to be encountered, probably, before any sane man can again dare to talk of "Happy England!"

INDEX TO VOL. CVIII.

- Addington, Mr., his enlistment act, 7.
 Agriculture, advanced state of, among the old Egyptians, 228.
 Alps, the, as seen from the Brenner, 50.
 American tourist, an, 365.
 Architecture, its development, 534.
 ARMY ENLISTMENT ACT, THE,—1
 + o tch of its former administration, 3 *et seq.*
 Astronomy, advanced state of, among the old Egyptians, 227.
 'Austin Friars,' notice of, 630.
 "Beating orders," what, 3.
 Beer, brewing, &c., of, among the Egyptians, 232, 311.
 Benedetti, M., his negotiations with Bismark, 352.
 Bismark, the secret offers of France to him, 352.
 Black's 'Kilmenny,' review of, 186.
 BOATING ON THE THAMES, 460.
 Boating-men, sketches of, 461.
 Bourbons, the, their restoration and overthrow, 643 *et seq.*
 Brenner, the railway passage of the, 49.
 Brindisi, sketches at, 59.
 Bunsen's 'Egypt's Place in History,' 321.
 Burdett, Sir F., the debates, &c., on his case, 488.
 Burial, &c., in ancient Egypt, 317 *et seq.*
 Burke's Army Act, its provisions, 5.
 Cairns, Lord, his speech on the Irish Land Bill, 124.
 Calais, sketches of, 44, 45.
 CANADA, THE FENIAN RAID AND THE COLONIAL OFFICE, 493.
 Canada, acquisition of the Hudson Bay Company's territory by, and the Red River difficulty, 404 *et seq.*
 Cardwell, Mr., his Army Enlistment Act examined, 1 *et seq.*
 Cartier, Sir George, a Canadian leader, 715.
 Cave, Parliamentary reporting by, 481.
 Chamberlain, Colonel, the defeat of the Fenians by, 504.
 Champollion on the Temple at Karnac, 224.
 Charitable institutions, Roman, 96.
 Chastity, influence of Christianity regarding, 99.
 Chelsea Hospital, how built and supported, 4.
 Chester, the architecture of, 545.
 Chippewah Indians, the, 717.
 Christianity, relations of, to morals, 84, 85.
 Church's 'St. Anselm,' review of, 615.
 Classical style, its introduction into architecture, 541.
 Coleridge, Sir John, his University Bill, 119.
 COLLAPSE, THE GREAT, 641.
 Collins's 'Man and Wife,' review of, 628.
 'Corcyra,' by Newman, 288.
 CORKHARDT, MAJOR, WAR LETTER OF, 362.
 CORRESPONDENT, A VERY STRANGE, 549.
 Country gentleman, his life, &c., in ancient Egypt, 310 *et seq.*
 Crannoges, or lake-dwellings, the, 535.
 Crawford, Mr., his motion for exclusion of reporters, 491.
 Crescentius, the career of, 771.
 Crocodile-hunting in ancient Egypt, 312.
 'David and Jonathan,' by Newman, 290.
 Dénon on the Temple at Karnac, 224.
 Derby, Lord, on the Irish Land Bill, 126.
 'Desolation,' by Newman, 291.
 Disaster in war, difficulty of retrieving, 774.
 DISRAELI's 'LOTHAIR,' note to the Review of, 129.
 Dixon's 'Free Russia,' review of, 168.
 DOLLIE AND THE TWO SMITHS, 105.
 Doon, Loch, the lake-dwellings in, 536.
 'Dream of Gerontius,' the, 286, 293 *et seq.*
 Dufferin, Lord, his speech on the Irish Land Bill, 119.
 DUMB-WAITER, THE WISHES OF A, 237.
 EARL'S DENE, Part IX., 20—Part X., 189—Part XI., 257—Part XII., 423—Part XIII., 587—Part XIV., 719.
 Eastern difficulty, its revival, 789.
 Eccles Hill, the Fenian rout at, 504.

- Education Bill, Mr. Gladstone's conduct with regard to, 118.
- Egypt, recent works on, 321.
- EGYPTIANS, THE OLD, ABOUT WHAT THEY KNEW, 220—HOW THEY LIVED AND DIED, 302.
- Embalming, Egyptian, 229.
- England, domestic architecture in, 540—lesson from the war for her, 775—shutting up, 786—her prospects from the revival of the Eastern question, 790.
- Enlistment, former modes of, 3 *et seq.* *pass.*
- Entertainments, ancient Egyptian, 314.
- Erskine, Mr., and the Greek massacre, 240 *et seq.*
- EUROPEAN HURRICANE, THE:—Europe's dream, 384—Europe's waking, *ib.*—the quarrel, *ib.*—how England received the tidings, 385—first speculations, *ib.*—a significant incident, 387—the gathering, 388—two or three war axioms, 389—things not yet comprehended, 390—the pause, *ib.*—Imperial and Royal utterances, 391—first signs of activity, 392—the pace is more rapid, 393—an application of the maxims, *ib.*—an enemy in front and on flank, 394—two battles in one day, *ib.*—great excitement in Paris, 397—the downward course, 398—still no sympathy with either side, 400—Part II., catching a Tartar, 513—strength and skill, *ib.*—two or three notes about sieges, 514—incredible simplicity, 520—the notable move, 521—exit M'Mahon, 522—the fortune of war, 525—evidences of design, *ib.*—revelons à nos moutons, 526—Revolution, 527—what is to follow? 529.
- FENIAN RAID ON CANADA, THE, 493.
- FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR, ON, 449.
- Field sports, ancient Egyptian, 312.
- Forbach, the battle of, 315, 395.
- Forster, Mr., his Education Bill, 118.
- France, the revolution in, 526—the chateaus of, 541—the collapse of, its causes, &c., 641—review of her recent history, 642 *et seq.*—causes which have led to her present condition, 780—her future, 782.
- 'Free Russia,' by Hepworth Dixon, review of, 168.
- Gale Jones, the debates, &c., on his case, 489.
- 'Gentleman's Magazine,' the Parliamentary reports in, 481.
- Germans, the ancient, their dwellings, 537.
- Germany and Germans, sketches of, 46 *et seq.*—domestic architecture in, 541.
- GETTING OUT OF THE SMOKE, 42.
- 'Ginx's Baby,' review of, 622.
- Gladiatorial shows of Rome, the, 101.
- Gladstone, character and views of his supporters, 118.
- Glass, manufacture of, in ancient Egypt, 232.
- Gothic architecture, its development, 539.
- Government, system of, among the ancient Egyptians, 234.
- Grape-pressing in ancient Egypt, 311.
- Great Artist, the (O'Dowd), 356.
- GREAT COLLAPSE, THE, 641.
- Greek Architecture, on 534.
- GREEK MASSACRE, THE, 240.
- Guthrie, W., his Parliamentary reports, 481.
- Hadrian's Mole, its history, &c., 754 *et seq.*
- Harris, Mr., new society, &c., planned by him, 417 *et seq.*
- 'Heir Expectant,' the, reviewed, 188.
- Herodotus, notices of Egypt from, 223—his account of the Labyrinth, 223—his account of the lake-dwellers of Prasias, 536.
- HOUSE, STRANGERS IN THE, 478 *et seq.*
- Houses, ancient Egyptian, 310, 313.
- HOUSES, HOW TO BUILD, 531.
- How they got into it (O'Dowd), 358.
- Hudson Bay Company, the, 704—sale, &c., of its territory to Canada, 705 *et seq.*
- Humanity, influence of Christianity as regards, 101.
- HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE, THE, 673.
- Huxley's 'Lay Sermons, &c.,' review of, 609.
- Imitative arts, their functions, &c., 532.
- Impressment for the army, former use of, 3.
- Innsbruck, a railway journey from, 49.
- Irish Land Bill, the debate in the Lords on it, 118 *et seq.*
- 'Jacobite Lairds of Gask,' the, reviewed, 619.
- Jesuit churches, their architecture, 542.
- JOHN, conclusion, 61.
- Johnson, Dr., his Parliamentary reports, 483.
- Karnac, the great temple at, 224.

- Keble, comparison of, with Newman, 291.
- Keller, Dr., his work on Lake-dwellings, 536, note.
- Kenrick's 'Ancient Egypt,' 321.
- 'Kilmeny,' review of, 186.
- King, the, his position, life, &c., in Egypt, 363.
- Labyrinth, the Egyptian, 223.
- Lady Fair, 238.
- Lagore, the, the crannoges of, 536.
- Lake-dwellings, or crannoges, the, 535.
- LECKY'S HISTORY OF MORALS, 84.
- Liberty of the press, its growth in England, 479.
- Limited enlistment, former system of, 7.
- Linen, old Egyptian, 228.
- Linton's 'Essays on Women,' review of, 173.
- London, the domestic architecture of, 544.
- LORDS, THE, AND THE IRISH LAND BILL, 118.
- 'LOTHAIR,' NOTE TO REVIEW OF, 129.
- Louis Philippe, France under, and his fall, 644.
- M'CASKEY CORRESPONDENCE, THE, 549.
- McCulloch on Colonies, 493.
- Macdonald, Sir John A., Canadian Premier, 715.
- McDougall, Mr., his appointment as governor of the Red River settlement, his antecedents, &c., 711 *et seq.*
- McMahon, Marshal, his defeat at Wissembourg, 393—and at Woerth, 394—his movements and capitulation, 522 *et seq.*
- MAJORITIES, THE RIGHTS OF, 691.
- Making a Ring, O'Dowd, 508.
- Man and Wife, review of, 628.
- Mathematics, advances of the Egyptians in, 227.
- Medicine, knowledge of, among the ancient Egyptians, 233.
- 'Memory,' by Newman, 289.
- Menes, early water-works constructed by, 221.
- Merivale, H. C., The Wishes of a dumb-waiter, by, 237—Lady Fair, 238.
- Michael Angelo's Sonnets, on, 285.
- Mill, J. S., his dogma as to religious education examined, 695 *et seq.*
- MILLY'S FIRST LOVE, 322.
- Milne, Professor, his psychological views, 633.
- Mining, Egyptian, 228.
- Morris, construction of the Lake Morris by, 221, 222.
- MORALS, LECKY'S HISTORY OF, reviewed, 84.
- 'Morning Chronicle,' the, its origin and Parliamentary reports, 485 *et seq.*
- Mummies, preparation of, among the Egyptians, 229 *et seq.*
- Mummifying in ancient Egypt, motives for, &c., 317 *et seq.*
- Munich, the architecture of, 531.
- MURILLO DE LA MERCED, WHO PAINTED THE GREAT? 133.
- Music and musical instruments, ancient Egyptian, 232.
- Myers's Poems, review of, 183.
- Mythology, ancient Egyptian, 307 *et seq.*
- Napoleon I., France under, 613.
- Napoleon III., his secret negotiations with Prussia, 552—his surrender at Sedan, 524—his overthrow, 527—the collapse of his power, its causes, &c., 641—his rise, and seizure of supreme power, 45.
- Navigation, Egyptian knowledge of, 231.
- Neco III., the Egyptian expedition sent out by, 231.
- NEW BOOKS, 1 6—Dixon's 'Free Russia,' 168—Linton's 'Essays on Women,' 173—Rossetti's Poems, 178—Myers's Poems, 183—Reade's 'Put Yourself in his Place,' 185—Black's 'Kilmeny,' 186—'The Heir Expectant,' 189.
- NEW BOOKS, 607—Huxley's 'Lay Sermons,' &c., 609—Church's 'St. Anselm,' 615—Oliphant's 'Jacobite Lairds of Gask,' 619—'Ginx's Baby,' 622—'Peasant Life in the North,' 625—'Man and Wife,' 628.
- NEWMAN'S POEMS, 2-5.
- Newspapers, the early, 479.
- Nile, Egyptian Navigation on the, 231.
- Nominalist and Realist controversy, the, 632.
- Norman architecture, the, 534, 535, 538, *et seq.*
- NUREMBERG; OR HOW TO BUILD HORSES, 31.
- O'DOWD, CORNELIUS—remanding the prisoner, 351—the great artist, 356—how they got into it, 358—making a ring, 508—the price of peace, 510.
- OLD EGYPTIANS, THE, WHAT THEY KNEW, 220—HOW THEY LIVED AND DIED, 302.
- OLIPHANT'S 'PICCADILLY,' review of, 402.
- Oliphant's 'Jacobite Lairds of Gask,' review of, 619.

- Osborn's 'Monumental History of Egypt,' 321.
- Otho, the Emperor, his career, character, &c., 771.
- 'Our Future,' by Newman, 200.
- 'Ourselves,' by E. Lynne Linton, review of, 173.
- Palmer, Sir R., on the rights of majorities, 691.
- Paper, Egyptian, and its manufacture, 225.
- Paris, effects of the intelligence of Weissenbourg in, 373—excitement in, after the first defeats, 397.
- Parliament, history of admission of reporters to, 478, *et seq.*
- Peace, the price of (O'Dowd), 510.
- 'Peasant Life in the North,' review of, 625.
- Peel, General, army changes adopted from him, 1.
- Perry, James, the 'Morning Chronicle' under, 486 *et seq.*
- Pharaohs, their position, life, &c., in Egypt, 303.
- 'PICCADILLY,' review of, 402.
- Pitt, changes in the army introduced by, 6, 7.
- POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE, THE, Part I., the Poetry, 569—Part II., the Humour, 673.
- Poor-law, Roman, 96, 97.
- PORTER, PROFESSOR, ON THE HUMAN INTELLECT, review of, 631.
- Prasias, Lake, ancient lake-dwellings in, 536.
- Press, the, on the review of 'Lothair,' 129.
- Priest, position, &c., of the, in ancient Egypt, 309.
- Priestly party, the, in the Red River settlement, 705 *et seq.*
- "Progress of unbelief, the," 287.
- PRUSSIA—WHY IS SHE VICTORIOUS? 657.
- Prussia, Napoleon's secret negotiations with, 352—the future of, 784.
- Psychology, present uncertainty in, 633.
- 'Public Advertiser' newspaper, the, 485.
- Pyramids, the, their construction, &c., 222.
- Quarrying, skill of the old Egyptians in, 222.
- Ralston, Mr., his Russian sketches, &c., 171.
- Rationalists, the, their views on colonies, 493.
- Rawlinson's Herodotus, 321.
- Reade's 'Put Yourself in his Place,' review of, 185.
- Recruiting, former modes of, 3 *et seq.*
- RED RIVER EXPEDITION, A NARRATIVE OF THE, 704.
- Regent Quadrant, the, 544.
- Religion of ancient Egypt, the, 306 *et seq.*
- Religious education, doctrine of the secularists on, refuted, 691 *et seq.*
- Remanding the prisoner (O'Dowd), 351.
- Renaissance architecture, the, 541.
- Reporting in Parliament, the history of, 478 *et seq.*
- 'Rest,' by Newman, 292.
- 'Reverses,' by Newman, 280.
- Richmond, the Duke of, his speech on the Irish Land Bill, 119.
- Richmond, the old palace of, 540.
- Riel, Louis, the leader of the Red River rebels, 712 *et seq.*
- RIGHTS OF MAJORITIES, THE, 691.
- Rigi Kulm Hotel, sketches at the, 363.
- ROBA DI ROMA, MORE—The Castle St. Angelo, Part I., 754.
- Roman architecture, on, 534.
- Roman Empire, influence of Christianity on its morals, 85.
- Roman Catholic priests, the, in the Red River settlement, 705 *et seq.*
- Rossetti's Poems, review of, 178.
- Russell's 'Ancient and Modern Egypt,' 321.
- Saarbrück, the skirmish at, 392.
- St. Angelo, the Castle, its history, &c., 754 *et seq.*
- St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the church of, 542.
- Salisbury, Lord, his speech on the Irish Land Bill, 123.
- Scotland, domestic architecture in, 541.
- Scott, Mr., murder of, by the Red River rebels, 713.
- SCOTTISH LANGUAGE, THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE, Part I., the Poetry, 569—Part II., the Humour, 673.
- Sculptures, Egyptian, 224.
- Secularists, the, their dogma on religious education examined, 694 *et seq.*
- Sedan, the capitulation of, 524.
- Sesostris, the wars, &c., of, 226.
- Shairp, Professor, on Newman, 286, note.
- Shakespeare, the Sonnets of, 285.
- Sheridan, efforts of, in favour of Parliamentary reporting, 587 *et seq.*
- Short service enlistment, the system of, 2—its former use, 7.